

and tossed it casually into her arms.

Arielle subconsciously grabbed it and glanced down. It was a yellowish notebook.

She asked in confusion, "What's this?"

Vinson said calmly, "I don't know if this is what you're looking for, but just take a look at it. I'll ask Carter what happened."

As he spoke, he walked toward Carter without sparing a second glance at Arielle.

She gazed at Vinson's back, thinking that he looked like an arrogant brat.

*What is this?*



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Averting her gaze, she flipped open the first page of the notebook in confusion. When she saw the words written on it, her eyes widened.

*This is...*

There were a few words written in beautiful and elegant handwriting: *Maureen's diary*.

*This is Mom's diary!*

Arielle quickly flipped through a few pages and realized that the diary was filled with words.

Back then, she was too young to know that her mother had a habit of keeping a diary. This was a pleasant surprise!

As she was so surprised, she could not help but hug the notebook tightly. Even though she did not usually express her emotions, she had burst into tears of happiness.

Not only would this diary resolve her confusion, but it was also her mother's belongings.

Despite searching the Southall residence secretly for a long time, she could not find any of her mother's belongings. Surprisingly, there was one here.

When she was rescuing the others, she thought that she would never find it.

Arielle suddenly understood why Vinson took so long to find the child, and only reappeared a

second before the building collapsed.

*He did it for me...*

Arielle could not help but walk toward Vinson.

Meanwhile, Vinson had walked over to Carter and asked, "How was that guy rescued? What happened?"

With an unpleasant expression, Carter said, "It was a hacker infiltration. After the dude was brought back, we locked him up for an interrogation. However, he refused to say anything. As we were scared that we might torture him to death, we left him locked up for the time being."

"What happened next?"

"The door was controlled by a computer. I thought that it was the safest method, but the hacker on the enemy's side was very skilled. He hacked the smart electronic door without me noticing. By the time I realized, the man had been rescued. The only thing left was a note demanding your life."

Vinson frowned. "The doors in Southall Group are also smart electronic doors. That's why we were locked in, unable to get out."

Carter nodded. "When I saw the note, I called you and came over to look for you. However, some people blocked me mid-way. Harvey and Jordan hadn't arrived yet. They did not attack us, but merely stopped us from looking for you. Looks like you're their only target."

Vinson fell into deep thought.

*Who is it that wants to kill me so badly?*

"But it was fine after all." Carter heaved a sigh of relief and said, "Luckily, you smashed through the door. Otherwise, everyone, including you, would've been stuck inside and couldn't get out. As long as you're alive, we have a chance of finding out who the mastermind is!"

"The door wasn't smashed open."

"Huh?" Stunned, Carter asked in surprise, "How did you get out?"

When Vinson glanced at Arielle, she was coincidentally walking toward him.

He smirked proudly and said, "Arielle hacked into their terminal."

"What?" Carter widened his eyes in shock. "The enemy's hacking skills are even better than mine. How did an ordinary girl like her achieve that?"

There was a global ranking for hackers. He ranked second place, only a position below a mysterious hacker nicknamed 'Noddles'.

Glancing at him calmly, Vinson asked, "Do you still think that she's an ordinary girl?"

Carter was rendered speechless.

In the past, he had thought that Arielle possessed

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zero medical skills. However, she immediately cured an illness that an internationally renowned doctor needed to spend a year on.

Still, he assumed that Arielle was nothing but an ordinary girl. Yet, how could her hacking skills surpass his, given that he was ranked second in the entire world?

That was ridiculous.



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However, the reality blatantly showed that Arielle was not just an ordinary girl.

His judgement was inaccurate.

Laughing bitterly, Carter said to Vinson, "I think that I need to visit the ophthalmology department. My judgement of people is ridiculously inaccurate."

Just when Vinson was about to speak, Arielle reached them.

Hugging the notebook tightly, Arielle opened her mouth, looking like she wanted to say something but was hesitant.

After staying silent for a while, all she could say in the end was, "Thank you... Vinson."

*Thank you for risking your life to retrieve my mom's diary for me."*

Vinson shrugged. "Looks like you can't even remember what I said. If you like thanking me so much, go back and cook some ravioli for me."

Arielle nodded firmly. "Sure! I'll cook it for you and make sure you have enough!"

Gazing into her eyes, Vinson said with an ambiguous smile, "Your ravioli is delicious. I want to eat them forever. Will you be willing to cook it for me?"

"Ahem..." Carter choked on his saliva.

*Is Vinson saying what I think he's saying? Or am I misunderstanding him?*

*Is he, the cold CEO amongst the four of us going to find love soon? In that case, three of them will be in love with the same woman. Wow, that is indeed a tricky situation.*

Puzzled, Arielle stared at Carter as he suddenly coughed violently, his face turning pale.

It was only cooking ravioli. Although she would have to cook for him forever, she could still do it before she turned really old.

*Why is Carter's reaction so dramatic?*

However, since she could never understand those few men from Jadeborough, she did not ask anything. Instead, she turned around and nodded firmly at Vinson. "Sure. As long as you want to eat it, I'll cook for you. Just don't get tired of it."

"I won't." An unreadable look appeared in his eyes.

"Okay, I'll cook for you then." Arielle nodded.

Carter glanced at Arielle and saw her innocent gaze. For a moment, he suspected if he had misunderstood.

However, he suddenly remembered something. Not dwelling on it further, he pulled Arielle and asked, "Ms. Moore, did you hack into their terminal?"

Arielle nodded but shook her head later. "I only infiltrated a few of their firewalls. When I was about to infiltrate into their terminal, they have already returned the control over the smart electric doors. So..."

"So you still didn't find their terminal," said Carter disappointedly.

*Indeed, how can Arielle achieve something that even I can't do?*

Looking at Vinson helplessly and disappointedly, he said, "Looks like we couldn't use this opportunity to find them."

Vinson was not in a rush to act. Judging from how harsh the enemy's attack was this time, it was evident that they had run out of patience.

Once they started panicking, they would definitely give themselves away.

He replied without many expressions, "It's fine. We'll have plenty of opportunities in the future."

"Did someone plan this explosion because they want to kill you?" asked Arielle in surprise.

Vinson replied, "Yeah. Do you remember the previous time when you saved me? It's done by the same group of people. Unfortunately, we still don't know who the enemy is."

Arielle bit her lips and protested indignantly, "Which lunatic wants to kill a hundred other people



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just for the sake of killing one person?"

Sighing, Carter said, "The enemy's well-hidden. It's rare that they've appeared again, but it's too bad that you didn't locate them."

"Who said that?" Arielle's eyes sparkled.



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Stunned, Carter quickly asked, "Have you located them? But didn't you fail to infiltrate their terminal?"

Arielle's eyelashes fluttered as she said, "I didn't fully infiltrate their terminal. However, since they created too many virtual spots, I located them when I found the correct terminal. The final one was located on an island around the west coast. I can find the approximate coordinates for you."

Carter immediately felt a rush of excitement surge through him. As he was too excited, he could only exclaim, "That's amazing! You're too simply amazing, Ms. Moore!"

Vinson did not say anything, but a meaningful look crept into his eyes as he stared at Arielle.

On the contrary, she did not think she did much. After all, she only did it out of convenience.

She said coldly, "They ruined the building, so please help me capture the culprits."

"Don't worry and leave it to me! As for the building, the Morgans will pay to help you rebuild it!"

Arielle's gaze turned downcast.

The building was the product of her mother's lifelong efforts. It would not be the same even if it was rebuilt. She would never have a chance to look at the secret compartment again as well.

At that moment, someone wailed.

"My company! My company!"

The three of them looked toward the direction of the voice simultaneously. Henrick was kneeling on the ground and crying out loud.

He looked utterly ridiculous.

Carter shot Arielle a look of pity and said, "This old man doesn't even care about your life. All he sees is this building."

However, she was stoic.

Ever since she discovered that Henrick was not her biological father, she no longer had any genuine feelings of kinship for him.

As a result, nothing Henrick did could affect her emotionally.

"I'll go over first. Help me take care of this first and I'll get it from you when I'm free."

As Arielle spoke, she passed the diary, which she had been hugging tightly in her arms, to Vinson.

Knowing that it was extremely important to her, he took it from her solemnly.

"Don't worry. I'll protect it for you."

"Thank you."

Arielle nodded slightly. When she realized that she thanked him again, her expression turned stiff.

Vinson smiled in exasperation and said, "If you can't change your habit of thanking me, it's fine. Just go. After sorting out that man, remember to treat your injury. It won't be nice for a girl to have scars."

"Okay." Arielle nodded and walked toward Henrick.

The moment she left, Vinson turned around and glanced at Carter coldly. "Don't say things like that in front of her again. She'll feel sad."

Unlike Jordan and Harvey, he was smart. Remembering what Vinson said to Arielle about the ravioli, a thought surfaced in his head. He asked, "Do you like Chief?"

To him, Arielle was a chief—and a very impressive chief at that.

Vinson denied, "I don't like her."

"If you don't, why are you treating her so nicely? Don't think that I can't see it. You almost died inside just to retrieve this diary for her."

"That's because she saved my life. If it were not for her, everyone in the building would die."

"Fine." Carter spread his arms. "How are you going to explain what you said about the ravioli, then? Also, during the acupuncture in the hospital, why did you trust her instead of me? And..."

"I said that because I owe her my life. Also, didn't she cure the person? I didn't just trust her blindly."

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"Fine, fine, fine. You don't like her, okay?" After speaking, Carter suddenly glanced behind Vinson nervously. "Chief got beaten by her father!"



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Vinson immediately turned and ran toward Arielle.

However, in the next second, he saw Arielle helping Henrick up from the ground.

Henrick had not hit Arielle.

Carter was lying to him.

*Damn it!*

Vinson spun around to glare at Carter.

Holding back a grin, Carter stepped forward and asked, "Are you still in denial about your feelings for her?"

"It's different," Vinson replied.

What he felt for Arielle was gratitude and admiration, not love between a man and a woman.

Carter shrugged before falling silent.

Vinson could lie to everyone, but he could not lie to himself.

Love was something that would spill from an individual's eyes even if they covered their mouth.

He was waiting for the day when realization would strike Vinson hard.

Meanwhile, Arielle was helping Henrick up with effort as she said, "Dad, come up quickly. It's bad to dwell in misery. We can rebuild the building if

it's gone, but you might not recover if you ruin your health."

Henrick grabbed Arielle's wrist and questioned, "What's going on? What happened? It was still fine when I left. How did it collapse?"

A startled expression emerged on Arielle's face, and she stammered, "I-I don't know. Dad, I'm scared!"

It was then he realized Arielle was just a young woman. There was no way she would know why there was an explosion in the building. It was already a miracle that she survived.

Right then, Henrick came back to his senses and sighed in relief, glad that Arielle was not dead.

As long as Arielle was alive and capable of marrying into the Nightshire family, losing one building was nothing.

Arielle was the best cash cow he could get.

Instantly, Henrick's expression softened, and he patted Arielle's trembling shoulders as if he was a good father. "Everything's fine now, Sannie. Don't be scared. It's all right about the tower, as long as you're unhurt."

A mocking look flitted past Arielle's eyes.

Right then, Cindy arrived.

When she saw the Southall Group's building

reduced to shambles, she froze.

*This is my building—one of my assets! Why is it ruined?*

When Cindy turned toward Arielle, the fury in her eyes would have bored holes into Arielle if it could. At that very moment, all of her rationality fled her mind.

She stormed toward Henrick and pulled him toward her. "Dear, have you not realized that Arielle is nothing but a jinx? Her return resulted in the collapse of the building. You have to get rid of her! Or maybe you should make her compensate the victims of this incident. I'm sure many have died in there. If everyone demands compensation, our family will go bankrupt!"

Henrick's lips moved, but he said nothing as his heart ached.

Hearing his silence, Cindy continued, "Dear, don't you believe in God anymore? She must be a demon! Think about it. How many misfortunes have our family borne upon her return? We were doing so well before! Now, we're on our way to become beggars."

Henrick was wavering in his determination.

*She's right. Ever since Arielle came back, it has been chaotic in the family.*

*Are Cindy's words true? Is Arielle really a jinx?*



Chapter 159

*A cash cow that only brings misfortune isn't someone good to keep around.*

When Henrick returned his gaze to the collapsed building, his heart ached.

*How many have died in there, and how much would I have to spend to compensate them? Arielle has yet to bring in any money, but she's already spending all of what I have.*

"Dear!" Cindy raised her volume. "She's nothing but a useless bringer of misfortune. What's there to hesitate after she brought down the entire building with her ill luck?"



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Cindy's words only made the frustration in Henrick grow.

Regardless of everything, Arielle had made him lose too much. He could not lose this cash cow, but he could not keep her around either. *Maybe I should leave her in a monastery.*

Right as that thought emerged in his mind, Henrick spotted a group of employees from his company walking toward him.

Instantly, he gulped.

*They've come to ask for compensation. These useless rubbish!*

Instinctively, Henrick wanted to flee. However, the words he heard in the next second stunned him. "Mr. Southall, thank you!"

After that, they all lowered their head at Henrick with looks of gratitude.

Thousands of questions immediately flooded Henrick's mind.

*What's going on with them? Not only are they not asking for compensation, but they're even thanking me?*

Even Cindy was dumbstruck by the scene.

*What's going on?*

On the other hand, Arielle was calmly standing at

the side, her eyes dull.

The representative of the group then stepped forward and exclaimed, "Mr. Southall, you've raised a good daughter. We're grateful for her as well as you who have brought her into this world. I'll only work for you for the rest of my life."

Confounded, Henrick glanced at Arielle and asked the employee, "W-What do you mean?"

The employee gave Arielle an equally confounded look before saying, "Mr. Southall, it seems like you don't know about this. Ms. Arielle was the one who helped us out during the explosion."

Cindy stiffened.

Still shocked, Henrick turned toward Arielle and mumbled, "Y-You saved them?"

Arielle nodded. "I didn't want them to die in there, so I ran to the control room on the second floor and unlocked the door."

"No, that's not all of it!"

A female employee who had been reprimanding Arielle earlier squeezed her way out of the crowd with her son and said, "Ms. Arielle even risked her life to save all the children at the daycare. She's my savior!"

As she spoke, tears of gratitude and regret flowed down her cheeks.

At that, Henrick hurriedly asked, "How many died in the collapse?"

The crowd was quick to reply, "None."

"The only reason we could escape unscathed is all thanks to Ms. Arielle!"

"From now on, our lives belong to Ms. Arielle and the Southall Group."

"Ms. Arielle is a saint! She is an excellent woman."

After a brief pause, Henrick grinned.

*No one died. That means I don't need to compensate for anything.*

In his excitement, he hugged Arielle and exclaimed, "My dear daughter, you're the best!"

"Dad, I'm just doing what I should," Arielle quietly answered.

Hearing that, Henrick's impression of Arielle improved.

*There's no way she's a jinx. In fact, she's Lady Luck herself!*

The employees left after expressing their gratitude. As Cindy watched the father and daughter hug, wrath poured into her heart.

She never thought that Arielle was capable of saving everyone in the building.

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*How am I going to accuse Arielle now?*

Right as she was cursing at Arielle inwardly, Cindy sensed a burning gaze on her.

When she raised her head, she saw Henrick's furious eyes glaring at her.

Henrick was a roly-poly who could never make up his own mind. Now that he was leaning toward Arielle, it would only be normal for him to turn his hatred toward Cindy.

Panicking, Cindy took a subconscious step back before squeezing out a smile. "D-Dear, w-why are you looking at me in that way?"



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