

Chapter 13

Isabelle glared at her. “You dare steal my necklace but didn’t dare to admit it?” Her diamond necklace was gone after she came out of the washroom. She became suspicious of Natalie when she heard someone saying the latter had gone into the washroom after her.

It was unlikely that those from the circle of J City’s high society would steal from her since they were acquainted with one another. Thus, she was more than certain of her suspicions upon seeing Natalie’s face, which didn’t seem to ring a bell with her.

Steal her necklace? Natalie was left scratching her head at the accusation. With a polite smile, she asked, “Miss, is there a misunderstanding?”

The smile on her face further roused Isabelle’s anger.

Right then, someone from the crowd reminded, “Ms. Moore, don’t waste your breath on her. You should check her purse instead.”

Natalie instinctively hid her purse behind her when Isabelle tried to snatch it from her. As she raised her head, she suddenly caught sight of Jasmine standing behind the crowd, staring at her with a wicked smile on her face. At that instant, it hit her that Jasmine had tampered with her purse. She never expected that Jasmine would make use of the Moores to kick her out of the banquet.

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why she’s hiding her

her voice and yelled,

event was put on hold. In an instant, Natalie became the center of attention when everyone turned around

Moore, isn't this your necklace?" The socialite exclaimed while holding

framed her, still,

red-handed, she put the heat on her to confess, "What else do you have

composed as she straightened up and asked, "Would you believe me if I

was slightly bewildered, and she paused for a second. It was beyond her expectation for a

is a thief who sneaks in to steal!" Hiding behind the crowd, Jasmine started to fan

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before. Does anyone of you know who

"I have no idea."

"Me neither."

Everyone started voicing their suspicions following Jasmine's remarks.

Natalie knew she would end up in the Moores's bad books if she couldn't come up with a reasonable explanation. Not only that, but she was also afraid it might affect her mentor's relationship with Alfred.

However, since this private banquet hall was not equipped with a surveillance camera, it was not an easy feat for her to find evidence to clear her name.

Just as Natalie was racking her brain, a deep voice suddenly rang out. "What's the hustle?"

Everyone, including Natalie, turned around to find a man in his sapphire blue haute couture suit, which complemented his near-perfect physique. The man had a distinguished air with him.

Natalie was slightly taken aback when she caught sight of his familiar face. It's him?