

Chapter 356

Chapter 356 The Upper-Class Family

"Shit!"

Even without putting the phone on speaker, I could hear Aaron's angry curse.

Cinder hung up the phone and sat back on the sofa with a thud.

"Who is Jeff?" Tracy's question broke the tense atmosphere in the room. Cinder was too busy

searching her contacts and didn't answer, so I explained, "He is my ex-boyfriend's father."

Then I looked at Cinder and asked, "Did you contact his dad?"

"Of course," Cinder answered without looking up. "He broke the rules first. He used my dad to

force me to meet him. How could I still obediently follow the rules?"

She sneered, "His dad is scarier than mine. I guess Aaron will stop the madness for a while now."

"Who is Aaron?" Tracy quietly asked Vivian beside her.

"My ex," I answered on behalf of Vivian.

Less than three minutes later, Cinder's phone rang again.

"Is the system back up?" She reclined on the sofa, crossed her legs arrogantly, and looked like a

queen. "Record all the losses incurred, and hand it to the office of the president of Morris Group. Let

Aaron personally get the bill from his old man."

After hanging up the phone, Cinder took a deep breath, and her expression quickly changed from murderous to joyful.

"Feeling better now?" I had gotten used to her mood swings.

"No one in this world can mess with and get away with it! I will make them pay a painful price!" Cinder

proudly exclaimed, like a peacock flaunting its plumage.

Then she turned to me and said, "And no one can mess with you either."

"Why did the music stop? Keep it going! Now that the trash has been cleared let's party!" Cinder got up and restarted the music. The energetic melody once again filled the spacious room.

I poured myself another cup of cocoa, and Mike prepared a medium steak and brought it to me.

"You should open a restaurant!" I took a bite, and my mouth was instantly filled with meat juices.

The tantalizing aroma of rosemary mixed with the buttery scent continuously stimulated the saliva in my mouth.

"Really?" Mike laughed heartily, "My dad is a chef. I learned all this from him."

"Tell me the name of the restaurant. Once my legs are better, I will go there to taste it myself.

Seriously, your steak is more delicious than the ones I've had at Michelin-starred restaurants." I

couldn't remember the last time I had such a good appetite. This young man's cooking skills were truly remarkable.

I turned and winked at Tracy, "How I envy you. You get to enjoy master-level delicacies every day."

"He doesn't cook for me every day!" Tracy growled like an irritated cat.

Everyone burst into laughter again.

"Is it that good?" Cinder, still skeptical, came over and tried a piece. Then, she gave a thumbs-up and nodded repeatedly. Her mouth was full, and she couldn't even say a word.

After swallowing the steak, she finally exclaimed dramatically.

"What's your major?"

"Information technology."

"You should go to an international culinary school. You can become the next Wolfgang Puck!"

I was shocked. Cinder was famous for being picky about food. If even she could praise Mike's steak so much, it must be incredibly delicious!

"Really? I can get a part-time job during the second half of the year." Mike seemed unfazed, working on the skewers at the barbecue grill happily. It seemed like he hadn't taken Cinder's words too seriously.

However, they didn't know Cinder well enough, perhaps thinking she was exaggerating and showing support.

Just as I was about to explain, Vivian eagerly brought a piece of lamb chop grilled by Eden and placed it in front of Cinder.

"My boyfriend Eden made it. Would you like to try some?"

Cinder glanced at the lamb chop with a dark charred rim, and her expression immediately changed.

I burst into laughter—the answer was already apparent.

"Eden, what's your major?"

"Special Education."

"Good thing you're only dealing with the psychological aspect of special children. Their digestive systems can't handle your work."

Everyone burst into laughter again.

The conversation shifted to their majors; Vivian and Tracy each mentioned theirs.

"Olive is in the biomedical field, so what about you, Cinder?" Tracy asked enthusiastically.

"I have a dual degree master's in landscape design and financial management."

"She was a genius who achieved a perfect GPA in both majors," I proudly added.

As expected, everyone gasped in surprise.

"Why did you choose two completely unrelated majors? Was it out of passion for the former and

family requirements for the latter?" Tracy continued to inquire. "No, I'm passionate about both." Cinder immediately denied, "Given the status of my family, whether I study financial management or not doesn't matter. My dad has already cultivated a group of experts in that field. Whether or not I inherited the family business, our wealth will continue growing." "Damn upper-class society," I couldn't help but scoff. "Oh, sweetie, you're also a part of the upper-class society now. Don't criticize yourself," Cinder playfully lifted my chin with her finger. "In this world, other than you, who can make the heirs of the Swann and Morris families fight each other, even going so far as to make a scene in front of their parents?"

I wanted to retort, but I couldn't find the right words. So, Cinder, with the air of a victor, once again danced to the music. After two glasses of red wine, she started to feel a bit tipsy.

"I am the winner!" She stood on the sofa, arms wide open, shouting, "Aaron Morris, who do you think you are? Messing with me? Your dad is gonna teach you a good lesson!"

I quickly asked Mike and Eden to watch Cinder in case she suddenly lost her balance and fell.

Sitting beside me, Tracy chimed in, a little tipsy herself, "Why is Cinder so confident? Aaron doesn't seem like the obedient type who would listen to his father."

"To be honest, I'm not quite sure."

My knowledge of Aaron's father, Jeff Morris, was limited to his name and that he was an extremely tough and cold-blooded genius in the business world. Under his leadership, the Morris Group had grown to its current scale.

"How do you know what kind of person Aaron is?" Cinder jumped off the sofa and approached Tracy, scrutinizing her with a drunk gaze.

"I often see tabloid news about him online." I was the only sober one, and Tracy's response reminded me of a harsh truth.

Indeed, Aaron used to be someone frequently featured in tabloid news.

"You don't understand," Cinder said, "any heir of a family like ours, no matter how rebellious they may be-for example, Aaron is a playboy, and I want to be a landscape designer- there's one bottom line they must never cross: never engage in anything that tarnishes the family image."

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