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Mr. Riddle Sr. knocked his crutch furiously after hearing what Dillon said. "Shut up, you rascal!

The Rogers family had not gone far yet; it would not be nice if they overheard what he said.

Damien shot a disdainful glance at his dumb second brother. The Rogers family was one of the three major families. They could not make any complaint even if the Rogers family asked them to kneel and crawl on the ground. But thinking about what Mr. Rogers Sr. had done, Damien looked at Mr. Riddle Sr. with some concern in his eyes. Mr. Riddle Sr. sighed as he looked in the direction where Mr. Rogers Sr. left. In fact, he had still not figured out who Mr. Rogers Sr. was looking for. He thought of Mr. Rogers Sr.'s laughter and his question: "Are all the members of the Riddle family here?"

With the help of his servants, Mr. Riddle Sr. walked slowly back in. It was at this time that something suddenly dawned on him.

He almost forgot what his eldest son had said to him before. Damien had told him that at the Rogers family's birthday party, he saw Mr. Rogers Sr. come out to invite Nicole personally. 1

'Only Chloe and Nicole are absent at our family dinner today. Since Christo does not know Chloe, then he must be looking for Nicole.' Mr. Riddle Sr.'s steps wobbled at the thought. Dillon was still swearing behind him when that happened. Raine and Snow were standing behind with their eyes lowered as if thinking of something. A servant suddenly asked worriedly, "Are you okay, Mr. Riddle?"

Everyone looked ahead and saw Mr. Riddle Sr. pressing his hand to his chest, seemingly in pain. "Nicole... Nicole..."

Those were the last words he uttered before he gasped for air and could no longer speak. He then fell backward.

Damien and Dillon stood where they were, watching Mr. Riddle Sr. fall backward and do nothing.

There was a strange look in both Damien's and Dillon's eyes.

Dexter was behind them. When he saw them not doing anything, he at first thought of lunging forward, but he did not. He hesitated.

Now that Damien, Dillon, and Sean all had gained a foothold in Riddle Corporation, his position was a little awkward. He oversaw finances but did not have any actual power. He had been in this position for a long time.

Just when the three of them were doing nothing, someone suddenly lunged up. Daniel moved in a flash and caught Mr. Riddle Sr. He then called out anxiously, "Why are you all standing here? Call the doctor!"

Mr. Riddle Sr. had paralyzed in place, but he could still see what was happening in front of his eyes and felt a pang of disappointment. It was at this crucial moment that the son whom he least favored was the one who wanted to save him.

Dillon still did nothing. Damien's heart skipped a beat, and he quickly went aside to call the doctor.

The female members of the family looked on and did not know what to do. The juniors behind them saw clearly what was happening and came up and were concerned about Mr. Riddle Sr.'s condition.

Sean and Steve ran up first. When they saw Mr. Riddle Sr.'s condition, they stopped Spencer, Samuel, and Stanley from coming over and told them with a serious face.

"Don't go near. Grandpa has a heart attack."

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They must not move or disturb him or panic when he had a heart attack. Preston and others were all stunned for a moment and did not come up upon hearing that. But Snow and Raine could not care less. They hurried over to Mr. Riddle Sr., crying out loud, "Grandpa, are you alright? Wake up, Grandpa!" Sean frowned, thinking their reactions were genuine and did not stop them. It was Steve who knew better and went up to pull Snow and Raine away so that they did not obstruct Daniel from helping Mr. Riddle Sr. Sweat was trickling down the tip of Daniel's nose as he was not in a good state of health and found it difficult to support a person's weight. Seeing the situation, Samuel and Spencer rushed up from behind and gave their father a hand.

Stanley hurried the female family members to go upstairs. When he came back down again, the family doctor had arrived and was auscultating Mr. Riddle Sr. After that, the doctor said, "He probably has a myocardial infarction caused by excessive anger. Mr. Riddle Sr. is old, and delayed treatment could lead to chronic heart failure."

Everyone had a different expression on their faces. Dillon looked thoughtfully at Mr. Riddle Sr. lying on a stretcher with a strange look on his face. But Damien seemed anxious. "What should we do, doctor?"

The doctor sighed and said, "Send it to a hospital and prepare for an operation. But as I have said just now, at Mr. Riddle Sr.'s age, the operation is risky. So, you all have to be mentally prepared."

Daniel's eyes reddened upon hearing that. He said nothing but just asked the house butler to get the car ready, and then they all hurried to the hospital. Dexter followed behind Daniel and studied his brother's expression. There was a look of trepidation in his eyes when he saw Mr. Riddle Sr. lie there.

They went to the best hospital in San Joto. Soon after arriving, Mr. Riddle Sr. was transferred to the VIP ward. After the doctor examined him, he took off his mask and told Daniel and others, saying, "His situation is not ideal. I'd suggest other treatment methods first. If his condition deteriorates, he must undergo surgery. But the risk of surgery is high. You should not hold out too much hope." Daniel took a deep breath. Damien said slowly, "Okay, we understood." Damien told everyone to leave the room while he stayed to accompany Mr. In Riddle Sr. He dutched his father's already somewhat dry palm and said in a very sad voice, "Father, don't worry. We will get the best doctor to heal you." Mr. Riddle Sr. had still not lost all his consciousness and felt happy to hear what his eldest son said. Maybe Damien's hesitation earlier was just because he was too shocked to react in time.

He struggled to mime with his mouth. Damien read his lips and comforted him. "Don't worry, Father. I will ask Nicole to come back."

Mr Riddle Sr. gently closed his eyes and did not notice the strange expression in Damien's eyes.

He was now sure that Nicole had something to do with the Rogers family. Just that those fools did not know about it. Daniel and Dexter were listening to the doctor's advice outside the ward, their faces tense. After the doctor finished, they all left. The doctor looked at them from behind and gently shook his head. If only that top doctor was in San Joto, she could surely save Mr. Riddle Sr.

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It was just that not everyone had the honor of being treated by her.

The doctor looked at the test report in his hand and sighed. Nicole did not know that so much had been going on in her absence. She had flown for six hours and finally landed at Nottingbrook State.

She carried her luggage and put on a black baseball cap with the brim lowered. Nicole then walked out of the airport with Zeke. She had turned off her mobile phone before getting on the plane and had no intention of turning it on now. Zeke was amazed by how familiar Nicole was with the place.

Surrounded by foreigners with profound facial features, Nicole shot them a glare when some of them came up trying to chat her up. They all shook their heads helplessly and left, probably thinking that this girl was too unapproachable, never mind her beauty. Nicole walked ahead, took out a black cell phone she would never use in her home country, and made a call. In less than ten minutes, a car pulled up in front of the two of them, and two men in black got out and opened the rear door for Nicole and Zeke with respect.

People in the surroundings watched in amazement and fear as the two of them got into a silver -gray Bentley. The family crest in the shape of an ouroboros on the car was obviously terrifying. They thanked God for stopping them, giving them a second chance to live when they tried to chat the girl up just now.

It was morning at Nottingbrook State, and the sun shining through the car window made the silhouette of Nicole's stony face stand out. Zeke stole a glance at Nicole and was awestricken. There was endless silence in the car. Zeke could almost not stand the oppressive silence. But lucky enough, they

soon arrived at their destination. The two men in black opened the door and respectfully ushered Nicole and Zeke out of the car.

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Nicole pressed the brim of her cap lower and nodded at the two men in front of her. The two men in black wanted to raise their hands to do something, but they held back because there were too many people around. They bowed to Nicole and quickly returned to the car. They then took out some sophisticated components from the trunk and quickly assembled them.

Zeke watched the two men doing that with his mouth agape. Their actions were

mechanically swift and incredibly neat. He put his hand to his neck and inexplicably thought of the feeling when Nicole had strangled him last time.

The two men in black finished assembling the thing in just a few minutes and placed it in front of Nicole. They then bowed to Nicole, got back into the car, and started the engine. The silver-gray car that looked like a cold-blooded cheetah quickly disappeared into the distance,

Zeke looked at the thing in front of him and Nicole. It was a silver-gray motorcycle that glistened in the light with an extremely aerodynamic body. Its engine and transmission seemed to have a special silencer and cooling system. The body was not wide, and a subtle, black-tailed snake pattern was engraved on the metal above the wheels, which looked exquisite as a whole,

Zeke could not help but feel it up with his hand. He thought no boy would not like this machine. He was eager to try it out. "Is this car motorcycle, Nicole? Can I borrow it for a while?"

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Zeke was stunned when Nicole glanced at him half-heartedly with a kind of ethereal look in her eyes.

She stepped forward, gently pressing her finger on the digital gauge of the motorcycle. Blue ripples lit up on the position where her finger pressed, and the engine immediately growled to life.

[Fingerprint recognition successful.]

Zeke was rooted to the spot, looking at the motorcycle that had been fired up as the front of the machine rose, the handlebars popped out, the saddle emerged, and the wheels split into compound wheels. The machine seemed to come alive, as a white streamers-like glow enveloped the body as if an angry lion woke up in the sunlight. It felt violent and cool but also difficult to control.

"This bike can reach a top speed of two hundred miles per hour. Do you really want to try it?" Nicole asked as she looked at Zeke's stunned expression.

Zeke looked at her, gulped, and shook his head vigorously. "What kind of person is this partner of mine? Where did Nicole get such a fast, modified bike?" he asked in his mind.

Nicole saw his expression and said nothing, just raising an eyebrow as she took out a helmet from somewhere and put it on his head. "Wear tight. We will go now."

Zeke put his helmet on with excitement. Nicole straddled the bike and said wantonly, "Hold me tight if you're scared."

She revved the bike, and her icy eyes finally lit up with a fire of passion. Nicole did not like Nottingham State, but she had to admit that this land always lit her on fire.

The motorcycle picked up in a roar, kicking up a cloud of dust and smoke. In the endless passion for speed and floating passion, a trace of enjoyment emerged in Nicole's beautiful upturned eyes in the endless passion of speed.

They reached their destination, and Zeke felt both legs shaking, his face pale as he got down from the bike.

He looked back at Nicole with trepidation. The girl's face was still expressionless, but he

keenly noticed a trace of unsatisfied yearning in her eyes. Zeke looked at Nicole, not knowing how to describe his feelings. She had a hint of fervor that was not seen in her home country on her face as if something powerful and terrifying was slowly waking up inside her. Nicole parked up the bike, took out her baseball cap from her bag, and put it on again. Only did she walk slowly toward Zeke, Zeke turned his head to look at the magnificent manor in front of him, unable to believe that it was actually a hotel, At first, he thought that he had seen enough of this world. But following Nicole around made him realize he was still living under a rock Nicole squinted and looked at the Assoria Castle up ahead. It was the most exclusive hotel in Nottingbrook State and the site of her first mission three years ago. She slowly took two cards out of her pocket, handed one to Zeke, and whispered, "Follow me, and don't talk too much.".. Zeke nodded. Nicole led him into the manor-like hotel, which was a massive castle with a medieval fence and carved gate. There were two guards, dressed in smart knight's uniforms with two sharp swords around their waists, standing at the gate. "It's just a fake. Why such an exaggeration?" Zeke whispered. 2.

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Fences and gates aside, no one would really wear costumes of hundreds of years old on their bodies.

Nicole responded casually and said nothing further. She could tell that it was all genuine when she first came. Nicole handed the card over at the gate, and a guard scanned it with something before giving Nicole a salute.

"Beautiful young lady, I've been expecting you." Nicole nodded gently, signaling Zeke to hurry up as well. Zeke handed the card over as she did. The guard checked his card and smirked when he saw the boy was only at his chest height. "Poor dwarf, go and protect your distinguished princess." Zeke glowered at him, but when the guard looked back at him with the muscular chest muscles under the knight's suit, he cringed. He followed Nicole into the castle in frustration. When Zeke entered the hall, he carelessly and accidentally bumped into something. "I'm sorry," he lifelessly apologized and continued to follow Nicole to move forward.

Before he could make a couple of steps, someone shouted from behind him. "Stop!" It was spoken in his language. Zeke looked back with surprise and saw a woman in a red evening dress standing there, looking at him with undisguised disgust.

It was the man beside the woman who shouted at Zeke. The man's fingers cocked in a gesture, with the middle finger pressing against the thumb, and he had small eyes painted with thick eyeliner, also looking at Zeke with undisguised disdain.

When the clueless Zeke looked over, the man scoffed at him, turned to look at the woman in red, and said, "I hate stalkers the most. But I didn't expect that he could break into the Assoria Castle. So horrible!"

The woman nodded. She was beautiful, her long, wavy, dyed hair adding more charm to her beauty. But the way she looked at Zeke was icy as if she wanted to pierce through

him. "It's annoying indeed."

Following the woman's response, the man became even more hostile toward Zeke. "Hey, kid. What have you taken from us? Stop pretending; we've encountered this kind of thing many times. Pretending to touch it and then stealing Chloe's belongings is disgusting."

This charming man was Luka Antolovic the agent of Chloe. He habitually turned facts on their heads in the entertainment industry and smeared other actresses who compete with Chloe for resources. Many female artists had been bad-mouthed on and offline. They had been forced to quit because of that.

Luka had accompanied Chloe to countless events, big and small. Chloe might not be a big name, but she had backings and resources, and Luka was conceited and had never been named and shamed.

Just like now, when he saw how Zeke dressed and was childish, he immediately formed a preconceived notion that Zeke was a stalker who just wanted to take advantage of Chloe and get some benefits for himself. As for how Zeke got into this hotel that required aristocratic real

– name authentication, it was not on his radar.

Zeke was a little overwhelmed, but he quickly calmed down. "You may be mistaken. I didn't steal anything but just accidentally bumped into this young lady." Luka rolled his eyes and looked at Zeke with disdain. "No thief would admit to stealing. If you don't hand over the stolen goods, I will call the police to conduct a body search on you."

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Zeke's expression became frigid. He did not expect that his carelessness would develop into this. "I didn't steal anything. Since you don't believe me but want to call the police, bring it on, then."

Luka saw Zeke was still provocative and angrily pointed at him with the same finger gesture. "You'd better believe I will call the police!"

He took out his mobile phone and wanted to call the police when an appealing yet cold voice came to his ears. "That won't be necessary."

It turned out to be Nicole. When she noticed Zeke had not kept up, she turned around and walked back.

She had heard the ins and outs of the matter. Looking at Zeke's obviously puerile yet stubborn face, Nicole knew without any doubt that it was the other guy who was looking for trouble. She looked at Luka and said in a toneless voice, "If you want to know the truth, just check back the surveillance record."

Luka was looking at Nicole and falling into a reverie. When he heard what she said, he sneered and said, "You want to stand up for this stalker and thief? Don't you know that the surveillance record of the Assoria Castle is never open to the public?"

Nicole ignored his mockery, just turned around, and said to Zeke, "Wait a minute."

The Assoria Castle had five floors, with the second floor onward as the guest rooms.

Because of privacy concerns, the surveillance record was not open for public inspection. There was only the front hall, and it was easy to gain access to the

surveillance record.

Nicole summoned a waitstaff to call the manager over.

Luka sneered at Nicole's methodical appearance. "I advise you not to waste your time. We have been staying here for half a month and have never seen the manager's face here. How do you expect people to look at the surveillance record for the sake of a redneck? You must be kidding me."

Something crossed her mind as Chloe stared at Nicole with cold eyes. For some reason, she felt Nicole looked familiar to her as if she had met Nicole before.

Meanwhile, Luka was still rattling on. "Where did you get the courage to think that the manager would come out to see you? Besides, the castle has a rule that the surveillance record must not be open for public inspection. You two are probably parvenus with some money, gaining access to the castle after buying a key card, right? Quickly hand the things over. We are hurrying to shoot with Mr. Holder and have no time for you. The manager will not come at all.

Before his voice trailed off, a mundane voice came from behind him. "Is this young lady who wants to see the surveillance record?"

Luka was stunned, eyes wide open in disbelief. The manager was no ordinary figure. There was a powerful force behind the Assoria Castle, where even the waitstaff was someone whom he and Chloe could not offend. After so many days of staying here, they had not even seen the manager's face once. What was happening was beyond them. They could not believe that the manager had come out because of Nicole.

Luka looked back at the manager, who wore a well-cut black tuxedo with a distant expression on his face. By the looks of him, the manager was no ordinary character. He wore a gold -framed monocle, a silk white pocket square on the left chest, with his right hand in front of his chest. It was the most standard butler attire.

Luka was stunned and asked, "May I know who you are?"

Even Chloe looked in disbelief.

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Dino Johnston, the manager, frowned. He did not look at Luka and Chloe on the side but whispered to Nicole, "You want to see the surveillance record?"

Nicole nodded, her gaze lingering on the butler costume for two seconds. It was the clothing of the Bourbon II era.

Thinking of the knight's uniform of the William I period at the gate, Nicole's eyebrows were raised involuntarily as she thought the owner of this castle was low-key enough to show off his wealth.

Dino bowed slightly as he made a "please" gesture, after which he gave Luka and Chloe a look. "According to the needs of the guests and the rules of the hotel, you may look at the surveillance record of the ground floor. I will take you all to the surveillance room."

He led the way, walking to the right in front of Nicole and Zeke. Zeke had been shocked enough while following Nicole earlier and now seemed nonchalant. Instead, he looked back at Luka and said with a half-smile. "Follow closely. It's not like you can see the

manager and surveillance record every day.”

Luka and Chloe quickly caught up with them, but Luka’s attitude toward Zeke was still haughty; he did not believe that people around a stalker-like Zeke were any special. The manager had only said that the surveillance record in the lobby on the ground floor was open to inspection, and it had nothing to do with Nicole’s background.

Chloe thought the same, but there was still a faint look of surprise in her eyes. They never thought about why Nicole knew the layout and system of the castle so well, including the fact that they could access the surveillance record of the ground floor.

They followed Dino into a small, inconspicuous door at the other end of the lobby. Dino then nodded politely at Nicole, pulled the door open, and invited them in. Unlike the outside, the instrument inside this room was more advanced, with a strong sense of high-tech feel.

Five massive screens hung in the air, four of which were turned off, and only one was on, showing the surveillance footage of the entire ground floor of the castle.

Dino stepped forward and retrieved the surveillance footage, during which Chloe and Zeke bumped into each other. It revealed that Zeke’s hands never touched Chloe but only accidentally bumped into her with his shoulder. The footage spoke for itself.

Luka’s face changed, and he could not find a word to respond, while Chloe snorted and left without apologizing. Nicole and Zeke were like ants in her eyes. Even if she was mistaken, there was no need to apologize to such people

Chloe Riddle thought to herself that it was a waste of time here. After all, she was becoming an A-list celebrity soon, and her every minute and every second was precious. Thinking that she was going to a shoot for Mr. Holder’s movie in the afternoon, Chloe said to Luka, “Let’s go. We must not be late for Mr. Holder’s movie shoot.”

Meanwhile, Dino looked on with a thoughtful look.

Nicole looked at Chloe with no expression in her eyes, yet Chloe felt a chill run up her spine,

and she halted her steps for a second and looked back at Nicole in puzzlement. For some reason, Nicole was giving her a sense of familiarity. She did not know who Nicole was, but she had instinctively become hostile to Nicole.

Nicole stood casually in the doorway, looking back at Chloe and Luka, who were walking toward her, and said with a half-smile, “Apologize to him.”

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Not only Chloe and Luka, but even Zeke, who was standing on the side, was stunned. Chloe looked at Nicole, wide-eyed. When she snapped back from her shock, she reached out her hand to push Nicole, who was leaning against the door. “Who do you think you are? How dare you talk to me like this?”

Nicole looked up with piercing eyes, which she had never shown while at the Royal Creek Institute. She looked intimidating, with her eyes upturned. The impatient and forbidding looks in the corners of her eyes made her look like a black iris that bloomed wantonly with a charming and deadly smell.

“Who do you think you are that you won’t even apologize for?”

She raised her hand and grabbed Chloe's wrist, then slowly tightened her grip. Chloe could not bear the pain and cried out.

She looked in fear at Nicole's face.

Chloe had been well received in both the Riddle and the Rogers families and doing well in the entertainment industry. She was best at becoming all things to all people. When she realized she could not get away, she quickly pleaded with Nicole. "I'm sorry, I was wrong."

Nicole looked at her with cold eyes. Still gripping at her wrist, she spun Nicole around to face Zeke and said with a lazy look, "Say it to him." 1

Chloe bit her lip, looked up with pitiful eyes, and said, "Hey, kid, please tell your buddy not to be too hard on me, would you?" She thought she would captivate Zeke, and he would not pursue the matter further, not expecting that Zeke was immune to her beauty after following Nicole all the way. "I am not a kid, and I know who is right and who is wrong. Don't pull this on me," Zeke said. Chloe cursed in her mind but did not dare to show it on her face. She had no choice but to humble herself. "I'm sorry. We misunderstood you."

Behind them, Luka was rooted to the spot, intimidated by Nicole. When he saw Chloe had apologized and Nicole shot a look at him, he came to his senses and quickly said, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. It was my mistake and I who caused this misunderstanding. Please forgive us." Nicole ignored their groveling and fawning and looked at Zeke. "Do you still mind?" Knowing that Nicole was helping him, Zeke smiled and said, "It's alright. Let them go." Nicole then let go of Chloe's hand and snapped, "Get the hell out of my sight!" Chloe Riddle and Luka hurried away. Chloe was so angry that she was in no mood to go for dinner before the shoot and slammed the handbag in her hand on Luka's face. "Stupid! If you hadn't said he was a stalker, we wouldn't have come to this."

Her eyes were filled with hatred at the thought of being forced to apologize to the stinky brat. She grew up pampered, with no one daring to antagonize her. Chloe rubbed her wrist, thinking of the person who gripped her wrist earlier and swore she would give as good as she got.

Luka kept apologizing to her, but deep down inside, he was indignant. 'Didn't she agree with

and she halted her steps for a second and looked back at Nicole in puzzlement. For some reason, Nicole was giving her a sense of familiarity. She did not know who Nicole was, but she had instinctively become hostile to Nicole.

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"Be sure you make a clean job of it," Chloe said impatiently,

Luka knew she had agreed and went to carry out the plan.

Chloe rubbed her hands, feeling a little uneasy. As Mr. Holder's movie was about to start shooting and JJ Johnston Group had still not made any move, she could not help

but feel nervous. Besides, she was wondering who that woman was and why she looked so familiar.

Nicole watched as Chloe and Luka left, and she looked back at Dino, gently nodding at him." Thank you for today."

She then handed Zeke the room card she had just received and said, "You go upstairs first. I will follow later."

Zeke looked down, seemingly not hearing what Nicole had said. When he saw the room card with 402 printed on it, he nodded like a sleepwalker.

Seeing Zeke wander out, Nicole looked back at Dino, who still had a straight face on, and said, "Is there any session soon?"

Dino was slightly stunned to hear her question but soon regained his composure. The VIP cards issued by the hotel could only differentiate clients by rank, but not their individual identities. This was to protect the hotel's clients. The two Gold Cards Nicole held were the most premium.

It was also for this reason that this matter, which could have been resolved by the waitstaff, was handled by Dino personally. After replaying the surveillance footage, he would have come forward to prevent Chloe from leaving and asked her to apologize to Nicole and Zeke if Nicole had not directly intervened. So, Dino was surprised if Nicole knew something more secretive.

He looked at Nicole with a faint smile. "You have come at the right time. There will be a Gold Session soon. Do you want to enter?"

Nicole did not expect a Gold Session in Nottingbrook State. Her visit was unscheduled, and she was just looking for a Bronze or Iron Session. Nicole had no reason not to join since there was a Gold Session. "Two entrance tickets, please."

Dino gently nodded. Nicole was a Gold Card client and eligible for Gold Session entrance tickets. "Someone will deliver the tickets to your room in fifteen minutes," he said. Nicole nodded and said no more. She walked out at once without giving a damn to Dino's inquiring eyes. Ostensibly Assoria Castle was the largest hotel in the Nottingbrook State, but it was also a reception medium for the Moon House. People needed to go through an identity check by the hotel to have a chance to enter the Moon House.

Dino did not take it upon himself to look up Nicole's identity but simply picked up the walkie talkie and whispered, "Two VIP tickets for the Golden Session, delivered to Room 401 and 402."

Someone on the other side quickly replied, "Will you let the guest in the first room on the fourth floor sit in the hall?"

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The other party seemed to be silent and said nothing again. Going back to the room, Nicole thought for a moment and decided to knock on the door of Room 402, which was Zeke's room.

The rooms in the castle were less of a continental but modern minimalist style, which Nicole still admired. Cold, languid, with a bit of impersonal indifference. It was a bit like

the café style of Jared. Nicole admired the interior design of the castle while waiting for Zeke to open the door. A white spiral staircase was in the air, topped by a frosty ceiling chandelier hanging from the castle's dome, where the fifth floor was located. It was massive and through which light seemed to penetrate. It did not take long before Zeke opened the door and invited her in. The next second after Nicole entered, a door on the fifth floor suddenly opened. Jared stepped out of it, and behind him, a blond man followed and said something to him. 1

The entire fifth floor had only one room, which occupied most of the floor area, and the rest of the area was all built with massive floor-to-ceiling windows facing the inner side of the manor, the rotating roof of the castle letting in all the light, so dazzling that it was difficult to open one's eyes.

Jared, shrouded in shadows, draped in a dark silk robe, stepped on a soft white carpet. He sauntered down the stairs, looking like a medieval emperor. The man behind him did not dare to get too close but just bowed his head respectfully and said, "Boss, the guests of Room 401 have just arrived. They have booked two tickets to the Gold Session, and now the only VIP box left is the one next to your room."

Jared's charming eyes lacked expressions, his mind seemingly elsewhere. When he heard what the man said, he replied absent-mindedly, "I'm fine with whatever you decide."

The man nodded respectfully and said, "I will arrange for someone to deliver them the tickets." He casually pressed a few numbers on the phone. Jared said nothing more and continued to walk down the stairs. His broad shoulders, long legs, and fair skin accented the vintage velvet robe extremely well, making him look as if the vampire prince straight out of an oil painting, high-and-mighty yet having a touch of elegance. There was a hint of austere impatience in his eyes. The slightly curled bangs swayed gently in front of his forehead and cast faint shadows on this charming face as he walked. He looked dangerous yet mysterious. Dino was walking up the stairs toward the two of them and put his right hand to his chest as a sign of salute when he saw Jared. "Mr. Johnston," he greeted. Jared looked at him with a condescending look. "Have you seen everything about the Gold Session this time?"

Dino nodded gently. Jared continued to walk down. As he passed Dino, he said casually, "Get ready. I am going back to Hustuaburg as soon as this is finished." There was a look of surprise in Dino's eyes, but he quickly nodded in acknowledgment. 'Mr. Johnston has never been so eager to return to Hustuaburg In fact, he hates going back to Hustuaburg The last time he was back in Hustuaburg, he stayed for quite a long time there. What exactly does Hustuaburg attract him to? What's going on here?' Dino wondered. 'Looks like I will have to ask Max'

Dino continued to walk upwards with a faint look of bafflement, which was evident on his expressionless face