

Mission To Remarry

Chapter 1847

Chapter 1847 Jibe

That night, Shawn received a phone call from his family and endured a torrent of scolding for half an hour.

Coralie also wore a grim expression as she knew Shawn's failure to manage the company well would mean she had to return to the north and face those decrepit old folks again.

The northern climate was too dry and had deleterious effects on her skin.

Nevertheless, her mood remained upbeat because she had successfully invited Jonathan for a meetup.

Coralie had asked him out by using the excuse of wanting to reimburse him for the car damage, but he had rejected her flatly. Then, after a bit of coaxing, he finally agreed to let her treat him to a meal as an expression of her apology.

Through constant inquiries with Frieda, Coralie finally understood Jonathan's personality better. He was a relatively rigid person.

Regardless, she found his cool character to be attractive.

When Shawn exited his room, Frieda hurriedly served him a glass of coffee, not daring to say much as she worried that any attempt to comfort him might only upset him further.

“Shawn, it's just a few hundred million. There's no need for them to be so mad. I don't know what those old folks at home are thinking, fussing over this insignificant amount of money. Competing with Farwell Group is bound to involve losses. Didn't you also cause Lucian to lose money recently? This just proves that he's a worthy opponent.”

Coralie's consolation struck a chord and immediately calmed Shawn down.

Even his tense expression somewhat relaxed.

“You're right! Still, we can confirm Lucian is targeting us now. In that case, there's no need for us to be furtive anymore. We shall face him head-on. But I'm curious why those Epean clients are so hard to sway. Are they really that loyal to Lucian, or does he possess some dirt on them?”

This time, Shawn suffered a loss without fully grasping the reason behind his defeat.

Coralie contemplated for a few moments but couldn't provide him with an answer either.

Frieda hesitated to speak. Noticing that, Shawn flashed a faint smile and said, “If you have something to share, go ahead. You probably know more than we do.”

Only then did Frieda begin to explain in a soft tone, “I heard from my brother that Lucian personally nurtured these Epean clients from scratch, so they likely reported to him right after we contacted them. I even suspect Mr. Paolo's visit was specifically to locate us.”

Coralie narrowed her eyes and chimed in, “So, Mr. Paolo deliberately pretended to be a lecher to lower our guard. At the same time, Lucian arranged for the other two people to cooperate with Mr. Paolo to swindle our goods. A group of three clients was just right—not too many to raise suspicion, yet not too few to make us feel unmotivated.”

After listening to her analysis, Shawn mulled over his erroneous judgment. In the end, he gritted his teeth and said, “Ultimately, we underestimated Lucian.”

“Indeed. Lucian's working style is very complicated, sometimes sincere, sometimes domineering, and sometimes cunning, making him hard to predict,” Frieda said objectively after she noticed Shawn had regained his rationality.

Coralie curled the corner of her lips into a sneer. “Shawn, he really is your biggest rival in this lifetime. You must try harder to avoid suffering overly humiliating defeats.”

Shawn shot a cold glance at his sister, warning her, “That goes without saying. I'll bear my own responsibilities. As for you, I suggest you practice more caution when interacting with Jonathan to avoid revealing anything to him. Frieda mentioned her brother has little interest in women, so you shouldn't be too confident either.”

The siblings jibed at one another in a lighthearted manner.

Frieda figured she would need more time to adapt to that kind of atmosphere. To the best of her recollection, her arguments with her own brother would always escalate quickly.