

Shandie's expression bordered on savagery, to which Arielle responded with a stern rebuke. "Get your hands off. You've been warned!"

She had really been overtly polite to Shandie all the time.

Shandie was stewing as she stared straight into Arielle's eyes, but what she saw hidden inside was like a gargantuan glacier that could swallow someone whole.

That intimidating coldness shocked Shandie as it was something she had never seen before.

Arielle tugged Shandie's offending hand off her own collar and turned to the host. "Sir, I think my sister might be a little agitated, so it might be best if you

could bring her backstage to cool off.”

Before the host could react, two black-clad bodyguards walked onstage and positioned themselves either side of Shandie before they escorted her off.

Arielle was a little taken aback by the appearance of the duo as she did not bring along any bodyguards herself on this trip back.

In the next second, a tall and stalwart man steadily approached her.

It was Vinson.

His standout chiseled face appeared unapproachable without a smile, but perhaps owing to the lighting from behind him, he seemed a little more genial at this time.

“Are those two bodyguards working for you?” Arielle asked.

Vinson stopped less than two feet away from her and extended his right hand. “Congratulations for becoming the brand ambassador to Soir Coffee, the retail chain under Nightshire Group. I'll have my lawyer contact you regarding the details in due time.”

Arielle did not manage to reply before Henrick's voice rang out again. “Thank you for giving Sannie this opportunity, Mr. Nightshire. As she's still young and unfamiliar with contractual agreements, I'll be standing in as her manager. So please, direct your lawyer to follow up with me.”

Vinson evoked a rare smile at Henrick. “In that case, we'll be in touch again.”

Seeing that Vinson was about to leave, Henrick quickly called after him. “Wait, Mr. Nightshire! To facilitate communications, would you be able to give me one of your name-cards?”

That only earned him a frosty look from Vinson.

The demeanor of his assistant beside him was just as aloof. “Mr. Nightshire's name-card is custom-made and is not something granted to just anyone. There's no need for you to try to reach us either, as we'll contact you as and when there's a need to.”

Henrick's face shriveled and reddened and he cleared his throat awkwardly, not daring to bring up the issue of the name-card again.

The observing Arielle was a little taken aback by this.

Isn't the assistant overreacting a little? It's just a

name-card.

After Vinson departed, the curious Arielle inquired of her father, “Why won't he give us a name-card, Dad? Is there any special meaning to it?”

“Of course, my girl.” Henrick looked upon Arielle with the eyes of a kindly father as he patiently explained.

“Mr. Nightshire's name-card isn't handed out freely, so when he chooses to give it to someone, it means that he's taken that person into confidence. Anyone in possession of Mr. Nightshire's name-card will be held in esteem, and will be able to enter and leave Nightshire Group's premises at will.”

Arielle instinctively reached over the pocket holding the name-card Vinson gave her.

If what Henrick said was true, she had nearly thrown away an invaluable gift.

She supposed that she probably would not find a use for something like that, but even if she did, she was certain she would not want to hand it over to someone like Henrick who would more than likely abuse the privilege.

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