

Henrick gritted out, "Why, you ask? Jinx? Is that how you describe your own niece? I hope you don't forget that you're her mother right now."

Anxious, she pursed her lips, cursing at herself for rashly calling Arielle a bearer of ill luck. However, she blinked, and a new idea formed in her head.

"It's true that she has saved them, but the tower is collapsed. It'll be quite a sum to rebuild it. Moreover, of all times for it to explode, the explosion happened while she was filming at the company. She really is the bearer of ill luck who has destroyed the building."

Again, Henrick hesitated.

*She's right. I don't need to compensate anyone, but I still need to rebuild the building. The company has been on a tight budget recently. For the building to collapse now...*

Right then, a glacial voice traveled into their ears. "Who did you say is the bringer of ill luck?"

Instinctively, Arielle turned toward the owner of the voice.

She saw Vinson striding toward them, a frigid look on his face. Yet, his presence somehow calmed her.

The first thing Cindy sensed was a sharp gaze staring at her, and that gaze was like a knife pressing onto her back.

Turning around, she saw Vinson's eyes fixed on her as he strode toward their direction.

The confidence in her left instantly, and she stuttered, "M-M-Mr. Nightshire."

Vinson took a step forward and stood beside Arielle before uttering, "Did you say that Arielle is the bearer of misfortune because there was an explosion in the building?"

The menacing aura that Vinson emitted was suffocating Cindy.

Gulping, she struggled to find her voice and whispered, "M-Mr. Nightshire, I know you like Arielle, b-b-but what I'm saying is the truth. The building collapsed on her first visit. Don't you think it's reasonable for me to come to this conclusion?"

Cindy knew that Vinson had a one-night-stand with Arielle, but she also knew that the richer an individual was, the more superstitious they were.

Families with old money like the Nightshires would never accept a bringer of bad luck like Arielle to their family.

With that thought in mind, Cindy's confidence returned.

Lifting her head to look at him in the eyes, she said, "Mr. Nightshire, I know you're interested in her, but you should keep a distance from her. She's the cause of her mother's death, and now, she's the cause of the building's collapse. I'm sure you

don't want her to become the cause of your downfall, right?"

Cindy was sure that Vinson valued his life more than the interest he had for Arielle.

After all, everyone would want to avoid coming into contact with a bearer of ill luck.

"Ha," Vinson scoffed.

His voice was magnetic and attractive, but a chill ran down Cindy's spine upon hearing that.

Subconsciously, she balled her fists and crumpled the edges of her shirt in her tight grasps.

"M-Mr. Nightshire, what are you laughing about?" she asked, her back stiffly straight.

Ignoring the anxious Cindy, he turned toward Henrick and uttered, "Mr. Southall, I'd like to apologize to you."

Henrick was still worried about whether Vinson would give up on Arielle after hearing Cindy's words. When he heard Vinson's apology, instantly, his heart raced.

*Is he going to deny having slept with Arielle?*

*This is all that damn Cindy's fault. We could've had this conversation privately. Why did she have to raise this topic in front of Vinson?*

*The only asset we have left is Arielle!*

Chapter 161

Henrick's hands were shaking, and in the next second, Vinson said, "It's my fault for the explosion and the collapse of the building."



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"What?"

Both Henrick and Cindy snapped their heads upward instantly.

Then, Vinson continued, "I have a bad temper, so I have many enemies. Among them are many who want to take my life. The explosion in the building was supposed to be an assassination attempt meant for me."

At that, the colors drained out of Cindy's face.

If what Vinson said was true, that meant that she was claiming that Vinson was the bringer of ill luck, for she thought it was Arielle's fault the building collapsed.

She would never dare to insinuate that if she knew what was actually going on.

At that very moment, Cindy's mind was filled with an overwhelming buzz.

With the last bit of her courage, she murmured, "Mr. Nightshire, even if you're interested in Arielle, there's no need to be a scapegoat for her."

Almost immediately, Vinson shot Cindy a cold glare that made her break out in cold sweat.

"Give me the thing," Vinson said to Carter as he kept his eyes on Cindy.

Carter had been enjoying the show from the side, and finally, it was his turn to enter the stage.

Without saying anything, he took out a piece of note. "Have a look."

Cindy and Henrick then simultaneously turned to look at the paper.

On it was: *I'll be bringing them back. Vinson Nightshire will have to pay with his life for frightening my subordinate.*

Upon reading the note, Cindy shuddered.

*The building really exploded because of Vinson!*

Fixing his glacial eyes on Cindy, he asked, "Have you read it?"

Cold sweat began beading on her forehead.

Plastering on a forced smile, she stammered, "S-So that's what happened. It seems like I have misunderstood the situation."

Tilting his chin higher, Vinson said, "It's one thing for you to misunderstand Arielle, but another for you to claim that I'm a bringer of misfortune. Tell me, how should I settle this score with you?"

A shudder wracked Cindy's body as she mumbled with trembling lips, "This is a misunderstanding. Mr. Nightshire, you know I wasn't talking about you. I'd never say that you're a bringer of misfortune."

"Is that so?" came Vinson's response. "But I don't think there's anything wrong with my ears. Mr.

Southall, what do you think I should do about this?"

Henrick was fuming.

*Cindy's nothing but trouble! She nearly ruined Vinson's impression of Arielle, and she even infuriated him.*

Henrick was simultaneously enraged and afraid. The first thing he did was apologize to Vinson. Then, he slapped Cindy.

It was something common he did at home, but this time, it was in public. Everyone was watching them, including the reporters who were here for the scoop. At that moment, the only two senses Cindy felt were shame and pain.

Yet, she didn't dare lose her temper nor make a sound. All she could do was quietly endure Henrick's slap.

In the end, Arielle was the one to stop Henrick. "Dad, don't hit her anymore. Everyone's watching. If you're really angry, you can send Aunt Cindy and Shandie to the monastery for a while. Once she clears her mind there, you can ask her to come back."

Snapping her head up, Cindy snarled, "How dare you try to get rid of me, Arielle?"

Pretending to be terrified, Arielle hid behind Henrick.

Chapter 162

In the beginning, Henrick did not bear any thoughts of sending Cindy away, but when he saw the way she treated Arielle, his anger burned anew.

"It seems like you still have no idea what you've done wrong. Sannie's right; you should head to the monastery with Shandie to clear your heads."

"No, no..."

Cindy's tone instantly weakened as she grabbed Henrick's arm and began pleading, "Dear, I know I've done wrong. I shouldn't have said Sannie's a bringer of misfortune. I only said it because I was upset. Please let me off this time. I swear I won't say anything like this anymore. Please forgive me!"



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She could not be sent to the monastery, for she did not want to see a certain sinister woman there.

Everywhere was fine but the monastery. *That old woman has always been hostile toward me, and she's a tough one to deal with.*

*The monastery is the one place I should never go.*

Blinking, Cindy hastily said, "Actually, I've saved up some money of my own recently. I can use it to rebuild the office building."

Hearing that, Henrick wavered in his decision again.

It was true that he did not have the funds to rebuild the building.

Right then, Vinson spoke.

"Mr. Southall," he said, "since I was the one who caused the explosion in the building, I shall be the one to pay for the expenses of rebuilding the office. I'll be covering the payment of the designs and the rebuilding. In three months, I'll return to you a brand-new office for the Southall Group. Also, I'll be covering for the employee's pay for these three months, as well as the rental for the temporary office. As for the compensation for the employees' emotional distress, you can send me an estimation of the amount after you've calculated it. I'll have my finance department transfer the amount to you."

Henrick's eyes lit up.

The office building was old, and it was great to have it replaced. Moreover, Vinson was offering to pay for the rental of the temporary office.

In other words, he could profit from the situation.

Furthermore, Arielle had gained the loyalties of the employees during the incident. The situation was completely advantageous to him.

*Yes, I love this explosion.*

Henrick promptly thanked him.

However, Vinson was not done speaking yet. "But I have a request of my own."

"Please go ahead," Henrick swiftly replied.

Glancing at the depressed Cindy, Vinson continued, "I don't wish to see this woman who has said I'm a bringer of misfortune."

Instantly understanding what Vinson meant, he hesitated no second in summoning two of his subordinates. "Send her to the monastery. After sending her there, guard that place. She's not allowed to step foot out of the monastery unless she has my permission."

"Understood." The subordinates then waved at Cindy and huffed, "Mrs. Southall, time to go."

Cindy was reluctant to leave, of course, but the

one who made the decision was Vinson.

Unlike Shandie, she knew when to stop. Hence, she did not continue pleading. After telling Henrick's subordinate to wait for her for a moment, she walked toward Arielle and said in a seemingly sincere tone, "Sannie, this is all my fault. I was too anxious, so I spewed nonsense without thinking it thoroughly. Please forgive me. When I'm at the monastery, I'll reflect on myself and pray for you and the family."

In surprise, Arielle turned to look at Cindy.

*Cindy's smarter and better at holding herself back than Shandie.*

From the corner of her eyes, Arielle could see that some of Henrick's anger had dissipated.

After two seconds of silence, Arielle slowly said, "It's fine, Aunt Cindy. Even if you don't think of me as family, you're still my Aunt Cindy. Don't worry. Once you've thought things through, I'll ask Dad to bring you back."


Arielle's words were effective in pulling Henrick back to her side. With a cold tone, Henrick uttered, "That's enough. Take her away."


Every few steps Cindy took, she turned to look at them. It was as if she truly regretted her words.


However, Henrick did not spare her another glance. After thanking Vinson again, he left with Arielle.

Chapter 163

On their way back, Arielle received a message from Vinson: *I've helped you get rid of your evil aunt. How will you be thanking me?*

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Just by looking at the message, Arielle could imagine Vinson's sloppy face.

She typed her message swiftly and sent it to him: *I'll have ravioli then. You can pick the flavor.*

On the other end, Vinson let out an unsatisfied smile. *Is she cajoling me like I am a child?*

He replied, "You've promised to cook me ravioli for all your life. Why don't you accompany me to a banquet next week? That's settled, then."

Vinson did not give her a chance to reject.

Arielle stared at her phone screen in hesitation.

She was reluctant to do anything that did not contribute to her purpose—particularly this sort of banquet, which required her to meet many people.

Nevertheless, she felt strange that she somehow did not feel annoyed by Vinson's invitation.

As Arielle always followed her heart, she accepted the invitation with a brief reply.

Driving on the road slowly, Arielle gazed at the scenery along the way while pondering about the recent events.

Even though she managed to eliminate Cindy temporarily, she bet that the latter would find her way to get back in the game.

*She will try to come back by all means.*

Hence, Arielle needed to bribe all the housekeepers before Cindy got back. Other than that, she got to investigate the manor thoroughly by then.

*Who knows. Maybe I will discover some new clues or find out about some history.*

As long as Cindy was not around, there was plenty that Arielle could achieve. That was precisely why she suggested Cindy clear her thoughts at the monastery, even just for a short period.

Upon arriving at the house, Henrick asked the doctor to take care of Arielle's wounds.

Most of the wounds were not serious, and along with the best medicine from the doctor, most probably, they would not leave a scar after recovery.

Upon knowing that, Henrick let out a sigh of relief. "Sannie, you have to be more careful next time."

Arielle nodded and pretended to be touched. "Thanks, Dad. I'll be careful. Don't worry."

Henrick nodded with satisfaction and headed towards his study room to complete his works.

He was trying to acquire money from Vinson through all possible methods but in an unobvious manner.

Strangely, all the potential projects in the company ended up losing money recently. If this continued,

Henrick was afraid the company would not be able to hold up for long.

That was why his current priority was to boost the cash flow, as that was the only way the company could survive.

Meanwhile, Vinson and Carter had gotten back to the Jupiters' residence.

Harvey and Jordan had also returned after being trapped for such a long time.

Four of them met and started catching up with each other.

Harvey uttered, "Those assassins were highly skilled. I recognized one of them—he was the third-best assassin. The person who engages such a top assassin must be powerful."

At the same time, Jordan reached his hand to check the wounds on Vinson's body. His expression turned relieved after confirming there was no severe injury.

The Nightshires was the leader among the four families, as Vinson was also the core person among the four of them. If anything were to happen to him, the other three families would not be able to escape the blow either.

Nonetheless, Jordan's care for Vinson acted out from pure brotherhood.

Seconds later, Jordan's relief turned into fury.

Chapter 164

"That guy is a snake in our backyard. If we cannot find out who he is, there is no way we can hit back!"

"Who says that we cannot find him?" Just then, Vinson stated faintly, with a bit of pride within his smile.

Harvey and Jordan stared at him simultaneously. "What do you mean?"



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Vinson cast a glance towards Carter, and the latter stepped forward to explain, "Chief has located the approximate location of that man. I'll confirm with her later. She should be sending the location over here soon."

Harvey was confounded. "Which Chief? Aren't you the best hacker in Jadeborough?"

Carter added casually, "The chief is Ms. Moore."

With that, Harvey's eyes widened in bewilderment. "Does Arielle also know how to hack?"

Jordan was also left surprised by that fact.

"Is there anything that she cannot do? How could someone from the countryside know so many skills?"

Upon hearing that, Carter tried to defend Arielle. "Please give her some respect. How could you look down on someone just because of their background?"

Jordan stared back at Carter with puzzlement. "Aren't you the one who did not like her?"

Right then, Carter's eyes flashed with displeasure. "That was before. I'm going to call her now. Vin, could you send me her contact?"

Indeed, Carter's attitude towards Arielle had transformed thoroughly, as though he had forgotten how he used to distrust her.

Chapter 165

Just then, Vinson spoke, "Before that, I need you to do something important for me."

Carter asked confusedly, "What is it?"

About ten minutes later, Vinson arrived at the underground vault strictly guarded inside Carter's house.

The Morgans' vault stored countless antique jewelry with top-notch security.

While Carter was opening the vault, he could not help but question, "What is it that you want to put in here? Don't you have your vault at your house?"

Vinson responded sternly, "Yours is safer."

Carter nodded confidently. "Indeed, this is the safest place in Jadeborough. We should have locked the culprits in here. But, what exactly are you going to store?"

Vinson did not answer the question directly. "Open the vault first."

"Alright." Carter signaled the guards to leave the scene before opening the last lock—a pupil identification lock.

*Beep.* The heavy doors of the vault swung open ceremoniously.

Vinson scanned inside the vault and was rendered speechless in amazement. There were all sorts of precious items inside. Besides all the expensive

gems and antiques, there were even some green casings containing rare flora species.

That was the first time Vinson ever entered the Morgans' vault.

After a short while, he took something out of his pocket.

Carter stared directly at Vinson's hand, eager to find out what treasure he would be holding. To his befuddlement, it was an old notebook.

Carter could not wrap his head around it. "What?"

*What's so valuable about this old notebook?* Carter nearly cursed out of startle.

It turned out it was a notebook that belonged to Arielle.

In fact, even the cheapest gold in his vault was worth multiple times more than it.

Putting such a notebook was an insult to the vault.

"Why?" Looking at Carter's complicated expression, Vinson asked, "Do you mind?"

"No... not at all!" Carter immediately shook his head. "As long as it belongs to Chief, anything will be fine."

Vinson cast him a glance. "Cut the crap. Where's the safest slot here?"

Chapter 165

"Over there."

Carter guided Vinson to an intricate glass-made slot. After he unlocked layers of passwords, he carefully placed Arielle's notebook into it.



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