

## A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1101

### Chapter 1101 Could Not Afford It

The smell roused the scruples of a passing housekeeper. Setting aside the broom in her hand, she felt the urge to discuss it with a co-worker with whom she was close.

“I noticed it yesterday... I supposed it was perfume, but the scent was much too strong for that, so much so that I was starting to think it less like perfume and more like poison...”

Horrified by the implications of their own conjecture, the pair exchanged grim looks as they fell into a synchronous silence.

Meanwhile, without rhyme or reason, Wendy stared at her phone and felt the impetus to make another call.

Only that this time, she was greeted with a reminder from a female machine voice about her unpaid bills.

Things had gotten so bad at present that she could not even afford to pay for her own phone usage.

Never in her life had Wendy ever been this hard up before. Her only hope was for Cecilia to snap out of her stupor, initiate contact, and then settle this problem for her in a timely manner.

Elsewhere, Donovan was in an inexorable mood.

He kicked himself for not getting a grasp of the situation before he lobbied Selena, for the latter did dole out the punishment except that it was against Wendy.

As much as he did give up on Wendy, he nevertheless felt the pinch from it. As among the few of them, Wendy had been the most consistently excellent one in terms of individual academic performance or otherwise.

With one of his graduating criteria being to successfully guide at least three students into Maxwell University, the loss of Wendy was tantamount to an inability to lock in one of those slots. How could he possibly not be bummed about this?

However, there was no undoing what was done. It was pointless to rue over it.

Just then, a call came through from Noah.

“Hello, Mr. Noah...”

“I’ve great news. San has just arrived at school. Ms. Selena told me that she’ll be making inquiries on my behalf and will furnish us with San’s contact details if she’s amenable to helping you.”

Donovan’s eyes spontaneously brightened up.

“Do you really mean it?”

“Why would I lie to you? I heard that San’s quite generous with her time and so I fully expect that she’d meet with us in short order, barring any unforeseen circumstances. You’d best prepare yourself well and decide on a restaurant in advance.”

“Got it. No worries. I’ll see to it right away!”

Donovan did a little cavort when he hung up. With the cloud he had over him before lifted, he enthusiastically went about looking into the finest dining spots in the vicinity.

Though there were many eateries within Maxwell University itself, San was no ordinary guest. Hence, after being gripped by a brief sequence of indecision,

Donovan lined up his options according to pricing and settled for the most extravagant revolving restaurant available.

That extremely classy diner that sat at the roost of the highest building in Lightspring boasted spectacular views all around and mandated a minimum spending of eight thousand per pax.

Now that reservations had been made, Donovan went back in front of his computer to refine the parts of his thesis that he could complete on his own.

Once that was sorted out, all that was left for him to do was to put on the finishing touches by illustrating his points using solutions for elementary mathematics and further mathematics problems.

There in, his thesis would be made perfect.

The part that made him feel conflicted was that both of the examples cited within the dissertation he authored himself actually did not originate with him.

One of them was based on a solution Arielle had penned during the opening exams, and the other was conceived by her inside the auditorium.

The fact that both of those examples were proposed by Arielle made him inexplicably self-conscious.

Donovan tried hard to suppress the shame he felt while he notified his students to convene at his dorm for lessons in half an hour via the chat group.

Factoring in the addition of an interview segment, I've to figure out a way to dramatically improve my students' presentation skills in the shortest time possible.

Of course, Trisha had long been ousted from this group, but Wendy was still in it.

Although Donovan knew Wendy was out of contention and had lost every chance to undertake the exams, he had to keep up the charade. Allowing Wendy to come

back to class and pretending that she was still in with a shout was his way of avoiding having her kick up a fuss.

When all the students arrived, Donovan discovered that Terry, now the most promising in the group with Wendy gone, was conspicuously absent.

“Where’s Terry?” Donovan asked with a frown.

## A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1102

### Chapter 1102 Unworthy

Under Donovan's cold stares and heavy duress, Terry's dorm mate had to fess up. "Terry's gone to look for Boss... I mean Arielle."

Donovan's furrow just got impossibly tauter in that instant.

First Trisha, then Wendy; both of them have been denied their eligibility to undertake the examinations one after the other because of Arielle. Now even Terry seemed to have been cajoled by her too. What exactly is she up to? Is she that determined to see to it that I won't be able to graduate? Am I really such a fixation for her, or is she having a go at me because she wants to get my attention?

"Mr. Baxter? Mr. Baxter?"

Donovan was lost in his own fantasies. It took the students yelling for him to jolt back to reality.

"Ahem..." Donovan coughed. "Per my last instructions, listen to the local broadcast and jot down as much of it as you can. I'm going to try to get in touch with Terry."

When he finished, he walked out of the dorm and rang up his missing student, only to have the latter hang up on him outright the moment the call connected.

At this moment, Terry was seated across from the trio of Arielle, Trisha, and Jared in one of the cafeterias within Maxwell University.

When he saw that the call came from Donovan, he did not even have to think twice before he dropped it.

The identity of the caller on the phone display was picked up by Arielle's keen eyes.

"Why didn't you answer?" she asked.

"Based on what I saw from that incident outside the doors of the shopping mall, that man isn't fit to be a lecturer!" replied a disgruntled Terry.

What he had witnessed back then convinced him that not only was Donovan shielding Wendy, the former was willing to bring Arielle down and sacrifice Trisha to that end.

How could someone who forsakes his own student be fit to consider himself an educator? He's not even qualified enough to be considered human!

Arielle shook her head. "No matter what, he's still a lecturer at Jadeborough University. You still need to at least keep things civil between him and yourself."

"I refuse to!" Terry declared his resolve between gritted teeth. "I've made up my mind that I'll pass up on taking the exams in order to deny him his academic certificate!"

"No!" Arielle's expression grew abruptly severe.

Jared, too, expressed his disapproval. "Don't ruin your own future for someone like that. He's not worth it."

Being the less eloquent one, Trisha could only contribute by earnestly nodding along.

Though Donovan had clearly quit on her, Terry was not in the same situation. He could jolly well carry on as though nothing had happened, or at least until the examinations were over.

“But... should he manage to attain the academic certificate, it would only bring harm to even more students at his hands.”

“You don’t have to worry about that.” Arielle cast Terry a reassuring look. “I won’t allow him to graduate so long as I’m around.”

“Why do you say that?” replied Terry doubtfully. “Donovan will be able to secure his graduation so long as he manages to get three students in.”

“Do you know who’s responsible for the thesis defense for the students who have deferred their graduation?” Arielle asked smilingly.

Since Terry was slow to catch up, Jared beside him responded first. “Don’t tell me that it’s you, Boss?”

“Bingo.” Arielle affirmed with a nod.

The other three gawped in concert, especially Terry, whose eyeballs nearly popped.

“You... Seriously?”

“When have I ever deceived you guys?” Arielle retorted breezily.

Terry became stupefied for a moment there.

I always knew that Boss is a badass, but this is just over the top ridiculous. What right have I to be in the same class as her? I’m unworthy of this!

A powerful tingle crept up the trio’s entire being.

Terry could not help but gloat, “To think that the one who would decide the fate would be one of the students who joined his preparatory class in the most glamorous manner possible, on top of being the one he least fancied. Bet Donovan never saw this one coming.”

Jared narrowed his eyes at Terry.

What exactly are you insinuating?



## A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1103

### Chapter 1103 In Her Debt

“That’s why I say,” said Arielle as she pushed the bowl of soup in front of Terry, “nourish yourself and get back to Donovan’s class. Although not that spectacular, he still made it through the early admissions process. He ought to be someone who’s well suited to guide the students in this respect.”

Terry silently sat down in a slump. At Arielle’s insistence, he had no choice but to return to receive Donovan’s tutelage.

After his departure, Arielle received an unexpected call from Selena.

Could it be that there are leads on that man in the photograph?

Arielle shot up to her feet. With a solemn look about her, she walked toward the outside of the cafeteria to answer.

Jared regarded Arielle from the rear and could not refrain from his impetus to air his concerns with Trisha. “I keep having the feeling that Boss is here with reasons beyond wanting to keep us company through the examinations. I wonder if she’s in some sort of trouble, seeing how serious she looked...”

However, Trisha seemed ambivalent toward the various hypotheses Jared rattled off the tip of his tongue.

He arched his neck over to check on Trisha, only to discover that she had fallen asleep with the spoon between her teeth.

Fancy falling asleep even when eating... Sheesh...

Jared found his own gaze invariably drawn to Trisha's face, which he went on to study intently.

Although mildly pudgy in a way that's completely contrary to the more contemporary sort of fair, slim, and doe-like aesthetics that were highly sought after, Trisha's features are honestly quite delightful. Delicate, exquisite, and adorned by those long, luscious lashes... It's not difficult to foresee that she could become a real beauty with a little help on the weight management front. Besides, she is in fairly decent shape at present and already quite the babe if one isn't too particular about skinniness.

"What are you looking at?" Arielle's voice suddenly rang out.

Jared's heart jumped, and he immediately and sheepishly rescinded his own gaze. Clearing his throat, he tried to play it cool. "I was just wondering how Trisha could fall asleep even in the middle of a meal."

"Isn't that just adorable?" said Arielle with a wink.

That put a massive blush on Jared's face, and he scratched his head nervously. "Come on, Boss. Don't tease me like that..."

Arielle responded with a genial shrug. "All right, enough of that. It isn't entirely on her because ever since she got hurt, I have been putting her on some medication: a herb with a sedative quality. It's pretty impressive that she's been able to stave off her drowsiness till now, but I have to trouble you to lend a hand in helping her back to the dorm."

"To the dorm, you say?" Jared's brows knitted. "Who knows what else would Wendy do to her..."

"Not to her previous dorm, but to mine. After I graduated, the school had set aside a single room to facilitate my convenience whenever I return. Help me get her over there. She'll be staying with me during this stretch."

That helped to set Jared's mind at ease. He did not need Arielle's help at all either, managing to sweep Trisha up in a princess carry and jog with her all the way over to Arielle's dorm.

Though housekeeping had not been carried out actively, the place remained very much in living condition.

Arielle made a call to Vernon to make arrangements for Trisha's things to be moved in. She was about to start tidying up when she was interrupted by Jared.

"Boss."

Arielle paused in her movements and regarded Jared quizzically.

As hesitant as Jared was, he still went on to ask, "What exactly is the purpose of your trip here to Maxwell University this time, Boss? I noticed that you were pretty serious on the phone back in the cafeteria just now... Not that I mean to pry, but it's like I said, if you have any need of the Jupiters, we'll surely do our utmost!"

This gesture was not made purely in consideration of his friendship with Arielle but also as a measure of his gratitude toward her for saving Harvey's life.

No matter what the future held for Harvey and Arielle, the Jupiters would always be in her debt.

## A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 1104

### Chapter 1104 Go Bust

Arielle was profoundly moved by the sincerity that was palpable upon Jared's face.

She pursed her lips briefly before she replied, "Indeed, I do have another purpose for being here. I need to locate one specific individual."

"You're trying to find someone?"

Arielle affirmed that with a nod. "I can't tell you any more than that, as it could be somewhat dangerous. But rest assured that I will not hesitate to approach if there's anything that you may be able to help with."

Jared nodded in acknowledgment, but he still seemed apprehensive. "Does that have anything to do with that call you just made?"

It might have been better if he did not mention it. The fact that he did elicited a chuckle from Arielle.

"No, it doesn't," said Arielle with a subtle smile. "Would you be keen to accompany me to a free meal tomorrow, though?"

"A free meal?"

"You heard that right. Not only is it completely free, but it'll also give us both who came in undeservedly through our connections a chance to get even. Are you in?" said Arielle with an enigmatic smirk.

"Hell yeah, I'm in!" Jared agreed in a heartbeat.

"Good. Then I'll let them know that we're coming."

With that, Arielle sent Selena a message, short and sweet, to inform her of her own willingness to extend her aid.

Selena could immediately read between the lines. She did not reveal Arielle's identity to Noah and merely passed the former's contact details along.

Across the shores in Horington.

In order to monopolize the supply chain in Horington and put pressure on Vinson, Trevor's company had accumulated for themselves a large stockpile of building materials.

A week had passed since, yet they still had not heard anything from the representatives on Vinson's end.

In the beginning, Trevor was of the opinion that Vinson was just holding back out of pride and believed that it might take the latter a couple of days to respond. After grinding from dawn to dusk, day in, day out, coupled with the grief Cecilia had given him, he was terribly worn out. There were several days on the trot when he elected to put up at a hotel rather than go home.

Although he was willing to wait, his company could not afford to.

Turnaround for the construction supply company had always been slow, and this was only made worse with this maneuver to sever Vinson's supply chain. Not only had the company's cash flow been adversely compromised, but it had also led them to take on loans that landed them heavily in debt.

If its financial woes were not addressed soon, the company could find itself on the brink of insolvency.

"Mr. Larson," the company's chief financial officer said with his brow slick with sweat. "The latest financial report released showed that the company cannot stay afloat for more than a couple of days. You have to come up with something, or the

other projects are going to be affected as well. If this is to persist, the company's going to go bust!"

"You think I don't know that?" Trevor took a huge puff of tobacco and replied through the swirling spirals of smoke. "Go over the accounts carefully again and make sure you get every single figure right. I need to know exactly how long the company can hold out."

"Understood!" The chief financial officer then exited with a considerable stack of charts in hand.

The unbearably flustered Trevor paced back and forth inside the office.

Past this many days since the commencement of the project, the existing batch of building materials in Luke's company should be close to running out. They ought to be looking to make new acquisitions by now, so how is it then that they haven't realized that I've already bought up all the available materials in Horington?

Going through one cigarette after another, Trevor had the entire interior of the office saturated with its effluvium.

An inopportune rapping then came upon his door.

"Enter."

In came his assistant, Derek Sully, with some apparent glee. "We've received word that Vinson Nightshire has arrived in Horington, Mr. Larson!"

Trevor's face lit up. "Really?"

"Yes. He's just left the airport and should be on his way to the branch office. If my estimations are correct, he must have discovered that you've monopolized the supply chain in Horington and therefore rushed down here to attend to it personally."

“Splendid! This is just fantastic news! Our earlier effort has not gone to waste, after all.” Trevor was shaking with exhilaration. “See to it that we’ve booked a table at the finest restaurant. Vinson will soon come calling.”

## Chapter 1105 A Guest

**“Understood!” replied Derek. “Shall I make a courtesy call to Mr. Nightshire and have some gifts sent along so that he may be able to ease his own dignity?”**

**“Of course! The gift is a must!” Trevor smacked hard on the table in approval. “It’s imperative for him to be able to save face because he’s that kind of character. Allowing him to bow out in grace is akin to facilitating a step up for us, so good suggestion on your part. However, I can’t be the one doing the gifting myself, or that’ll be quite embarrassing for me!”**

**“Yes! Yes! Certainly!” Derek nodded heartily. “I’ll go take care of it, but what should we offer him?”**

**That did stump Trevor and got him thinking.**

**He did not have any more money to spare, but it was not as though Vinson would be receptive to accepting any from him either.**

**After some deliberation, Trevor said, “Prep the car. I’m going to make a trip home.”**

**“Understood.”**

**Half an hour later, the car rolled to a halt outside the Larson residence.**

**Ever since Trevor and Cecilia’s parents perished in a plane crash en route to a leisurely trip during the siblings’ formative years, the house was left with just the two of them.**



**While Trevor stood at the entryway, he sighed at the thought of how challenging it had been for Cecilia before he strode through those doors.**

**This was the first time he had reentered the house after that last huge bust-up they had, and the housekeeper came up quickly to greet him.**

**“Mr. Larson.”**

**Trevor acknowledged her with a slight nod. He surveyed the entirety of the living room but did not see Cecilia there.**

**“Where is she?” Trevor asked.**

**“Mrs. Greene’s resting upstairs.”**

**“Resting? At this time of the day?”**

**Word of the overpowering scent that constantly emanated from Cecilia’s room had been going around among the housekeepers.**

**“Shall I go fetch her?” the housekeeper asked with apprehension.**

**Trevor shook his head. “There’s no need to. I’m just here to pick up a few things. I’ll be coming back later tonight, so ask her to wait up and tell her that I’d like for us to have a proper chat.”**

**“Understood.”**

**Trevor nodded and went on to the study, where he retrieved the prized antique vase that he had held in storage for a very long time.**

**Apart from the estate itself, this vase is the singularly most valuable item in our possession. Though not exactly the rarest of rarities in any sense, it should still be something that would catch the eye of someone like Vinson.**

**Trevor carefully packaged the vase himself before he returned to the car and passed it along to Derek.**

**“Go place this in Vinson’s hands right away. Remember that there isn’t a need to explain too much. Vinson will get the message.”**

**“Understood!” the assistant responded in the affirmative and rode another car quickly toward Nightshire Group’s branch office in Horington.**

**Inside the branch office of Nightshire Group, Vinson was sitting across from Luke while the latter furnished him with updates on the progress of a project.**

**“The foundations have been laid and I’ve already placed all hands on deck for this project. Currently, we’re just awaiting the arrival of those building materials from Epea to begin construction. Once we kickstart the process, it should take an estimated three months to complete.”**

**Vinson nodded agreeably. “Being able to fast-track a roughly five-month project to within three months’ time is quite impressive. Good work.”**

**“Nah, it’s nothing.” Luke waved him off. “Do you know when we might expect the materials to arrive?”**

**“Today.”**

**Luke perked up. “Today?”**

**“Yes.” Vinson nodded. “I’m here specifically to inspect and sign off on this shipment personally. Around eight tonight, the ship will be due to arrive at Horington First Wharf. I need you to prepare ahead of time as the transportation of this amount of materials will be extremely challenging, considering that I don’t have enough people here in Horington.”**

**“I’ve nothing else save manpower. Rest assured that I’ll have them over at the First Wharf by seven-thirty. We’ll see you there.”**

**“Excellent.” Vinson stood on his feet. “You should go on ahead with your preparations. I’m still expecting a guest.”**

**Chapter 1106 Full Of Himself**

**“Guest?” Luke was puzzled. “What sort of guest?”**

**“One who’s full of himself,” Vinson replied with an ambiguous smirk.**

**Luke remained somewhat mystified until Rayson came knocking.**

**“Larson Group’s Derek Sully has requested to see you, Mr. Nightshire.”**

**It became apparent to Luke what Vinson meant earlier.**

**He snorted. “I’ll do as you asked and keep the issue pertaining to the building materials under wraps. Seeing that you’ve come to Horington, I bet that blasted Trevor must be waiting for us to become desperate enough to go to him begging on all fours.”**

**Vinson’s lips lifted into a smirk. He offered no further comment.**

**Luke stood up, smiling ear to ear. “Please attend to your visitor while I see to the manpower and logistical matters. It’ll all be settled by seven-thirty, guaranteed.”**

**“Good. Rayson, see Mr. Yeager out and have the other gentleman brought in.”**

**“Understood!” Rayson bowed and cordially showed Luke to the door.**

**Once outside the office, Luke could no longer contain himself. “A personal question if I may, Rayson.”**

**“Please ask away,” Rayson assented.**

Luke took one glance at the door to the office that had closed back by itself before he asked, “Has someone as young and accomplished as Mr. Nightshire settled down yet? If he hasn’t, I may be acquainted with a couple of outstanding young ladies that I could perhaps assist with connecting him to.”

Rayson’s smile froze over in place. He coughed before he leaned in. “Mr. Nightshire is already attached.”

That took Luke by some surprise. “Attached? To a scion from which family, I wonder?”

“Not a scion, but a boss,” Rayson replied with a laugh.

In his misapprehension, Luke responded with even greater astonishment. “I’ve never realized that Mr. Nightshire bats for the other side.”

“No. It’s nothing like that!” Rayson nearly broke out in a cold sweat as he hastened to explain, “She’s a woman. A woman.”

That came to Luke as some relief.

“That’s good to know, or I’d be genuinely shitting my pants otherwise... being a family man and all.”

Rayson pursed his lips at Luke, completely flabbergasted. “What on earth were you thinking?”

“Look at me now. You won’t be able to tell that my head was much fuller, and I was quite the dashing lad back in the day!” said the guffawing Luke as he strode off.

After Rayson saw off the self-besotted Luke, he took his time with the representative from Larson Group, only heading into the waiting room after a dozen minutes had passed. “Our apologies for keeping you waiting. Mr. Nightshire was preoccupied just now. Now, please follow me,” he said genially.

**“All right. Okay.” Derek gathered up the antique vase as he stood up.**

**“Mr. Nightshire.”**

**Derek placed the vase on Vinson’s desk as soon as he stepped inside the office.**

**“What’s this for?” Vinson evoked a feigned look of surprise.**

**“A little gift from Mr. Larson. Didn’t he have to cancel his lunch appointment with you previously at the eleventh hour because something cropped up for him? Mr. Larson felt really bad about it and expressly tasked me to send this to you as a token of his apology.”**

**Vinson cast a leisurely gaze over the antique vase. “A Chanaean vase from the seventeenth century... Isn’t this apology from Mr. Larson a little too substantial?”**

**“Not at all. Not at all, Mr. Nightshire,” replied Derek as he waved off his counterpart’s concerns. “This is just a polite gesture from Mr. Larson, and he’d feel that you’re still upset wit**

**h him were you to decline...”**

## Chapter 1107 First Wharf

Vinson lowered his eyes as he snorted, making it less apparent to the observer how he really felt about it.

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Just as Derek was fretting, Vinson replied, “I’ll accept it. Tell Mr. Larson that I’ll meet him at the First Wharf at eight tonight.”

Derek’s eyes lit up, and he bowed profusely under the impression that Vinson had relented.

“Thank you for your magnanimity, Mr. Nightshire. You truly are a gracious man. In that case, I shan’t continue to impose. Let me go back to inform Mr. Larson of this right away.”

With a wave of his hand, Vinson bade Derek farewell.

Once Rayson had shown Derek out, he turned back into the office. “Why did you accept this thing?”

Vinson snorted in response and a cold glint flashed across his eyes.

“Since it’s already been brought here, wouldn’t it be hard for him to answer to his superiors were I to send him back with it?”

Rayson seemed confused.

Vinson’s not that accommodating a person, especially not to a business rival.

As expected, Vinson followed up very quickly. “Pick that vase up and have it couriered to Jadeborough, double-quick time. Address it to the deputy captain of the Specialized Forces. He’ll know what to do next.”

Rayson’s eyes lit up once he understood Vinson’s intentions.

Graft was no trivial matter, particularly in the case of Trevor Larson who was more than just the chairman of Larson Group; he also happened to be a minor player serving in Horington’s public office.

Company matters aside, this vase by itself is sufficient to land Trevor in prison for a good couple of years, at least.

“Understood!” Rayson bowed in anticipation and hugged the vase as he went on to have it sent out.

While this was happening, Trevor received a call from Derek on his end.

“Are you saying that he has accepted it?” The thrill was palpable in Trevor’s inflection as he spoke.

Afraid that Vinson might turn down the vase and be adamant against making acquisitions from him, he had been in jitters all this while. With the acceptance of the gift, Vinson’s sentiments are now plain to see.

“Yes, Mr. Larson.” Derek, too, expressed his relief. “He’s accepted it, and in a seemingly fine spirit too. Also, he asked for you to be at the First Wharf at eight.”

“The First Wharf?” Trevor sounded doubtful. “Why would he want to meet at the docks?”

“That, I’m not sure of either...” Then, Derek went on to speculate, “Could it be because that’s close to where your largest warehouse for building materials



is located? Maybe he plans to have you sell him those materials right after your chat?”

“It must be!” Trevor said, slapping his thighs. “Instruct those at the warehouse at the First Wharf to do a proper stocktake of the building materials, so that they’ll be ready to be picked up as soon as Vinson arrives.”

“Understood,” Derek assented before he hung up.

Trevor went back and forth inside his own office in sheer delight.

Fantastic. Just fantastic!

All the funds he spent, including that which he had loaned out to bankroll the purchases of the building materials, could finally be recouped.

Not only would his company be saved, but he might also be able to carve out a massive profit at Vinson’s expense.

That vase is easily worth twenty million, but it was a twenty million well spent!

Trevor swiftly worked out a number in anticipation of making a killing off of Vinson later in the evening.

Very swiftly, it was seven-thirty at dusk.

Vinson stood by the shores of the First Wharf, immersed in his own thoughts as he cast his gaze across the peaceful waters.

“Our people and transport are on standby, waiting for the ship to dock, Mr. Nightshire,” Luke reported after he alighted from the car.

Vinson nodded slightly before he checked his wrist for the time. “We’ve about ten minutes before it docks.”

**“Wonderful!” Luke rubbed his hands in anticipation.**

**Right then, Rayson hurried toward them. “Trevor Larson has arrived, Mr. Nightshire.”**

## Chapter 1108 Sycophant

Vinson's lips curled into a smile. "Bring him over."

Rayson went on to lead Trevor before Vinson in short order. Trevor had an awful expression on his face in response to Luke's presence, but that sentiment was subdued compared to what he actually felt inside.

If not for Luke Yeager, I wouldn't have lost the opportunity to work with Nightshire Group!

But with the way the situation had developed, he could only stomach it in view of making profit his priority.

Trevor broke off eye contact and smiled obsequiously. "I'm really sorry about what happened last time, Mr. Nightshire. Had it not been a matter of exceptional urgency, I wouldn't have dared stand you up!"

"What matter of exceptional urgency might that be, Mr. Larson? Based on my understanding, you were actually busy playing golf..." Vinson spoke with an ambiguous expression about him.

Trevor's face stiffened. How did he know that?

As Trevor was considering how to explain himself, Vinson continued, "Am I right to presume that the director of Greene Corporation is your sister?"

Trevor's mind was in a vacuum, but he braced himself and answered anyway. "Yes. She's indeed my sister, but we aren't exactly on the best of terms."

**“Is that so?” Vinson noted with a raised brow. “Then why is it that you had her ferry home as soon as Greene Corporation was in trouble?”**

**The color drained from Trevor’s face.**

**How is Vinson able to find out about something that I arranged in secret?  
How many pairs of eyes has he all over Horington?**

**Trevor wiped the clamminess off his own brow. “The situation’s like this. Even though we aren’t getting along, she’s still my sister... There’s no way I would allow her to languish on the streets. But if this isn’t to your liking, I can always have her thrown out of my house right away!”**

**Vinson said nothing and merely regarded Trevor intently as the latter gritted his teeth and picked up his phone to dial up the landline at his home.**

**“Pass down the word. See to it that she’s thrown out of the house immediately!”**

**He further added a few more instructions before he was done. Then he regarded Vinson fawningly. “Everything has been done according to your will, Mr. Nightshire. She’s already a married woman and has nothing more to do with me. Rest assured that I shan’t have any further contact with her either!”**

**“I didn’t tell you to do anything. This is what you’ve decided upon all on your own,” Vinson said with a scowl.**

**“Yes! Yes! Of course it is!” Trevor nodded his head vigorously. “You didn’t say anything, and this isn’t what you demanded. It is I who had her thrown out on my own accord.”**

**Vinson pursed his lips, and it sufficed as a response.**

Trevor fell into a prolonged silence before he exhaled. “About that... May I know if you asked to meet to discuss the matter of our collaboration, Mr. Nightshire?”

Unexpectedly, Vinson reacted to him with a look of bafflement. “Collaboration? What collaboration? Aren’t I already collaborating with Yeager Group?”

Trevor’s expression dimmed. He could not tell whether Vinson was trying to let off some steam by being spiteful, or he was genuinely not planning to work with him.

The wheels inside his head started spinning and in the end, he decidedly laughed along. “You’re surely jesting with me, Mr. Nightshire. Didn’t you ask me to come over for the purpose of discussing the matter of our business? I’ve plenty of building materials stocked up right here.”

As he spoke, Trevor waved his hand. “Bring them in!”

With that, several large trucks loaded with building materials drove into view.

“These are samples, all of them of top quality, for your consideration.”

When Vinson and Luke exchanged looks, Luke could hardly repress a grin.

At this moment...

## Chapter 1109 Playing Games

The horn of a ship suddenly blasted and when Vinson turned in its direction, a massive vessel with its deck loaded with containers was spotted leaning in toward the shore.

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In response to it, Luke remarked, “I’m afraid those trucks that I’ve brought along aren’t quite going to be enough for the job. I may have to go borrow a couple more.”

Trevor was still under the impression that it was his goods that the former was talking about. “You won’t have to trouble yourself. My company has trucks, lots of them. Just let us know when you need them, and I’ll have every bit of material sent over to you directly.”

“That’ll be too much trouble to ask of you. But we can’t wait, you see, as we’ll be needing those trucks right away,” Luke said with a laugh.

Trevor’s eyes fogged over. “Would your construction site be operating overnight? Are your workers going to work at this hour as well?”

Once more, Luke let out a boisterous hoot. “You seem to have misunderstood, Mr. Larson.”

“Whatever do you mean? Aren’t we going to transport my building materials to your worksite?” asked a befuddled Trevor.

“Not exactly.” Luke purposefully beat about the bush as he pointed toward the large shipping vessel that docked just in front of them. “You’re right to assume that we’d need your help with the logistics, but the materials that we’ll be transporting aren’t yours. It’s those over there.”

When Trevor lifted his eyes to look, he saw that it was an ocean liner emblazoned with the name of an Epean construction company that was coming in to dock.

**“T-This...”**

Having had his fun, Luke finally decided to drop the bomb on his counterpart. **“Don’t take me for a fool, Trevor Larson! You’ve intentionally bought out the stockpiles and construction materials producers to prevent me from completing my project. Bet you didn’t expect that Mr. Nightshire had no intentions to source materials locally right from the start. Hence, we’ve already had materials created with the most cutting-edge technology shipped from Epea. Not only are they turbulent-proof and flood-resistant, but they are also of excellent quality as well as affordable. As for you, expect to sink with your hoard!”**

**“W-What?”**

The thunderstruck Trevor’s face turned pallid.

Luke felt a rush of tremendous gratification inside and continued to rub it into Trevor’s face. **“Didn’t you say you wanted to lend us some trucks, Mr. Larson? Now you can. Lunch’s on me next time, eh?”** he said while he patted Trevor on the back.

In shock and outrage, Trevor swatted Luke’s hand out of the way and strode right for Vinson. But before he could get close enough, he found himself intercepted by Vinson’s bodyguards.

Unable to advance any further, he could only holler at the top of his lungs. **“Vinson Nightshire! Are you going to pull this on me after you’ve accepted my gift? You’re toying with me on purpose, aren’t you?”**

At this moment, Trevor had completely forgotten about how much he actually dreaded Vinson. His head was in flux as though he had been buzzing in his ear.

Vinson met Trevor's eyes with his own frigid gaze. All he saw in the latter was the fruitless struggle of a roach.

“You?”

He repeated what Trevor said until he lowered his gaze into a cackle.

“It's kind of refreshing to learn how every Tom, Dick, and Harry now seem to believe that they could dictate terms to me.”

He tilted his chin, and his discerning bodyguard went on to kick Trevor's shin with force.

Trevor yelped in pain, and his legs gave way underneath, causing him to fall to his knees before Vinson.

Vinson strode forward and loomed over him.

“Standing me up and trying to play games with me? Do you think that the Greenes still run Horington? Wouldn't you like to know what kind of hellhole Mr. Greene is in right now?”



## Chapter 1110 No Match For Vinson

**“You...” Before Trevor could complete his sentence, a bodyguard swung his hand across his cheek. “Listen to Mr. Nightshire when he’s talking!”**

**Trevor’s face instantly turned numb.**

**The resentment on his face was instantly replaced by a sudden surge of overwhelming fear.**

**He wiped away sweat droplets and bowed before Vinson.**

**“It’s all my fault, Mr. Nightshire. I shouldn’t have tricked you. It was the Greenes who forced me to do this in the first place. You should know that no one in Horington dared to challenge them in the past. Had I not followed their instructions, I would have had a hard time surviving in this city.” Trevor came clean and begged for forgiveness.**

**There was no point hiding the truth from Vinson, as he knew Vinson was aware of it. Admitting his mistake might be his only chance of survival.**

**Yet, Vinson remained silent and did not react to the things he said.**

**Instead, Rayson let out a cold snort and said, “And you thought you could survive after offending our CEO?”**

**“I’m sorry. It’s all my fault!” Trevor bowed. “Please forgive me. I promise I’ll not succumb to threats and play tricks on you anymore!”**

**Vinson raised his brows. “And?”**

**“And...” Trevor swallowed the saliva lodged in his throat. “I’ll sell you the materials in my warehouse below the market price. What do you think?”**

**At this point, Trevor knew he had to do this to beg Vinson to let him off instead of extorting money from him.**

**Vinson lowered his eyes and responded with a faint smile.**

**After taking a glance at the cruise that was approaching, he said, “I would have given you a chance had you made your offer earlier. But it’s too late now.”**

**Trevor’s pupil constricted.**

**Is he trying to get rid of me?**

**“You can’t do this to me, Mr. Nightshire! How can I survive if you don’t buy my material? My company will be in deep trouble! Please, I beg you. I’ll do anything if you buy my material!” Trevor pleaded. “You can kick me and punch me if you’re mad at me. I can capture my sister and torture her too! She’s the mastermind. You can’t put the blame on me alone!”**

**Vinson scoffed, “You’re blaming your sister now? I’ve thought too highly of you, Trevor. You’re nothing but a piece of trash.”**

**“No, Mr. Nightshire. I—”**

**Vinson rubbed his ear. “I can’t stand his voice anymore. Take him away.”**

**“Yes, Sir!” The bodyguards dragged Trevor away from the wharf.**

**Trevor shrieked like a lunatic as they dragged him away from Vinson.**

**He finally realized how stupid he was.**

**Oh, God. What have I done? Why did I go against Vinson just because of those benefits?**

**Vinson is an influential figure in Chanaea and is also the captain of the Specialized Forces. Who am I to challenge him?**

**It's clear that I'm no match for Vinson! It's all over. I'm doomed!**

**Luke could help but shake his head as he watched the bodyguards take Trevor away.**

**Sometimes, making a grave mistake can destroy a person's life, and not everyone deserves a second chance to start afresh.**

**"Why are you in a daze?" Vinson looked at Luke. "Get moving!"**

**"All right!" Luke came to his senses and immediately instructed his subordinate to activate the crane.**