

Mission To Remarry

Chapter 1836

Chapter 1836 You Are Aubree Pearson

Following the young man, Elektra got in the car, and it sped off to a cruise terminal where yachts and cruise ships from around the world were docked. It was a playground for the rich.

She followed him onto a luxurious cruise ship from Hawen.

The salty sea breeze blowing from the port jolted Elektra into alertness, swiftly clearing the fogginess of her mind.

“Is your employer from Hawen?” she asked.

“Yes, Ms. Lane, don’t worry. The whole cruise ship has been reserved, and there is no one else on board,” the young man reassured her.

With the presence of stern bodyguards flanking her on both sides since boarding the ship, Elektra felt that she had no reason to feel apprehensive anymore. It was apparent that the individual who had extended the invitation was affluent and influential.

Shortly after, she was escorted to a reception area, where a waiter respectfully poured her a glass of red wine. The waiter meticulously opened the bottle, swirled it, and carefully poured the wine into a tall glass while politely saying, “Miss, please enjoy!” in Ustranasion.

Elektra lifted the tall glass and took a sip. She could tell the red wine was of high quality.

While scanning the room, Elektra’s attention was drawn to a poised and elegant figure making her way toward the reception area.

As Elektra gazed upon the striking face that looked perfect from all angles, she immediately recognized that the face had undergone surgical enhancement, which was not uncommon in Hawen.

Although such a face was impeccable, it had one critical flaw. The hospital employed identical proportions, resulting in many individuals having nearly identical faces.

Fortunately, this woman possessed her own distinctive oval-shaped face, setting her apart from the sea of other women with rounded faces.

Elektra gazed at the young woman before her with a mixture of curiosity and intrigue.

The woman appeared to be young and around the same age as her, but she couldn’t recall having any friends from Hawen.

As the woman reached for a tall glass and flashed a mature and alluring smile, even Elektra couldn’t help but acknowledge that she exuded an almost flawless perfection and a sultry aura that could entice any man to take a second look at her.

“Hello, and who might you be?” Elektra was still trying to figure out if the woman was from Hawen.

The woman raised her glass and clinked it gently with Elektra’s with a playful glint in her eyes.

“My name is Christina Patel! Hello, Ms. Lane,” Christina said lightly, downing the wine in one gulp without even savoring it.

Elektra was taken aback for a moment as she didn’t recognize this name.

“Hello, Ms. Patel. Do we know each other?” This last name was undoubtedly Hawenese.

However, this fluent Chanaean accent was not common for a Hawenese to possess.

A complex look flooded Christina’s eyes as she looked at Elektra and nodded firmly. “Elektra, we do know each other.”

Since the other woman even knew her own name, Elektra’s puzzlement and wariness increased.

“Who are you? Why did you go through so much trouble to track me down? Do you have any association with Roxanne?” Elektra’s mind raced as she attempted to grasp the situation.

“Don’t be nervous! I didn’t come here with any malicious intent. In fact, I came here today because I wish to collaborate with you. If you think carefully, I’m sure you’ll recognize who I am!” Christina reassured her, setting down her wine glass. The waiter promptly approached and refilled it.

She picked up the glass again, her eyes full of interest as she looked at Elektra.

Suddenly, a thought struck Elektra.

“Are you... Aubree Pearson?” she exclaimed in puzzlement.