



Henrick regretted not making a police report in order to save his reputation. He should not have delayed his search for this gem-like daughter.

He stroked Arielle's hair lovingly. "Let's go. I'll take you to work and give you a tour around the company. You haven't seen it since you came back, right?"

Arielle nodded with an excited expression and followed Henrick into the car.

Soon, they arrived at Southall Group.

Staring at the skyscraper, bits and pieces of memories started flooding back to her.

*Sannie, I'm going to a meeting. You stay in the office and do your homework, okay? Don't roam around.*

She recalled how Maureen would not leave her alone at home and brought her along to her office.

She also remembered the secret compartment in her mother's office, which had a lot of things kept inside.

She wondered if the secret compartment was discovered when it changed hands from Moore Group to Southall Group. she might be able to find some clues about her biological father if the compartment still existed.

"Sannie, what's wrong?" Henrick walked to her after noticing that she had not followed behind him.

Regaining her senses, Arielle replied, "It's my first time here, so I want to take a good look... After being kidnapped, I had a high fever and lost some memories about the past."

"I heard. It's okay if you can't recall the past. What's more important is to live in the present. I'll make it up to you."

Henrick's gaze was filled with fatherly love, yet Arielle saw something more than that. She saw greed in it.

Arielle was well aware that Henrick was not being genuine to her. She was not what he valued, but rather, the genie in the lamp that he had found.

"Yup, I know you're the best to me." In contrast to her warm and submissive smile was her icy-cold heart.

He caressed her head again. "At first, Soir Coffee could not find an ideal location for the shoot because it's a challenge to rent an entire building like this where many people work in it. When I heard about it, I made a majority of the employees go on paid leave and rented the premises to your team. I did that for you. Therefore, enjoy your day at work."

"Thank you, Dad."

Arielle tried her best to suppress her disgust whenever Henrick touched her. Pretending to be gleeful, she followed him into the building.

The layout of Southall Group felt so familiar yet distant to Arielle. Her memory was fragmentary. Besides Maureen's former office, she could not remember much about anything else.

Upon entering the lobby, she saw Iris waiting for her at the reception desk.

"Ms. Sannie, you're here. I was about to give you a call."

Arielle nodded. "My dad was heading to the company too, so I came early. Where's everyone?"

Iris greeted Henrick and then answered Arielle, "The rest of them are at the highest floor. You're playing two roles today; a CEO and a white-collar worker. We'll shoot you as the CEO first and the scene will take place at the highest floor."

Arielle blinked. "That means I'll have to do it at the CEO office?"

"Yes, that's right." Iris smiled politely. "Mr. Southall has been so kind and cooperative. He's asked someone to tidy up his office. They are now setting up the filming equipment and tools."

Both of them chatted as they walked into the elevator.

Henrick pressed the button for them but did not enter.

Chapter 136



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Confused, Arielle asked, "Dad, didn't you say you want to keep me company? Aren't you coming in?"

Henrick coughed. "Your team is very professional, it's best I don't disturb your flow. I'll go and check on your Aunt Cindy. She isn't familiar with certain things, so I'm afraid she can't handle it on her own. Call me when you're done, I'll treat your team to a good meal."

At that moment, Arielle realized that Henrick started having dubious assumptions about Cindy.

That was a good chance for Arielle to find out if the secret compartment in her mother's office was still there.

"Okay, you go ahead. I'll look for you when I'm done." She smiled.

"Sure, have a good time. I'll get going." Henrick said as he turned to leave in a rush.

Obviously, he had no trust for people around him, including his wife. A comment from others would easily sow a seed of doubt in him.

Arielle thought that it would be quite easy and yet challenging to attack people who were not resolute. She could not give herself away in front of Henrick, otherwise, she would be suspected too.

The smile on her face remained until Henrick disappeared from her sight when the elevator door closed.

Iris did not notice the changes in Arielle's expression. She teased her, "Ms. Sannie, do you remember my text message? There's a new person in charge today. Do you want to know who it is?"

Arielle's response was slightly delayed as she was not paying attention. "Who?"

To her, she could not be bothered about the new personnel. All she wanted was a smooth day at work.

Iris chuckled. Before she could say anything, they had arrived at the top floor. The elevator door opened, revealing a towering figure.

That man outside the elevator was exceptionally good-looking. He had a pair of deep-set eyes, a chiseled face, a defined jawline, and outstanding features.

*Who else could it be if it's not Vinson?*

Arielle was so stunned to see Vinson showing up at the elevator. The next moment, she turned to Iris as she recalled her text message.

Iris giggled. "Ms. Sannie, Mr. Nightshire is the person in charge of today's shoot."

Arielle was flabbergasted.

*Why is he the person in charge? As the CEO of Nightshire Group, is he that free?*

Vinson was planning to go downstairs and pick Arielle up. Seeing that she had arrived, he took a step back and cast a look at Iris.

Instantly, Iris got the cue. Keeping her head low, she scurried away and left them alone.

Confused, Arielle asked, "How did you become the person in charge? You don't have anything to do in your company?"

Vinson replied casually, "It's just a simple shoot that won't take up a lot of my time. Moreover, I can continue working from here. I'm more worried about your performance as the ambassador. This is a project that I place great emphasis on, don't you mess it up."

Arielle assumed that he came because of her. After hearing his explanation, she pursed her lips.

*I knew it! Thankfully, I'm aware that he doesn't have any feelings for me. Had I not known that, I might have thought in the wrong direction.*

She answered, "I can guarantee that I won't let you down. Let's get started!"

She had to complete quite a bit in the afternoon due to the fact that she had requested for a half-day leave in the morning.

It should not be too stressful to look through the to-do lists for both the morning and the afternoon tasks in the absence of the woman who liked finding fault with her.

Soon, both of them entered the CEO's office one after the other.

When she was passing by an office, she could hear children's laughter.

She stopped in her tracks and queried the staff, "Why are there children at the office?"

The staff replied, "This is our company policy. Working parents are allowed to bring their children in and stay in the kids playroom. With a specialized person taking care of the children, employees can be more devoted to their work."

Arielle nodded. When the staff left, she turned to Vinson and commented, "I didn't expect that my dad is quite... humane to his employees."

"Humane?" Vinson chuckled as if he had just heard a joke.

Dumbfounded, she asked, "Why? What are you laughing at? Did I say anything wrong? It's not easy for females to find a suitable job after becoming a mother. He's willing to hire them and accommodate their needs by setting up a kids playroom. Isn't that a humane move?"

Vinson shook his head. "That's what you think when you don't know the full story. Henrick did employ working mothers, but he pays them according to part-time wages although their workloads are more than full-time staff. This isn't a humane move, but an act of oppression. Do you really think that the playroom has a conducive

environment?"

As soon as Arielle heard that, she opened the door to the playroom and was immediately greeted by a pungent stench of pee and poop lingering in the air.

Some of the kids were playing by themselves but a majority of them were crying. The so-called 'specialized staff' was seen sitting at the side, playing games on her mobile phone.

Arielle was dumbfounded.

*There's nothing humane about this whole situation. In fact, it's a form of oppression in disguise.*

She was horrified at the sight. Yet, she was not too surprised that it happened because it did seem like something Henrick would do.

*How selfish and immoral could he be to recruit employees through such despicable means?*

Arielle made a firm decision to reorganize Southall Group back to what was originally Moore Group.

*Regardless of whether Mom's death has anything to do with Henrick, it's an indisputable fact that he has snatched away Mom's business empire.*

*I must take possession of Southall Group!*

"Let's go." Arielle's face darkened as she went ahead to the CEO office.

goody two shoes. So, I'm afraid that she's not able to play the role well. Consequently, it will have an adverse effect on the commercial. I'd rather we select another person to play this role."



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

"That's not necessary." Vinson smirked and said confidently, "She can do a good job. Just wait and see."

The director hesitated and made no more effort to justify his point.

He mumbled inside. *I've not seen a CEO that looks so pretty. It's all about the charisma, not the looks. Someone who's young and lovely will never be able to portray that well. This is literally testing my patience and skills.*

Ten minutes later, Iris opened the door to the CEO office.

Grinning, she introduced loudly, "Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome our CEO, Ms. Moore."

The director scoffed without lifting his head. *With that face, she's more suited to act as a beautiful secretary instead of a CEO... We'll probably have to make a lot of post-production editing to get that desirable effect.*

He was still adamant and did not bother to pay any attention to Arielle when he heard the photographers surrounding him sang praises about her beauty. "You look amazing!"

*It's already a known fact that Arielle is good-looking. However, we're shooting a CEO. There must be something more than meets the eyes.*

However, the chattering grew louder.

"How attractive! What an imposing look!"

"That's right! This is my first time seeing how a girl with long hair could look so cool in a suit!"

"Ms. Sannie is a born model, isn't she? She is what she wears and she can basically be any character. If she enters the entertainment industry, she'll definitely put all the actresses to shame."

"Oh my gosh, I'm tearing up! She's exactly how I envision a CEO to look like. I hereby declare that Ms. Sannie is my husband, no one should compete with me."

Following the discussions, the director was utterly lost for words.

*The team is aware that Arielle is Vinson's friend, the one whom he has shown extra favor upon. There isn't a need to exaggerate and butter Vinson up though he's in our boss, is there? I want to see with my own eyes what Arielle looks like as a CEO.*

As the director slowly lifted his head and casually gazed at Arielle...

Arielle's hair was tied up neatly into a simple ponytail. Her eyes were cold yet sharp while her brows were slightly knitted together as if she was thinking about a big project.

Arielle looked dapper in a black suit. The dress pants accentuated her long legs, giving an illusion of her towering height. *She looks just like a domineering CEO!*

The director gaped in disbelief!

*How... How is this possible?*

He could not believe his own eyes; rubbing them again and again to give himself a reality check. When he opened his eyes, he saw Arielle walking toward him.

At that moment, he felt an overwhelming and intimidating presence engulfing him.

*It's not my imagination. Arielle does have a domineering presence, unlike most females. Her aura is comparable to Vinson who's standing next to her.*

*There's no wonder Vinson was so certain that she could play the role well. When she gets serious, she can take up any role!*

*Had I not seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't have believed that a sweet-looking girl that usually depicts a standard image of a secretary could act so well as a cool and domineering CEO!*

The director's hands trembled as he came into realization of what Arielle was capable of.

*I've underestimated her. I should grumble no more!*

Vinson gave her a once-over and curled his lips upward.

*Arielle... never disappoints me.*

Chapter 108

He turned to seek the director's opinion. "Do you believe me now that she can handle the role?"



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What I have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

over Moore Group and developed it into Southall Group, the internal decorations still remained the same.

To Arielle, that was a good news.

*Without any renovation, no one would've discovered the secret compartment.*

She made a big round around the office and finally stopped in front of a safety deposit box.

*If I'm not mistaken, it'll automatically open once the correct passcode is keyed in. When the safety deposit box has unlocked, key in the passcode one more time, and the switch controlling the access to the secret compartment will appear.*

She stared intensely at the safe. *I'll return when no one is around.*

She had a hunch that something inside the safe was what she needed.

While she was trying hard to recall the passcode, a voice questioned her abruptly, "What are you looking at?"

Startled, she shook her head. "Nothing..."

Vinson took a glance at the safety deposit box, knowing that Arielle did not tell him the truth.

Anyhow, he did not query her. *Who doesn't have any secrets?* He did not intent to pry into her privacy, likewise, he hoped no one would do the

same to him too.

Vinson retracted his gaze from the safe and said, "If you're ready, let's get to the next filming set, the lobby at the ground floor. All of the employees present today will be included as extras. All of you will be required to hold a cup of Soir Coffee and walk around the lobby."

"Okay, noted." Nodding, Arielle exited the office.

*When the filming is over, I'll find an excuse to come up here again. At that time, there should be no one in the office and it's the best time to access the secret compartment.*

The group then went to the lobby together.

Around fifty to sixty of the employees who clocked in on that day had already gathered there.

When the director was giving instructions to the extras, a thunderous explosion was heard from upstairs.

*Bomb!*

The ground started shaking and everyone jumped out of their skin.

"It's rattling! Is it an earthquake?"

"No, that's not it. It seems like something has exploded upstairs!"

"It's an explosion! I can smell the smoke. Run for

your life, everyone!"

Someone initiated a panic-stricken response and triggered everyone else to dash toward the exit and flee from danger.

Unfortunately, Arielle was in the dressing room and did not know what happened outside.

The make-up artist said calmly, "I think the director has arranged for some fireworks."

Right when he finished his sentenced, the makeshift door was kicked open. *Thud!*



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Vinson barged in looking very serious.

Shocked, Arielle stood up. "You..."

"There's an explosion, hurry up and get out of here!" He grabbed her hand and ran away as fast as he could.

The people at the dressing room were stunned for a second and then scrambled out of the place at once.

By the time Arielle got out of the dressing room with Vinson, there was chaos everywhere and flames were seen blazing from the stairwell.

"Gasoline! Someone spilled gasoline!" A staff screamed at the top of his lungs as he ran past the dressing room.

While running toward to exit, Arielle asked Vinson, "What's going on? Is this a prank?"

Before he could answer, his phone rang. It was Carter.

He answered the call. A nervous Carter spoke over the phone, "Vin! Where are you? That dude escaped, leaving a note behind which says stop wasting effort because it's doomsday for us."

"Okay, make a police report now. There's an explosion here at Southall Group."

"What? An explosion? Darn it! It must have been those who helped that dude escape. They knew

you're there, and... Are you all right? We're on our way."

"Don't worry, I'm okay for now. I'll hang up now." Vinson continued running as he updated Arielle, "It's not a prank, but an attack. Hurry up!"

She did not ask further. Holding his hand tightly, she quickened her steps.

When they were about ten meters away from the main entrance, they realized that the crowd stopped moving.

"What's happening? How do we get out?" Vinson asked fiercely.

Iris approached them, crying breathlessly, "The entrance... It's locked. None of us can get out of here. The fire is spreading fast. Nobody knows if there will be more explosions. Mr. Nightshire, Ms. Sannie, are we going to die here?"

Arielle released Vinson's hand and held Iris' hand to comfort her. "Rest assured that we won't die here. If the entrance is locked, then break it open!"

*When there's a will, there's a way. I'm not going to die today, not here, not now.*

She asked Iris to stay on the spot while Vinson and her squeezed themselves through the crowd to get to the entrance.

There were a few security guards trying to pry the door open. A few desperate employees even lifted

the stool and smashed it on the glass door.

To their dismay, no matter how hard each person tried, the seemingly fragile glass doors showed no signs of damage.

One of the security guards even tossed away the tool in his hand and lamented hopelessly, "It's useless... After the terrorist attack in another country two years ago, the glass doors in our company have all been replaced with A-grade tempered glass which is harder than diamond. Even a bomb can't break it, let alone the chair."

Arielle walked toward the security guard and reprimanded him, "Don't utter anything negative! How is this door shut tight? With a lock? If so, pick it."

Dejected, the guard shook his head. "It's not so simple. This is a smart door. I've tried it a few times at the security room just now. The smart system has been destroyed and it can't detect anything. There's no way we can open it..."

Vinson interrupted, "Where's the security room?"

The guard revered Vinson and pointed at the floor above them without any further ado. "It's the first room on the first floor..."

Vinson nodded and informed Arielle, "Someone must have modified the program. Stay here, I'll go and take a look."

"No, I'll go with you!"

"Don't take the risk. Stay here!"



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Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Arielle replied unswervingly, "I'm not messing with you. I do know some programming, so maybe I can be of help. Trust me."

Vinson looked deeply into her bright eyes. They were crystal clear and yet icy-cold.

Seeing there was no way to stop her, he obliged. "Okay, you can come with me."

They exchanged glances and then ran up to the first floor against the crowd.

The elevator was out of order during emergency. Both of them carefully avoided the gasoline on the floor until they reached the first floor.

Although they had been very cautious, their feet were still injured to a certain extent.

Ignoring his own wounds, Vinson noticed Arielle's burnt ankle first.

He stopped. "Your feet..."

"Don't bother, get the door to open first." Arielle did not care about her injuries and continued rushing to the security room.

Having left with no other option, Vinson followed suit.

Soon, they arrived at the security door.

Unfortunately, it was locked and bolted!

"Take a step back," Vinson commanded and did the same himself. Then, he dashed to the door and landed a powerful kick on it.

The door shook, but remained tightly shut.

Right then, plumes of smoke filled the entire building, causing them to have breathing difficulty.

Arielle started coughing. Suddenly, she recalled seeing a fire emergency kit at the corner of the stairwell.

Her eyes lit up. "There's an ax over there. Let me grab it!"

She made a dart for the kit and found the ax.

Without further ado, she broke the glass covering the kit and retrieved the ax.

While reaching for the ax, she accidentally cut the back of her hand and blood gushed out of her wound.

"Darn it!" cursed Arielle. She hastily wiped the blood on her blouse and hurried back to Vinson.

"The ax... is here..." She panted. The dense smoke rampaging in the air triggered her to cough severely.

As it grew thicker, Arielle could feel the scalding heat engulfing her surroundings.

Judging from the dreadful situation, it would not

be long until they inhale too much smoke, suffocate, and die...

Anxious, Vinson took the ax from her and asked, "Are you okay? Why don't you go down and wait for me?"

Arielle insisted, "No need. Hurry up and open the door."

He clenched his jaw as he removed his gaze from her reluctantly and slammed the ax on the lock.

He hit it once, twice...

Finally, on the fifth time, it broke.

Both of them sprinted into the security room and saw ten computers before them.

They followed the labels in front of each computer to locate the one which controlled the main entrance.

Hovering over the keyboard, Vinson typed at lightning speed. Arielle could only catch the shadows of his finger movements for he was super-duper fast.

In a flash, Vinson identified the problem.

Pointing at a folder appearing on the screen, he announced, "This is where the hacker inserted a disruptive programming code and locked the door."

"Can it be deleted?"

Vinson shook his head. "I've tried, but to no avail. I'm not an expert in this area. Let me call Carter and consult him."

"Okay." Arielle nodded and waited for Vinson to make the call.

However, he realized that the phone line was not working because the signal in the building had been blocked.

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 Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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"And so it seems like we might actually die in this room." Vinson smiled wryly.

Yet, he had no fear of death.

The word 'fear' did not even exist in his vocabulary.

*Come to think of it, it's not too bad to die here with Arielle by my side.*

"No way!" Arielle was very firm in her belief. "I can't die yet, I still have lots to do."

His heart sank.

*I was just thinking it's nice to stay together at the face of death. Lo and behold, she's not even thinking about this... at all. I want to curse so badly, but I can't.*

He coughed lightly. "What shall we do now? I've tried opening the door, but all efforts are in vain. If we keep waiting for people to come and rescue us, we would've turned into ashes then."

Staring at the programming code which got hacked, Arielle fell silent for a moment. "Move aside, let me try."

"You?" Vinson remembered that Arielle knew some programming. However, he was doubtful of her skills. *With only limited skills, can she do what I couldn't achieve?*

While he was still contemplating, his body had

subconsciously shifted to give space for Arielle to take her seat in front of the computer.

Calmly, she assumed her role and started searching for files on the computer without first addressing the programming issue.

Vinson saw how she worked on the keyboard. She did not use the mouse, but merely carried out all operations on the keyboard swiftly. Her speed was even faster than his typing.

It suddenly dawned on him that they might have a chance to escape death. Gradually, his trust for Arielle increased multiple folds.

*Seeing how she operates on the computer, I'm afraid she's just being modest with her earlier statement.*

*When she said she knows a little bit about acupuncture, she ended up demonstrating exceptional skills and healed the guy we caught.*

A few minutes later, Arielle stopped.

"What did you find?" Vinson asked.

She pointed at the D drive on the screen. Narrowing her eyes, she explained, "The problem doesn't lie in the program which can't be removed, but here. This section has been tampered with. Originally, this computer controls the program. Now that it's been modified, the control system automatically relocates to a different place."

"Where's that?" he pressed on in curiosity.

She shook her head. "I don't know. I need to break the firewall in order to hack into their ultimate terminal and locate the place. Also, when I get there, I need to delete the control system."

Vinson turned solemn.

"Entering their terminal... This requires an expert level hacker. Can... can you do it?"

Arielle took a deep breath. "I can't promise you anything, but this is the only way. We've got to try it. Otherwise, everyone will die. Considering the material of the glass door, I'm not too hopeful that it could be broken from the outside either."

A rare and frightful uncertainty settled upon Arielle's face.

Gazing at her deeply, Vinson was about to say something when another deafening explosion came from upstairs. *Bomb!*

That was the second explosion and it occurred right above their heads!

A humungous hole cracked open from the ceiling, accompanied by raging flames.

Chapter 142



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

"Beware!" Vinson's immediate reflex action was to cover Arielle's head with his bare arm. Unfortunately, his arm got hit by the debris and was severely injured.

Terrified by the gory sight, Arielle quickly checked on him.

Before she could have a look at it, he withdrew his arm.

"You..."

He interrupted her, "I'm fine. Quick, keep trying and see if it works."

Though worried sick, Arielle kept quiet and tried to focus her attention on the computer. Frowning, she returned to her seat.

Debris and residual flames kept falling from the floor above. Soon, the entire room was on fire before they realized it.

At that critical moment, Arielle could not be distracted. *I must hurry up before the room gets burnt down. By then, the computers will be completely destroyed. Consequently, the glass door will remain shut forever.*

*Thump!* Another big piece of concrete dropped and hit the chair not too far from Arielle.

Biting her lips, she ignored it and continued typing away on the keyboard.

She was determined to hack into the attacker's terminal and open that dreaded door.

*Even if it's not for me, I must do my very best and fight till the end for all the innocent lives still trapped in this building. After all, I'm not alone.*

She took a quick peek at Vinson, who was covering her head with a block of wood, then channeled her attention back to the complicated operation.

With grit and full concentration, Arielle managed to break the attacker's firewall within five minutes.

At the same moment, fire had started devouring the room.

Vinson walked to the window and pulled down all the curtains forcefully. He stepped on them to extinguish the parts which were on fire. Then, he used them to douse the fire on other areas of the room.

However, it was more like a never-ending story. The earlier explosion on the floor above had caused tiny flames to keep falling into their room. Sweating profusely, Vinson was just not able to stamp out all the flames before they grow again.

Persistently, he wiped away the sweat that blurred his vision and kept fighting the fire.

Just in the nick of time...

Arielle managed to break through another firewall

and began searching for the attacker's terminal.

The latter was so devious. A few similar codes were set up to mask the actual location of the terminal. Arielle fell into their traps a few times and made several mistakes.

At this point in time, the fire started burning out of control.

"Arielle, we've got not much time left to spare. If we don't leave in five minutes, this building is going to collapse!" Vinson warned while putting out the flames.

Covered with ashes, his handsome face could hardly be recognized.

Even so, he was still alluding an extremely strong aura. Looking decisive, intimidating, and hostile, he stood firm like a mountain, ready to battle with the fire until the very end.

Arielle said, gritting her teeth, "Ten minutes, give me another ten minutes! I'll sure be able to find it."

Meanwhile, a piece of burning wood suddenly fell from the top.

"Watch out!" Vinson attempted to leap to her side, but he was too late.

Fortunately, Arielle was fast to react. She rose to her feet, leaned sideways, and performed a fierce spinning kick which successfully broke the block into two.