

Meeting Her 24

Chapter 24 The Most Valuable Asset With that, Pamela affectionately grabbed Rachelle's hand and led her up the stage. "Ladies and gentlemen." She glanced around at the reporters and guests. "You see, Casey and I love our three daughters very much. Even though today is Joanie's birthday, my husband has prepared three gifts—a Cloudington Group's shareholder agreement, a perfume company, and three jewelry stores. To be fair, we'll let the girls draw lots in front of everyone. But since Fiona is abroad, I'll draw on her behalf. I've asked the hotel to prepare the lots to make sure there's no foul play." Pamela's move instantly left a good impression on the reporters and guests. "It looks like Mr.

Cloudington treats that girl Rachelle quite well too." "All parents love their children. I guess Mr. and Mrs. Cloudington didn't get to raise the girl themselves because she was ill." Meanwhile, Joanie was not pleased with the arrangement. Even the least valuable asset of them all is three jewelry stores! Joanie pulled Pamela aside when the hotel was preparing the lots and complained, "Mom, how can you allow that b*tch to benefit from these three options?" A corner of Pamela's lips quirked up as a mocking look appeared in her eyes. She responded, "Calm down. We're just putting up a show for the public. I have a way to ensure that b*tch draws the lot for the jewelry stores, but before she can claim ownership, we shall sell them off. She will not get a cent from the stores!"

Joanie was delighted to hear that, but soon, a doubt popped up in her mind. "But how are you gonna make sure that b*tch gets the jewelry stores?" "That useless deaf-mute knows nothing, so she'll do anything I say." Pamela tilted her head to glance at Rachelle, who stood still as if she had no idea what was happening. Pamela gave her a despising look and snorted. "We can do anything we want to this idiot after putting up a good show for these reporters!" Pamela, looking like a typical elegant, wealthy lady, walked up to Rachelle and plastered a smile on her face. "Hey, Rach." Pamela handed a notebook to Rachelle. On one of the pages, she wrote: What gift do you want? Rachelle wrote down four simple words: The most valuable asset. Pamela's lips twitched. This country bumpkin is indeed an idiot. Pamela wrote on the same page: Pick box number one. That's the most valuable gift. Trust me! Excitement was written all over Rachelle's face when she lifted her head to look at Pamela. Fooling this idiot is a piece of cake. Pamela despised Rachelle to the core. She continued writing in the notebook: All these years, the Cloudingtons have neglected you.

It's time for us to give you the best to make it up to you. Pamela held Rachelle's hand while putting on a guilty expression, acting as if she was about to shed a tear. Rachelle snorted in her heart, but the show had to go on. Her eyes instantly turned red, and tears began rolling down her cheeks. Pamela did not expect her to react in such a manner. All the reporters immediately raised their cameras and started taking Rachelle's photos, so Pamela had no choice but to pinch herself hard to weep crocodile tears. Once the reporters had taken the photos, Pamela walked Rachelle up the stage. Joanie followed right

behind with a disdainful look. Soon, the hotel staff carried three sealed boxes to the stage. The boxes were labeled with three numbers—one, two, and three, representing three different gifts. Pamela exchanged looks with the hotel manager, who gave her an assuring nod. “All right. Rach. Why don’t you start first?” Pamela demonstrated her generosity in front of the camera.

After giving her a grateful smile, Rachelle hitched up her skirt and walked to box number one. Pamela tilted her chin upward while looking at Rachelle’s back condescendingly. She’s just a nobody’s child. We can easily influence her as long as we show her a little bit of kindness! Meanwhile, Jensen had been observing their interaction on stage. He could not help but wonder what was on Rachelle’s mind after noticing the confident smirk on Pamela’s face. Somehow, Jensen felt Rachelle would not allow people to manipulate her easily. What trick does she have up her sleeve? As he was trying to figure out Rachelle’s next course of action, the expression on his face became more complicated. Under the watchful eyes of all the reporters and guests, Rachelle stood in front of box number one. Yet, she extended her hands and reached out for box number three. Pamela’s face turned grim right away. Inside the box was a Cloudington Group’s shareholder agreement, which Casey had already signed! No! Pamela nearly screamed at the top of her lungs, but she held back and balled her fingers into a fist. At that time, Rachelle had taken out the agreement and showed it to the crowd. “That’s a fifteen percent Cloudington Group shareholder agreement!” The front row guests, who were able to see the document clearly, exclaimed. Of the three gifts, this was the most valuable asset! That was the gift Pamela wanted to get for her daughter! Rachelle took a pen out of her sleeve and was ready to drop her signature on the agreement in front of the audience. Pamela could no longer hold back her emotions. She flew into a rage, charged at Rachelle, and seized the latter’s wrist tightly. Her action instantly stopped the crowd in their tracks. They fell silent and stared at the woman. The reporters, too, started pointing their cameras at her.

Bewildered, Rachelle turned her attention to Pamela, looking helpless and stunned. She won the crowd’s sympathy with her innocent look. At that point, only Pamela could see the subtle mocking look in Rachelle’s eyes. Pamela felt she was about to explode as she had never been played like this before. How I wish I could rip her face off! “Congratulations.” Pamela had no choice but to swallow her anger and force a smile. “You deserve it, Rach!” Rachelle responded with a grin and signed the agreement decisively. While lowering her head to look at the document, she sensed a sharp gaze from the crowd that caused her scalp to tingle. However, when she tilted her head and looked around, she did not find any suspicious figures in the audience. The Cloudingtons could no longer enjoy the meal in peace. Casey even tossed aside his utensils and claimed he had to leave the event early for work. Their reactions did not bother Rachelle at all. Why should I starve myself just because they lost their appetite? She continued savoring all the exquisite dishes, ignoring the murderous glares from the mother-daughter

duo, who sat right across the table. Rachelle wanted to make a quick exit while the crowd was still around, but Pamela held her back. She only let Rachelle leave when the crowd had dispersed. Pamela shot daggers at her back and ordered her bodyguard in an icy voice, "Snatch the agreement from her before she leaves the hotel." "Do whatever you want to get back the agreement. You can kill her if you have to!" Joanie added through gritted teeth.