

Chapter 8 A Far Better Match

Katelyn looked at Vincent in surprise. Peering into his deep eyes, she asked, "Mr. Adams, why would you ask such a question?"

Vincent wore a faint smile. His voice was hoarse but resonated deeply. As he leaned back in his chair, he explained, "Our future collaboration is extremely confidential. If you had a husband working for a competitor of ours, it could affect our projects. You understand what I'm implying, Miss Bailey."

Katelyn grasped his point and nodded. She assured him, "You can be confident, Mr. Adams. I will ensure that no personal matters interfere with our cooperation. Besides, from past experiences, I've learned not to trust men too easily in matters of love."

The man she had loved for many years had proven to be a complete fraud.

The lesson was harsh and unforgettable.

At that moment, Katelyn felt as if all men were likely the same.

From then on, she resolved never to fall easily for any man's charming words again.

Vincent smiled, tapping his fingertips on the table.

"Good to know."

Katelyn didn't dwell on his comment, but Aimee observed the exchange with keen interest.

She sensed an underlying meaning in Vincent's words that Katelyn might have missed, though Aimee couldn't be certain.

She found herself hoping that Vincent had taken a liking to Katelyn. He would be a far better match for her than Neil had ever been.

Meanwhile, Neil and Lise remained in their own private room, watching the business suite where Katelyn and the others had gone.

Thirty minutes passed without anyone leaving the room.

They speculated whether Katelyn was truly discussing business with Vincent.

Consumed by jealousy and resentment, Lise clenched the hem of her dress so tightly that it wrinkled. Her fingernails pressed into her palms as she struggled to contain her emotions.

Turning to Neil, who looked stern and annoyed, Lise asked hesitantly, "Neil, is Katelyn really Iris?"

"Absolutely impossible!" Neil responded.

He continued with a cold tone, "Katelyn must have devised some scheme to deceive us."

He was convinced that she was trying to capture his attention.

He could easily see through such transparent tactics.

Lise's eyes held a contemplative expression as she ventured again, "Still, Katelyn appeared quite different today. I could barely recognize her. She was so captivating and radiant. Any man might be drawn to her."

Neil scoffed dismissively, his voice tinged with reluctance and annoyance. "She may be attractive, but what does that matter? Her looks can't hide her malicious intent and deceitful maneuvers. She repulses me."

Lise felt reassured by Neil's responses.

As long as Neil continued to care about her, she was certain she could soon legitimately become his wife.

Masking the complacency and joy in her eyes, she sighed, "Neil, don't be angry. We both know Katelyn well. She's trying to prove her competence and has even resorted to lying. She hasn't considered the consequences of her lies being uncovered."

Suddenly, the door to the business suite opened.

Both Lise and Neil instantly became serious and focused their attention on the door.

Vincent emerged first, followed by Katelyn and Aimee.

The three were smiling, creating a relaxed and pleasant atmosphere.

Katelyn extended her hand to Vincent with a smile, her voice gentle and clear.

"I hope we can enjoy a fruitful cooperation soon."

Vincent shook her hand and replied with a smile, "I also hope for a pleasant cooperation."

Neil's eyes narrowed as he watched the exchange in shock. This scene shattered all his previous assumptions and hopes.

He began to seriously consider whether Katelyn might actually be Iris.

