

Chapter 9 Thank You for Saving My Boss

With the new academic year in full swing, the Kane family had already arranged for individual cars and drivers to ensure their children's smooth transportation to and from school.

During breakfast, Beulah proposed that Meredith should also have a designated driver and car. However, Old Mrs. Kane promptly dismissed the suggestion.

"She hasn't even sat for the entrance assessment yet; why the hurry?"

Beulah found herself at a loss for words, glancing at Tom, hoping for his support. However, Tom remained oblivious but very much siding with his mother's opinion.

The Kane family wasn't exactly expecting Meredith to ace the entrance exam. They figured it was a long shot and didn't want to draw any more attention to her than necessary. After all, the last thing they needed was for her to fail the assessment and embarrass the family name.

"Meredith, why don't you tag along in my car?" Myra offered, trying to sound generous.

"Thanks, but I've already got a ride," Meredith replied politely, not taking the bait.

Myra couldn't help but feel a bit awkward. She quickly grabbed a file folder and handed it to Meredith, trying to maintain her façade of being helpful and considerate.

"Here, these are Gary's old study notes," she explained. "He was always top of his class at Quantum. Maybe they'll come in handy for the exam..."

Meredith stood up abruptly, leaving the file folder untouched. She didn't even bother to say goodbye before exiting the dining room.

"What's her problem?" Old Mrs. Kane grumbled, banging her palms on the table. "Growing up in the country must have turned her into a real snob!"

Myra put down her utensils and rushed after Meredith, eager to maintain her image as the caring and considerate sister.

"Hey, calm down." Myra intervened before Beulah could jump in. "You can tag along in my ride. No need to waste money on a taxi."

When she finally caught up to Meredith, she saw her getting into a sleek black sedan. It was a Lincoln!

Myra didn't even have a chance to note the car plate number before the car sped off, leaving her in a cloud of dust.

To outsiders, the Kanes might seem like the bigwigs in Northerndale. In reality, they were barely clinging to the edge of the upper class.

The cars they drove were mainly BMWs, which were nice but not exactly top-of-the-line.

So how could Meredith possibly afford a Lincoln?!

Myra speculated she must have engaged some online car rental service. Otherwise, how could a girl who came down from the mountains a few days ago possibly know people who drive luxury cars in Northerndale?

And that was no ordinary Lincoln – it was a stretched version, something even Myra had never ridden before!

Could Meredith have landed herself a wealthy sugar daddy?! Now, that would be the perfect red card for her to use against Meredith!

Just then, a red Ferrari pulled up beside her. The door opened, revealing a pair of long legs in white leather shoes and tailored trousers, followed by a youthful, handsome man's face.

"Hi, I'm looking for a girl who may have visited your family a few days ago. Do you know where she is now?"

Myra snapped back to reality and looked at the man before her, stunned. "Mr. Creed?"

"You know me?" Dalton asked, surprised.

He had enlisted in the military at the tender age of fourteen and rarely spent time in Northerndale, so he couldn't recall ever meeting Myra.

But could she be the girl who saved Zenon that day?

"Yes, I've seen you before..." Myra replied with a nod. She had seen pictures of Dalton, the eldest son of the Creed family, one of the four influential families in the city.

"You have a keen eye. Even with my face covered that day, you could still recognize me," Dalton said.

He remembered that he only saw the girl's back when he descended from the helicopter that day.

Based on her height and figure, she resembled the girl he'd seen the other day.

He wasn't exactly struck by Myra's looks and thought she didn't quite measure up to his Boss's handsome looks.

Still, he figured it had to be her.

"That day?" Myra asked, puzzled.

She quickly realized that Dalton had mistaken her for someone else, but she maintained her sweet smile and played along.

"Thank you for saving my Boss. He asked me to return this to you." Dalton handed a clean cloth strip.

The Boss?

Could it be the renowned Stormborn family, the reigning monarchs of Northerndale's four prominent families?