

Who is he referring to? Maybe I should ask him to clarify... No, my experience from working with him for a few years tells me it's a bad idea to do so. Hmm... Only one of them is dressed differently from the other three, so that's probably the one he's talking about.

With that in mind, he replied hesitantly, “She is indeed different. The other three are dressed in branded clothing from head to toe. The clothes she has on aren't even branded at all. It's like she just bought them from a flea market or something.”

Vinson shook his head. “No, I'm not talking about her clothing.”

“What is it, then?” the assistant asked in confusion.

The look on Vinson's face went back to being icy-cold.

“Nothing. Carry on.”

The assistant didn't dare ask any further and continued his progress report.

All four of them were seated in a single row on the plane, and Henrick had been in a bad mood ever since he sat down. He kept ordering Arielle about and had her take care of their luggage and coats.

To everyone else around them, she looked like the housekeeper to the three of them.

Arielle simply carried out her tasks obediently without any complaints.

Eventually, Henrick couldn't stand it anymore and said, “All right, that's quite enough for now. Didn't you say you helped Mr. Nightshire once? Why doesn't he remember you?”

Arielle shook her head. “What I did was a very tiny favor, so it's normal for him to not remember me.”

“Then you should've...” Henrick wasn't sure how to put it into words, especially when he saw the innocent look on her face.

Maybe being too innocent isn't a good thing, after all... Shandie would've taken my hint and tried to get closer to Vinson!

Eventually, he let out a helpless sigh and said, “Forget it. I'll tell you more about it in the future. You still have a lot to learn.”

“Okay.” Arielle nodded obediently and acted like she had no idea what she did wrong.

Suddenly, a flight attendant came over and told them,

“Hello, Mr. Southall. According to your frequent flyer program, we are able to upgrade all of your tickets to first class for free.”

Henrick had chosen the economy class cabin not only because he was stingy, but also because he knew it was possible to get a free cabin upgrade.

“Thank you. Please show us the way,” Henrick replied with a smile as he got up from his seat.

Shandie and Cindy both stood up at the same time as well.

The flight attendant then shifted his gaze toward Arielle, who was the last to get up, as he apologized, “I'm sorry, but we can only accommodate three free upgrades.”

“Only three?” Henrick soon found himself in a

dilemma. Should I have Shandie or Arielle join us in the first class cabin?

Noticing his conflicted expression, Cindy suggested, “I'm sure you've realized this by now, but Arielle isn't exactly the sharpest knife in the drawer. She can't really help out much at all. Since Shandie is the one attending this awards ceremony, how about we let her have the upgrade?”

Henrick hesitated for a bit before nodding in agreement.

He then turned toward Arielle and explained, “We only get three free upgrades, so I don't really have much of a choice here. We'll see each other again when we land, so it won't really make a difference.”

“All right, Dad,” Arielle replied with a smile. You won't get disappointed if you don't have expectations!

“Sorry about this,” Henrick mumbled as he led Shandie and Cindy toward the first class cabin.

Shandie deliberately slowed down a little and whispered in Arielle's ear, “Looks like Dad loves me more, Arielle. You'll have to do better next time, okay? Don't be too upset, though. The first class cabin isn't really that great. It's pretty much the same thing, just with more spacious seats and better service!”

Arielle stared at Shandie like she was watching a clown perform at a carnival. “You should get a move on before Dad changes his mind and lets me have it instead.”

The gleeful look in Shandie's eyes vanished upon hearing that.

Not wanting to waste any more time, she quickly

grabbed her handbag and ran off to the first class cabin.

...

Arielle closed her eyes and enjoyed the peace and quiet after the three of them left.





However, that peace did not last long.

“Excuse me, miss. Are you all by yourself? May I take the seat next to yours?” asked a young gentleman as he looked at her in shock.

Despite him trying his best to sound polite and calm, Arielle noticed him swallowing nervously.

“No, these seats are taken by my family members. They will be here shortly,” she replied coldly.

Realizing he didn't stand a chance, the man could only leave in disappointment.

Just moments after he walked away, another guy approached her and said, “Excuse me, miss...”

Arielle opened her eyes impatiently, only to pause in shock when she saw who it was.

Isn't this the guy that was reporting to Vinson earlier?

“Pleasure to make your acquaintance, Ms. Moore. I'm Mr. Nightshire's assistant. He has invited you on board his private jet. I've already spoken to the flight attendants, so all you have to do is come with me,” he said politely.

Not wanting to get hit on again, Arielle nodded after giving it some thought. “All right.”

As she had to go through the first class cabin to get off the plane, Shandie noticed her the moment she passed them by.

She leaped to her feet and asked, “What are you doing, Arielle? Why can't you just let me have the first class seat? Have you forgotten that we're going to attend my awards ceremony?”

“Don't worry. I'm not here for the first class seat,” Arielle replied coldly.

Shandie frowned. “Then, what are you doing here?”

Henrick was getting agitated as well. “What are you trying to do, Arielle? I thought you were a very obedient girl. Was it an act all along?”

Arielle was about to say something when the assistant replied, “I'm afraid you have all gotten the wrong idea. Ms. Moore isn't here for the first class cabin. I'm bringing her to the private jet over there.”

“What?” Shandie looked out the window in disbelief, only to see an incredibly luxurious private jet with the word “Nightshire” written on it.

That's the Nightshire family's private jet!

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