

## The Kiss That Sparked it All (Ellinor & Theo) Chapter 38

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*Ellinor stepped over the shattered porcelain on the ground and walked up to Arnold. "What's up with Dad? Why's he madder than a wet hen?"*

*Sheila stood off to the side, arms crossed, and said in a mocking tone, "Got the nerve to ask, do ya? You know damn well what you did!" Ellinor shot Sheila an indifferent look. "I've done a ton of things, so which one are you harping about?"*

*Arnold's face was gloomy, and he angrily questioned, "Tell me, you said you found a job and were moving out. What kind of job did you find?"*

*Ellinor was at a loss for words because she couldn't exactly put her current job into simple terms.*

*Her job was to pretend to be the wife of some big-shot CEO to help him deal with his family.*

*What kind of job was that? An actress? A temporary wife?*

*Seeing Ellinor tongue-tied, Arnold got even angrier. "Still trying to pull the wool over my eyes? A graduate from a prestigious university, working as a bar hostess! Where's your dignity, Ellinor? Are you trying to make me sick with worry?"*

*A bar hostess? Ellinor frowned in confusion.*

*Arnold slammed a photo down on the table. It was of her and Belinda leaving the Blizzard Room bar the day before.*

*Belinda*

*had dyed her hair pink after a breakup, wore really edgy clothes, and had too much to drink. It was easy to mistake her for something she wasn't, which was why those rich kids had the guts to mess with her.*

*And Ellinor, being with Belinda, was guilty by association.*

*Ellinor looked at the photo, then at Sheila. "Dad, did Sheila give you this photo?"*

*Sheila didn't panic and just smirked arrogantly. "So what if I did?"*

*At this moment, their mother, Tracy, came over, trying to mediate. "Ellinor, don't blame your sister. She just wants you to straighten up. Working as a bar hostess might be quick money, but it's beneath you! Oh, Ellinor, how could you?"*

*Ellinor laughed when she saw Tracy's feigned heartbroken expression. "Straighten up? I think the one who needs to straighten up is*

*Sheila."*

*Sheila glared at her, "What the hell are you implying, Ellinor? I'm not the one working as a bar hostess! Why do I need to straighten up?"*

*Ellinor ignored her and turned to Arnold. "Dad, the girl with pink hair in the photo is just a relative of my landlord. She was drowning her sorrows at the bar, and I was helping my landlord get her home."*

*Arnold hesitated, half-believing her. "Is that true?"*

*Ellinor nodded affirmatively. "Yeah, it's true."*

*Sheila didn't believe her and stepped forward to expose her lie. "Ellinor, do you think you can fool Dad? The Blizzard Room is a private booth at Twilight Bar; not just anyone can go in! If you're not there working as a hostess, how could you strut in like you owned the place? Can you explain that?"*

*Ellinor looked at her calmly and smiled.*

*“Because my landlord is a big fish there, that’s why I could go straight in.”*

*Sheila frowned, suddenly recalling when she had followed Ellinor before and saw her enter a luxurious mansion.*