

Mission To Remarry

Chapter 1801

Chapter 1801 Lost For Words

Meanwhile, in the living room of the Queen residence, Jonathan scowled when he saw his sister return in a drunken state, reeking of alcohol. He berated, “What on earth are you doing, Frieda? I've given you the authority to manage all the companies supplying medicinal herbs as you asked. Yet, I'm hearing people telling me you never even stepped foot into the company. You're just constantly drunk. Ugh. It looks like I was wrong about you!”

His tone was laced with disappointment, frustration, and anger.

Raising a brow, Frieda flashed a smile in a daze. “What do you mean? This is how I manage the company. Who do you think I'm having drinks with? Shut up if you don't know anything.”

She never intended to follow her brother's style of doing things, in which he constantly looked serious and abided by his principles.

“Do you think these medicinal herbs suppliers are easy to talk to? You have no idea how much that b*stard Jack paid them. That's why they have the audacity to exaggerate the medicine's effects and raise the price. I'm only drinking to help save the cost and help the company earn.”

At first, Frieda was delighted to take over the medicinal herbs suppliers, thinking she had gotten a good prospect that could make money. In reality, it was a huge mess.

After making an inspection, she realized each company's person in charge did not obey her. In fact, they were only pretending to do so. Some were even planning to start a new business elsewhere.

If she did not ask Shawn for advice, who told her to deal with the people in charge using the ways of the industry, she would not have found a breakthrough.

Thankfully, each drinking session bore fruits. She was close to unifying the companies.

“Must you accompany them to have meals and drinks? Don't forget who you are. You represent the Queen family!”

After giving it some thought, Jonathan still believed that it was not the best solution.

“Yes, yes. I represent the Queen family. Tsk. I have nothing to say to you. Forget it. Let's just mind our own business.” Frieda shot him a glare before staggering back to her room.

After shutting the door behind her, she fished out her phone and gave Shawn a call.

“I'm home. My head hurts a lot, and I miss you,” Frieda blurted, using her drunkenness as an excuse.

Shawn chuckled on the other end of the call. “I miss you, too. You're doing a great job these days. You managed to settle things without using a lot of money. As expected of the woman I fancy.”

His praises put a smile on Frieda's face. It made her forget the uncomfortable feeling of being drunk.

“Get some rest. Our plan will gradually be realized,” said Shawn.

Frieda was confident that Shawn was more capable than Jonathan and even on par with Lucian.

The thought of being together with Shawn in the future filled her heart with a sweet sensation.

“You should get some rest, too. I'd like to see you if you're free tomorrow. Can we do that?”

“Sure. See you tomorrow, then. Good night!”

With that, Shawn hung up the call without hesitation.

His straightforwardness was what Frieda liked about him. Smiling blissfully, she lay on her bed and dozed off.

Meanwhile, in the mansion on the mountain, Shawn put down his phone and shifted his gaze to the blond man with blue eyes standing in front of him.

“Mr. Paolo, I've offered you all the conditions I can offer. It's definitely better than what Lucian offers. Truth be told, your response these days has aroused his suspicion. That's why this is the best time for us to collaborate. Please consider it carefully.”

Paolo was an important client of Farwell Group from Epea.

At the same time, he was someone who had caused Lucian a lot of trouble recently.

Smiling, he answered in broken Chanaean, “Yes, the conditions you offered are great. I have no problem with it, but let's see what arrangements you've made for tonight.”

Shawn immediately came to a realization. Paolo was known for being a lustful person.

“Okay. It's already arranged and is on the way to the hotel. I hope you enjoy yourself tonight, Mr. Paolo.”

With that, Shawn stood up and instructed the driver to send Paolo back to the hotel.