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Upon hearing my comment, he burst into hearty laughter. "Are you kidding me? Why wouldn't I be happy when I've reached the pinnacle of my life and achieved everything I used to dream of? The so-called superstitions about the rich being envious of the poor because of their love and friendships are false! Instead, the relationships amongst the rich should be envied. We can entice any women that we want! Isn't that amazing?"

I merely shrugged and chose not to refute his statement. "So what were you sighing about?" I asked as the city line began to shrink from view.

"Of course I was only trying to find a conversational topic to talk about. I've heard that we are very similar. Thus, I couldn't help but think of the shared topics of interest that we may have," he smirked and turned to me.

"What are you talking about?" We don't have any similarities at all!

"Ever since I was young, I've grown up alongside my mother. She struggled with her work, and I was constantly berated by others. People like to criticize the weak by thinking highly of themselves. Ever since that moment, I promised that I would repay their cruelty by a thousandfold and give them a taste of their own medicine if I ever managed to climb to a higher status. Right now, I've managed to achieve my dream!" Holden said as he leaned languidly against the railing.

"You shouldn't group us together," I replied with a frown, "My childhood was not as terrible as you've imagined. Thus, you don't have to find a common ground between the two of us. After all, I have no wish to share any traits with you nor to comfort your so-called embarrassing or tragic childhood."

"It's alright. I do not want your sympathy. I merely wanted to find someone reasonable to express my emotions. Ah... I'm feeling much better now," he said dismissively.

Ugh... how contradictory of him to say so! I shrugged and prepared to excuse myself. All of a sudden, a stunning woman made her way towards Holden. She had a wine glass in her hand as she gave him a sultry smile. Ah... Of course, a reception wouldn't be complete without a beautiful escort.

Holden seemed pleased to receive the woman's attention. Instead of rejecting her advances, he wrapped a hand around her waist and pulled her closer. "Darling, I won't be rejecting anyone who approached me." He whispered in her ear and chuckled, his warm breath caressing her earlobes.

"It's alright. We'll get what we want anyway!" She smiled enchantingly in response.

I watched them leave with a slight frown across my face. In the world of adults, money and relationships seemed to be heavily intertwined. At the same time, it felt like the two topics were worlds apart too.

When I re-entered the banquet hall, Ashton had just finished his discussion. "It's quite windy outside. Why did you head out?" he asked with a grin as he made his way towards me.

"I just wanted to enjoy the scenery!" I gave him a warm smile.

"Let's go. I've prepared an interesting show." Ashton flicked my nose mischievously.

"Is it going to be a surprise?" I raised my brows.

"Why don't you see for yourself?" He gave no further explanation as he tugged me towards the VIP cabin located on the top floor.

He then led me into one of the cabins. As soon as I entered, I could hear the high-pitched gasps of a woman accompanied by the heavy pants of another man.

The corners of my mouth twitched as I looked at Ashton. "My, my, Mr. Taylor, you have very refined interests!" he said aloud.

The voices belonged to Holden and the woman he'd hugged earlier.

Nonetheless, Holden's deep voice continued to echo through the room without a care about our presence. "Mr. Fuller, just a moment, please," he said good-naturedly.

Just as Ashton was prepared to pull me away. Our path was blocked by pair of men dressed in black suits. Harshly, they hauled a man with an unkempt appearance into the room.

The man had bruises scattered across his swollen face as he was shoved to the floor. It looked as if he had just suffered a horrible beating. Upon closer look, I couldn't help but scowl in recognition. It's Shane!

There was still a cacophony of lewd noises echoing behind the screen as Shane looked around his surroundings with a wide gaze. Catching sight of Ashton, he scrambled forward and clung to Ashton desperately regardless of the noises. "Ashton, please! I admit that I made a mistake! Please don't kill me! I'll do anything as long as you spare my life!" Shane blabbered in panic.

"F*ck, I can't even do anything here! Why is it so noisy?" Holden's voice drifted through the screen before he emerged. He was dressed in his boxers and had just put on a shirt which he buttoned up as he spoke. A cynical look painted his face when he caught sight of Shane. Without hesitation, his foot connected harshly against Shane's body, shoving him away. "I'm starting to get annoyed with the irritating noise."

Although Shane was in clear pain, he bit his tongue and remained silent out of fear. Quickly, he got into a kneeling position to confess his mistakes. There was a terrified look across his features.

The sight of Holden, who was barely dressed, made me scoff aloud. All of a sudden, my vision turned pitch black. Ashton had covered my eyes with his palm. "Don't look!" he said in a deep voice.

"Put on some clothes before coming out!" he ordered Holden in an authoritative tone.

"Why are you so concerned with my lack of clothing?" Holden replied with a click of his tongue, "What are you afraid of? It's not as if she hasn't seen my body before."

"Just go get changed!" Ashton insisted firmly.

"Or do you want me to get someone to assist you?" Ashton said curtly when Holden continued to refuse.

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With a raise of his hand, two men entered the room and stalked towards Holden. "Mr. Taylor, please excuse us," they said as they escorted him behind the screen. Following that, a string of foul curses and screams could be heard.

"Ashton, what is wrong with you? Am I a nuisance to you when I'm undressed? Why do you have to force me to get dressed? Are you afraid that your woman might fall for me when she sees my body? Just admit it if you are jealous and insecure of my physique!"

I glanced worriedly at Ashton and noticed his troubled expression. His moody expression was impossible to read. Behind the screen, Holden continued to curse and grumble. I couldn't help but admire his bravery as he spluttered in protest.

After a brief moment, Holden was finally fully dressed. As he emerged, his dark eyes were fixated furiously on Ashton. Holden's spiteful gaze made it seem as if Ashton himself had changed his clothes with force.

However, Ashton did not spare him another glance. Instead, he turned to address Shane. "Why don't you explain yourself!"

Right at that moment, the woman stepped out from behind the screen. She was already fully dressed and exuded an enchanting aura. Languidly, she leaned against the screen and looked at Holden. "Mr. Taylor, did you forget about me the moment you got dressed? Don't forget about our agreement!" she said.

Her sharp gaze swept towards Shane as she spoke. Immediately, Shane's hands balled into furious fists as he seethed in anger.

It was blatantly obvious that the woman was involved with Shane.

"Although I've agreed with your deal, your boyfriend has invoked the wrath of someone he shouldn't provoke! Additionally, he nearly caused the death of Mr. Fuller! You should ask Mr. Fuller if he's willing to overlook the grave sins committed by your boyfriend!" Holden spoke airily as he took a seat.

Having heard his words, I frowned. The woman who hooked up with Holden was Shane's girlfriend? Earlier, the woman was flirting shamelessly with Holden...

That alone was unacceptable, at least to me. Furthermore, Shane was still present the entire time. This was a great insult to him!

The woman's face turned beet red upon Holden's statement. However, she remained extraordinarily calm. She must have gotten used to dealing with such shady situations.

"Mr. Taylor, it seems like you are acting recklessly on purpose!" she turned towards Holden and remarked with a smile.

Holden merely shrugged nonchalantly. "I'm not going against my word. After all, I promised to leave your man alone. However, Mr. Fuller made no such promise. Now that you've kept me company, why don't you offer your services to Mr. Fuller?"

Although she was ridiculed by his comment, she did not lash out. Instead, she turned to Ashton with a charming look that gleamed in her eyes. "Mr. Fuller, I..." the woman began sweetly.

"I have no wish to mingle with trash like you! You'd better keep your distance!" Ashton warned darkly before she could say more.

"Your lust is insatiable!" Ashton then turned to Holden and condemned him with a solemn expression.

"Well, let's just say that I don't like turning people down," Holden replied as he scratched his nose in an unbothered manner.

Ashton scoffed at Holden's unbothered attitude. "Take this opportunity and leave while I'm still in a good mood! If you don't, I'll feed you to the sharks!" he ordered her mercilessly.

The woman flinched in shock and terror. After a lingering glance at Shane, she fled from the room with her tail tucked between her legs.

"Mr. Fuller, you should change your horrible attitude towards women. In the future, your wife might run away with someone else if you keep it up," Holden teased after the woman's departure.

Ashton shot him a stern look before he opened his mouth. "Go ahead and ask!"

Following that, Ashton pulled me aside and waited for Holden to interrogate Shane.

Holden pursed his lips; there was a glint of annoyance that flickered in his eyes when he looked at Shane. "Go to the kitchen and bring it back! It will serve as a wonderful surprise," he instructed the henchmen.

I was clueless about his intentions. "Why don't you admit your mistakes?" Holden asked in a tone that was deceptively kind, "Don't force me to play the role of a villain."

Shane lifted his head as he looked around the room. "Mr. Taylor, what do you want me to say? What do you want me to confess? I swear that I'll blurt it out immediately. I'll say anything that you want to know!" he asked Holden quizzically.

"Haha!" Holden burst out laughing. A trace of mockery crossed his handsome face. "You want to act clueless? Fine by me. This means that I get to have my fun."

The henchmen that Holden had ordered earlier returned with an object in their hands. "Let's give Mr. Shane a little punishment!" Holden said and leaned against the chair.

I couldn't help but stare at him in utter disbelief.

Quickly, Ashton pulled me into his embrace. "Don't look!" he repeated. Once again, my vision was obstructed as Shane's crazed screaming pierced the air.

"If you like, you can continue to act like a fool. I'm fine with that! After all, I have all the time and energy to play along with your antics! Take your time!" Holden called out over his screams.

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I pushed Ashton's hand away and was greeted with the sight of Shane sprawled across the floor. It was clear that he was in significant pain as he convulsed on the ground. "I'll speak, I'll speak! Take those things out!" he shrieked in pain.

Holden looked towards the two henchmen, and they quickly stripped Shane's pants. The sudden removal of his clothes left him trembling as he was partially naked.

"Speak!" Holden ordered with a stoic expression.

"It was Abe; he ordered me to trail after Mr. Fuller. The goal was to transfer Moranta's foreign trading rights under Mr. Fuller to Abe. On the day of the accident, I was the one who sabotaged Mr. Fuller's car. It was a mistake on my behalf! I should not have acted that way! Yet, I had no choice! Abe would have killed me if I did not obey his commands!" Shane cried out; his body trembled as he spoke. He must not have expected Holden to act in such a perverse manner.

"So, the few hundred thousand that you've lost in the casino belonged to Abe?" Holden asked as his eyes narrowed.

Shane nodded fearfully; he was shaking like a leaf.

"When the incident occurred, did the police find out who the corpse belonged to?" I asked after a brief moment of hesitation.

Holden frowned; he must have thought that my question was out of the topic. However, Shane jolted in shock as he looked at me with a widened gaze. "It was Abe. He was murdered by Armond's henchmen. After his death, he was even covered in sulfuric acid," Shane murmured tentatively.

With a scowl, I turned towards Ashton. Shane's words were full of contradictions and uncertainties. He shouldn't be trusted so easily!

Ashton pondered for a brief moment as he clutched a glass of water in his hand. "Have you located Abe's coordinates?" Ashton asked Holden.

"He vanished after the accident," Holden shook his head.

How is this possible? Why would Armond murder Abe? The possibility of Abe's murder seemed impossible. Aren't they in an alliance? Why would they turn on each other?

Once again, I asked Shane to reclarify the truth. "Are you sure that the corpse belongs to Abe?"

Shane nodded his head in earnest. "That night, Abe was the one who blocked your path. After he dragged Mr. Fuller out of the car, the killer in the other car killed Abe without any

remorse. If you don't believe me, you can inspect his corpse. They shot Abe in the chest and even stabbed him to ensure a proper death. After they had confirmed his death, they poured sulfuric acid across his corpse. I witnessed all of these myself! I swear that I'm not lying!"

The room fell silent upon his proclamation. "You've performed well today. I'll be generous enough to spare your life. However, you'd better maintain your loyalty. If you try to pull a trick to deceive me, I'll end your life!" Holden ordered coldly.

With a single glance at his henchmen, they quickly escorted Shane out of the room. This left the three of us alone in the room.

I couldn't help but question curiously as they remained silent. "Why did Armond kill Abe? I know that they have had a complicated relationship ever since what happened in Venria. But even if Abe had acted out of line, Armond could not have killed him in such an indifferent manner. Furthermore, we are living in a society ruled by strict laws. Even if Armond had countless men working under his command, it is impossible for him to get away with this murder due to the scrutiny of the police force. How could he blatantly kill Abe?"

"You should handle the matters at the police station. I will send someone to settle the company's affairs in Moranta," Ashton addressed Holden.

"Hold on a second, Mr. Fuller. It looks like you're going to leave the mess for me to clean up whilst you return to your country?" Holden frowned.

"If you want the Taylor family to be destroyed, I am more than willing to stay!" Ashton said coldly, "Armond is already plotting his next move. He wants more than just the control over Moranta's foreign trading rights!"

"What are you implying?" Holden turned and asked him with a solemn gaze.

Ashton shot him a knowing look before clutching my arm as he pulled me along. "Let's go; we should hurry back."

Although I still felt confused at their exchange, I trailed after Ashton obediently.

As we walked out of the room and past the cruise cabin, I caught sight of a fight that had broken out between a couple. Upon closer look, I realized that the couple was none other than Shane and the woman.

"I must have been blind to fall for such a disgusting woman like you! Do you think that Holden is better than me? He's nothing but a brat!" Shane cursed at her. In just a split second, his palm landed on the woman's cheeks a few times heavily.

She must have endured countless slaps under his wrath as her face had been beaten to the point that it looked swollen. Her elegance and alluring aura had been reduced to a disheveled appearance.

Despite so, the woman seemed to be no stranger to his violence. After he landed a few more blows, she remained as motionless as a puppet and bore the brunt of his relentless abuse.

I couldn't help but frown when I saw his display of cruelty. Hurriedly, I stepped forward to put a halt to Shane's actions. "If I were you, I would have left this place in embarrassment. Did you really think that your useless information was enough to save your measly life after you nearly caused Ashton's death? If it weren't for her help, you would have ended up as a corpse in the ocean. Why don't you utilize your own skills and capabilities instead of relying on a woman like a leech?"