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Everyone sat in the living room drinking tea, but Tate and Minerva went up, down, and all around the house a few times. This was the first time they had seen such a mansion and it was truly an eye-opening experience for them. Thus, they took photographs everywhere—on the balcony, by the swimming pool, in the rooms both upstairs and downstairs, and even in the two cars outside.

After that, they showed off on Instagram once again. The previous time they did so, they received countless likes and comments. The comments section was uniformly filled with various sentiments of envy and admiration.

There were even quite a few rich young men on Minerva's Instagram who began to show interest in her. Similarly, plenty of young women on Tate's Instagram boldly private messaged him and asked him out on dates. All in all, the circumstances were great for their vanity.

Now, they stunned their friends once again with their Instagram posts. The pictures of the luxurious pool and villa caused their social status to rise even further. It got to the point where even Jonah's boss' daughter, Lucia, liked their posts, making them ecstatic.

After the people inside the house chatted for a while, Helen realized it was getting late so she asked, "Chloe, would you like Matthew to send your family back to the hotel? You can stay here tonight so that we have more time together."

At this moment, Tate and Minerva happened to enter the house.

Immediately, Minerva commented, "There's no need, Aunt Helen. You haven't seen my mom in so long and you do indeed need to spend more time with her. How about we all stay here

tonight? After all, we're family. We should really spend more time together and get to know each other better."

Upon hearing that, Jonah nodded repeatedly. Originally, he was quite satisfied with his four-star hotel, but that felt like trash now that he had seen the villa. Presently, he was no longer willing to go and stay at any hotel.

For her part, Helen was overjoyed. "Oh-that's great! Come on, now. I have rooms prepared for you, and you can all go ahead and get some rest."

And so, Tate and Minerva happily followed her upstairs and each claimed a room for themselves. Meanwhile, Jonah went to a guest bedroom on the third floor.

The villa had a great number of rooms, and each room was large as well as being comfortably and extravagantly decorated. No matter which room they stayed in, it was better than having to stay at a five-star hotel. By now, Tate and Minerva had long forgotten their complaints earlier tonight and they no longer wished to leave.

On the other hand, Demi and Sasha were contemptuous of the change in plans. Ever since this family returned, they had acted incredibly proud, as if they were superior for having lived overseas. Yet, they ate like ravenous beasts who were starved. And then, they even brought the wine bottles home. Even after that, they complained about wanting to stay at a hotel but wouldn't leave now that they had seen the villa. What a truly shameless family!

Yet, Demi and Sasha couldn't say anything as Chloe was their aunt. Since Chloe and Helen had the best of relationships, Helen would be furious if they chased the former's family out of the house.

With nothing else to do, Tate and Minerva spent all night messaging their friends.

Early the next morning, Minerva directly went to knock on the door of Matthew and Sasha's room. Blearily, Sasha got up and opened the door. "Oh, did you need something at such an early hour?"

Minerva asked excitedly, "Do you have a swimsuit, Sasha? Can you lend me one? I want to go swimming!"

For a moment, Sasha gaped at her. This was the first time she met someone wanting to borrow a swimming costume. How could such an intimate piece of apparel be loaned out?

"Uh... you're going swimming at this hour?"

"Of course! My friends must be having lunch at this moment and if I post a story now, they'll be able to see it. Besides, the swimming pool is so big. It'd be a waste not to use it!"

Suddenly, it dawned on Sasha that the request was only because Minerva wanted to show off.

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Now, it wasn't as if Sasha didn't have a swimming costume, but how could she lend something like that to someone else?

Hence, she answered politely, "I'm sorry but I don't have a swimsuit as I rarely swim. How about I have someone bring you a suit?"

Even though she disliked Minerva, Chloe had treated Sasha well when she was a child and she could not forget that kindness.

However, Minerva anxiously protested, "Are you serious? You have such a big swimming pool at home but no swimsuit? How backward you locals are. You don't know how to enjoy life at all!"

Out of respect for her aunt, Sasha gritted her teeth but didn't retort.

After grumbling for a while, Minerva waved her hand. "Fine; have someone bring me a suit. But you must hurry or my friends will be going back to work or class, and then they won't be able to see my story. They'll be very disappointed if they don't see me!"

Exasperated, Sasha could only call her secretary and have her secretary fetch her a swimsuit.

As if that wasn't bad enough, Minerva added the moment she made the call, "By the way, please let the person know that my swimsuit can't be too poor in quality as my skin is sensitive. If the fabric scratches my skin, I might develop rashes!"

Goodness—you're impossible to wait on! thought the exasperated Sasha.

Twenty minutes later, a Porsche drove up to the gates of the villa.

After exiting the car, Sasha's secretary handed a bag to her and said, "Here's the swimsuit you requested for, President Cunningham. You didn't happen to mention the brand you were looking for, so I took the initiative to get you one from Chanel. If you find it uncomfortable to wear, I can help you switch to a different brand."

This secretary of hers was quite a thoughtful and attentive one.

Since she thought Sasha wanted the swimsuit for herself, she took special care while selecting it.

Sasha smiled and answered, "This will do. I'm so sorry for bothering you so early in the morning!"

Flustered, the secretary replied, "Oh—it's not a problem at all, President Cunningham. If there's nothing else you need, I'll take my leave."

Upon hearing that, Sasha nodded.

With that, the secretary got back into the Porsche and left.

At this moment, Tate and Minerva were sitting in the courtyard and saw everything.

Immediately after the secretary left, Minerva ran over and questioned, "Is that your friend, Sasha? She has a Porsche! That's so cool! Is her family rich?"

Demi happened to reach the gate in time for this conversation and she sneered, "What do you mean 'friend'? That's my sister's secretary!"

Wide-eyed, Minerva repeated, "Secretary?"

"Yes; my sister's personal secretary," Demi elaborated. "She's responsible for helping Sasha manage her day-to-day business."

Also stunned, Tate called out, "What do you work as, Sasha? Why do you have a personal secretary?"

Upon hearing that, Demi proudly announced, "She's the president of Cunningham Pharmaceuticals! She's in charge of the whole company, so of course she has a personal secretary. How could she not?"

Just like that, Tate and Minerva were struck silent.

Indeed, from the previous night till now, they hadn't managed to ask a single question about Sasha or the rest of her family.

In truth, while they were still overseas, Chloe had told them more than once about Helen's family being poor.

Thus, they subconsciously thought of the Cunningham Family as destitute relatives who tried to take advantage of others at all times.

If it weren't for Chloe's sake, they wouldn't have attended the so-called family gathering upon their return to the country and because they found these poor relatives too shameful, they hadn't bothered to ask about how the family was doing now.

Naturally, that meant they were completely caught off-guard.

Presently, Minerva gaped at Sasha and the former asked, "Is that true, Sasha? Are you really the president of a company? I-Is your company large?

However, Demi interrupted with a snort, "What? Did you think I was lying? Her secretary drives a Porsche. Does that sound like a small company to you?"

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Once again, Tate and Minerva were utterly stunned.

After all, the secretary had indeed arrived in a Porsche so clearly, the company wasn't a small one.

Since she wasn't particularly feeling the need to explain herself to them, Sasha simply handed the bag to Minerva. "Here's the swimsuit you wanted."

It was only then that Minerva realized the swimsuit that Sasha handed over came in a Chanel bag.

Naturally, she couldn't help but shriek, "Wait—are you serious? Is this truly Chanel? It isn't a fake, is it, Sasha?"

Upon hearing that, Sasha waved her hand impatiently. "I don't know. The secretary bought it and you can wear it for now."

Jubilantly, Minerva pulled the swimsuit out of the bag.

After studying it all over and being unable to determine whether it was genuine or counterfeit, she anxiously called out, "Come here, Tate! You used to work in luxury stores. Tell me if this is real or a fake!"

Tate then walked over and he studied it closely before exclaiming in shock, "It's real. Look at the logo and the workmanship. It's most definitely genuine."

Nearly leaping with joy, Minerva exclaimed, "It's so nice of you to get me a Chanel swimsuit, Sasha! It must have cost a ton. You have to hold it up for me, Tate. I need to take a picture and post it on Instagram!"

Seeing as she was no longer needed, Sasha ignored them and went back into the house to get ready for work.

Not long after that, she and Matthew left together.

Since Tate and Minerva had nothing else to do, they spent hours by the pool busying themselves with taking all sorts of photographs and uploading all sorts of posts.

Luckily, their efforts were fruitful.

Upon seeing the spacious private pool and the Chanel swimsuit, their overseas friends were amazed and once again, Tate and Minerva were complimented to their hearts' content.

It wasn't until after 10 AM that they stopped.

Since Jonah had brought Chloe along to report for work, their children used the opportunity to seek out the chatting James and Helen.

"We'd like to go out for a spin, Aunt Helen. Can we borrow that car of yours?" Minerva asked cheerfully.

The question made James frown.

The vehicle they were referring to was the Mercedes-Benz G-Class he was driving.

He loved it to pieces and was not at all willing to lend it to outsiders.

Nevertheless, while Helen felt similar reservations, she was embarrassed to say no to her own niece and nephew. Thus, she asked in a low voice, "Do... Do either of you have a driver's license?"

Immediately, Tate answered, "Of course! I got mine two years ago."

"I don't mean a foreign driver's license," Helen replied. "I mean a domestic one."

After pausing for a moment, Tate asked, "What's the difference?"

"A foreign license can't be used here," James commented firmly.

"What?" Tate asked anxiously. "Why not? If it can be used abroad, why can't it be used here? That makes no sense. Don't forget—the technology for manufacturing the Mercedes-Benz comes from overseas so it's not like I'm unfamiliar with it. Besides, do you know how strict the testing for my driver's license was? If I could get a license there, why can't I use it here?"

Upon hearing that, James pointed out incredulously, "It isn't a matter of the manufacturing process or the strictness of the driving test. The problem is that we have different driving habits. We drive on the right side of the road here, while you drive on the left side of the road. Do you think that's the same thing?"

"What kind of driving habit is that?" Tate mumbled. "I've never seen someone drive on the right side of the road!"

Feeling rather irritated at this point, James snapped, "Well, when in Rome, do as the Romans do! That's how we drive here and our laws are designed to abide by those habits. Do you have a problem with that?"

Waving his hand, Tate sighed in resignation. "Fine, fine; I get it. I'll just be careful to drive on the right side of the road. Can you give me the keys now? I swear, you nag so much just because I want to borrow a car. What now? Are you afraid I'll crash it?"

James could only gawk at him, stunned. How is it that Tate still fails to understand the point? It's like talking to a brick wall!

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Fed up, James exclaimed, "Goodness—it isn't a matter of whether I lend you the car! How... How can I possibly let you drive if you don't have a domestic license?"

Tate was rather annoyed as well and he snapped, "I told you that I have a license. If it bothers you so much, I'll drive on the right side of the road. Happy?"

By this point, James felt like his blood was boiling in his veins. This was the first time he met someone so annoyingly bad at getting the point.

"I thought I made it very clear that your foreign license can't be used here! It doesn't matter which side of the road you drive on. If you drive now, you're still driving without a license. Do you understand?"

Indignantly, Tate shot back, "What do you mean, 'driving without a license'? What do you think my foreign license is?"

James was about to blow a gasket and he simply glared at them without saying a word.

Quickly, Helen stepped in. "Tate, Minerva, it's simply that the government here is very strict about road safety rules. How about this—you tell us where you want to go and I'll have Liam take you there!"

Of course, Tate and Minerva exchanged a reluctant glance.

The reason they wanted to take the vehicle out for a spin was to show off. How could they show off with Liam driving?

"Hmph! If you don't want to lend it to me, fine! Do you think I f*cking care?" With that, Tate stomped off angrily.

Upon hearing that, James yelled angrily after him, "Must you talk like that? Of course I'd lend you the car if you had a driver's license, but how can I let you drive when you don't?"

"Alright, alright," Helen hurried to stop him. "That's enough. You have to be more understanding, okay? They don't know how it is here because they grew up overseas."

"Am I not being understanding enough?" James questioned incredulously. "Look at how they speak and behave! Do they think they're fantastic for having been overseas? Their father is still just a managing director now that they're back! They could earn, what, a million or two a year? Five, at most! We earn more than that in a month. What do they have to be so smug about?"

Mortified, Helen protested, "Stop it, James. Don't you remember how much Chloe helped us? It's the least we could do to humor them. Besides, they only behave like that because they've spent too much time overseas. Once they get used to how things are here, they won't be like this anymore!"

"Let me tell you something—if it weren't for the fact that Chloe helped us, I wouldn't be so patient with them." James sighed in frustration. "Fine, you can wait on them but I'm not going to be bothered with them anymore!"

With that, he stormed out of the villa, feeling like he could no longer tolerate this family.

Feeling helpless, Helen could only stay home to watch the two children.

Unfortunately, Tate and Minerva had no respect for other people's homes and they proceeded to explore every room in the house and turn the rooms upside down.

After managing to find James' Rolex watch, Tate even put it on and took pictures in various poses, once again showing off.

It was a good thing Helen found out in time and hurriedly returned the Rolex to its place; otherwise, James would undoubtedly go crazy upon finding out.

Since they couldn't stand Chloe's family, Matthew and Sasha didn't go home for lunch.

Moreover, they even made plans to eat dinner outside.

Unfortunately, Helen called them right as they were meeting up after work.

"Sasha, you and Matthew need to come home immediately after work. Your uncle's onboarding paperwork is done and they're treating us to dinner tonight."

Upon hearing that, Sasha groaned helplessly. "Dinner again, Mom? We just ate together last night! Can't Matthew and I skip the dinner? We're busy."

"Of course not!" Helen answered immediately. "You must come back! Your aunt called us personally so you can't embarrass her by not showing up!"

Since Sasha had nothing to say to that, she could only go home with Matthew.

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When Matthew and Sasha reached home, Chloe and Jonah were already seated in the living room.

Both of them were smiling breezily and they looked very pleased.

There was even a BMW SUV parked outside.

With a proud expression, Chloe told them, "Jonah's boss values him a lot. As soon as we went over today, he received this BMW as a loan. The car's not great but it's better than nothing."

Quickly, Helen nodded in agreement. "It's not bad! It speaks to your abilities, Jonah; otherwise, why would your boss give you a car?"

On the other hand, Jonah looked a little embarrassed.

The truth was, he hadn't been given the vehicle because the boss valued him—it was because of Leanna.

The moment he went to report for work today, Lucia called him over and asked about his relationship with Leanna.

Being a clever man, he immediately told her his niece was close friends with Leanna and had a very good relationship with her.

The moment Lucia heard that, she gave him the vehicle and even had him promoted.

Her main reason for doing so was that Creative Cloud Group's project was related to the life or death of their company.

Thus, Jonah's BMW had nothing to do with his own abilities—instead, it depended on Matthew's connections.

Of course, no one here knew that.

So, Tate and Minerva were extremely pleased and once again, they were taking a ton of photographs to show off on Instagram.

Matthew and Sasha, on the other hand, were speechless as they looked on.

What kind of lives did they live while overseas? they wondered.

"Alright. Since Sasha is home, let's go out to eat. You arranged for dinner last night so let me arrange for dinner tonight! I'll take you to a place you have never been before," Jonah announced mysteriously.

Taken aback, Demi asked, "Oh? What is this mysterious place?"

Smiling, Jonah replied, "It's a fantastical place. My boss has told me that only a handful of people in the entirety of Eastcliff would be able to enter this place. I am also allowed to enter only because my boss gave me a membership card. Moreover, the membership card is different from your membership card from last night. You only need to spend 500,000 to get a membership card at The Court Parlour, but even if you spent 500,000 tonight, you wouldn't be able to get a membership card at the place we're going to!"

Everyone in the room was taken aback. Was there such a place in Eastcliff?

Eagerly, Minerva chirped, "Wow, Dad, this place must be even more high-end than The Court Parlour! Your boss must have chosen a good spot. Ha! We'll be able to blow everyone's minds tonight!"

Next to her, Tate agreed with a nod. "Yes; since you treated us to dinner last night, Aunt Helen, we'll be treating you tonight. You might think you know every place in Eastcliff, but there are some places you wouldn't be able to enter even if you wanted to!"

Disgruntled, James averted his gaze and ignored them.

Nevertheless, Jonah continued with a happy smile, "Alright, let's go. Just follow my car and I'll lead you there!"

Once again, Matthew and Sasha exchanged looks. In all honesty, they truly didn't want to attend this dinner as the proud attitude of this family repulsed them.

However, there was no way they could make their excuses now.

Thus, the Cunningham Family followed behind the Campbell Family in two cars, allowing Jonah to lead the way.

Realizing that something was odd after a while, Matthew spoke up. "Hey, isn't this the road to the Shanghai Nights restaurant?"

Similarly confused, Sasha replied, "It seems to be. The place they're talking about can't be that, can it?"

As he scratched his head, he suddenly thought of something.

Indeed, the Shanghai Nights membership cards weren't obtained using money.

One had to be of certain social status to get a membership there, and the requirements matched the conditions Jonah was talking about.

Did that mean his 'mysterious place' was the Shanghai Nights restaurant all along?

That was simply too hilarious!