

## Chapter 107

I took in the massive VIP suite, which was filled with young men who seemed to be trust fund babies, each with a beautiful woman by his side.

These girls were all dressed to impress, exuding the kind of glamour that could easily make them social media influencers.

It finally made sense why the server had looked at Teri and me so strangely. One of us was in a simple white cotton dress, and the other in a tracksuit and sneakers.

While our outfits were quality, they were clearly worlds apart from the glamorous fashion choices of these girls.

Teri nudged me, frowning. "So, who is it? Do you recognize him?"

I pointed to the most striking man in the center. "It's him. Norman. I should've known."

Sure enough, Norman noticed us and, with a mischievous grin, raised his glass and strode over with his long, graceful steps.

He came to a stop in front of me, his deep, fox-like eyes sparkling with amusement. "Arianna, there you are!"

I caught a strong whiff of alcohol on him and instinctively took a step back. "Why is it you?"

Norman pulled out his phone, flipping to a screen with a sly smile. "You needed help, so here I am. Turns out I have a

bunch of rowdy friends who love taking pictures and videos."

Teri's eyes lit up. "So, you've got a lot of dirt, right?"

Norman glanced at his phone again, his smile growing even more devilish. "Oh, plenty. I'd say at least a gigabyte's worth. It's starting to eat into my phone's storage."

I immediately said, "Thank you, really. Mr. Norman, would you mind sending me the evidence?"

However, Norman only smirked. "What's the rush? Since you're here —why not play a few rounds with us?"

Play what? Before I knew it, he had wrapped an arm around my shoulder, pulling me over to a nearby card table. Teri quickly followed as if worried he'd give me trouble.

Three young men dressed in the latest streetwear sat at the table, all with a slightly disheveled, drowsy look.

Their skin was pale, their hair dyed pastel pink, blue, or streaked with highlights, and tattoos peeked from under their sleeves. Their accessories and watches alone probably cost a fortune.

I finally took a moment to look at Norman's outfit. He wore black tapered joggers, slightly cropped to reveal a bit of ankle thanks to his long legs, paired with a plain white shirt.

The shirt looked like something he'd thrown on casually, devoid of any logo or branding, yet somehow its fit perfectly captured his effortless, rebellious vibe.

Norman settled into a seat, motioning to a server. "Bring a chair for her," he said, gesturing to me.

The three other guys hooted in mock surprise. "Mr. Wood, you brought your sister-in-law along?"

With a cigarette dangling from his lips, Norman shot them a playful glare. "Don't get any ideas. She's my actual sister-in-law."

They instantly fell silent.

Norman took a drag from his cigarette, then spoke with a grin. "Future sister-in-law. I heard my brother's already introducing her to the family patriarchs."

The three young men stared, looking completely stunned.

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat. Noticing my unease, Norman leaned in close to whisper, "Don't worry—they won't bite."

I shrank back a bit. "Mr. Norman, just give me the evidence. I don't even know how to play cards."

However, Norman didn't budge, clearly enjoying my discomfort. He leaned in close to my ear, his voice low and teasing. "Why the rush? You're out for the evening—why not enjoy a few rounds?"

His breath was warm on my ear, sending a shiver down my spine. My heart skipped a beat as if something had sparked it.

I turned to look at him. His face was so close I could see every detail.

Norman had the same sharp, handsome features as Logan, but there was a wild edge to him that set him apart.

His eyes were deep-set with a slight Manovian look, light hazel in color, and gazing into them felt like staring into the eyes of a wolf.

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