

Read Novel Billionaire Wants To Get Married Chapter 26

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But the fact was the fact.'

Since it was impossible for them to willingly sell Taylor Group or agree to be acquired by others, it meant that they must have been acquired by force.

But who was it that owned abundant funds?

Felton couldn't figure it out, but the upturned corners of his mouth still showed his good mood.

Just at this time, his phone suddenly rang, and it was from Sebastian.

'Hello.'

The moment he picked up the phone, the smile on his face instantly disappeared.

Since the engagement was announced, a gap had formed between Felton and Sebastian. Felton never took the initiative to contact Sebastian, and even when Sebastian called, he would have that business-like attitude.

Seeing his son like this, Sebastian could not help but sigh.

'Felton, there's something you should know. Campbell called me just now to cancel the engagement between you and his daughter. Considering the fact that you do not agree to this union, and the current situation of Taylor Group, I agreed.'

'Okay, I see.'

Felton said indifferently and then hung up the phone.

The threatening boulder that pressed on his heart disappeared completely, but surprisingly, Vanessa, who said she would solve this problem for him, and her tone came up in his mind.

Was it possible that she did it?

But the next second he immediately shook his head and gave up this idea.

How can this be possible?

It can't be her.

And at this time, Vanessa was on her way to school, lazily chatting with Edgar on the phone.

'Boss, I've finished the acquisition of Taylor Group. You have acquired a group just to break a marriage contract, isn't it too much?'

'When have I ever suffered losses on a deal?'

She typed a few words quickly and sent them back.

Edgar paused for a few seconds and then sent a big crying emoji,

'You haven't, before, but ever since you went back to the Simmons family, I think you suffered lots of losses.'

Vanessa knew he was talking about the last time she gave the project to Felton.

'My money will never be used up, what are you worried about? Do I look like caring about those hundreds of millions?'

Edgar, ..."

His boss indeed got inexhaustible money, but she can't just give it away for nothing!

Vanessa checked the time and found that there were only fifteen minutes before class, so she simply put the phone away and walked quickly in the direction of the school building

Just then, a voice sounded behind her.

'Need a ride?'

Vanessa turned her head, and under the morning light, she saw a glimpse of the most beautiful scenery.

Aaron was standing not far away, his black suit was very ironed, with a light tan trench coat on the outside, and his hair combed meticulously, the pair of peach blossom eyes were filled with smiles. All set off his gorgeous face, and she could not help but want to say 'Jesus'!

'What brings you here?' Vanessa raised her eyebrows to squint at the man.

If he deliberately came here to send her to school, then he was way too well-informed.

She even wondered if she was being watched.

The man pulled open the car door and made an invitation gesture, like a noble gentleman.

‘Get in, we’ll talk on the way.’”

Vanessa nodded and sat on the passenger side.

As Aaron started the car, he said, ‘By the way, I got a nice place, and I’m moving out as of today.’”

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‘You’re moving out?’ | Vanessa’s eyes flashed a trace of surprise but then felt that it was reasonable.

Although she did not understand Aaron’s past, she could see that the poor lad was not some ordinary character. He probably was just in a momentary of an awkward situation at that day she met him.

‘Since you have decided, I have no problem with it.’”

She looked sideways at the man’s big, bony hand, turning the steering wheel lightly, and wondered.

This man dressed up properly, like a rich young man **now**, so who the hell could he be?

Aaron felt Vanessa’s gaze, and the corners of his mouth curved up into a smile.

‘Starting to remember me before I leave?’”

Vanessa was speechless, ‘It is better for you not to be too narcissistic.’”

The man laughed lightly and sent Vanessa to the

Don’t Got Blinded u school building with a kick of the gas pedal.

Looking at the hustle and bustle of students going to class, Aaron lazily leaned back in his seat, ‘It’s good to be young, just don’t get blinded by these vigorous

flowers.”

These male students looked young but got plenty of tricks to chase girls.

If Vanessa were to be charmed by any student here, wouldn't he be cuckolded before he got married? 2

Vanessa looked at the crowd passing by the car, and then looked at Aaron, then said lightly, but sounded like teasing in any way, 'I won't because I think, you're the most delicate one.'

This was the first time Aaron was described as a delicate flower, he froze for a moment, but then started to be smug.

'Of course I am.'

He had always felt confident in his appearance.

Anyway, he finally got complimented by his fiancée, just forgot about the wording.

| However, the next second he saw Vanessa push the

Don't Got Blinded door open and get out of the car while continuing to say, 'One is enough, and any more would be a bit of a problem for me.'

She walked off into the distance after leaving these words.

Aaron watched her leave and almost laughed because of angry

He waited until Vanessa had gone far away before leaving

Vanessa took a morning music theory course. It was too boring and simple for her, so she was a little drowsy.

Finally, when class ended at noon, Vanessa took her things and headed out.

She had asked Edgar to buy her a house near the school, and she could move there this afternoon.

Although she could just live in the dorm, she had never liked to socialize with people and it was not convenient to deal with some private stuff.

So after class, Vanessa went back to her dorm first to pack up her important stuff and prepare to move to her house near the campus.

She went out and happened to bump into the girls.

Sarah saw the stuff in Vanessa's hands, frowned, and said with concern, 'Vanessa, where are you going with this?'

Vanessa said honestly, 'I've arranged for a house outside, and that's where I'll be staying.'

MA

She then got the somewhat wide bag on her back, without a single expression on her indifferent face.

'Bye.'

With that, she turned and left.

Just as Vanessa walked into the elevator, Yolande, who was quiet all the time, suddenly spoke, 'Miss Simmons is really overweening! Did you guys see her attitude just now? She obviously doesn't even want to talk to us. Who does she think she is?!'

Sarah looked at Yolande, 'Maybe that's how she usually is...'

'Who would look like this at ordinary times? She clearly does not like us and thinks it's a shame to live with us, so she moves out within two days of arriving.'

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Yolande casually took off her jacket and hung it behind the door, recalling Vanessa's attitude just now, she felt a stone blocked in her heart.'

That damn Vanessa was a real country bumpkin. She got good talent and a good family, so what? She didn't even know how to get along with people. As the daughter of the Simmons family, Queenie was much better than her.

Sarah sat down on the bed, listened to Yolande's vitriolic tirade, and then thought about Vanessa's style over the past few days.

She did not think that Vanessa would be like the kind of person that Yolande said.

Vanessa always looked cold and seemed to keep some distance from others, as if there was an invisible sub-dimensional wall that can't be broken.

But Sarah could feel that Vanessa didn't stay away because she looked down on them.

The next day was a weekend, and Laretta proposed a

And that would be the first for them.

Knowing that there was going to be delicious food, Sarah smiled instantly.

She then thought about it and suggested, 'Although Vanessa moved out, she is still a part of our dorm, so I'll invite her as well.'

She picked up her phone and was about to invite Vanessa.

Yolande knocked

Sarah's phone away and said angrily, 'What the hell are you doing! Since she's moved out of the dorm, she's no longer a member of us! She doesn't want to engage with us at all! Why are you still trying to suck up to her?'

Sarah did not expect such a big reaction from Yolande, and her small face, which was always with smiles, became gloomy.

'How could you say that? We are all classmates. She could live anywhere she wants, and if my dad agrees, of course, I want to move out too. If your family gets you a house outside the school, would you come and live in the dorm?'

'You! Sarah Miller! How dare you argue with me for that bitch?'

Sarah was right. If they could have their own private space, who would want to live in a dorm?

What Yolande said was really some moral kidnapping.

Sarah did not want to do a pointless quarrel with Yolande and simply turned to look at Laretta.

'What do you say? Inviting Vanessa or not?'

Laretta gave a feeble shrug, 'Call her. It's just a meal, don't make it seem like we are deliberately ostracizing her.'

Moreover, she wanted to see how generous Miss

Simmons could be. Vanessa should not ask them to go Dutch, or that would be so lame.

Vanessa was reading a book when she received the call.

She's not really interested. But she couldn't refuse the first gathering, so she nodded, 'Okay, I will come to you later.'

At 6:30 in the **evening, Vanessa arrived downstairs** of the girls' dorm in her Maybach.

Her car attracted everyone's attention as soon as it stopped.

Sarah ran over from afar and looked at Vanessa's car with starry eyes.

Vanessa nodded and gestured for them to get in.

Lauretta carefully touched the car, and sure enough, it was the right decision to invite Vanessa.

All along the way, Sarah was chattering away, and every now and then Lauretta chatted with her for a few minutes.

Only Yolande did not speak the whole time. The expression on her face was unpredictable, no one knew what was going on in her mind. Until the car stopped in front of the hotel and the four of them got out of the car together, Sarah and Lauretta were still excited.

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'Oh my God, National Cuisine!' !

Everyone knew that National Cuisine was the most luxurious restaurant in the country!

Not to mention eating inside, even if you go in for a cup of coffee, you could brag about it for a long time.

It was not that the consumption here was ridiculously high, but people who can go in must be its members.

If you want to get a membership card here, you have to spend more than eight million at least.

Anyone who spent more than eight million in a restaurant must be a psychopath, right?

Because of this, it was not easy to get into National Cuisine, and it was a symbol of status to have a membership card.

Lauretta looked at the two big golden words of National Cuisine and her eyes were full of stars.

This was her dream place!

Many of those dudes who used to pursue her bought her luxury goods, but none of them could bring her

She immediately took a photo of the Maybach with her cell phone and another one of herself in front of the National Cuisine and posted it online.

Yolande, on the other hand, did not say a word, her face was gloomy.

She wondered if the Simmons family was a member of National Cuisine, then Queenie should have access to this place as well.

Then why didn't Queenie ever bring her here?!

They each walked in with their own thoughts. When it came time to order, Sarah and Lauretta both ordered one dish in a subtle and cautious manner.

After all, the food here was expensive as hell. If they needed to go Dutch, they may not be able to afford it with their one month's meal expenses.

And even if it was on Vanessa, they can't order too **much**.

Only Yolande, she actually ordered all the signature dishes of National Cuisine and asked for two bottles of **seventy-five years** of Bordeaux.

Seeing the unbelievable amount automatically settled on the menu, Sarah's eyes were about to fall out.

'Yolande, are you out of your mind? Do you know the price of so many dishes?'

Yolande sneered and looked at Vanessa, 'I'm sure Miss Simmons won't let us equalize the cost, right?'

This statement was undoubtedly forcing Vanessa to pay the bill, otherwise, she would be stingy.

Yolande's behavior obviously pissed both Lauretta and Sarah off.

Vanessa, however, didn't care at all.

'Order whatever you want, I get this, don't worry.'

This was exactly what Yolande wanted to hear. She immediately took the menu and continued to order, and ordered whatever was expensive.

Until finally there were so many dishes that the whole table could not be placed.

Sarah glanced at Vanessa with concern, because she had just taken a look at the bill, which was a six-digit amount bill and she didn't even see it clearly.

Vanessa saw her concern and patted her on the back.

'Easy, just help yourself at home.'

Two hours later, Sarah and Yolande were eating so

much that they couldn't take another bite of this delicious food, while Laretta had been frantically taking pictures and sending them to her friends.

As for Vanessa, she dined at this restaurant as if she were in her own home, not to mention that she had little appetite. It was just a way to replenish energy.

She simply ate a little, had two sips of red wine, and did not continue to eat.

When it finally came time to check out, Yolande gloated and paid attention to Vanessa's movements.

Oven

She just didn't buy it that Vanessa was willing to pay so much at once to treat nobody like them.

However, when the waiter came in to settle the bill, Vanessa threw a black card on the table casually.

'Swipe at will, no password:

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Hearing these words, the three of them instantly widened their eyes, especially Sarah and Laretta.

What did that mean?

A black card with no limit and no password. Did she not care about money at all?

Ostentatious! Too obviously!

Sarah's and Laretta's eyes immediately filled with admiration when they looked at Vanessa.

She just looked so cool.

Especially when she swiped her card.

That night, Laretta carefully selected nine pictures from the hundreds of photos she took and posted them online again after finishing them.

The photos included the black Maybach, the magnificent National Cuisine, and the table full of delicacies and Bordeaux wines. Extravagance and grandeur just can't be expressed in words at all.

She also made a point of mentioning Vanessa in the text, thanking her new roommate's entertainment.

This Twitter immediately stirred up a sensation once sent out.

'Vanessa Simmons? Is it that piano genius Vanessa Simmons?'

'Oh my God! Maybach! National Cuisine! Could you guys be more high profile?'

"That table of food must be hundreds of thousands of dollars at least!"

'What a nice roomie!'

'Here's the question, when will my roommate get rich and keep me?'

In short, after this Twitter was posted, everyone knew that Vanessa was a good roommate, and very rich and generous at the same time.

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to them, a post on the campus forum was coming to the top of the list with great fervor.

The title of the post was – Newcomer to the music circle, rich showing-off maniac!

The post depicted how Vanessa showed off, how she looked down on her classmates around her, and even repeatedly humiliated them with malicious words, which made people very disgusted with Vanessa.

Meanwhile, Vanessa was still totally unaware of this.

She was dealing with the takeover of Taylor Group and had papers piled up on her hands.

Edgar sat not far from her and suddenly ran over, not knowing what he saw.

‘You’re famous, boss!’

With that, he shoved the phone into Vanessa’s hand.

Vanessa gave him a glare. What’s there to be happy about?

She needed to keep a low profile.

But when she saw the content on her phone, she immediately understood what Edgar’s words meant.

A post about her was topped on the campus forum, with countless people cursing her below.

She saw at least a few dozen at a cursory glance.

‘No way, Vanessa Simmons is such a bitch?’

Chapter 30 Provocations ‘I thought she’s nice, but I didn’t expect her to be so overweening!’

‘She is just so proud of her superior family, and her rich Daddy! What’s so great about it?’

‘Piano genius? I’d say she’s a country bumpkin! You guys definitely don’t know that she grew up in the countryside, and simply did not receive any good education from the Simmons family. She must be scared to be poor again, and that’s why she wants to feel being rich!’

Malicious comments filled Vanessa’s eyes, and she did not speak for a long time.

Edgar thought she was angry and instantly slapped the table and said, ‘I’m gonna find out who did this! What kind of bastard dare to frame my boss!’

Vanessa stopped him and sneered, ‘Never mind, I know who it is.’

There were only three people there that day except for her, and the person who could describe the situation in such detail must have been there too.