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Serena glared fiercely at the director. "Are you the person in charge or me?"

"Uhm..." The director didn't dare to voice out again. He looked at Arielle pleadingly.

Without uttering a single word, Arielle turned around and headed back to the coffee shop. Soon, she changed into a fresh pair of clothes and filmed again.

She continuously did it for the second time and the third time...

Arielle had already lost count of how many clips that she had filmed. Eventually, she was running out of strength. Her lips turned from cherry-red to pearly-white.

However, Serena clearly had no intentions of letting her go. Her expression had become increasingly insane.

"Again! You should run faster!"

Arielle remained silent and got changed.

The shooting had started once again. She pushed the door of the coffee shop. She ran two steps forward and a tall figure appeared in front of her.

The figure had blocked Arielle's path ahead. Thus, she hurriedly stopped in her tracks.

However, she staggered backward due to the slippery road. The umbrella in her hand fell onto

the ground.

Arielle thought she would end up falling down like that umbrella. But, a strong hand held her waist and steadied her.

As soon as she balanced herself, she felt something blocking her view. A black jacket covered her head from the rain.

That strong hand wrapped his arms around her waist tightly.

W-Who is this?

She struggled instinctively to break free. Suddenly, she heard a deep and magnetic voice. "Turn off the rain machine! Stop filming!"

Isn't that... Vinson?

She couldn't help but stop struggling. In the next second, the sound of rain had stopped.

Artificial rain machine had been turned off.

Serena was shocked to see that scene from the monitor. Vinson rushed into the rain to stop Arielle and caught her in his arms. Her heart ached terribly. Then, the feeling of fear started in her brain and spread through her limbs.

Vinson and Arielle... What's between them?

"Mr. Nightshire!" Someone broke the silence with a greeting. Then, everyone else chimed in and

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greeted Vinson.

Some of them unintentionally glanced at Serena when they saw Vinson holding Arielle in his arms.

A chill ran down Serena's spine. She felt as if she had fallen into an icy abyss.

I'm doomed... I'm totally screwed...

Who would have thought that Vinson would protect a brand ambassador?

Vinson held Arielle's waist and walked towards a black MPV some distance away.

He strode forward. Suddenly, he stopped his footsteps when he passed Serena by.

Vinson's gaze was as cold as a sharp blade, piercing through Serena. She immediately broke out in a cold sweat.

She dared not even look up. She wanted to bury her head in the sand so badly.

She didn't know how much time had passed. Or perhaps, it was only a few seconds. Vinson left together with Arielle.

He didn't say anything...

It was probably because Serena had previously been his assistant.

Apparently, Vinson and Arielle weren't as close as

she thought.

Phew! Thank goodness...

Serena felt as if she had been brought back to life. Thus, she let out a long breath.

Then, she reached out and realized that a cold sweat had broken out on her forehead.

However, in the next second, Serena heard Vinson's voice from the front. "Tell everyone! Every company under Nightshire Group is not allowed to hire her in the future!"

W-What? Is he talking about me?

Serena instantly snapped her head up and met Vinson's dark eyes.

His eyes were sharp as a knife, showing no mercy to her.

If Nightshire Group announced that they would blacklist a person from working in the company forever, it actually meant that the other companies wouldn't dare to hire her either.

She was being banned by the entire industry!

Serena's legs gave out and fell onto the ground.

The road was wet due to the artificial rain. She looked miserable.

How could this be? I was just doing my job. How

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*could Vinson ban me without even asking anything?
No way!*

Serena struggled to get up from the ground and quickly ran towards Vinson.

"Mr. Nightshire! Hear me out! You cannot fire me without understanding the situation!"



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Serena was only five feet away from Vinson. In no time, his bodyguards ruthlessly blocked her like an iron wall.

"Let go off me! I need to talk to Mr. Nightshire!"

The bodyguards were like a robot, looking at her expressionlessly.

Serena stood weakly to the spot. She turned her head and looked behind, hoping someone could step forward and speak up for her.

However, when she looked back, she realized that everyone was looking at her indifferently. Some of them even gloated over her in disdain.

Bang! The car door closed.

Serena turned around. All she could do was to watch Vinson getting in the car without turning back.

The door was slammed shut. All her hopes were gone.

Her life was completely ruined...

Serena's tears streamed down her face, but no one pitied her.

At that moment, she finally understood the true feeling of regret.

She shouldn't have stopped the project manager from entering the CEO's office. Then, she wouldn't

have been demoted to the coffee shop.

If she hadn't been demoted, she wouldn't have been banned by the entire industry...

However, it was too late for regrets. There was no use crying over spilled milk.

Meanwhile, inside the black MPV, Vinson said, "Go to a hotel nearby."

"Yes." His assistant responded. After that, he immediately rolled up the partition screen, separating the car into two different worlds.

Arielle was brought into the car all the way by Vinson. She couldn't see anything.

At that moment, Vinson was still wrapping his arms around her waist.

After getting in the car, she finally remembered to free herself from Vinson's hands.

She moved aside to escape from his arms. Then, she reached out her hands to take away the jacket on her head.

Finally, her world was lit up again. Subconsciously, she squinted her eyes because her eyes couldn't adapt to the light for a moment.

Vinson looked at his empty hands. He could still feel the warmth of Arielle's body on his hands.

Arielle's waist was indeed slender.

No man could refuse a slender waist.

His Adam's apple bobbed up and down in his throat.

Vinson thought he had not much interest in women. He thought all he cared about was his career.

But at that moment, he suddenly realized that he was probably just a normal human being.

"Thank you." Her eyes had finally adapted to the light. Hence, she turned to look at Vinson and expressed her gratitude.

But when she turned her head, she saw Vinson spacing out as he stared at his hands. He seemed to be in a daze. Arielle didn't know what he was thinking.

Is there anything on his hand?

Arielle looked at him curiously. Suddenly, she noticed Vinson's hands were wet because of the water on her body.

"Ah... I'm sorry." Arielle hurriedly took out a piece of tissue and tried to wipe off the water for him.

All of a sudden, Vinson pulled his hands back like he had been electrocuted. His gaze darkened. "What are you doing?"

Arielle raised the tissue innocently. "I'm helping you to wipe off the water..."

"There's no need for it."

Vinson averted his eyes coldly. Then, he turned his gaze to look outside the car window.

Arielle was confused about why was he losing his temper so suddenly.

But she suppressed the confusion in her heart since Vinson had fired Serena for her previously. She gently said, "Thank you so much. I think those clips that we shot earlier are good enough. We could definitely use some of them. Should we head straight for the outdoor shooting? Or... If you have something else to take care of, you can just drop me off at the roadside. My assistant will come and pick me up."

Upon hearing her words, Vinson turned around.

He looked at Arielle from head to toe. He immediately frowned when he saw her pale lips.

"How are you going to film with this condition?"

Arielle lowered her head and took a look at herself in confusion. She then asked, "This condition? What do you mean?"

"Take a warm shower before you go for the shooting. Our company is not that harsh. I will not allow our brand ambassador to fall sick because of a shooting."

"T-There's no need for it. It's fine." Arielle quickly rejected.

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She was indeed feeling cold. She was chilled to the bone.

However, she thought her health condition was not bad. She just needed to get herself changed and have some warm water. Then, she would be able to continue shooting.

Meanwhile, as soon as she spoke, she felt a little tickle in her nose.

Achoo!

Arielle sneezed.

She covered her mouth immediately. *You can carry on being stubborn and acting tough.* She felt as though Vinson was trying to tell her those words just by looking in his eyes.



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Arielle's cheeks heated up. She covered her nose and let out an embarrassed cough before saying, "I shall take a hot shower then."

After returning to the country, she didn't work out every day. As she had also suffered on the uninhabited island back then, her body wasn't as strong as before.

Vinson's lips curled up subconsciously when he saw how awkward Arielle was.

The moment he realized he was smiling, he hurriedly pursed his lips.

Soon, they arrived at the nearest hotel, which happened to be owned by Nightshire Group.

As Vinson had his personal suite in every hotel under Nightshire Group, he brought Arielle straight to the presidential suite on the top floor of the hotel.

"They will deliver your clothes soon. I'll wait for you outside," he announced as he made himself comfortable on the couch with a tablet in his hands.

His brows were knitted up as he clicked on the tablet in all seriousness as though work was troubling him.

Arielle never expected that Vinson would stay right here.

She felt extremely uncomfortable. This was the

first time someone of the opposite sex was in the room while she took a shower.

Still, as Vinson was clearly busy working, it was unreasonable for her to express her discomfort.

At that thought, Arielle spun on her heels and entered the bathroom without a word.

She had no idea Vinson was clicking randomly on his tablet and only snapped back to reality when an "input error" message popped up on the screen.

Heaving a breath, he lit a cigarette before inhaling deeply. After a few puffs, he finally managed to tamp down his irritation.

Suddenly, the sound of running water came from the bathroom.

"Damn it," cursed Vinson. He rose to his feet hastily and headed out.

At the door, he bumped into the assistant, Iris, who was holding a bag of clothes.

She immediately greeted him timidly. "M-Mr. Nightshire."

Vinson glanced at her and inquired, "Were you the one who called me?"

Iris nodded nervously.

When she saw how Serena told Arielle to shoot

the rain scene countless times, she recalled what the person in charge of Soir Coffee told her and made the call.

To her shock, Vinson was the one who arrived at the scene.

Vinson was saying, "You don't have to return to Nightshire Entertainment anymore as you'll be working with Arielle from now on."

Iris was shocked. "Mr. Nightshire, are you dismissing me?"

Vinson was confused. "Huh? From today onward, you'll be working under Nightshire Group, but your job scope will remain the same. Give me a call if you come across a problem you can't solve."

He whipped out his name card from his pocket and gave it to her. "Here's my contact number."

Utterly delighted, she thanked him profusely. "Thank you so much, Mr. Nightshire!"

"Don't just keep my name card. If I find out she's being mistreated, you shall be fired."

"Yes! I'll take care of Ms. Moore!" Iris promised earnestly.

"Well then. You can head in now. I'll be waiting in the lobby."

"Yes, Mr. Nightshire!"

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Iris hopped into the suite happily.

She knew that Arielle was her only hope. If Arielle succeeded, she would succeed as well. Otherwise, she would end up being the second Serena.

Meanwhile, Arielle was done with her shower. Her clothes were wet, and she couldn't put them on. Uneasily, she wrapped a towel around herself.

Vinson said the clothes will be here soon, but I don't hear any commotion out there.

Should I go out wrapped in the towel?



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Arielle was contemplating when someone knocked on the door. Iris' voice rang out, "Ms. Sannie, your clothes are here."

As it wasn't Vinson's voice, Arielle heaved out a sigh of relief. She opened the door slightly to take the bag from Iris.

Shortly after, the door opened again.

Steam escaped from the bathroom as a figure slowly stepped out.

The outfit Iris gave her was a dress prepared for the outdoor shoot later. Not everyone would look good in the pink and purple fairylike dress, but Arielle was fair enough to pull it off with her glowing skin.

It was as if a fairy princess was stepping out from the fairy realm when Arielle walked out with the steam floating around her.

Arielle noticed Iris was staring at her intently once she came out.

Chuckling, she asked, "What's wrong?"

Iris regained her composure and proceeded to praise her. "You're so gorgeous! I thought a princess had escaped from a fairytale."

Arielle giggled. "You're so sweet. Time's running out, so we have to leave. I don't want to hold everyone up."

Iris promptly recalled what Vinson told her earlier and blurted out, "Don't worry. Drink this cup of warm tea."

Arielle took one glance at the steaming tea and shook her head. "Forget it. Let's go. I can't delay the shoot."

Right then, the door was pushed open to reveal Vinson. "There's no hurry. I've sort things out, so drink that cup of tea to warm yourself up."

Arielle parted her lips to say no, but Vinson added, "That castle belongs to a friend of mine. He will be there, so we won't need to pay a fee to rent it."

After hearing that, Arielle sat down obediently and sipped on her tea.

As the tea was hot, Arielle took small sips before realizing someone was gazing at her.

Instinctively, she turned at her shoulder and noticed it was Vinson who was staring at her.

Hmm? Does he think I'm pretty?

Arielle was about to speak when Vinson broke the silence. "This dress is quite pretty. It suits the theme of the outdoor shoot today."

Arielle was speechless.

Oh, turns out he's looking at my outfit. I was overthinking it.

Arielle pursed her lips and mumbled in acknowledgment before returning to her tea.

She might seem calm on the surface, but inwardly, she felt suffocated.

Arielle didn't notice how Vinson breathed a sigh of relief after she turned away.

When she finished her tea, Iris gave her a warm scarf, which she draped over her shoulders. Finally, she felt much warmer now.

Even so, the moment they stepped out of the suite, Vinson suddenly took off his blazer and tossed it to her as though he were tossing trash.

Arielle was taken aback, but she swiftly flashed a smile and said, "Thank you, but I'm not freezing anymore. It's fine."

It was only early autumn, so the weather was still alright if one didn't get dunked in the water.

"This is not for you to keep warm," came Vinson's icy reply. "Before the commercial is released, the dress can't be revealed to the public."

So, he's giving me his blazer to cover the dress?

Arielle stiffened before draping his blazer over herself.

This was the second time she had misunderstood Vinson's words, so she told herself to not let it happen a third time.

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Downstairs, Vinson got into his car while Arielle and Iris got into their MPV to head toward the castle.

Arielle seemed to be in a foul mood, so Iris tried hard to cheer her up. "Ms. Sannie, Mr. Nightshire adores you! He told me to prepare hot tea for you and even gave you his blazer. Do you think he..."



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"Stop it," interjected Arielle. "I've helped him once, and he returned my favor. We're even now. It's purely business between us, so don't get it wrong and say something like this again."

Iris wisely shut her mouth.

Arielle rarely spoke to her that harshly, so it was evident that Arielle was mad.

Oh, I should stop gossiping.

Meanwhile, Arielle stared at the landscape in reverse motion outside as she fell deep into thought.

I don't have time to be in a relationship. Before finding out the truth behind Mom's death, I can't get distracted. Besides, I don't think Vinson is interested in me. I even got things wrong twice.

A strangely disappointed Arielle quickly shook off her sorrow.

She wasn't one who would overthink things and never wanted to hear similar comments again.

Meanwhile, Vinson received a call from Harvey right after he entered his car.

"I've contacted the person whose slot is right after yours. They agreed to reschedule their reservation to tomorrow, so you will have the castle to yourself for today."

"Thank you."

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"Wow, it's really rare to hear you thank me. Is this commercial shoot that important to you?"

After a brief silence, Vinson answered, "Mm. Soir Coffee is an important project."

"Alright. I'll let them know about the change. I haven't been here for a while. It's time for an inspection."

"Okay. See you later."

"See ya!"

Vinson cut the line and shut his eyes to rest. Strangely, the scene of Arielle in that elegant dress popped up in his mind.

He had a sudden urge to keep Arielle to himself so no one would see her in that dress.

An hour later, they arrived at the entrance of a castle.

The castle was located in a private park. Years ago, an Epean tycoon gave orders to build the medieval castle.

That had been a long time ago. Flowery vines had crept up along the walls, filling the air with their sweet breath. It was a magnificent castle that looked like it belonged in a fairytale.

This commercial was about a princess waking up feeling tired and ordering her servant to prepare a cup of coffee for her.

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As the princess was very picky, she wasn't satisfied with the various types of coffee prepared by her servant. In the end, the servant bought her coffee from Soir Coffee before she was satisfied.

Arielle was pleasantly surprised by how pretty the castle was.

"Oh, it's beautiful," she sighed.

Vinson happened to hear her praise. "If you like it, I can ask my friend to let you stay here for a few days," he blurted out without warning upon seeing how enthralled she was.

"Huh?" Arielle spun on her heels in surprise. "Is this part of your employee benefits?"

It was expensive to rent a castle like this for a commercial shoot, so she couldn't believe it when Vinson told her she could stay here for a couple of days.

Vinson belatedly realized what he had said and was about to add on when Harvey came toward them.

Harvey could only see the back of Arielle's head, so he didn't pay attention to her and teased, "Oh? When have you ever paid so much attention to your employees? Are you seriously renting my castle for them?"

Vinson let out an awkward cough. "Few people can afford to rent your castle. My employee here can prevent the rooms from growing moldy and

bring a breath of fresh air."

Arielle pursed her lips.

I knew he wasn't that kind. Turns out he wants me to suck the moldy air!

Turning toward the owner of the castle, she uttered, "No need for that. We were just jok..."

She trailed off when she realized who she was talking to.



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