

Arielle pulled the slit of her skirt cautiously, like a girl who hadn't worn a short skirt. She asked timidly, "Is the slit of the skirt too high?"

The stylist understood Chanean and replied immediately using her poor Chanean. "It's not too high! It's just right. You have beautiful legs, so you should show them off. Be confident and face your strengths, miss. You're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. No one looks better in this gown than you! I'm speaking from my heart."

Arielle knew her strengths, but how could a countryside girl like her had such confidence?

She looked towards Henrick timidly, he nodded at her and said, "Trust the stylist. People are more open in this era. The skirt is not too short, let's pick this. Let's go, it's getting late."

Arielle nodded and followed Henrick with her head low.

Seeing how Arielle acted made Henrick's worry about the possibility of her becoming the second Maureen disappeared.

They arrived at Nightshire Group's building at the promised time.

Located in the most affluent area in the CBD of Jadeborough, the Nightshire Group owned the whole street, not to mention the headquarters building- an unimaginably tall skyscraper.

The person in charge of Soir Coffee was already

waiting at the door.

He was mesmerized when he saw Arielle in the video from the internet. Now that he saw the person in real life, he was stunned at the spot.

*How could a girl look so perfect?*

Perfect features, a perfect figure, and she even had incredible latte art skills. No one else could be more perfect than her to be the ambassador for Soir Coffee.

Nevertheless, the person in charge had been around. He pinched his ears to collect himself and went up to them with a smile.

"You must have had a tough journey. Please follow me upstairs."

The person in charge brought Arielle and Henrick to the eleventh floor. The staff of the Nightshire Group, who was either holding their coffee or documents whirled around to look at her, with a mesmerizing look in their eyes.

They arrived at the eleventh floor shortly after. The person in charge brought them to a meeting room for a sit.

"Please take a rest and have some water. Our team will arrive shortly."

Henrick quickly nodded his head. "It's alright, we're not in a hurry."



The person in charge left with a smile. He didn't go to the headquarters of the Nightshire Group. Instead, he took the elevator to the office on the highest floor.

The person in charge walked briskly after reaching the top floor and arrived at the CEO's office.

An assistant immediately came and stopped the person in charge. "Which department are you from? What's your business here? Did you make an appointment?"

Even though Soir Coffee was a large-scale global project, but even the in charge of Nightshire Entertainment would need to book an appointment with the CEO, let alone Soir Coffee.

It was the first time the person in charge went to the top floor. He was stunned when he heard the assistant and replied, "I didn't make an appointment. But the CEO mentioned that if the ambassador of Soir Coffee was to come to sign the contract, he would like me to inform him."

The assistant was new and studied overseas with a good educational background. Moreover, she was interviewed personally by the CEO, and that made her proud.

Those who would come to the top floor were usually the higher-ups of Nightshire Group. What rights does a mere in charge of a project have to meet the CEO?

She said nonchalantly, "Okay, I understand. I will

ask for the CEO when I'm done with my task."

The person in charge waited aside after replying "Sorry for the trouble" politely.

After waiting for over ten minutes, the person in charge was losing his patience. "Miss, the client is waiting downstairs. If you're still busy, can I greet the CEO on my own?"

The assistant frowned. "Client? Many clients are waiting to meet the CEO. Are they dignitaries? Can't they even wait for a while?"

The person in charge furrowed his brows and could only wait patiently.

When the assistant saw that the officer had a good temper, she lost interest. After another ten minutes, she finally stood up and knocked on the CEO's office door.



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"Come in." A deep voice rang out from inside.

The assistant's face went red immediately upon hearing his voice.

She groomed the stray strands of her hair beside her ears and checked her makeup before entering.

"Mr. Nightshire." The assistant gazed shyly towards the man seated at the huge desk.

His deep eyes and beguiling face, coupled with that serious look on his face while diligently working, were more than enough to make the assistant's heart thump faster.

Vinson...

She exhausted all of her resources and networks to acquire the chance for the interview, all for his sake.

"Speak," Vinson spoke without raising his head and continued flipping the documents in his hands.

"Ahem..." The assistant cleared her throat and spoke with the gentlest voice she thought she had. "There's a project manager outside. He mentioned that there's an ambassador who will be signing a contract here... But if you're busy, I'll let him know."

The assistant had watched the latte art video online, and she knew the ambassador was pretty. So she was reluctant to let Vinson meet her.

This was also why she purposely delayed the time.

The assistant was ready to leave after she spoke. If ten people demanded to meet the CEO, five of them would be rejected for the reason being, "if he couldn't resolve such trivial matters on his own, why keep him?"

However...

"Wait." Vinson's voice came from her back.

She stopped in her tracks, turned around, and asked sweetly, "Mr. Nightshire. Is there anything else I can help you with? "

But as she raised her gaze, Vinson was already in front of her.

The face that she had always dreamt of was only inches before her. She could even hear her own heartbeat.

*Is he leaning in so closely... To kiss me?*

Her face flushed red, extending down to her neck. She whined bravely, "Mr. Nightshire..."

The assistant called out to Vinson in a sickeningly sweet voice, as her right hand slowly reached out to Vinson's waist...

Just as she was about to touch Vinson, the back of her hand was gripped by a hand, followed by intense pain.



Chapter 44

"Ah!" The assistant's face turned pale from the pain as she stared at Vinson in disbelief.

"Mr. Nightshire..."

"What are you trying to do?" Vinson was expressionless. His gaze was dark and cold, sending chills down her spine.

The assistant turned pale from the pain, she felt as if her arms were about to snap into two!

"Mr. Nightshire... it hurts..."

Vinson shook off the assistant's hand in disgust and said coldly, "You crossed the line."

"I'm sorry!"

Who would have thought that all that was nothing but a pipe dream? Vinson was never interested in her!

She wished the earth could swallow her up right then and there.

She quickly explained, "I...I have low blood sugar. I was only finding support instinctively..."

Vinson couldn't be bothered and asked, "Which project manager did you say?"

With a sigh of relief, the assistant replied honestly, "He is the project manager of Soir Coffee."

Vinson's lifted his eyes suddenly and asked, "How

long has he been here?"

"A-about twenty minutes..."

"Twenty minutes! Why are you only informing me now!"

"I..."

Vinson raised his hand. "Save your explanation. Just head to the HR department and settle your salary. You don't have to come tomorrow."

The assistant widened her eyes in shock. She thought she had escaped a calamity.

She offended Vinson, yet he didn't fire her. But now he is going to fire her because she made the project manager wait for twenty minutes?

Before the assistant realized, Vinson had already stepped out of the office.

She felt cold all over, and her body lost its strength as she crumpled to the ground.



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