

*The owner of the castle is the man I bumped into last night?*

When Arielle stopped talking, Harvey finally saw what she looked like. Arching his brows, his expression softened immediately.

He stepped forward excitedly and exclaimed, "San? Is it you?"

Arielle stretched her hand out. "Hello, I'm Arielle Moore."

She didn't want others to find out she used to reside overseas and went by the name "San."

Harvey gave her a surprised look before noticing she was frowning and shaking her head slightly. Immediately, he corrected himself. "Hello there. I'm Harvey Jupiter. You look like a friend of mine who's overseas, so I nearly made a mistake. Sorry for that!"

He shook her hand warmly as though this was the first time they've ever met.

Arielle flashed a grin. "It's fine. I have a common face, so it's normal for you to get the wrong person. I have to apologize for being late and delaying the shoot, though."

"It's fine! You can have the castle for yourselves today. If you like it, you can stay here for a few days. No, you can stay for as long as you like."

"No need. I have a house."

*But my house is desolate and full of traps.*

Vinson's brows furrowed in displeasure upon hearing their exchange.

He stepped forward and stood between them. "A friend you met overseas? I thought you don't have any female friends?" he demanded coolly.

Harvey took one look at him and explained, "She's a business partner who resembles Ms. Moore."

Vinson glared at him. "Stop it. That's such an old-fashioned pickup line. Besides, our contract stated that the ambassador isn't allowed to date as long as the contract is valid."

Arielle was stunned. "Is that condition in our contract?"

"No," answered Vinson with his chin stuck up. "But I'm going to add it in. You represent Soir Coffee, so I won't allow you to date some crazy man and affect Soir Coffee's reputation."

"Hey! This is unreasonable—"

Vinson interrupted, "Didn't you just apologize for being late? It's late, so we should start shooting now. Stop wasting time."

Arielle was puzzled. *Why did he get mad all of a sudden? I don't understand why his mood can fluctuate so easily.*

"I'll head in now." Arielle stormed away. Suddenly,

she turned and tossed the blazer on her shoulder back to Vinson before leaving with a visibly trembling Iris.

Grabbing the blazer in his hand, Vinson lifted his leg to go after them.

However, Harvey stood in his way.

Glancing at Harvey, he asked, "What is it?"

The impatience and agitation in Vinson's gaze were evident.

*Why is he this impatient?*

After a few seconds of silence, Harvey asked, "Vin, are you keeping a secret from us?"

Knitting up his brows, Vinson narrowed his gaze and scanned Harvey carefully. "I should be the one asking this question. I thought you find women annoying? Why did you try to hit on her today?"

Harvey shook his head and denied it. "I didn't try to hit her up. It's because I've gotten the wrong person. You, on the other hand, find women annoying. Why are you so concerned about Ms. Moore, huh?"

Vinson's Adam's apple bobbed up and down awkwardly.

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He swiftly regained his composure and uttered icily, "What do you mean by that? I'm just concerned about the ambassador and the shoot. I would also be concerned if the ambassador happened to be someone else. Is that a problem?"

This time, it was Harvey who scanned Vinson skeptically.

However, as Vinson didn't even flinch, he failed to find a crack in his friend's facade.

Heaving a sigh of relief, Harvey announced, "Since you don't care for her, I'll be frank. I fell in love with your ambassador at first sight. I'm going to court her."

Immediately, Vinson's head snapped up as a gleam flashed across his eyes.

He masked his emotions into an expressionless facade in an instant though he had no idea why he did so instinctively.

Harvey was staring at his castle, so he didn't see the change in Vinson's gaze.

A warm smile flitted across his lips. "It's rare to fall in love at first sight. My friend, if you don't mind, I shall take action. Don't add that stupid clause of stopping her from getting a boyfriend. An overbearing contract like this should be abolished years ago."

Vinson replied coolly, "Harvey, I picked her to be the ambassador, so she's mine. You know how

protective I am. If you're just fooling around, get someone else. There are plenty of women who'd fulfill your fantasies in the club. They are willing, and you can do whatever you want without ruining your family's reputation."

Harvey gave Vinson a displeased stare. "Do you think I'm Jordan? I'm going to court her sincerely and date her with marriage as my end goal. I was born into a military family, so I don't fool around with women. I'm serious."

Vinson's frown deepened.

"Do you even know what she's like? Love at first sight rarely ends up well."

Harvey chuckled. "Don't worry. I'm a good judge of character. We will get along well. Besides, we shall know if we are a perfect match after we try it out."

Vinson fell silent.

After a while, he spoke up. "Whatever!"

With that, he stormed into the castle.

Inside the castle, Arielle was preparing for her shoot.

It was a different concept from the shoot at Soir Coffee. This time, she was to act as a princess, so she had to put makeup on.

The makeup artist was used to Arielle's skin and features. She put on light but stunning makeup for

the latter. After the job was done, even the makeup artist herself was mesmerized by how Arielle was.

"Are you done?" Iris broke the silence. "Why didn't the fairy inform the mortal world prior to her arrival?"

Everyone in the room burst out laughing as they snapped out of their trance.

Right then, someone pushed the door to the dressing room open.

*Bang!* Everyone looked at the door instinctively and saw Vinson striding in, his expression grim.

As he had an imposing aura, no one dared to look at him and hurriedly lowered their heads.

Arielle parted her lips to ask, "What's the matter?"

*Look at how grim he is. Is he trying to scare someone?*

Vinson swept his icy gaze across everyone. "Get out. I need to talk to the ambassador in private."

The rest immediately scuttled out without a word.

Standing up from her chair, Arielle met Vinson's gaze and repeated, "What's the matter?"


The next moment, Vinson took her hand.


Arielle gasped in pain and tried to struggle, but the


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man merely tightened his grip.

Giving him a furious stare, Arielle demanded, "Vinson, are you crazy?"

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Vinson's gaze landed on Arielle. *This isn't the first time she appeared in my mind. What is going on?*

*When Harvey announced he had fallen in love with her at first sight, anger swelled up in my heart. I nearly couldn't control my frustration.*

*I've always been good at keeping my emotions in check.*

"Vinson!" Arielle's voice pulled him out of his reverie.

He swiftly regained his senses and released Arielle's hand.

At once, he spotted Arielle's wrist had reddened from his tight grasp. It was about to swell into a bruise.

*Why is her skin so delicate?*

Guilt rose in Vinson's heart as he put up a calm front. "I haven't decided how I shall repay your favor. But before I come up with something, you can't get involved with another man."

Arielle's frown deepened.

"What are you talking about? When have I ever gotten involved with another man? Also, why are you still talking about the favor? That was just a joke."

Alas, Vinson ignored her and spun on his heels to leave. His deft action created a breeze that sent

her hair flying.

"He must be crazy!" Arielle massaged her wrist and muttered angrily.

*I wonder where he got his bad temper from!*

Shortly after, the shoot began.

It went on smoothly until the director decided to add another scene at the very end.

"After the princess fell in love with Soir Coffee's coffee, she gives a cup of coffee to the indifferent prince. The prince gets attracted to her because of the coffee, and they live happily ever after!" the director declared excitedly. "If we add this scene, the commercial will be perfect!"

Arielle forced a smile. "The prince fell in love with the princess because of a cup of coffee? Won't that be too illogical?"

The director shook his head. "There is no logic in fairytales. Otherwise, the prince wouldn't have found Cinderella with just a pair of crystal slippers. There are plenty of girls of the same size, but why did he succeed anyway?"

Arielle was rendered speechless.

The director had a point, so she couldn't refute.

Iris, who was standing beside them, delivered a blow. "Where can we find an actor to act as the prince at this last minute?"

The director was stumped.

Yes, Arielle was so gorgeous she could pass off as a modern fairytale princess. They couldn't just get any random actor to act as the prince as it would ruin the whole shoot.

Right then, someone spoke up. "Let me do it!"

Turning at her shoulder in astonishment, Arielle saw Harvey coming over to them, clad in a black casual outfit.

He came to a stop a meter away from Arielle and told the director. "I have nothing to do, so I can take up the role. What do you think?"

Harvey was tall and well-built. With his thick brows, manly features, and mixed ancestry, he seemed like the perfect prince charming.

His muscular body and tanned skin scored him extra points, too.

*Oh, he's a hunk!*

The director's eyes lit up with delight.

*If I can cast a handsome man and a stunning woman, my commercial will be a blast!*


He immediately nodded. "That's brilliant! But we need to get you suitable clothes. The outfit you have on is too casual. A suit would be perfect."


As Harvey was born into a military family, he rarely


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wore suits unless it was a formal event.

Harvey was momentarily lost. He glanced around and noticed Vinson standing aside silently. Arching his brow in delight, he exclaimed, "Ah, I got it! Vin, I need to borrow your suit."

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Upon noticing how Vinson cringed and furrowed his brows, Harvey recalled that Vinson was a clean freak.

Immediately, Harvey gestured as he said, "Forget it. I'll ask him to get a new set."

Before Harvey could reach for the phone, Vinson stopped him and uttered casually, "It's okay. Let me do it."

Hearing that, Harvey grinned. "You're the best bro ever! With you lending it to me, we can save a lot of time."

"Who said you can borrow mine?" Vinson narrowed his eyes.

Harvey was perplexed.

Then, Vinson stated indifferently, "Since you don't have the right clothes, use me as the model then. After all, it's my own commercial."

Harvey stared at Vinson in surprise and questioned, "I thought you loathed putting yourself in the limelight? It is a global commercial we're talking about. You know that, right?"

"So?" Vinson replied with a blank face.

*So? This is so unlike Vinson's personality to agree to something like this.*

Equally baffled, the director tried to confirm what he had heard. "Mr. Nightshire, are you sure you

wasn't participate in the street personally?"

Vinson became impatient. Frowning, he retorted, "What's with all these questions? Get going right away! Don't have much time to spare."

"Oh yes! Duty noted." The director's hands were shaking when he walked Arielle and Vinson through the stacks and camera movements.

Usually, there was nothing much to explain as the storyline for the street was very straightforward.

Arielle could not help but keep gazing at Vinson.

What's wrong with this guy? He seems to be a very difficult person to work with. He'd rather do the show himself than lending his clothes to others. That's quite a serious obsessive-compulsive disorder. Whoever marries him in the future is an unlucky soul!

While Vinson was focusing on the director, he realized that Arielle stole glances at him every now and then.

Suddenly, he felt uneasy and started fidgeting with his hands.

What's this woman looking at?

Vinson had the impression that she secretly coveted him albeit saying otherwise.

With Arielle kept staring at him, his ears started to turn red.

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Finally, he could not tolerate it anymore. Pretending to be upset, he glared at Arielle. "What on earth are you staring at?"

Arielle glimpsed at him and smirked in the most disdainful manner.

*Just as I've predicted, he's such a demanding person. He doesn't even allow people to look at him.*

Vinson caught her contemptuous expression. *Have I always been mistaken that she adores me? Why is she grimacing at me?*

That expression of hers ticked Vinson off, but there was no way for him to release his anger. He could only clench his jaw to suppress his emotions.

When the director had finished giving his advice, it was time for the two to rehearse.

As expected, the take was just perfect.

"These two are like a match made in heaven!" As soon as Iris exclaimed, someone stared daggers at her.

She traced the gaze and caught Harvey looking away.

His sudden action left Iris confused.

*Hmm? Did I see it wrongly? I'm pretty sure it was a death stare. But why would it come from Mr. Jupiter?*

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While Iris was still trying to figure out an answer to her question, Arielle had begun shooting for her scene.

With a cup of coffee in her hand, Arielle approached the hostile Vinson.

The latter did not even need to act as he had always been wearing an icy-cold attitude toward everyone.

However, the director was worried about the last scene where Vinson had to stare at Arielle affectionately.

He thought it would be quite a challenge for Vinson to do that.



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Lo and behold, Vinson handled the last scene superbly well. It went way beyond the director's expectations. When the camera zoomed in, Vinson looked deeply into Arielle's eyes as if she was the goddess that he truly adored and loved. It was unbelievably real!

"Cut!" The director walked away from the monitor feeling smug. He clapped his hands and complimented the duo, "I'm so impressed with Ms. Sannie's sensitivity toward the camera while you, Mr. Nightshire—your acting blew my mind away! You're so talented. It's such a waste that you're not considering to enter the show business..."

Vinson found his comment ridiculous.

*What acting skills? All I did was accepted a cup of coffee, took a sip, and then stared at Arielle in the eyes. There wasn't even a line uttered. Were there any skills required?*

Yet, he kept his thoughts to himself and listened to the director's praise. He merely asked, "Is that all to the shoot?"

The director nodded his head. "Yes, yes, it's a wrap! You guys are excellent. That one take was simply perfect!"

Upon hearing that, Vinson creased his forehead disapprovingly.

*Aren't kissing scenes necessary in romantic dramas when the lead actor and actress became a couple? Why didn't I get a chance to even hold Arielle's*

*hand? Such a useless director!*

Looking glum, Vinson ordered, "Pack up and leave immediately since the filming is over. Get ready for tomorrow's shoot."

The director hesitated. "The shoot tomorrow requires an office building as the location. Unfortunately, we haven't found a suitable one to date. Hence, we might see a delay in the schedule."

Vinson was never bothered about petty operational matters. He simply murmured in acknowledgment and walked toward Harvey. "Let's go! We're done here. Since there's nothing on my schedule today, let's call up Jordan for a meal together."

"I'll take a rain check..." Harvey rejected. "You guys go ahead. I want to treat Ms. Moore to a meal."

Vinson's face instantly turned solemn at his words. He felt somewhat irritated—the same uncontrollable feelings he had when he heard that Harvey fell in love with Arielle at first sight.

He tried taking a deep breath to maintain his composure. "You can save it. From my limited understanding about her, she won't go out to a meal with you so easily."

Harvey shrugged his shoulders. "I'll never know if I don't give it a shot."

He looked forward to asking her out.

In fact, he had been waiting for this moment for ages.

With his arms folded across his chest, Vinson let out a skin-deep grin. "Well, good luck! I bet you won't succeed."

He thought he knew a fair bit about Arielle. *Though she appears to be obedient and good-natured in front of Henrick, she's actually a sly fox that bites.*

*For someone as shrewd as a fox, would she go out with a man whom she's just met for the first time?*

Vinson was as confident with his assumption as he was with Arielle's personality.

Right then, Arielle walked out.

She had removed her make-up and put on a plain white t-shirt and a pair of faded jeans.

Typically, lighter colors were known to make people look plump. However, that was not the case for Arielle. The jeans actually accentuated her figure and her pair of long legs, in a way that made people gawk.

Harvey strode toward her. "Ms. Moore."

Arielle had quite a good impression of Harvey. She smiled at him and replied, "Mr. Jupiter, thank you for getting us this place as the filming set."

Harvey shook his head. "Don't mention it. Vin and I are like brothers, so this is nothing. By the way, are

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you free? I heard from your assistant that this is your last shot of the day?"

"Yup, I'm going home, and have a good rest."

Harvey checked his watch. "Since you're not rushing to go anywhere and it's already noon... May I have the pleasure of treating you to lunch?"

Vinson stood nearby and eavesdropped.



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