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and graying hairs. Seeing him in such a state made her heart sink.

If her mother's death had nothing to do with Henrick, Arielle would be more than happy to help him grow Southall Group.

Her wish would be to let Henrick enjoy his twilight years without having to worry about anything.

After all, despite Henrick's character flaws, he was still Arielle's father and her only blood relative.

"Dad, don't push yourself too hard. No matter what, your health should always come first," Arielle said, her voice gentle and filled with concern.

Henrick merely sighed in response. "I can't afford to slack when this household depends solely on me. What would all of you do without me?"

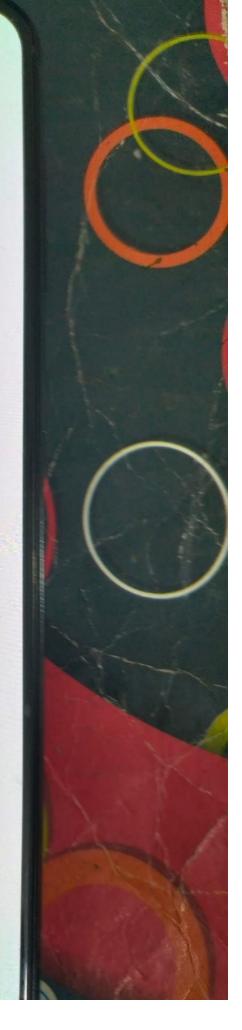
Hearing that, Arielle's heart sank even more.

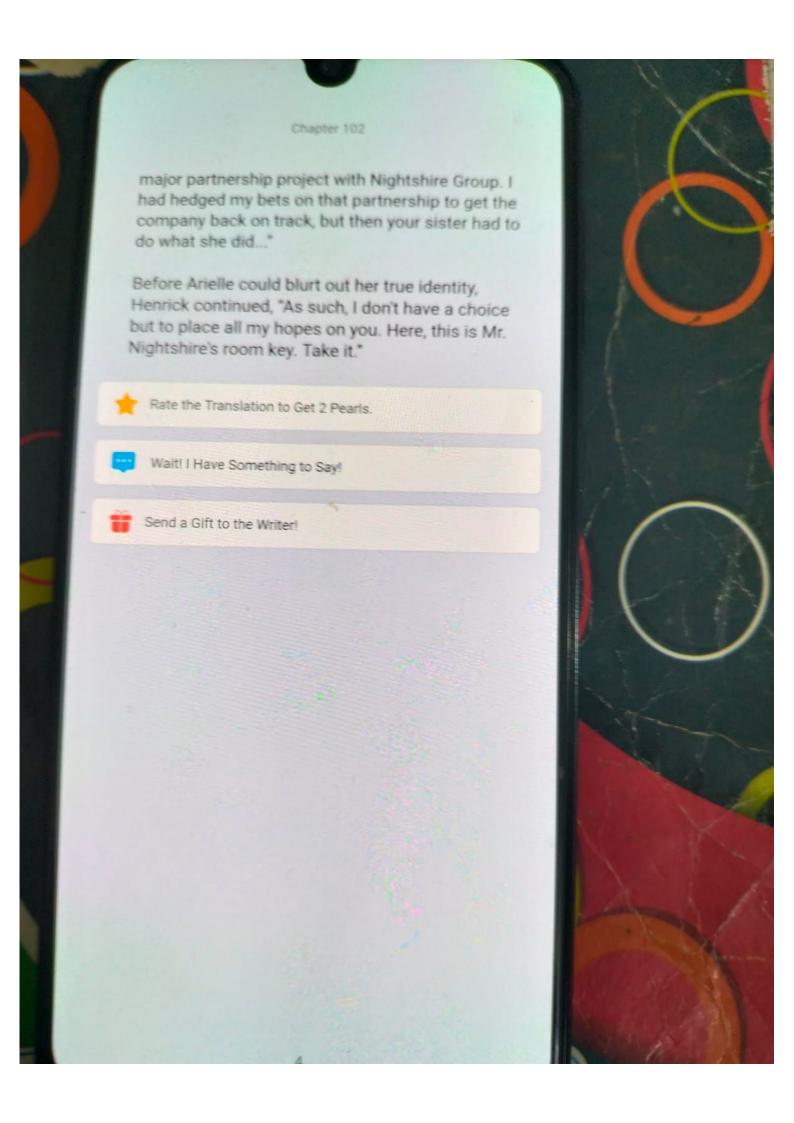
She had always found Henrick to be a terrible father, only to realize that she hadn't been a good daughter either since coming back.

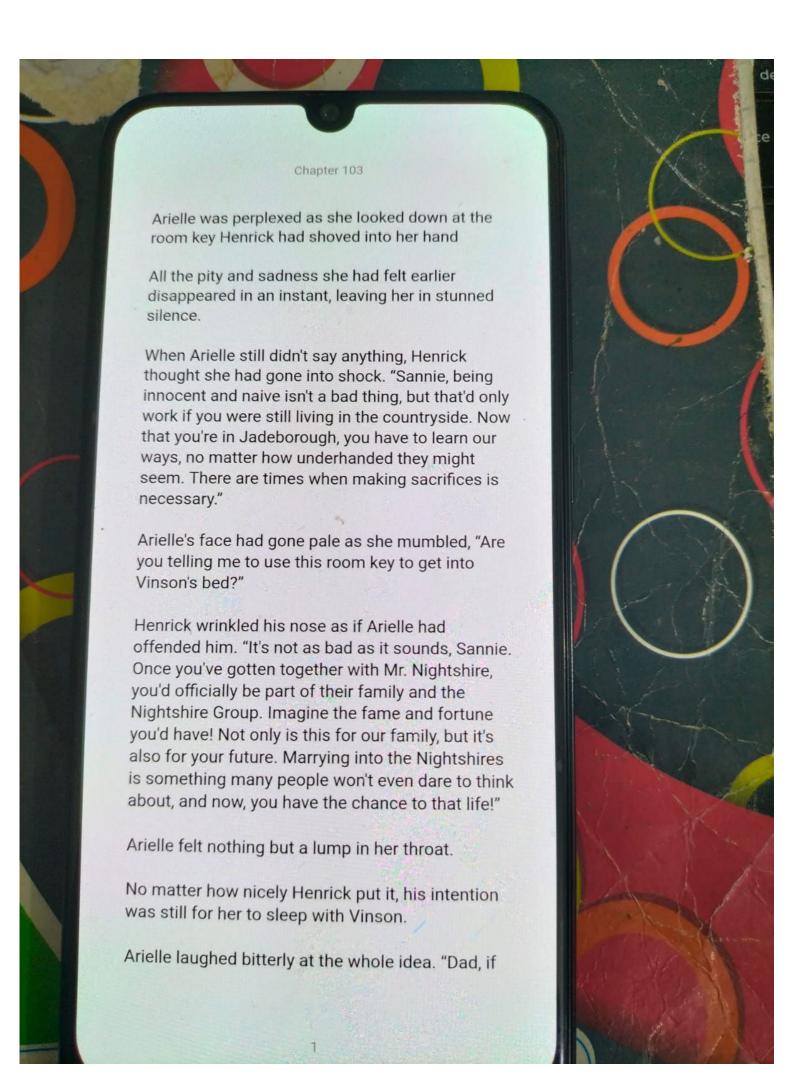
The more she thought about it, the more she was overcome by guilt.

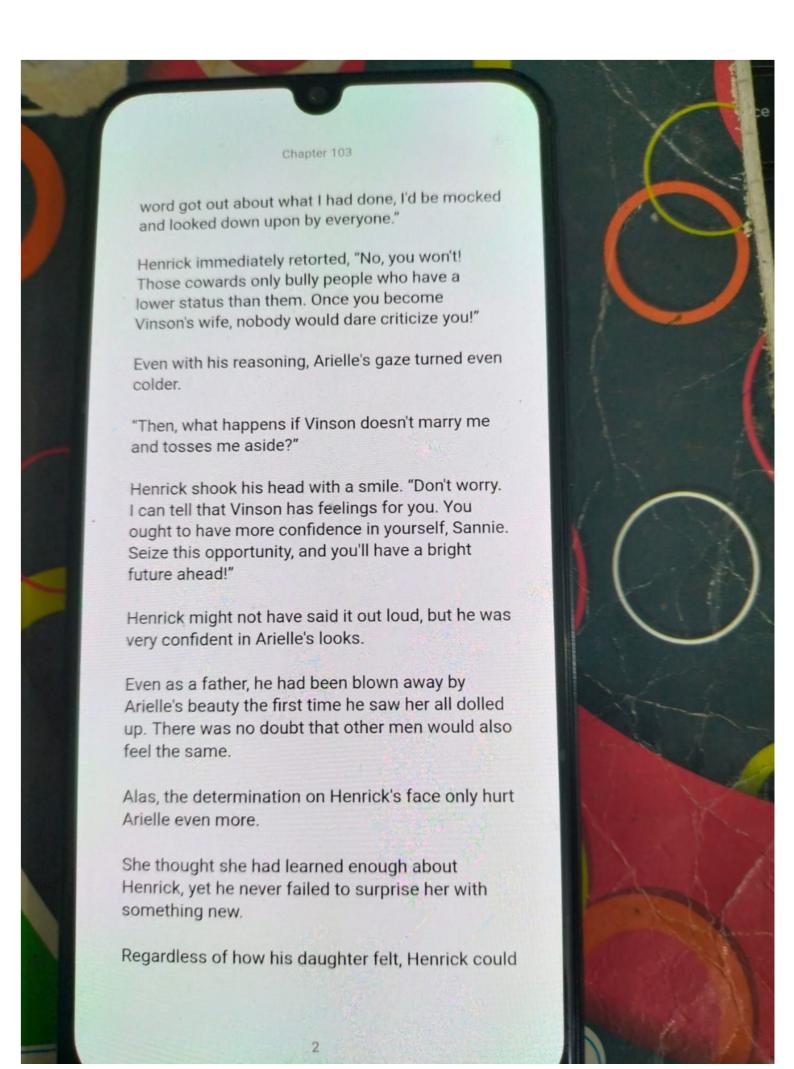
Arielle was about to come clean to Henrick about her having money to help him when he held her hand.

"The truth is, our company is in distress. So many of our projects have fallen through, including the









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send her to another man's bed as long as he could benefit from it.

Arielle tightened her grip around the room key so much that it was cutting into her palm. Even so, she was numb to the pain.

After all, the physical pain could never compare to the heartbreak she felt.

It was painfully clear to her that Henrick had never treated her as his daughter or as a person. In his eyes, Arielle was nothing but a pawn.

To think I had almost told him my truth and even wanted to help him.

Arielle chuckled bitterly, tears welling in her eyes.

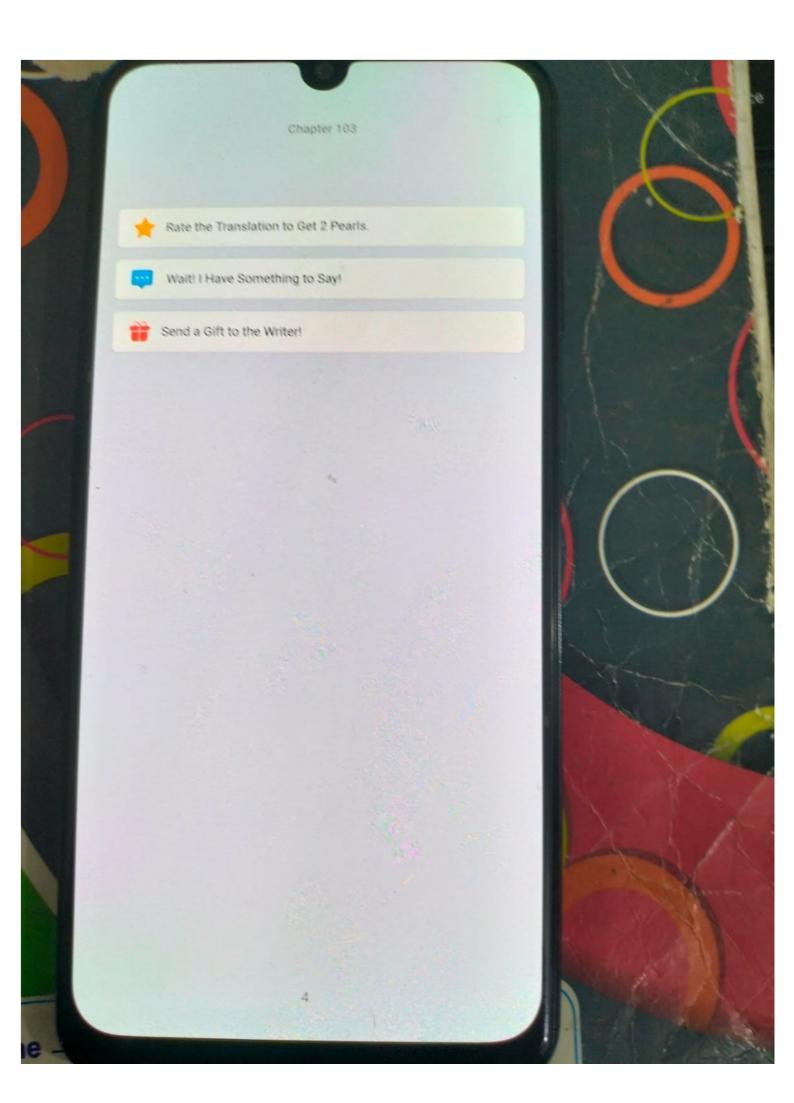
"Sannie..." Henrick said, a little flustered at her reaction. "My good girl, our family can't end like this. If not for yourself, do it for the rest of us! I know you're the kindest and most obedient. You'll do what I say, won't you?"

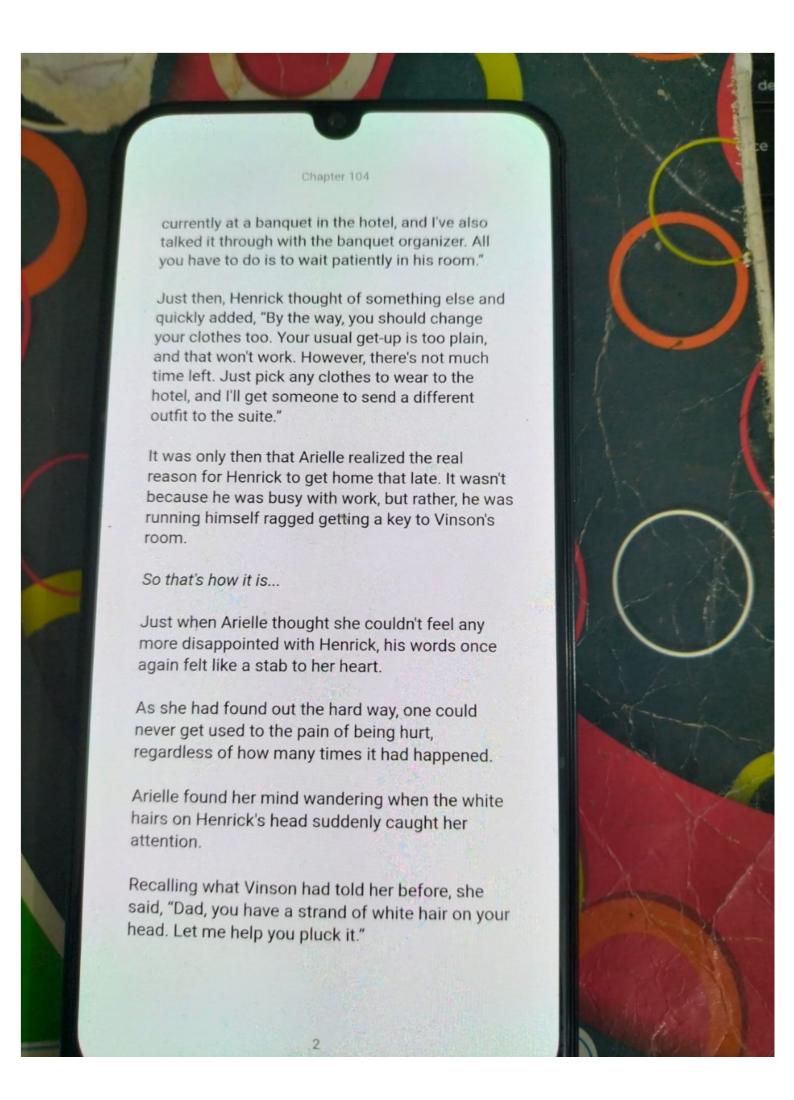
Arielle pursed her lips and suddenly asked, "What if I don't want to go?"

A deep-set frown immediately formed on Henrick's face, and Arielle could feel the anger emanating off of him.

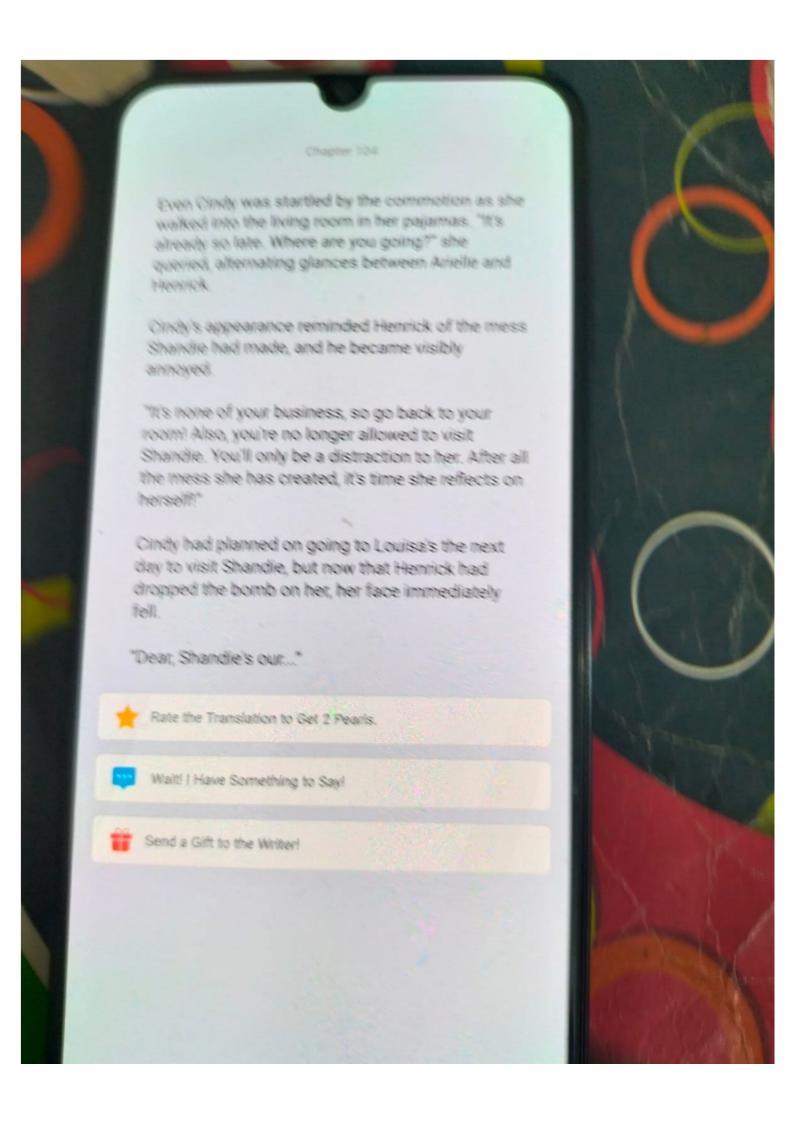
After a moment's hesitation, he coldly replied, "If you don't want to, then I won't be able to keep you here!"







Hermick has wanted to turn her down, but seeing as how she had agreed to go with his plan, he jessee to return the favor. As such, he lowered his head and hore with the pain as she plucked the streng of hair offi. Henrick chuckled afterward. "You didn't have to cluck it you know? White hair is common when I'm getting old. However, if you do succeed tonight linection it'll help shave a few years off my ME" Uniteknownst to Henrick, Arielle had stealthily pocketed his strand of hair as she pretended to ned her understanding. "Don't worry, Dad. I won't let vou down. How can I not repay you when roune treated me so well?" Touches sevans wards. Henrick felt like he was on the verge of tears. He quiled Arrelle into a tight embrace and multiered, "My darling daughter, I'm sorry to have to gut you through this. You've done well for the (Semily) Even though she had returned the hug, Arielle felt nothing but utter disgust toward her father. "Dat, if we don't humy, Mr. Nightshire is going to return to his room before me." "Oh, gashi Yau'ne right!" Henrick exclaimed before rushing off to bank orders at his staff. He got the housekeepers to get a set of clothes and the arriver to prepare to send Arielle to the hotel.



"Shut up!" Henrick interrupted and gave Cindy a death stare. "You'd better learn what can be said and what can't! I'll sleep in the study room these few nights. And don't go out as you please. I'll have you followed, so you won't go looking for that willful child!"

Cindy was so enraged that she clenched her fists tight.

It looks like I have to speed up my plan of taking over Southall Group. I've had enough of you, Henrick Southall!

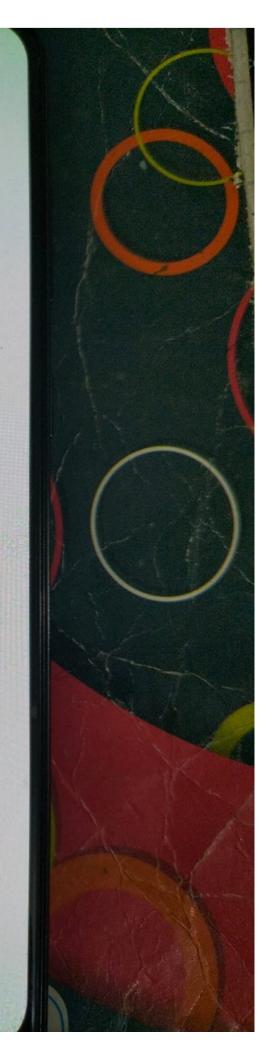
Arielle smirked when she saw how Cindy's face had contorted in a bid to suppress her rage.

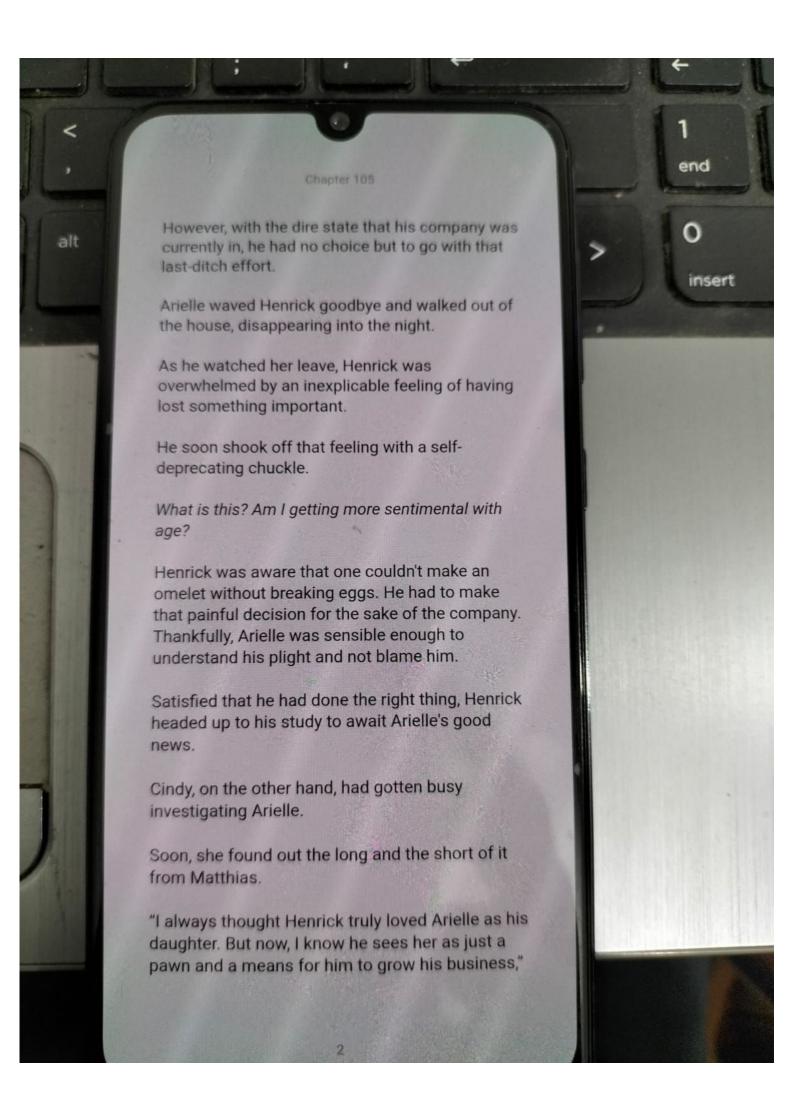
Cindy sure can tolerate and put on an act. If Shandie had half of her mother's tolerance level, she wouldn't have been chased out that easily by Henrick.

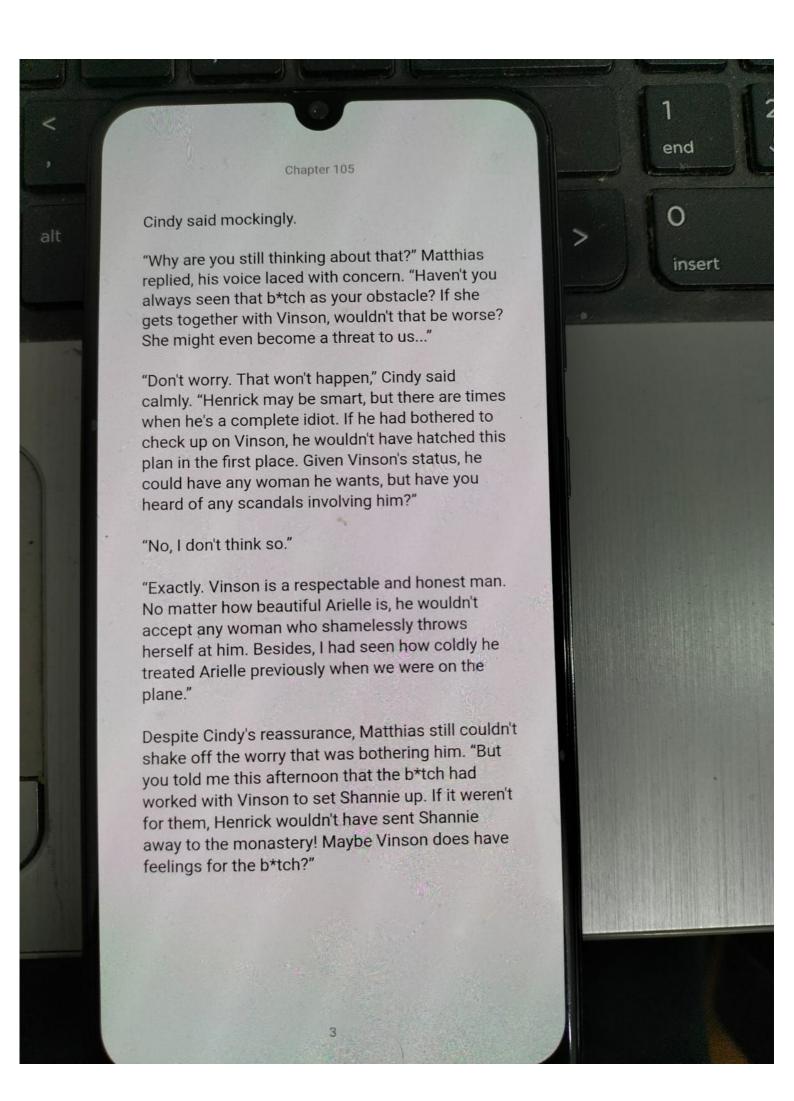
It was Arielle's turn to put on an act as she gently urged Henrick, "Dad, when do I leave?"

Henrick recovered from his anger and looked at Arielle. "Go now. The driver's already waiting for you. I won't see you off, but please be careful. If it doesn't work out, then come straight home. I won't blame you."

Making her daughter sleep with another man was something Henrick never wanted to do. If Vinson didn't fall for it and word got out about what Arielle had done, he would only end up losing her.







Cindy shrugged it off and chuckled. "You think Vinson willingly helped Arielle? He only did it because he didn't want to be exploited by Shannie. No man with his kind of power and status could stand being exploited by others. Trust me, Vinson's going to chase Arielle away! Maybe I wouldn't even need to carry out my plan. After tonight, she'd be the laughing stock of the entire city!"

"Okay, it better be like that..."

"Leave this be for now and find a suitable man as discussed. If Vinson forgives Arielle for having helped him before, then we'll just have set our plan in motion to destroy her reputation."

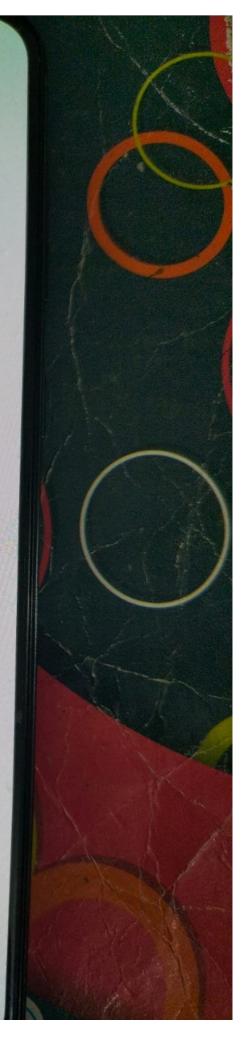
Cindy hadn't been in a good mood the whole day, but after the call with Matthias, she felt like she had finally caught a break.

It was deep night and the streets of Jadeborough remained as lively as ever.

Just like the streets outside, the banquet hall in the hotel was just as lively. A group of prominent socialites sat around Vinson as they dined and drank, each trying to flatter him so they could be a part of Nightshire Group's latest project.

Vinson sat at the head of the table, swirling his wine glass lazily.

He was so engrossed in his thoughts that he had barely spoken ever since the meal started.



The light that shone on his handsome face accentuated his features and made him even more dignified.

Despite his silence, he was still like the brightest star in the sky, one that people couldn't help but admire.

The people around Vinson started discussing amongst themselves in hushed tones as they watched Vinson warily.

"What's wrong with Mr. Nightshire today? He hasn't said anything at all. Is he unhappy with the meal?"

"Mr. Nightshire has always been a man of few words. Maybe he isn't in a good mood today."

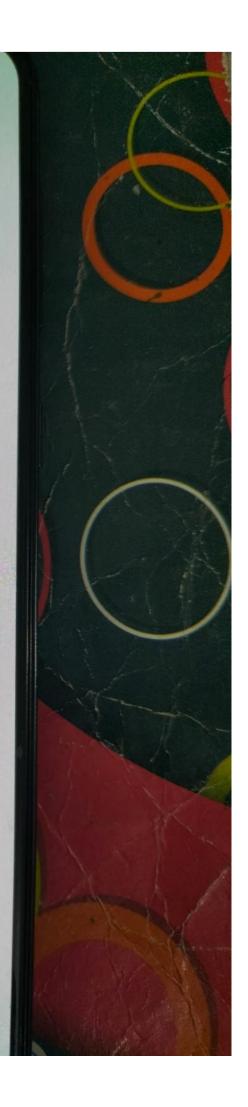
"Has the person I arranged for been sent over?"

"I just received the call that she's at the hotel entrance."

"Are you sure this arrangement would be okay?
There have been others with the same gift ideas before, only to have Vinson scream his head off at them..."

"Don't worry. This time around, the head of Southall Group has offered me his daughter."

"Shandie Southall? I know she looks all right and is quite a popular socialite too, but I don't think Vinson would take a liking to her."



"It's not Shandle but the other one. I've seen a picture of her, and I guarantee she'll do just fine!" "Show me the picture! I'm curious to know who has gotten the approval from an experienced old man like you." Before the man could fish his phone out, Vinson suddenly stood up, shocking everyone into erreliz The man with the phone laughed and stood up as well. "Are you tired, Mr. Nightshire? You've had so much to drink, so why don't you rest here in the hatel? We could set off together in the marning to view the land in the western suburbs." Vinson was about to reject the man's offer when he felt his phone vibrate. He checked his phone, only to find a text from his mother. Come back earlier tonight. The Greenes are here, and I find their daughter rather delightful. I would like you to meet her too. Frustrated, Vinson knitted his brows. After a moment's hesitation, he turned to the man and asked curtly, "Which room?" The man was happy to comply and handed over the room key to the suite on the top floor. "I shall retire for the night first. Enjoy the rest of the night, everyone," Vinson said politely before making his way out of the banquet hall.

However, he had only taken a few steps when he felt a throbbing in his head.

He had been so preoccupied with Arielle that he inadvertently downed a lot of wine throughout the banquet.

If it were someone else, they would have been blackout drunk from all that alcohol.

Winson rubbed his temples as he waited for the elevator, eager to get some much-needed rest so he could accompany Arielle on her shoot the next day.



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