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Chapter 13 His Boss Is the Daughter of the Richest Man

Myra's respectful voice sounded outside the door, "Miss, Mr. and Mrs. Logan invite you to go to the garden."

Isabella knew in her heart that this was a surprise ready.

She closed the door and obediently followed Myra to the garden. Just as she stood still at the garden gate, suddenly everything went dark.

The lights in the entire villa were turned off.

Three seconds later, they came back on with a dreamy glow.

"Miss, please come forward." Myra bowed and gestured.

Isabella walked into the garden, where various trees were adorned with beautiful star-shaped lights, and countless macaron-colored balloons floated in the air. Colorful ribbons fell from the sky.

Was this a surprise prepared for her?

Isabella had never received surprises from Michael and Gail before. Now she could feel the affection and indulgence of her biological parents towards her.

Cecilia, who was inside the house, was stunned when she saw this scene. Why didn't anyone notify her before releasing the ribbons? Nevertheless, she thought it was perfect to post this scene on her social media for thousands of likes.

She was about to go to the garden to take some beautiful photos. when she suddenly saw her parents rushing out happily ahead of her, shouting. "My baby girl!"

Cecilia couldn't help but blush and smile shyly. Her parents had never called her with such an affectionate nickname before. Had they missed her so much after not seeing her for so many days? Did they think she was in the garden, so they ran out to greet her with joy?

What they didn't know was that their precious daughter was still inside the house!

There was a happy smile on Cecilia's face, and when she came to the garden, she saw her parents holding a girl's hand and talking affectionately.

The girl had a slender figure, slim waist, and snow-white skin that was different from Cecilia's artificially whitened skin from beauty treatments and skincare products. The girl's complexion was more natural and translucent, radiating from within.

As they approached, Cecilia found that the girl was dressed in ordinary clothes, but her facial features were extremely outstanding. Her small face was as fair as snow, and upon closer inspection, she bore a resemblance to her mother.

A gust of wind blew, and the girl's hair fluttered with the wind. Her ethereal beauty, like a celestial fairy, left Cecilia in awe.

Who was this guest in their home? Cecilia couldn't help but wonder. It seemed like her parents had gone to great lengths to impress her.

"Isa, how about this garden surprise? Unexpected, isn't it? Do you like it?"

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Man

Before Williams finished speaking, he suddenly noticed Cecilia in front of him. He was slightly taken aback. "Cecilia? Weren't you supposed to arrive tomorrow afternoon? Why are you here today?"

Hearing her father say that this garden surprise was prepared for that girl. Cecilia was a little astonished and puzzled. She didn't understand why her parents valued a girl she had never met so much.

But with the guest still there, she didn't show any signs of inappropriateness. Instead, she smiled and called out softly, "Dad. Mom, I came back carly on my friend's plane. Who is this?"

Perhaps not expecting Cecilia to suddenly appear, Williams quickly smiled, "It's just in time. Let me introduce you. This is Isabella, your elder sister!"

Sister?

What sister?

Could it be some distant relative?

The girl was dressed plainly and did not look like a close relative. All the close relatives in their family were either rich or noble, with prominent status.

A distant relative dressed as plainly as this girl was probably here to network or borrow money.

Williams naturally didn't know what was going through her mind. He turned his head and said. "Isa, this is the Cecilia I mentioned to you! She just finished her college entrance examination and is on summer vacation. She will be staying at home for a while."

Isabella's eyes were bright and lively as if she understood. Out of

politeness, she spoke up. "Nice to meet you."

Cecilia nodded slightly, raised her usual "socialite smile", and greeted gently. "Nice to meet you, Isa."

Although Cecilia called her Isa on the surface, she didn't care about Isabella at all in her heart. She only regarded her as a poor relative.

"Mr. and Mrs. Logan, the clothes, shoes, and bags you ordered have arrived. They were delivered by the person in charge of the brand. They are inside."

"So fast?" Eloise was overjoyed; she held Isabella's hand and said, "Let's go inside and see if you like it. Cecilia, I have something to tell you later."

Cecilia was stunned. Those beautiful clothes, shoes, and bags inside were prepared for the girl in front of her.

Who exactly was this girl?

Why did her parents attach so much importance to her?

Accompanied by Williams and Eloise, Isabella walked to the main hall, where the person in charge of the brand was already waiting respectfully.

“Mr. Loagn, Madam Logan, good afternoon. I am Darreld, the person in charge of QY. You can just call me Darreld. These clothes, shoes, and bags are the latest works of our brand founder, Sofia Welch. I heard that you two ordered them for your daughter?”

“Yes.” Eloise nodded in satisfaction as she looked at the beautiful garments and accessories. “Sofia’s new works are truly extraordinary. Isa, come take a look and see if you like them.”

Darreld followed her gaze, and the smile on his face froze instantly.

The girl had a delicate and charming face, with clear and bright eyes. But most importantly, she looked exactly like his boss!

Darreld was stunned, and he couldn’t take his eyes off Isabella. From head to toe, every strand of her hair and every expression on her face mirrored his boss perfectly!

How come?

Three years ago, his boss founded QY under the name “Sofia” and personally designed every piece of clothing.

Her unique and innovative styles, combined with excellent fitting, quickly gained popularity in high society and became sought-after by many celebrities, daughters, and stars.

Immediately afterward, Sofia introduced her own shoe and bag designs, shaking up the entire fashion industry.

Her works had won many international awards, and in just three years. QY went from being an unknown brand to a top international luxury brand.

Numerous luxury brands tried to poach Sofia as a designer or even acquire QY, but they were all rejected.

“Isa, if you are dissatisfied, you can tell Darreld. Darreld is the person in charge of the brand.” Eloise said lovingly.

Because the founder of QY never showed her face to the public and focused solely on her creations, Darreld was in charge of all external affairs.

Suppressing the shock in his heart, Darreld bowed respectfully and

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said, “May I know your name, miss?”

"I am Isabella."

Darrelld saw the way she raised her eyebrows, and this voice... it was his boss!

Who could tell him what was going on?

How come his boss became the daughter of the richest man in the country?

With so much wealth, why did she bother with a brand and make money? Wasn't it enough for her to just enjoy life?

Wait, but wasn't there only one daughter of the country's richest person? And it was Cecilia...

Was his boss an illegitimate daughter, kept in the dark?

But if she was kept in the dark, why would Madam Logan allow her to appear in this house and dote on her like this?