

WILL THE ALOOF BILLIONAIRE DIVORCE TODAY?

Chapter 9: Senior, Do You Have Time?

"Stella!" Scarlett Yates's face suddenly turned red, and she raised a fist, ready to hit Stella Nelson.

Stella Nelson dodged quickly, and in the blink of an eye, she was at the door, teasingly standing there, "Come on, come on, I'm not just spouting nonsense. Dare you say you're not..."

"Stella Nelson!" Scarlett Yates growled through clenched teeth, embarrassed and angry.

Stella Nelson covered her mouth and laughed, and after a while, she suddenly said seriously, "Scarlett, don't rush. I forgot to tell you something important. Tomorrow is Senior Brother Dales's birthday, and there's a party at the Dales Family house in the evening. Don't say I didn't inform you."

It's early May, and it's starting to get hot. Cicadas buzzed continuously from the branches.

A silver Lamborghini was parked under some shade.

The driver bent down to open the back door respectfully, "Young Master, please get in."

Henry Dales hadn't changed out of his school uniform yet. The dark blue uniform was neatly ironed and spotless, without a trace of dust or wrinkles on the expensive fabric.

Light filtered through the leaves, landing on his soft, black hair. As he bent down, his profile gleamed like beautiful jade.

"Senior Brother."

A soft, sweet voice, tinged with a faint nervousness, sounded just as the car door was about to close.

"Scarlett?" Henry Dales showed a slight surprise, turned his head, and outside the car window, Scarlett Yates stood not far away on the street, waving and jogging as if she had something urgent, showing a trace of urgency in her face and eyes.

Henry Dales paused for a few seconds, a barely noticeable joy flashing quickly in his eyes, and reached out to push the car door open.

Seeing that he was about to get out of the car, the driver frowned slightly and whispered, "Young Master, Miss Wood..."

But before he could finish, Henry Dales had already stepped out of the car.

"Senior Brother..." Scarlett Yates's face was very red, unsure if it was from the heat or the fast heartbeat, causing her breath to become hurried.

She panted for a while, then looked up, not having fully caught her breath, biting her lip as if it was difficult to say, "Senior Brother, do you have time? I want to talk to you about something."

Henry Dales's clear and gentle eyes quietly gazed at her.

Scarlett Yates's face turned even redder, and she began to stammer, "I, I just need ten minutes, Senior Brother, do you have time?"

Her face was as red as a tomato, and when nervous, she blinked non-stop. Henry Dales couldn't help but smile slightly, "Okay."

"Young Master..." The driver's brows furrowed even tighter, hesitating to speak.

Henry Dales turned back, his gaze lightly sweeping over him, "There's another half an hour, it won't delay anything."

With Henry Dales's assurance, the driver's tightly knitted brow slowly relaxed.

Their young master has always been very measured in his actions since he was young, needing no worries from others. With his assurance, there would be no issue with Miss Wood.

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There was a café right by the street.

When Henry Dales and Scarlett Yates walked in, countless pairs of eyes were immediately fixed on them.

Low murmurs began to rise.

At Sacred Glow University, Henry Dales had always been the center of attention. He was accustomed to such scenes and didn't pay them much mind.

The two found a quiet corner to sit down.

"Senior Brother..." Scarlett Yates took several deep breaths, her fingers trembling slightly as she held the envelope. All the words she had prepared in advance were suddenly forgotten due to her nervousness.

For a moment, she didn't know how to begin.