

Chapter 107

Arielle had only just entered the suite on the top floor when one of the Southalls' housekeepers delivered a bag of clothes to her.

To her surprise, nestled on top of the clothes, was a disc.

"What's this?" Arielle asked quizzically.

The housekeeper cleared her throat before replying, "About that... I'm not comfortable saying it. You'll know once you play it."

Though still curious about its content, Arielle decided not to probe further and went back into the room.

Instead of leaving, the housekeeper followed Arielle into the suite. "Mr. Southall has instructed that I make sure you change into the clothes."

Arielle frowned but said nothing.

As she reached into the bag for the clothes, she couldn't help but wonder why they felt so odd to her touch.

Bracing herself, she took the clothes out and gasped in shock at her discovery. *These are all sexy lingerie!*

Arielle gritted her teeth in anger as she cursed Henrick silently under her breath.

*Henrick really would do anything as long as he could benefit from it! What a sc*mbag!*

Arielle's blood was boiling as she stared at the clothes, wishing she could shred them to pieces right there and then. Alas, with the housekeeper keeping an eye on her, Arielle could only suppress her anger and proceeded to change in the bedroom.

When Arielle finally walked out dressed in her lingerie, even the housekeeper was blown away by her beauty.

The sexy lingerie accentuated all the best features of Arielle, from her beautiful collarbone to her slender legs and thin waist. She was simply breathtaking.

Arielle stared coldly at the astounded housekeeper. "I'm all changed, so can you leave now? Or are you going to stay with me to accompany Mr. Nightshire?"

The housekeeper instantly turned red in embarrassment and mumbled, "I'll leave right now. The disc is already in the player, so you can just press play later. Right, goodbye then..."

With that, the housekeeper hurriedly left the suite, still blushing from the encounter.

Ms. Arielle has such irresistible charm that Mr. Nightshire's in for a ride tonight! Mr. Southall will be so pleased with my work!

Though still a little embarrassed, the housekeeper left contentedly, knowing that she had fulfilled her duties.

With the housekeeper gone, Arielle was now all alone in the suite.

She tugged at her lingerie, uncomfortable with how revealing it was, and felt nothing but a chill in her heart.

These will be my first and last times wearing such perverted clothes!

Arielle wanted to change back into her clothes when she realized, to her horror, that the housekeeper had taken them away.

"F*ck!"

As someone who had always been able to control her emotions well, not even Arielle could refrain from swearing at that moment.

She had no choice but to meet Vinson dressed like that.

Vinson isn't interested in me, though. So, what I wear wouldn't pose much of a problem.

Feeling more at ease, Arielle decided to check out the disc that the housekeeper had popped into the player.

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Aren't the clothes enough? What else would Henrick have prepared for me?

The more Arielle wondered, the more curious she became.

Eventually, her curiosity got the better of her, and she played the disc.

A good-looking couple on the couch immediately showed up on the screen.

Is this some kind of romantic drama?

Arielle tilted her head in confusion as questions started going through her mind. *Does Henrick think this drama would spark some romance between Vinson and me?*

Before she could question any further, the couple on screen had gone on to engage in various embarrassing acts.

Arielle gradually went from a state of confusion to a state of utter shock.

What the hell is this?

As she stared wide-eyed at the screen, Arielle felt numbness all over her hands and feet.

Even though she considered herself to be knowledgeable, there was still a first time for everything.

All Arielle wanted to do then was to drag Henrick

out and curse angrily at him.

Due to a combination of shock and rage, Arielle's hand trembled and dropped the remote control. *Thud!*

The loud sound finally brought Arielle out of her daze as she quickly leaned forward to pick up the remote control so she could turn the television off.

However, in her hurry, her foot accidentally kicked it under the couch.

"F*ck!" Arielle once again swore loudly.

The more panicked she was, the messier things got. Arielle tried to calm herself by taking a deep breath and forcing herself to block out the moans the couple was making on-screen.

After a few more deep breaths, Arielle finally found herself in a more composed state.

She used her phone to illuminate the bottom of the couch and look for the remote control.

Seeing as how it was quite a distance back, Arielle knelt on the floor and stretched her hand out to try to reach for the remote.

Meanwhile, Vinson felt himself getting more drunk by the second.

When he got to the suite, it took two tries before he managed to unlock the door with his key.

As soon as he stepped into the suite, Vinson heard strange noises that sounded a lot like a man and woman having sex.

Have I entered the wrong room?

Vinson stepped back out of the suite to check his room key, only to confirm that he hadn't made a mistake.

At the same time, he was also sure that he hadn't made a mistake with what he had heard. As a grown man, he was only all too familiar with what those sounds were.

Who the hell has the guts to do that in my room?

Under the influence of alcohol, Vinson had lost all rational thought and let his emotions get the better of him.

With a stoic face, he marched into the living room, only to see a scantily clad woman kneeling on the floor with her back facing him.

The woman had a superb figure, especially her thin waist that he found extra alluring.

However, what he found even more appealing, was the white bunny's tail at the back of her costume that swished away with every movement the woman made.

No man, under those given circumstances, would still be able to remain calm and composed.

Vinson swallowed hard, trying to resist the temptation in front of him. He was a man, but he was also one who would never engage in casual sex.

If there weren't feelings involved, he wouldn't bother wasting his time with those women.

The more he reasoned with himself, the soberer he got.

He suddenly recalled how the men had all looked at him when he left the banquet table earlier.

And now that he was looking at the woman squirming about on the floor, everything instantly became clear to Vinson.

Having recovered from his initial shock, Vinson's expression darkened as his eyes blazed with rage.

*Those a*sholes!*

They had sent women to Vinson before, but they were all admonished by him. But instead of learning from it, they had the gall to do it again. *How dare they don't show me any respect!*

The disdain in Vinson's gaze grew even more intense as he continued staring at the woman.

Just then, the strange moans once again came from the television.

Vinson turned toward the screen, only to see the couple engaged in unbelievably embarrassing

acts.

So that's where the sounds came from.

Vinson's face turned even darker with anger.

*Not only did those old b*stards send a woman to his room, but they also played such filthy shows. They make me sick to my core!*

Having run out of patience, Vinson marched toward the woman and bellowed, "Get the hell..."

Before he could finish his sentence, the woman on the floor had finally noticed his presence and turned around in shock.

Upon seeing the familiar face staring back at him, Vinson was at a loss for words.



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A look of surprise surfaced on his face as he raised his right hand and pinched his nose.

Indeed, alcohol was the greatest saboteur. He actually had an illusion that the woman sent to him was Arielle.

I must be out of my mind! Wake up!

Vinson closed his eyes forcefully. Just when he was about to open them and take another look, he heard Arielle's voice beside him. "You... Why did you enter so quickly?"

Even her voice was identical to Arielle's.

Looks like I'm really drunk.

Slapping his head, Vinson averted his gaze and snapped in frustration, "I don't care who sent you here, just get lost!"

His breathing became heavier.

When he saw the resemblance between Arielle and the woman's face, he realized that he was starting to lose control of his senses.

However, he did not dwell on the reason why he was losing control. Instead, all he wanted to do was to chase the woman out.

He was a clean freak in real life. Similarly, he was very particular about his feelings. He would never sleep with any woman whom he did not have any feelings for.

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This was the reason why he had never touched a single woman after he had come of age.

He did not wish to commit a mistake that would disgust himself.

"Did you hear me? Get lost!" urged Vinson furiously.

It was Arielle's first time seeing such an unpleasant look on Vinson's face.

Surprised, she quickly explained, "Don't misunderstand me, Vinson. I... I didn't plan on being here on purpose. I just want you to put on an act with me."

An act?

The veins on Vinson's forehead throbbed.

Her voice is so clear that it doesn't seem like an illusion. Although I'm slightly drunk, it's not to the extent that I'll actually hallucinate. Could it be that... she's really Arielle?

Vinson turned around slowly and stared at the woman's face intently. *She's really Arielle!*

He subconsciously reached out his hand and pinched her cheek.

It feels so soft and nice to touch...

"What are you doing?" Hissing in pain, Arielle slapped Vinson's hand away.

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Although Arielle initially did not have her guard up against Vinson, she now took a few steps back, starting to feel afraid. However, her foot tripped over the side of the couch, sending her toppling backward.


She stretched out her arms subconsciously to grab something, but ended up grasping Vinson's tie.


As Vinson was pulled by Arielle all of a sudden, he fell forward to her.


Thud!

With a loud thud, both of them fell onto the couch, with Vinson's body lying above Arielle's.

Coincidentally, his lips pressed against her smooth forehead.

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The spot where he pinched her reddened gradually.

Vinson was finally certain that she was actually Arielle.

She's the real deal!

After confirming that he was not hallucinating, the veins on Vinson's forehead throbbed again.

Noticing that his expression was still unpleasant, Arielle clutched her hurt cheek and asked, "If you don't wish to see me, can I spend the night in the toilet? If not, can I leave after an hour?"

Arielle's long string of words brought Vinson out of his daze and back to his senses gradually.

He checked Arielle out from head to toe, his Adam's apple bobbing subconsciously.

Noticing his gaze, Arielle looked at him warily and asked, "What are you looking at? You must be drunk!"

Usually, Vinson deigned to even spare a single glance in her direction. Even if she dressed herself up nicely for the shoot, he would only praise her clothes.

Hence, he must be drunk.

Anyone under the influence of alcohol would do literally anything.

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Arielle's breath hitched in her throat. Forgetting how to react, she simply froze under Vinson's body.

Vinson was not in a better state either. He could feel the smooth sensation under his lips, while Arielle's natural scent wafted into his nose.

It smelled different from other perfumes, resembling the scent of milk and fresh flowers. For a moment, he could not bear to leave her.

All he could feel was that his body had become stiff, rendering him motionless.

However, every inch of him had the urge to move.

His masculine impulses came over him rapidly, causing his breathing to become heavier.

When Arielle could barely breathe with Vinson's body pressing against her, she returned to her senses. Pushing his chest away and blushing, she said, "Go away..."

Vinson was jolted awake the moment he heard her voice. He quickly left her body.

While tidying his clothes, he concealed the passionate look burning in his eyes. Then, he shot a disdainful glance at Arielle and chided, "Why did you drag me down when you fell? If I get injured, how can you compensate me?"

Arielle initially felt so embarrassed that she did not even dare to look at Vinson.

However, when she heard his words, she immediately glared at him furiously and snapped through gritted teeth, "Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Nightshire!"

Hmph! I didn't do it on purpose, so why is he so fierce? He's such a hot-tempered and cruel person. It's no wonder that no girls like him! He'll just be a single pringle forever.

Vinson raised his chin arrogantly and said, "Good that you know your mistake. When you fall down the next time, don't drag me down too."

"You..." Arielle was so furious that she wanted to lash out at him. Widening her eyes, she spun around angrily.

Forget it. I won't feel angry if I don't see him. I should be more forgiving, and shouldn't get pissed over a weird man like him.

When Vinson saw the tail on Arielle's clothes facing him, his emotions, which he had suppressed with much difficulty earlier, arose again.

"Darn it!" Vinson averted his gaze and cursed under his breath. He asked in frustration, "Why were you kneeling on the floor?"

"I was looking for the remote control..." Blushing, she reached her arm out to grope under the couch.

However, as the remote control was too far inside, she could not reach it no matter what.

At that moment, the voices from the television were cut off.

Surprised, Arielle turned her head around and saw Vinson standing beside the television expression, an electric cord in his hand.

She had not thought of unplugging it directly.

Sighing in frustration, Arielle stood up.

Vinson tossed the cord aside, took off his suit and threw it to Arielle.

She quickly grabbed the suit and draped it around her body.

His suit was so big that it covered her thighs, making her look like a child wearing an adult's clothes.

Vincent fished out a cigarette from his pocket and inhaled deeply. Only then did he finally calm himself down.

He walked to the window, pushed it open and let the smoke drift outside.


After a few puffs, he said with his back facing Arielle, "Speak, what the hell happened?"


"Ahem..." Arielle cleared her throat, trying to explain the slight mishap that occurred earlier. After narrating what had happened, she said, "I'd like to do a DNA test."


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Vinson had already finished the cigarette by the time she stopped speaking.

He turned around to look at Arielle, his gaze was unfathomable to her.

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Afraid that he would chase her out, Arielle quickly added, "Don't worry, I won't disturb your sleep. I'll just sit in the living room. When the time's up, I..."

"Where's the hair?" Vinson suddenly asked.

Arielle was stunned before reacting. She took off her shoes and retrieved a ball of tissue.

The strand of hair which she had secretly plucked from Henrick's head was wrapped inside.

Feeling relieved, she said, "Luckily, I was careful enough to hide the hair on my way here. I'm afraid that if I kept it in my pocket, I'd lose it accidentally."

As she spoke, she took out the hair and passed it to Vinson.

He took it disgustedly and said curtly, "Wait." Then, he whipped out his phone and made a call, "Send someone over. I need to conduct a DNA test."

Carter, who was on the other end of the call, widened his eyes. He asked in shock, "No way! Did you fool around outside and get someone pregnant? You aren't that type of man..."

"I'm not that shameless. Cut the crap and send someone over. I'm in the penthouse suite at Jadeborough Hotel. Keep the matter hushed and tell the person to come over secretly."

With that, he hung up the call.

Arielle subconsciously said, "Thank..."

Before she could even finish her sentence, Vinson scratched his ears impatiently and interrupted, "I've told you not to say those two words, right? It's annoying."

She was speechless. "You're really such a..."

He's a kind man, but his style of speaking is really so unlikeable.

"What about me?" Vinson raised his chin and stared at her.

"Nothing." Arielle shook her head. "I'm saying that you're a nice guy."

Vinson snorted in disdain. "I don't like you, so you don't need to friendzone me by calling me a nice guy. I'm not a nice person at all."

Looking at him, Arielle shook her head and insisted seriously, "No, I really think that you're a nice person. If you're somebody else, I wouldn't have dared to come here."

Vinson frowned.

If she dares to go to someone else, I'll break her legs.

Upon the thought of legs, Vinson could not help but stare at Arielle's legs.

Her legs were so fair, slender and long that he had an urge to touch them and see how they felt like...

Suddenly, Vinson had a feeling that the temperature in the room had risen.

Gulping, he instructed, "Wait in the living room. I'll take a bath first."

"Okay... You don't have to care about me at all. Just rest well. I'll leave after a while."

Not replying to her, Vinson headed straight to the bathroom.

Arielle soon heard the sound of water running in the bathroom.

Although she was initially sitting obediently, she started to become restless.

Being alone in a room with another man and listening to him bathing was quite strange to her.

Arielle could not help but stand up and pace around the living room. Soon after, the sounds of water stopped and she could hear footsteps coming from the bedroom.

As the footsteps became louder, her heart started to beat even faster.

Feeling frustrated, she clutched her right chest.

What's going on? Why am I feeling nervous? It's not like anything's going to happen between us.

However, the more she wished to calm herself down, the more rapidly her heart beat.

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When the door was pulled open with a creak, Arielle's heart leapt to her throat.


She clenched her fists tightly and swallowed her saliva.


At that moment, someone knocked on the door.

"The person you've asked to come is here!" Arielle stood up, about to open the door.

"Wait!" Vinson strode toward her.

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Arielle turned around to look at him subconsciously, only to find that there was only a towel wrapped around his lower body. There was nothing covering his muscular figure.

A droplet of water slide down his toned abs and fell onto the towel...

Immediately blushing, Arielle averted her gaze guiltily and asked, "Why aren't you wearing anything?"

"I didn't bring any clothes," replied Vinson matter-of-factly.

"Let me open the door..." Not wanting to meet his gaze, Arielle took a step forward, about to open the door.

However, Vinson pulled her into his arms in the next moment.

His warm body pressed against her back. It was as if the air was charged with passion and seduction.

Arielle's mind immediately went blank. She instinctively shoved Vinson away and jumped far away. Wrapping her arms around herself, she shot a terrified gaze at him.

"What are you doing?"

Vinson's expression froze on his face. He had pulled her into his arms out of panic. There was nothing else on his mind.

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When he hugged him, he could feel how slender her waist was. It was a difficult feat for him to cool himself down with the cold shower, yet he could feel his body temperature rising again.

He said in frustration, "What else will I do? I just wanted to stop you. Don't overthink."

Arielle shot a suspicious glance at Vinson and asked, "Why are you trying to stop me?"

"They won't be here so quickly. Go to the bedroom first while I check who it is." As Vinson spoke, he turned his head toward the bedroom, signalling for her to hide inside.

Arielle paused for a while before nodding and entering the bedroom quickly.

The scent of Vinson's shower gel still lingered in the room.

The image of Vinson's face surfaced in her mind subconsciously...

However, in the next second, Arielle shook her head violently, dispelling these irrational thoughts in her mind.

This isn't the time to think about this.

She leaned against the door gently to hear what was happening outside.

After Vinson opened the door, he asked coldly, "It's already so late. What's the matter?"

Arielle's heart skipped a beat. *Indeed, it's not someone whom Vinson's expecting! Luckily, he's careful enough. Otherwise, everything might've been exposed.*

Just when Arielle heaved a sigh of relief, she heard a deep voice from a middle-aged man.

"I'm here to see if you're drunk and to send you some remedy for a hangover."

"It's fine, I'm not drunk. I still have something important to do, so don't disturb me."

Vinson's voice was cold and emotionless.

However, his words were enough to make one misunderstand.

"Okay, okay! I won't disturb your rest. I shall leave now too." There was an obvious hint of amusement in the man's voice.

Then, Arielle heard the door being closed.

After two seconds, she walked out and asked softly, "Who's that?"

"A designer. He often collaborates with your family's company. He and your father probably arranged for you to come over." As Vinson spoke, he glanced at her and asked, "Are you alright?"

"What?" As Arielle did not know what he was asking about, a puzzled look crossed her face.

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Vinson's lips parted as he hesitated to speak. After a while, he cleared his throat and explained, "Are you sad that your own father set up this entire scheme against you?"

Silly girl! Why are you making me say it so directly?

"I'm not sad." Arielle shook her head and remarked indifferently, "He has always been like that. I've already seen his true colors a long time ago."

Vinson snorted, evidently not believing her.

Waving the ball of tissue paper in his hands, he asked, "If you aren't sad, why do you want to test this?"



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