

Heiress's 401

Chapter 401

“Woohoo! Long live Mr. Hoffman! Long live Mr. Hoffman!”

“Damn! Ryan is awesome! I want to get a membership at ACE!”

“I want to renew my membership for another two years! Mr. Hoffman

sure is a man of his word!”

The guests were moved and extremely excited.

Yasmin immediately received a text message from the sales department. The sales volume tonight was the highest since the club's opening!

Although Ryan was filthy rich, he was not a brainless trust fund baby.

He seemed like he was losing a lot of money by treating all the

guests at ACE Club tonight, but in fact, he gained popularity with the

masses. Thus increasing ACE's popularity and stimulating more

consumption.

Ryan was killing three birds with one stone!

“It's too wasteful...” Carrie lowered her long eyelashes and pursed her

lips in embarrassment.

“What? Are you worried about my money?” Ryan raised his eyebrows playfully.

He had really wasted his time and money tonight, but he enjoyed it.

He had not felt so happy in a long time.

Ryan could not tell if he was being nice to this girl to please her or to satisfy himself.

Carrié blinked her watery eyes and nodded slightly.

“Pft! That’s interesting. I’ve had so many women who were all eager for me to spend more money on them, but you actually feel sorry for me spending money for your sake.”

Ryan turned around and leaned against the railing. He turned his head

to glance at Carrié’s flushed face. A seductive smile surfaced. “Why? Do you want to manage my money in the future, little one?”

He was tipsy, so his words were a little unrestrained.

They were side by side in close proximity.

Carrie did not understand what he was implying, but she could clearly

feel his warm breath lingering on the tips of her red ears. It was

comfortable and a little ticklish, making her heart tremble

unconsciously. She shrugged timidly.

“I... I’m not a bank. I don’t want to manage your money.”

“Not just banks can manage my money, Carrie.”

Ryan’s thin lips parted, and his solid chest heaved as he reached out

to casually touch her long, silky hair. He loved this feeling.

“Why didn’t you perm your hair like before? I do like this new hairdo on

you. It’s quite cute.”

Carrie felt insulted and turned away with red eyes.

“I don’t like perms.”

“You don’t?” The man was stunned.

The moment her silky hair slipped away from his fingertips, his heart felt empty.

T

“I don’t like perms, but if you want me to, I can get a perm. That’s because you saved me and helped me find my teddy tonight...”

Carrie raised her pretty face slightly and stared at him with bright

eyes. “I’m grateful to you, so I’ll do whatever you want...”

‘Whatever I want?’ Ryan felt a surge of dark desire in his heart, and his breathing became more labored.

If it were any other woman, he would have thought this was an erotic

suggestion.

However, coming out of Carrie’s mouth, he knew that it was as literal

as it could be.

“Mr. Hoffman.”

At this time, a waiter came in holding a wine decanter filled with red

wine and two glasses on the tray. “This is the fine wine that Mr. Fuller

brought back from Feranco to treat you and your lady.”

Ryan nodded. The waiter put down the tray and retreated, closing the door behind him.

When Carrie saw the red wine, she licked her red lips, and her eyes lit

Ryan could read Carrie's expression. Thus, he offered her the wine

with a smile. "Do you want to have a drink with me?"

"C-Can I?" Carrie widened her eyes in anticipation.

"Of course! I can tell that you like drinking. Otherwise, last time..."

Ryan hesitated to speak. Thinking of everything that happened in the bushes that night, he cleared his dry throat and forced himself to

dispel the heat rising in his core.

Before he could finish his sentence, Carrie picked up the decanter and poured the wine into an expensive glass. When she picked it up, she put her little nose to it and sniffed it, looking as naive as a little puppy.

Then, she swayed the glass and carefully observed the color and tears of the wine, looking like a professional sommelier.

Finally, she took a sip and patiently tasted the notes.