

176 Press Conference, Part II

The room finally fell silent in the wake of Liam's statement. Eyes darted from Liam to Vanessa, then back again, trying to gauge the truth of the situation. 1

Vanessa's face grew steadily paler, the color draining as if someone had pulled a plug, leaving her hollow and ghostly.

Her composure, previously strong and steady, now trembled on the edge of collapse. The room felt thick with tension, the air buzzing with the anticipation of a crowd hungry for more.

The same reporter, seizing the opportunity, jumped in with another question. "Mr. Bennett, how are you so sure it was Vanessa Bennett who spread the false rumor? Do you have any evidence to support your statement?"

Liam nodded with calm assurance. "More than just evidence," he replied, "I have witnesses who can confirm that the gossip is false as well as identify the source of it in the first place."

A collective gasp rippled through the crowd. Reporters exchanged excited glances, the murmurs rising to a crescendo as they



processed Liam's bold statement.

Vanessa kept her gaze fixed on the table, her fists clenched tightly on her knees. She was trembling, but she held on to a shred of confidence, convinced that Liam couldn't possibly have any proof.

But then the door to the conference room opened, and Angelina Castillo, accompanied by Elizabeth Radcliffe, strode in confidently, heading toward their designated seats behind the conference table. 1

Vanessa's eyes widened, and for the first time today, true worry crept into her features. Seeing Angelina there sent a chill down her spine. She had underestimated Amelie, and now she realized her mistake.

Liam nodded at Angelina, signaling for her to speak. "Miss Castillo was one of the witnesses to that unfortunate incident. She can confirm that what Mrs. Vanessa Bennett claimed is not true."

Angelina shot Vanessa a brief, cold look before turning to face the reporters. She began strongly,

"The night Mrs. Vanessa Bennett claims that Mr. Bennett tried to sexually assault her, I was her

guest at the Bennett residence. She was quite upset after the death of Mr. Oscar Bennett and wanted to share a few drinks with someone. It is well-known to the public that I am her friend, so obviously, I couldn't turn down her invitation.

We spent a few hours drinking wine in the living room, and when we noticed that it was already past midnight, I helped Vanessa get to her room because she was quite drunk, and once I made sure she was alright, I left. I can assure you that she went to bed alone that night; Mr. Bennett was not even home when she fell asleep. There are several maids that can confirm my words as well because they served us wine." 1

The reporters exchanged glances, the whispers growing louder as they digested Angelina's account. Vanessa's glare was fixed on Angelina, her eyes sharp with cold fury. She knew now that her plan had crumbled, and the realization was like ice in her veins.

'Stare as much as you want, Vanessa,' Angelina thought, keeping her expression neutral but still smiling cunningly. 'I won't let you win this game. I know what you've been up to, trying to use Ted against me to gain favor with my brother. But your greed ends here. Today, you will be



destroyed completely. This truly ends today.'

Another reporter turned to Liam with a question, cutting through the tension. "Mr. Bennett, one of the rumors also states that you came to your sister-in-law's room while you were sleepwalking. How will you comment on that?"

Liam hesitated, a frown creasing his brow.

He had been dreading this question, not wanting to expose his vulnerability to the public. But his reputation, and Amelie's, were now at stake. He couldn't afford to hold back.

Assuming a serious expression, he finally spoke. "It's true. I do suffer from sleepwalking from time to time. My condition is usually triggered by stress, and as you all know, back then, I was still dealing with the tragic loss of my grandfather. I did sleepwalk later that night, but I never reached Vanessa's bedroom. And I have another witness to prove it."

Liam turned to Einar, who nodded back at him before addressing the reporters as well.

"Mr. and Mrs. Bennett were gracious enough to offer me a stay in their mansion, and I've been their guest there for a couple of weeks now.



That night, I indeed stumbled upon Mr. Bennett sleepwalking in the hallway of their mansion, but I caught him just in time and helped him return back to his bedroom. As an impartial person in this matter, I see no need to lie about this."

Despite his statement, Einar still lied. But it did not matter anymore.

The mood in the conference room shifted again, eyes snapping back to Vanessa. She was now as white as a sheet, tears welling up in her eyes.

Respected witnesses, one after another, had dismantled her lies. It was clear she was caught. But there was still one piece left to confirm.

The first reporter, not missing a beat, addressed Liam once more.

"Mr. Bennett, you did mention at the beginning that the person who spread the rumors about your wife's infertility and your sexual assault was Mrs. Vanessa Bennett herself. While we can all agree that she indeed lied about the second part of the gossip, how can we be sure that it was her who was behind the original rumor?"

Without hesitation, Elizabeth tapped on the microphone in front of her, smiling as she spoke.



"The original gossip was posted on a closed gossip feed accessible only to selected members of high society. We have tracked down the contacts of the original poster and identified that the ID belonged to Vanessa Bennett."

A skeptical reporter, determined to find a flaw, asked, "But how do you know about that?"

Elizabeth's smile widened even more. "I know all about the gossip feed because I am the one who owns it." 4

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