

Arielle could feel a man's warm palm steadied her back.

Her mysterious savior's other hand circled her waist. He then proceeded to carry her off the stage.

After landing steadily on her feet, Arielle looked toward her savior.

She spied a handsome, steely-faced man. He glared at her and deadpanned said, "What's with those high heels? Are you trying to fall to your death?"

Arielle swallowed the retort on the tip of her tongue. After all, the stranger was only saying that out of kindness, and he had saved her from a nasty fall.

She was about to thank him when Henrick rushed

onto the stage and cried, “Are you okay, Darling? I was about to help you. I didn't know Mr. Nightshire would be a step quicker than me. He must care deeply about you.”

Henrick's words dripped with implication. He looked extremely concerned over Arielle's wellbeing. In fact, he had not even spared the unconscious Shandie a glance.

Arielle would have fallen hook, line, and sinker for his loving father act if not for the information she had dug up on him earlier.

She did not understand how Maureen had ended up with someone as horrible as Henrick.

There must be some secrets in all this. I have to uncover the truth!

“I'm fine, Dad. Why don't you head on up and check on Shandie? I don't know why she fainted. She may be more ill than we thought.”

She spoke gently and sweetly, perfectly concealing her disgust for Henrick. At that moment, Arielle was the perfect picture of a kind and sensible daughter.

Henrick was naturally pleased with Arielle's behavior.

I must have done something right in my past life to have such a lovely and perfect daughter!

He hastily replied to Arielle, “You're right. I'm going to check on your younger sister. I shan't disturb you and Mr. Nightshire then. Make yourself at home, Mr. Nightshire.”

Vinson scrunched his brows in response.

Make myself at home? In his home?

He glanced at Arielle and eventually refrained from sneering at Henrick's suggestion.

After the older man left, Vinson said, "I'm not here to attend the party. I only stayed this long to ask you again—is there truly nothing you wish for?"

Arielle was exasperated.

In truth, she had only investigated the Southalls before returning, and she knew little about the country's economic situation.

However, one did not need to know much about the country to be aware of the Nightshires' reputation.

Arielle did not think she had done anything extraordinary on the island. She merely acted as one

who had some medical knowledge would.

Well... except the time we slept together.

To that end, Arielle replied resolutely, “I thank you for your sincerity, Vinson, but I don't need anything from you.”

If there's anything I want, I'll work for it myself.

Vinson's brows furrowed tighter, and he questioned, “Do you have any idea what you've just rejected, woman?”

Everyone else would have jumped at the shot of an unlimited wish from Vinson. Only this woman is stupid enough to keep rejecting my offer.

Tickled by his serious look, Arielle asked, “What exactly have I refused? Prince Charming? By the

way, my name's not 'woman.'”

“So what is your name?”

“It's... Sannie.”

Sannie was Arielle's nickname, given by her adoptive parents overseas.

“Noted. You still haven't told me your wish.”

Exasperated, Arielle joked, “If you're so intent on repaying my kindness, why don't you become my husband?”

It was Vinson's turn to fall into silence. The handsome man appeared conflicted by Arielle's suggestion.

The atmosphere instantly became awkward.

Realizing she might have taken her joke a step too far, Arielle cleared her throat and explained, “I was kidding. Let's just drop the whole thing. I really don't need anything.”

Suddenly, Vinson replied, “I'll grant you that wish.”

“What?” Confused, Arielle continued, “What wish?”

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