

## **Million-Dollar 211**

### Chapter 211

The news that Arabella was pregnant and hoping to pin it on Percival had barely made its way to

Rivenwood this morning when he stormed into Baron's nursing home to give him a piece of his mind.

Surprisingly, by the afternoon he was slapped in the face by his own grandson, Paul's actions.

His grandson had impregnated someone else's granddaughter and caused such a fuss.

Baron, who had been on the receiving end of Richard's wrath for a while, took this opportunity to storm

into the Ellington family home and give Richard a good tongue-lashing, venting all his pent-up anger at

once.

Richard, who had been strutting around in front of Baron for a while, suddenly had to grovel and

apologize to him. He was so furious that he couldn't even eat his dinner and called Percival to

complain.

Percival, while on the phone, still had the presence of mind to help Vivienne remove the rose petals

stuck in her hair.

"Grandpa, why don't you ask Baron why his granddaughter wants to pin it on me if she is carrying my

cousin's child? Is she trying to drive a wedge between us Ellingtons?"

"Right!" Richard snapped back to reality. "This is clearly his granddaughter stirring up trouble. If the child is my grandson's, just say it! We won't shirk our responsibilities. Why is she trying to pin it on you? I need to give them a piece of my mind!"

With that, he quickly hung up the phone. It was clear that his anger had gotten the best of him. He usually asked after Vivienne but had forgotten to do so today.

"So, Arabella is going to become your sister-in-law?" Vivienne arched her eyebrow curiously.

Dorian and Cordelia at the door exchanged glances, and both frowned with displeasure.

If Arabella really did marry Percival's cousin, wouldn't Vivienne, once she married into the Ellingtons, become Arabella's sister-in-law?

They were currently harboring ill feelings towards Arabella and would rather avoid her. Naturally, they didn't want Vivienne to have to deal with her on a daily basis either.

Percival helped Vivienne pick up the scattered carnations and placed the Juliet rose in the vase by her bedside. "It's not easy to enter the Ellington family."

Percival doesn't want Arabella to disgust Vivienne; otherwise, he would just go with Paul and not care

at all.

Nothing was more important to him than his Vivienne.

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Pendleton Hospital.

Calista had come to Havenwood specifically to treat Tristan's injury, so she wasn't treating other patients.

However, her reputation was so great that other doctors frequently came to her for advice on various difficult cases.

Even professors from Havenwood Medical University rushed over to exchange medical insights with her.

So, as Ashley sat with Calista, Calista's office bustled with visitors. Ashley could only sit and watch Calista converse with a group of doctors using terms she didn't understand.

When her phone rang, she picked it up. Whatever she just heard made her raise an eyebrow.

The Ellingtons moved quickly. The news of the wedding had already been released.

Now, the netizens who had been slandering Arabella on Twitter had found out that the child in

Arabella's belly belonged to Paul.

Paul may not be as sharp as Percival, but he was handsome and came from a good background. He was considered a good catch in the eyes of the public.

So, the comment section, which was originally full of insults, was now filled with envy, jealousy, and hatred towards Arabella.

Ashley, with a cold smile in her eyes, immediately contacted several online trolls.

Within ten minutes, different accounts began to appear online, weighing in on the Arabella discussions.

Many of the comments were voicing their suspicions about all of this. "If the child is Paul's, why did

Arabella try to pin it on Percival in the first place?"

"Slept with the older brother and wants the younger brother to take responsibility? This girl is so young and yet so calculating. She's quite something."

Ashley put away her phone as satisfaction beamed on her face. Since Calista was too busy to pay her any attention, she simply got up to leave, having done her duty.

Calista merely nodded at her and didn't see her off, turning back to continue discussing cases with the

professor from Havenwood Medical University.

As Ashley exited, she passed Tristan's room. She considered going in to say hello but decided against it given their mutual dislike.

Even if she went in to mock Arabella's scandal, Tristan would still side with Arabella and might even help her retaliate later.

Poor Tristan. He was crippled for a woman who hardly bothered to visit him.

While she was hesitating, a sexy woman passed by her while on the phone. "Hey, why did you suddenly think of me?"

"What? A threesome?"

"But I saw on the news that you're getting married. Aren't you afraid your wife will get jealous?"

Ashley paused, turning to watch the woman's seductive figure, before following with a smile.

Hawthorn Mansion.

By the time Ashley returned to the Hawthorn Mansion, it was already quite late.

As soon as she stepped through the door, the housemaid, Cassie, approached her, asking if she'd had dinner yet. She shook her head. "Not yet."

"I'll have the kitchen prepare something for you right away." Cassie was about to head towards the kitchen.

"Hold on." Ashley called out, stopping her in her tracks. "Have it sent to my room."

The rest of the Brooks family had probably already eaten, and dining alone in the dining room didn't appeal to her.

Cassie nodded and made her way to the kitchen.

Humming a tune, Ashley swung her bag over her shoulder and started heading upstairs to her room.

As she passed by Judith's room, she overheard Timothy in conversation. "Mom, big brother, we've had two paternity tests for Arabella already. Why are we doing a third?"

Ashley raised her eyebrows, held her breath, and quietly listened in.

Inside the room, Judith and Scott shared a glance.

Scott responded, "The longer this goes on, the more convinced I am that Arabella is not my daughter."

"But the results of this third test are the same as the previous two." Timothy pointed this out while looking at the paternity test result in Scott's hand. "Arabella is your daughter."

Scott leaned back in his expensive mahogany chair with a stern look on his face. "My intuition is never wrong."

"Big brother, I know Arabella has been causing a lot of trouble since she returned." Timothy voiced his concerns. "But you can't just decide she's not your daughter because you disapprove of her behavior."

"That's not the reason." Scott frowned slightly. "If she really were my daughter, no matter how much trouble she causes, I would still look after her and teach her better. My suspicion isn't just based on a feeling. There's evidence."

The other day, I asked her about her past with her mother, Karen. She told me that when she was six, she fell ill and had a fever. They had no money, so Karen could only hold her and cry while asking for help. They were utterly helpless, but, luckily, she survived."

"What's wrong with that?" Timothy didn't understand.

Melissa, who had been silent all along, gave him a glance and answered for Scott. "Karen was an excellent doctor. How could she possibly just watch her own child suffer helplessly and cry while begging for help?"

Moreover, with her abilities, it wouldn't be difficult for her to quickly raise the money needed for her

child's treatment."

Timothy froze, realizing that Arabella's story suggested that she didn't really know Karen and had invented a lie based on the image of an ordinary mother.

"Scott, you need to look into this." Judith rubbed her temples, letting out a tired chuckle. "If Beatrice really is playing us, she must know where your real daughter is."

Outside the door, a smile played on Ashley's lips as she quietly slipped away.

It seemed there was going to be some drama soon, and she couldn't wait to see Arabella fall into the abyss.

Chapter 212

Late at night, in Jewel Park.

The news of the upcoming union between the Ellingtons and the Brooks had just broke, so Beatrice had called Arabella immediately.

The Brooks were not fond of Arabella's interactions with Beatrice, so she had to sneak out to meet her in Jewel Park.

Beatrice stood near a staircase, watching Arabella approach wearing a baseball cap and a mask. She



chuckled coldly. "Arabella, you've come up in the world. It's a struggle just to see you."

It took countless calls just to arrange this meeting.

She finally understood what Michael and Joseph Hawthorn meant. Arabella was just a fair-weather

friend. No matter how much Beatrice loved Arabella, as soon as Arabella had a taste of the high life,

she didn't care about her anymore.

"Granny, what are you talking about?" Arabella forced a laugh. "I've been busy preparing for the college

entrance exam lately."

"Oh really? Or is it because the only one you call 'Granny' now is that old hag, Judith?!" Beatrice gave a

cold huff.

Initially, she had planned to get Arabella into the Brooks family, hoping that Judith and Scott would help

her revive the Hawthorns.

Unexpectedly, the Brooks family took Arabella back but only thanked her with a small sum of money.

They bought them an apartment and said that once Arabella got into Rivenwood, they would transfer

the ownership of Hawthorn Mansion to her.

Rubbish!

Was this what she wanted?

She wanted the resurgence of the Hawthorn Group.

“Of course not, Granny. You're overthinking. You raised me; I'm loyal to you.” Arabella hid the disgust in her eyes, but she sneered in her heart.

Beatrice's late husband was Baron Brooks' cousin, whom Baron's father favored and wanted to pass the family's leadership to.

Unfortunately, Baron was shrewd in his youth and managed to take control of the family.

Beatrice was not satisfied and encouraged her husband to cause a lot of trouble, which led Baron to banish them from the Rivenwood, so they moved to Havenwood.

It was said that Beatrice was ruthless back then, almost causing Judith, who was pregnant with Melissa, to lose her life.

Baron almost killed Beatrice, but it was her husband who begged for mercy and promised to take her far away, never to return to Rivenwood.

So there was a reason why Judith despised Beatrice and didn't want Arabella to be in contact with her.

“Now that you're the heiress of the Brooks family and soon to be married into the Ellington family, it's time to fulfill your promise.” Beatrice didn't want to beat around the bush with Arabella. “I’m not asking for much. Just give me two billion dollars.”

“Two billion?!” Arabella exclaimed. “Where am I going to find two billion for you? Even if I go back to the

Brooks family, my allowance is only a few.”

Beatrice sure was bold.

“Aren't you going to marry Paul?” Beatrice said coldly, “Percival casually gave Vivienne a set of jewelry worth fifty billion. So, can't Paul, the eldest grandson of the Ellington family, afford a two billion?”

“The wedding gift for Vivienne was only 88,000, so how could I ask for two billion? How would the Ellington family look at me?!” Arabella almost bit her teeth. She couldn't mention that she had traded other terms for Paul to marry her. He certainly wouldn't give her two billion.

Paul resented her for making him the scapegoat.

“How can you compare Vivienne's status to yours?” Beatrice scoffed. “You're the heiress of the Brooks family. A two billion is not excessive. The benefits that the Brooks family can bring to Paul definitely

exceed two billion. Plus, aren't you carrying the Ellington family's heir?"

Beatrice laughed again as she looked at Arabella's dark expression. She obviously did not want to agree. "Arabella, have you been the heiress of the Brooks family for so long that you've forgotten who you really are?"

"Granny?" Arabella froze.

"Don't forget, you're a fake!" Beatrice laughed. "Without my help, you would never have become the heiress of the Brooks family!"

"I sold the perfume formula my third son gave me for a measly 100 million to help you deceive everyone! Did you know that Judith and Scott had two more paternity tests done behind your back?

If I hadn't been watching them and helping you, your identity would have been exposed long ago! Now, I want you to repay me twenty times the amount. That's not too much, is it?"

Arabella was stunned. She didn't know that the Brooks family had two more paternity tests done behind her back. She pursed her lips and said, "How about this? Granny, I'll help you buy back that perfume formula."

If it was just a couple of thousand dollars, she could still use the excuse of repaying Beatrice's kindness

to coax Judith and Scott to help her out.

"Haha. That recipe has already gone into production." Beatrice shook her head. "Even if you get it back, it's worthless. Besides, how could a single recipe bring the Hawthorn Group back from the brink?

Two billion, not a cent less!"

"Granny, you're driving me to my grave!" Arabella ground her teeth.

"How am I driving you to anything?" Beatrice chuckled as her eyes gleamed with malice. "I gave you a life of luxury and elevated you to a position you could only dream of. It's only right you repay me."

She stepped closer as her hand ghosted over Arabella's stomach. Her voice dripped with a malevolence that made Arabella shiver. "And while we're on the subject, is the child in your belly really Paul's? Or could it be Elijah's? Or maybe one of the patients at the N&S Psychiatric Hospital?"

Arabella's refusal to help her had worn her patience thin. She wouldn't have resorted to threats if it weren't for Arabella's stubbornness.

"Arabella, be a good girl, and Grandma won't have to reveal your secrets."

"Shut up!" Arabella shrieked, swatting Beatrice's hand away.

Beatrice, already in her sixties, staggered back from the force of Arabella's push.

Behind her lay the staircase. Her hands flailed in the air, but she couldn't grab onto anything. She

tumbled backward down the stairs, struggled for a moment, then lay still.

Arabella stood there, frozen in shock.

The staircase was stained with blood, and under Beatrice's twisted body was a pool of slowly

spreading crimson.

"Grandma?" She called out tentatively as her voice shook.

Beatrice lay there, motionless.

Afraid but trying to stay calm, Arabella cautiously stepped down the stairs and knelt beside Beatrice.

She reached out to check her breath.

It was weak, but she was still alive.

Arabella took out her phone to dial 911, but her fingers froze over the keys.

If Beatrice passed away, she wouldn't have to worry about her threats anymore. There would be no one

left who knew she wasn't Scott's biological daughter.

Beatrice was always careful, ensuring her two dim-witted sons never revealed family secrets during

their booze-filled outings. So, Michael and Joseph genuinely believed she was a part of the Brooks family.

As for the Brooks, they had already conducted three paternity tests, so there was no need for another.

Even if Scott and Judith continued to have doubts, she could always find ways to deceive them.

With a cold glance, Arabella turned off her phone. A malicious idea came to her mind.

She bent down, used a handkerchief to wrap around Beatrice's finger, and used the blood to write the name 'Vivienne' on the ground.

After straightening herself up, she looked at the name as a satisfied and eerie smile appeared on her lips.

Vivienne, you can take the blame for murdering Grandma!

Chapter 213

The next day at the Jade Garden Residences.

When Detective Jaylan Lockwood arrived with his officers, Vivienne had just woken up.

She came downstairs to find several police officers sitting on her living room couch, and Percival sitting opposite them with an indifferent look on his face.

The air was thick with tension.

Cordelia had already told Vivienne what had happened.

Beatrice had been attacked in Jewel Park, near the Jade Garden Residences. She was now in the hospital in a severely injured and unconscious state.

And at the place where Beatrice had fallen, a name had been written in her own blood. "Vivienne."

This seemed to point directly to Vivienne as the perpetrator.

Jaylan was just about to speak when Percival interrupted him.

"We've already given you all the security footage from the residential area. It proves that Vivienne didn't leave the house last night after she returned with me."

"Ms. Hawthorn." Jaylan addressed Vivienne respectfully. "Mr. Ellington's surveillance footage does indeed prove your innocence. However, due to the complexity of the situation, we still need you to come to the station for a statement."

Despite the accusations, he didn't believe Vivienne was guilty.

Vivienne was a member of the prestigious Nine Mystics Society, so if she wanted to harm an old lady, she would certainly do it without leaving a trace.



But procedures had to be followed, especially since the news had already hit the headlines early in the morning.

The passerby who discovered the crime scene had taken a close-up photo of the bloody word

“Vivienne” and posted it online. It caused quite a stir.

The Hawthorn family was well-known in Havenwood, and their grudges and grievances were known to the town's gossip-loving populace.

So, many people believed that Beatrice's assault was a revenge act perpetrated by Vivienne.

Why else would Beatrice write "Vivienne" in her blood?

Opinions online were divided.

Some said Vivienne was justified, considering what Beatrice had done in the past.

Others condemned Vivienne, saying she was worse than a beast for harming her own grandmother.

Given the public attention on this case, Detective Jaylan had no choice but to take Vivienne to the police station. Otherwise, there would be suspicions of corruption. People might even accuse Percival of pulling strings.

"It's okay." Vivienne smiled. "I'm quite curious as to why the old lady hates me so much that she'd rather frame me than point to the real culprit."

"Beatrice is still unconscious." Jaylan sighed. "The doctors say her condition is critical, and they don't know when she'll wake up. Plus, her head injury is severe, so she may not be able to speak normally even when she wakes up."

"Really?" Vivienne raised an eyebrow as a playful smile appeared on her face. "Maybe I can help her wake up."

Back at the Hawthorn Mansion, Ashley, who was having coffee with Melissa, glanced at Arabella, who was sitting across from her.

Arabella had been restless since this morning, like she had something on her mind. Her gaze was unfocused, and she often zoned out when people were talking to her.

Ashley thought about the news she just learned and smiled to herself.

Arabella must have found out that Paul had spent the night with three women, didn't she?

Arabella didn't notice Ashley's look. She was too preoccupied with the news she had seen that morning.

The police had issued a statement saying they had taken Vivienne in for questioning as a suspect.

However, Arabella didn't expect Beatrice, despite being on the brink of death, to be so damn lucky.

Some passerby had found her and taken her to the hospital right after Arabella had left.

Beatrice was unconscious now, but who knew when she would wake up?

What if Beatrice woke up and said something that implicated her or used this situation to extort her?

What would she do?

She didn't want to be controlled by the Hawthorn family for the rest of her life.

Why didn't she just kill Beatrice when she had the chance last night?!

Just as Arabella was worrying about Beatrice waking up, a news alert popped up on her phone. The

headline read, "Doctors Confirm Beatrice Could Wake Up in the Next Few Days."

Startled, Arabella dropped her phone.

Everyone in the living room turned to look at her.

"Arabella, what's wrong?" Judith asked, frowning. "You've been out of it all morning."

"Nothing." Arabella quickly picked up her phone and spoke with a voice choked with emotion.

"Grandma, I want to go to the hospital to see Beatrice. After all, she raised me."

Despite her hatred for Beatrice, she wasn't completely heartless.

After the news of Beatrice's accident came out, her two sons immediately sought their help, so they were the ones paying for Beatrice's medical bills.

Judith had thought Arabella would have gone to the hospital first thing in the morning. She nodded.

"You should go. If you need anything, let the servants know in advance."

"Thank you, Grandma." Arabella's eyes flashed with determination.

There was still hope. As long as Beatrice never woke up, everything would be fine.

As for the police, she knew she was untouchable once the victim was dead.

After all, to avoid Judith and her folks from tracing her call records and to make them believe that she hardly had contact with Beatrice, she and Beatrice were communicating via burner phones, including last night.

She had already destroyed that phone.

On the contrary, once Beatrice was gone, what good would it do for Vivienne if the police found evidence to prove her innocence?

The fact that she had forced Beatrice to write “Vivienne” with her own hand was enough to make the world doubt Vivienne for a lifetime, pinning Vivienne to the pillar of shame for murdering her own grandmother.

She was truly clever.

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At the city hospital.

Arabella was quite the actress this time. As soon as she arrived at Beatrice's ward, she started weeping as if the world had ended. She even hired three shifts of caregivers at her own expense to let

Michael and Joseph have a rest.

Having stayed up all night by Beatrice's side, the brothers were more than eager to get away from the hospital bed.

After praising Arabella, they went home to rest.

Then Arabella continued her crying act by Beatrice's bed for most of the day until she suddenly complained of stomach pain.

Suspecting it was abortion, she was immediately admitted to the maternity ward.

In the middle of the night.

The caregiver responsible for Beatrice's night shift was a single mother with a three-year-old boy.

Under normal circumstances, no one would hire her.

But when Arabella saw her today, she hired her on the spot, citing sympathy for the difficulty of raising a child alone.

She said that the night shift was easier and her son could sleep in the ward. It would be more convenient for her to take care of both.

However, her three-year-old son was full of energy. Someone gave him a can of coffee, and he was still awake and running around the hospital in the middle of the night.

The caregiver was worried about her son's safety and feared that he would disturb others and get her fired.

After hesitating for a moment and making sure that Beatrice's catheter bag was empty, she went out to look for her son.

The door to the ward was gently pushed open after the caregiver left, and a slender figure slipped in.

## Chapter 214

The lights in the hospital room were dim. The only illumination came from the soft glow of the medical equipment.

After closing the door behind her, Arabella silently moved towards Beatrice's bed, studying her aged face. A cruel smile spread across her lips as she touched Beatrice's oxygen tube.

"Granny, you can't blame me for this. After all, you're the one who pushed me to this point. I never wanted to hurt you, but you gave me no choice."

With a smile still on her face, she reached out to remove Beatrice's oxygen tube.

"But your death will ensure Vivienne takes the blame for this forever. You could consider it your last good deed."

Just as she reached out, Beatrice, who had been lying there with her eyes closed, suddenly opened them wide and stared straight at Arabella.

Arabella jumped in surprise and took a step back.

Beatrice was only staring. She was unable to speak or move.

Arabella's smile faded. She swallowed her fear, reached out, and, without hesitation, removed the

oxygen tube from Beatrice's nose.

Click!

The moment she did it, a pair of silver handcuffs were clamped onto her wrist.

The lights in the room suddenly brightened.

Arabella turned around in shock to see the doorway blocked by policemen. In a corner of the room, which she hadn't noticed before, sat a figure on a chair, watching her with a smile.

Vivienne!

"Bravo!" Vivienne sat there with her legs crossed, eagerly applauding Arabella. "Thanks for the free entertainment!"

"How did you find out?!" Arabella's face turned pale.

"You thought using a burner phone would protect you?" Vivienne laughed. Her smile was as radiant as it had ever been. As if she were mocking Arabella's naivety.

"Even if you destroy the phone, I can trace back the signals to the Hawthorn Mansion. Who else living in Hawthorn Mansion would need to secretly contact Beatrice?"

Arabella realized then that all of this was a setup. The police had deliberately leaked information about



Beatrice waking up to lure the perpetrator.

She tried to escape, but all exits were blocked.

"You wanted to frame me?" Vivienne looked at the cornered and desperate Arabella as her lips curled up in a smirk. "You wish."

"Vivienne, I'll kill you! Why don't you just die?! Why are you always against me?!" She screamed and lunged at Vivienne, but Jaylan grabbed the handcuffs, controlling her.

She forgot that if she hadn't used Beatrice's finger to write that bloody "Vivienne" message, Vivienne wouldn't have been involved in this case, and she wouldn't have been exposed so quickly.

As many people say, "What goes around comes back around."

"By the way." Vivienne clapped her hands, pulled out her phone, and started dialing. "I should report the good news to the Brooks family."

"Vivienne, I'll kill you!" Arabella screamed, trying to stop her. She had already planned it out.

She was pregnant, so even if the police arrested her, they would have to release her on bail.

As long as she kept this secret and kept it off the news, the Brooks and Ellington families wouldn't find

out.

So, her wedding with Paul could still proceed.

Once married, she could negotiate terms with Beatrice, and she could walk away from this scot-free.

But she didn't expect Vivienne to snitch to the Brooks family.

"Mr. Brooks." Vivienne had already dialed Scott's number. "Your daughter just attempted murder."

"Who's this?" Scott was taken aback. He had to move cautiously.

"I'm looking forward to your next move." Vivienne laughed coldly.

Would he protect his daughter or uphold justice?

"You're Vivienne; wait, I have..." Scott guessed Vivienne's identity and wanted to talk to her.

But Vivienne had already hung up, watching as Arabella was forcefully taken away by the police.

The hospital room was quiet again.

Vivienne stood up from her corner chair with her hands in her pockets and walked over to Beatrice's

bed. She leaned over and looked at Beatrice, who was silently crying.

"You thought I would help you?" Vivienne smiled slightly. "Don't worry, I just wanted you to see what

kind of monster you've created."

She straightened up, but her eyes were still cold and merciless. "You'll spend the rest of your life lying here, unable to speak or move, until your life ends. That's your punishment."

Beatrice stared at Vivienne in horror as tears streamed down her face.

Vivienne walked out of the room without sparing another glance at the frail old woman on the bed.

True to Arabella's prediction, because of her pregnancy, even though her crime was heinous, she was released on bail with the help of the Brooks family.

The child she considered an abomination, the one she wanted to abort, had saved her.

Now, she couldn't easily abort this child. If this case went to trial, she would need this child to get a reduced sentence.

But by the time the legal process was over and the case was sentenced, she would be too far along in her pregnancy to abort the child and she would have to give birth.

On the drive home from the police station, Arabella sat in the backseat, thinking about how to negotiate with Paul about keeping the baby.

Her best solution was to convince Beatrice to explain that it wasn't her who pushed her, and the

incident in the hospital room was just a joke.

She didn't know that Beatrice would never be able to speak again, so she wouldn't be able to testify falsely for her.

"Ronald, the Ellington family doesn't know about this, right?" Arabella worriedly asked.

"Mm-hmm." Ronald responded, his tone icy cold.

It was beginning to dawn on him why Judith and Scott were so insistent that Arabella wasn't Scott's daughter.

He was starting to feel the same way.

Pregnant before marriage, killing her own grandmother who raised her, framing her foster sister...

How could such a malicious and foolish girl be the offspring of his uncle, Scott?

Arabella breathed a sigh of relief. If the Ellingtons didn't know, then everything would be fine. They wouldn't accept a would-be murderess as a daughter-in-law.

She didn't believe she could keep this secret forever. After all, Vivienne was Percival's fiancée, so the Ellingtons finding out was only a matter of time.

As long as the incident took place in Havenwood and as long as she could prevent it from going to trial,

it didn't matter if they found out later.

Regardless, she was determined to marry into the Ellington family.

Unfortunately for her, Vivienne wasn't about to let her get away with it.

Just as she started to relax, a news bulletin came on the car radio.

"It has been reported that the perpetrator of the recent murder at Jewel Park attempted to strike again.

The perpetrator snuck into a hospital ward in an attempt to kill the victim, Beatrice Hawthorn. The perpetrator has been apprehended, and shockingly, she is the adopted grandchild of Beatrice..."

Arabella's face suddenly paled. "Didn't you say you'd suppress the news?"

"Did I?" Ronald's tone remained indifferent. "Do you really think that we can control everything in Havenwood?"

Ronald's icy query hung in the air. "Arabella, why did you frame your foster sister?"

Chapter 215

Arabella bit her lip in frustration, refusing to respond. She wanted to blurt out how much she hated

Vivienne, despised her, and was jealous of her.

Vivienne had taken everything from her, including the man who should have been hers, leaving

Arabella in this dismal state.

Vivienne was the reason she was in this miserable condition, so she deserved to take the blame.

She scrolled through her phone, watching the video of her removing Beatrice's oxygen tube in the hospital room in horror now that it had leaked online. Everything she said in the hospital room was also exposed.

This shocking turn of events stunned the onlookers who were questioning Beatrice's sanity. After ignoring her excellent granddaughter Vivienne, she chose to love an adopted pariah, leading her to almost get killed by the same pariah.

Many people tagged Paul's Twitter, asking him if he still planned to marry this would-be murderer.

Paul didn't respond, but the netizens were divided. They couldn't stop arguing.

One side argued that since Paul had gotten Arabella pregnant, he should take responsibility, regardless of whether Arabella was a heinous murderer.

The other side argued that a wife should be virtuous. If they brought a woman like Arabella into their family, wouldn't that bring disaster? For the sake of family honor and their future, it would be better to take some blame now than to let such a woman in and leave her child behind.

People say, 'Like father, like son.'

But with a woman like Arabella, who knew what kind of person her child would grow up to be and what harm it might bring to society?

Arabella gritted her teeth as she sent several messages to Paul, but he didn't respond.

"Ronald, do you think Paul will leave me because of this?" Arabella bit her lip, covering her face to hide her gaze while pretending to be in great pain.

Unfortunately, her tears, which she thought were very moving, didn't touch Ronald at all. He drove with a disappointed expression. "Arabella, don't you feel any shame or regret?"

Arabella was taken aback, but Ronald ignored her, and the two drove in silence back to Hawthorn Mansion.

As they neared Hawthorn Mansion, Arabella saw Michael Hawthorn and Joseph Hawthorn, with satisfied expressions on their faces, leaving the mansion.

They must have taken advantage of this situation to get a hefty sum from Scott.

Arabella shrank back and hid behind the driver's seat. She was afraid of being seen by the two and

getting entangled with them again.

Ronald glanced at her movement. His lips tightened, and his expression became even more serious.

When they entered the mansion and saw the Brooks family waiting for her in the living room, Arabella couldn't help but shrink back.

Melissa and Timothy looked complicated, while Judith and Scott's faces were stern. Only Ashley's eyes were filled with unmistakable schadenfreude.

"Grandma, Dad." Arabella approached with a pale face. She was acting pitifully, trying anything to soften Judith and Scott's hearts.

"We've heard what happened from the police." Scott paused before asking, "Arabella, why did you try to kill your former grandmother, Beatrice?"

"She threatened me." Arabella defended herself with teary eyes. "She wanted to force me to take two billion from you for her. How could she let me do that to you? I was so angry that I lost control."

That was also what Arabella told the police.

Ashley's eyes flashed with ridicule.

Arabella's mind worked fast. This excuse turned her from an attempted murderer into someone who



was willing to argue with her grandmother, who raised her, in order to protect her biological grandparents.

Ashley looked at Judith and Scott's faces.

Would her grandparents really be fooled by Arabella?

Judith and Scott's faces remained stern.

Scott looked at Arabella with piercing eyes.

This girl didn't have any resemblance to Karen, except for those eyes. And now, those eyes, similar to Karen's, were flickering with uncertainty and dishonesty. They were far from the purity that Karen had.

"Since it was an accident, why did you frame your adopted sister?" Scott asked the same question as Ronald.

If what Arabella said was true, that Beatrice threatened her, so she accidentally hurt Beatrice in her panic, he could understand.

Yet Arabella wrote "Vivienne" at the crime scene with Beatrice's finger and blood. It was clear what she intended.

His daughter could be incompetent and foolish, but she couldn't be malicious and full of tricks and schemes. That was too much for him to bear.

"Arabella, you told the police that you didn't know how the name 'Vivienne' came up at the crime scene." Scott said coldly, "The police didn't believe it, and I don't either. If it was someone else's prank, why would they write your adopted sister's name?"

He remembered the call he received from Vivienne earlier. She said she was looking forward to his performance.

For some reason, he didn't want to leave a bad impression on Vivienne.

So, even if he found out that the three paternity tests were correct, he wouldn't interfere in Arabella's case, other than following the normal procedure for bail and paying for Beatrice's medical expenses.

He didn't want to disappoint that cold-eyed girl.

Arabella felt the oppressive gaze from Scott and Judith and bit her lip. She didn't know how to defend herself.

In the end, Judith looked away and stopped looking at Arabella. She stood up, feeling exhausted, and went upstairs. "That's it. Take care of yourself; I'm done."

Scott rose to his feet, ready to accompany Judith upstairs, but Arabella hastily called out to him. “Dad, what about my marriage to Paul?!”

Her reputation was already in ruins. If she missed out on Paul, even with the support of the Brooks family, her only future was to marry down. She was determined to marry into the Ellington family.

Scott halted in his tracks, turning back to look at Arabella with the same disappointed gaze Ronald had given earlier. He saw clearly that there was not a hint of remorse in Arabella’s eyes, only selfish concern for her own future.

Since she came back, Arabella didn’t even bother to ask once about the impact of her actions on the Brooks family.

After the news broke today, the stock price of the Brooks Group kept falling, evaporating a third of its market value in just a few hours.

But Arabella only cared about herself from start to finish.

“Richard visited your grandfather’s nursing home and brought up the subject of breaking off the engagement.” Scott said coldly while looking at Arabella. “Given the mess you’ve made, if the Ellington

family wants to break off the engagement, we have no grounds to stop them.”

Needless to say, after Richard made a scene at the nursing home, Baron was furious and, of course, called Scott to give him a piece of his mind.

Truth be told, acknowledging a daughter like her had brought his father nothing but constant anger-induced hypertension. Scott was filled with guilt.

With that, he didn’t want to look at Arabella’s unwilling face anymore. He simply helped Judith upstairs to rest.

A hint of resentment appeared in Arabella’s eyes. No wonder they conducted two additional paternity tests behind her back. They claimed they would make up for her past suffering, but in reality, they didn’t consider her part of the family at all.

## Chapter 216

Arabella barely acknowledged Melissa and Timothy, who were still in the living room, before she eagerly pulled out her cell phone to call Paul.

She had to dial several times before Paul finally answered. His voice was filled with a cold indifference.

“What is it?”

“We should meet.” Arabella said as her mind raced to figure out how to ensure Paul would uphold their

deal.

“Fine.” Paul replied after a long silence, then gave her an address. “Meet me at THEONE Club.”

Arabella hung up the phone, ignoring the curious glances from the two in the living room, and headed straight out.

Ashley watched Arabella’s hurried departure with a smirk. Did Arabella really think she could marry Paul?

She wouldn’t let that happen. It was time to release the secret that she had paid a high price to obtain from one of Paul’s ex-girlfriends.

THEONE Club.

“Ms. Vivienne, how about a game of Truth or Dare?”

In the hall, Logan, Oberon, Charlotte, Faye, and Coral were laughing and joking around with Vivienne.

They had invited Vivienne out as a way to say thank you. They had originally planned to go for dinner, but someone suggested they should have drinks instead. So, they ended up at this club owned by the Redwood Group.

“How do we play?” Vivienne asked while raising an eyebrow and sipping her green tea.

“We use this empty bottle.” Logan placed a bottle and a cup filled with dares on the table. “Whoever the

bottle points to gets to choose between truth or dare. But if you choose truth the first time, the second time you have to pick dare. No repeats. The dares are drawn from the cup.”

“Alright.” Vivienne was intrigued.

Logan and Oberon exchanged a glance. Both had a sly smile on their faces.

Logan gave the bottle a spin, and it pointed directly at Vivienne. “Ah ha, Ms. Vivienne, truth or dare?”

“Nice trick.” Vivienne already noticed Logan’s sleight of hand. “I’ll choose truth.”

The others started laughing mischievously.

“How long does Mr. Ellington last?” Charlotte whispered.

Vivienne was stunned.

Were they seriously asking that?

“If I answer, can you handle it?” Vivienne asked with an evil grin on her face.

After a brief hesitation as they thought about Percival’s icy gaze, they finally nodded, driven by their

curiosity. "We can handle it!"

"I don't know." Vivienne replied.

They were shocked.

"Don't tell me you two haven't done anything yet!" Coral exclaimed.

Vivienne thought about their close encounter a few days ago. "He's... capable."

"How do you know if you've never tried?" Coral asked, eager to know more.

"It's Ms. Vivienne's turn to spin the bottle." Faye interrupted, seeing that their conversation was

attracting attention from the other patrons.

Vivienne gave the bottle a spin, and it pointed at Oberon. He chose truth. Then he spun the bottle, and

it pointed back at Vivienne.

"Ms. Vivienne, it's time for a dare." Logan pushed the cup of dares towards her.

She casually picked one, and Charlotte gasped when she read it. "This is hot!"

The dare read, 'Kiss the next person who walks through the door.'

"Ms. Vivienne, think you can do it?" Oberon asked, grinning.

Vivienne caught a glimpse of the door out of the corner of her eye and smiled. "Why not?"

She stood up and walked towards the entrance, under the watchful eyes of the others.

A tall man in a suit was just walking in while talking on his phone. As soon as he stepped inside,

Vivienne grabbed him by the tie, pulled his head down, and kissed him without giving him a chance to refuse.

“Oh my God!”

The people in the hall pulled out their phones to take pictures. Halfway through, someone recognized the man.

“Isn’t that Mr. Ellington?”

The crowd started cheering and whistling, enjoying the unexpected show with full enthusiasm.

Percival wrapped his arms around Vivienne. He was surprised but didn’t object to her bold move. He had come to the club knowing that Vivienne was here, but he hadn’t expected such a passionate welcome.

On the other end of the discarded call, Thomas kept calling, “Percival? Percival?”

But Percival was too engrossed in Vivienne’s kiss to respond or care.



Vivienne had heard Percival's voice earlier, which was why she had agreed to this dare.

Kissing her fiancé? Not a big deal. If anything, he was the one who had to take responsibility.

The first thing Arabella saw when she walked into the club was Vivienne and Percival locked in a passionate kiss.

The man was handsome and refined, and the young woman was a paragon of ethereal beauty. The dim and hazy lights cast a shared shadow over them, intertwining them in a bond that was hard to break.

And she, like a rat in the gutter, could only stand in the corner, watching them with a mixture of envy and disdain. She clenched her fists so tightly that her nails dug into the palms of her hands.

Many eyes in the hall turned towards Arabella, casting her strange glances.

However, it wasn't surprising. Everyone knew about her alleged attempt to murder her adoptive grandmother, coupled with her second attempt to commit the crime. She would have to be living under a rock not to know.

She was just released on bail, and already she was gallivanting in the club. This showed a clear lack of remorse.

Only Percival and Vivienne, despite hearing the murmurs that Arabella was here, didn't spare her a glance. After a shared kiss, they smiled at each other. Their eyes and hearts were filled with nothing but each other.

They then moved to sit at their reserved booth.

Ignoring the stares and whispers, Arabella silently made her way to Paul's private room.

Percival, having received word that Paul was also here, raised his eyebrows and dialed Richard's number, playing the perfect tattletale.

"Grandpa, it seems like my dear cousin, Paul, is not listening to you. He's meeting with Arabella again."

Arabella already attempted to frame his beloved Vivienne, and now she was trying to use the Ellington family as her cover?

Ha!

"What?!" Richard roared out in rage as expected. "Has he lost his mind?! Or is he just smitten by that Arabella?! I'm going to have a word with his father right now!"

Percival then sent a message to Thomas. "Let's release the information we found at Felix's."

After a moment, he sent another. "The results of Scott's investigation can be given to him now."

## Chapter 217

Inside the private suite.

Paul sat alone on the couch, his gaze lifting slightly as Arabella entered. He stared at her gloomily, and

after a long silence, he finally spoke, "Our alliance is over, and I'm going public with the fact that the

child you're carrying has nothing to do with me."

"How could you do this to me, Paul?" Arabella's heart filled with resentment, but she still looked at Paul

with a pitiful gaze.

"Don't give me that act!" Paul was completely unaffected by Arabella's attempt at playing the victim.

He had once thought Arabella was a pure and innocent goddess. His pursuit of her was causing him

sleepless nights.

However, after learning she had been impregnated out of wedlock at eighteen and that she couldn't

even identify the father of her child, he found her past pretenses sickening.

"Do you think the Ellington family is a joke? I would never marry a woman who has been to jail."

Given the evidence, Arabella was destined to be sentenced. If he married her, he would become the

laughingstock of the town.

He was vying for the position of head of the family against Percival. He couldn't afford to have such a stain on his reputation.

"What if I manage to avoid jail?" Arabella bit her lip and asked.

"What do you mean?" Paul furrowed his brows and widened his eyes as his gaze landed on Arabella's abdomen. "You're not thinking of keeping this child and using your pregnancy to get a lighter sentence, are you?"

Indeed, Arabella considered the baby her last resort in case she got sentenced. But looking at Paul's reaction, it was clear that he wouldn't agree.

As expected, he scoffed at Arabella. "We agreed from the start that I would never let your child become my firstborn!"

"Besides, even if you got a lighter sentence, you would still have a criminal record, which is no different than going to jail for me." He looked at Arabella disdainfully. "You are this foolish because you were raised by the Hawthorn family. My parents may not be politicians, but my uncle is a high-ranking official. If I marry a woman with a criminal record, it could potentially harm his career. Why do you think

my grandfather would agree to jeopardize my uncle's career for you?"

Furthermore, he had seen how Arabella got pampered by the Brooks family and thought that she was well-loved by them.

But when his grandfather went to Baron to cancel the engagement because of Arabella's attempted murder, the Brooks family didn't even utter a word in her defense. It was clear that she wasn't as important to them as he thought.

This made him reconsider the merits of marrying Arabella.

"What if I can convince my grandmother that I didn't push her and get her forgiveness, so she can drop the charges?" Arabella asked, suppressing her displeasure. "My grandmother wants money to revive the Hawthorn family business. If we give her two billion, she will definitely agree."

"You're not expecting me to shell out that two billion, are you?" Paul laughed sarcastically.

"My grandmother and father will help me out." Initially, Arabella wanted Paul to pay, but after seeing his

obvious disdain for her now, she had no choice but to turn to her grandmother, Judith, and father, Scott, for help.

After a moment of contemplation, Paul weighed the benefits and difficulties of marrying Arabella. The immense benefits of aligning with the Brooks family eventually swayed him. "Fine. If you manage to avoid charges and a criminal record, then we can continue. But the child you're carrying cannot stay!"

"Don't worry." Arabella gritted her teeth. She wanted to keep the child in case she got charged, but on the surface, she agreed obediently. "I want this child gone more than you do."

Just as Paul was about to tell Arabella to leave, his phone rang. It was his father, Ryan Ellington.

"Dad." He quickly answered.

"Have you lost your mind?!" Ryan's furious voice was so loud that even Arabella could hear it. "You're willing to accept any trash? Are you trying to kill me with anger?! Why would you marry Arabella knowing that she's carrying someone else's child?! Do you know what a laughingstock you've made of our family?!"

"Dad?" Paul was stunned, wondering how his father knew.

Playing the fool willingly was too humiliating.

Even though his family planned to call off the engagement due to Arabella's attempted murder charge, he had never told anyone what was truly going on.

"Check the news yourself!" Ryan was practically livid with his foolish son. The news was all over the place, and Paul was still clueless.

"I know you want to win over the Brooks family, but not in this way! You've made a complete fool of yourself. How can you compete with Percival now?! Your engagement is off! Get back to Rivenwood immediately!"

Paul opened Twitter, only to see the trending hashtag, "Paul, The Cuckold."

His pupils contracted and his hand trembled as he clicked on the link, leading him to an audio clip.

In the recording, a woman was heard speaking to him flirtatiously. "Paul, your fiancée is pregnant, and yet you invited the three of us to accompany you. Aren't you afraid she'll miscarry from the stress?"

It seemed like he was drunk since he was slurring his words. "Let her miscarry! I wish she would! The child isn't mine anyway!"

Another woman gasped. "The child isn't yours? Then who's is it?"

He laughed sarcastically. "She doesn't even know who the father is, so how should I?"

The woman sounded shocked. "No way! Your fiancée looks so young and innocent. How could she be

so reckless? She doesn't even know who the father of her child is?"

His bitter and cold laughter echoed. "We've all been fooled! I was fooled too! She's nothing but a cheap

floozy! She got herself knocked up and had the nerve to expect me to pick up the pieces..."

Paul's face turned stormy. No wonder his old man was so livid.

Now, the whole world knew that he, Paul, had willingly donned the proverbial 'cuckold's cap.' He had

become a laughingstock.

All he wanted was to find those three women who were with him that night. He wanted to see who was

audacious enough to betray him.

He would make sure she paid for it!

He glanced at the comments, each one a slap to his ego.

"Paul is the most dedicated lapdog I've ever seen!"

"Ah, the refined taste of the rich."

"What did Paul do wrong? All he wanted was to provide a home for a fallen woman."

"Fallen woman, my ass! More like 'Party Princess Arabella.' How else would you explain not knowing

who the father of her baby is? Didn't you see those pictures of her? She seemed to be enjoying every



bit of it."

"I have uncensored high-definition content. DM me if you're interested."

"Hey, DM me too."

Chapter 218

"What kind of pictures?"

Paul clicked on another trending topic titled "Arabella's Scandalous Photos."

The page was dotted with intimate photos of Arabella and Elijah. Even with the blur, they were too explicit for comfort.

The comments were mostly mocking him, saying he was willingly wearing the cuckold's cap or calling him a doormat, implying that he was happy to clean up other people's messes.

One comment, in particular, hit a nerve. "This Paul guy is nothing compared to Percival. Just look at the women they chose."

"Percival's fiancée, Vivienne, though not from a wealthy family, earned two Ph.D. degrees by the age of sixteen. She's the genius hacker, Shadow Wolf, The Scent Maestro, and the internationally renowned fashion designer, Charles. Talk about talent!"

"Then take a look at Arabella. She has no talent except for the ability to cheat on her fiancé."

Paul lifted his head and glared at Arabella.

It was all because of this woman!

She was the reason he became a laughingstock!

When Arabella heard the recording, her face turned pale. She had also seen the pictures of her and

Elijah on Twitter.

She stared at the photos, trembling all over.

How could this be? Hadn't Felix promised not to release these photos?

She didn't know that Felix was dead.

"Paul..." Arabella tried to say something to calm Paul's fury.

"I'm done with you!" Paul stood up abruptly and stormed out of the room.

"Paul!" Arabella chased after him and grabbed his arm. "This isn't my fault! You were the one who got

recorded. If it were just the photos, no one would know the child isn't yours!"

"So, this is my fault now?" Paul laughed bitterly. Even without the recording, the exposure of those

photos alone would have been enough to halt Arabella's entry into the Ellington family.

Now that everyone knew the child wasn't his, he would lose all face if he still married Arabella.

"Of course, it's your fault!" Arabella argued defiantly. "If you had been careful, none of this would have happened! You can't break off the engagement!"

Marrying into the Ellington family was her best option, and she didn't want to give up.

Their argument carried them into the hall.

Suddenly, someone snickered.

Paul's gaze followed the sound. He realized that everyone in the hall was looking at him with strange expressions. Percival was among them.

Despite the distance between them, Paul felt Percival looking down on him, as if he were a pathetic, defeated dog.

"Bitch, leave me alone!" Paul couldn't take it anymore. He shook off Arabella's grip and pushed her away.

Arabella, in her heels, stumbled and twisted her ankle. She fell into a large decorative vase nearby.

The sound of the shattering vase and Arabella's fall stunned everyone.

Arabella fell onto the shards, clutching her stomach in pain. She looked up and heard Coral scream,

"Oh my God, Arabella's face!"

"My face! My face!" She felt a sharp pain in her left cheek. She reached up, touched a bloody wound,

and screamed, "Paul, my face!"

Paul was shocked. He hadn't expected to push Arabella and end up disfiguring her.

"She's bleeding!" Someone pointed at the red stain spreading under Arabella's dress.

"Help me, help me..." Arabella clutched her stomach, feeling a warm flow from her body. She reached

out to grab Paul's suit pants but fainted.

...

At Pendleton Hospital.

When the Brooks family arrived, Arabella had already been taken into the emergency room.

"How is Arabella?" Judith asked Dr. Calista, who was standing outside the emergency room.

"They said she's hemorrhaging. They might have to remove her uterus." Calista replied nonchalantly,

as if it were no big deal.

Scott glared at Paul, who was sitting on the bench. "What the hell happened?"

Paul opened his mouth to explain but couldn't find the words.

Suddenly, the operating room door opened, and a nurse stepped out. "The patient needs a blood transfusion urgently, but we're low on AB blood. Do we have any non-relative donors with AB blood type?"

"I'm an AB blood type!" Paul jumped up, eager to atone for his mistake. He didn't want anything more to do with Arabella.

"AB blood type?" Scott frowned. "Wasn't it reported that Arabella has an O blood type?"

"I'm blood type A, and Karen is O. We couldn't have a child with AB blood type." Scott said gravely.

Everyone in the room was stunned, even Paul, who was about to donate blood. He paused and looked at Scott, waiting for an answer.

At that moment, Scott's phone rang. He answered, "Go ahead."

"Mr. Brooks, it's confirmed. Every single one of the test samples was switched. I'm afraid Miss Arabella is not your daughter." Secretary Alex's voice came through from the other end of the phone.

Just as he'd suspected.

Scott fell silent for a moment. "I need to know where the switched samples came from."

"They were provided by Beatrice. But as she's now bedridden and unable to move or speak, we have no way of knowing how she got them." Alex replied.

"Have you questioned Michael and Joseph?" Scott closed his eyes, suppressing the rising anger within him.

"Yes, we have. They had no part in this. They truly believed that Arabella was your daughter." Alex responded.

"Keep investigating." Scott paused as images of Vivienne flashed through his mind. "And find a way to get a sample from Vivienne."

"Understood." Alex affirmed.

After hanging up the phone, Scott noticed the intense gazes of Judith and the others. He heaved a weary sigh.

"Mom, the investigation results are in. Arabella is indeed not my daughter. Beatrice bribed the lab personnel to switch the samples."

Judith looked both disappointed and somewhat relieved.

"Beatrice and Arabella dared to play us like this?!" Timothy snapped out of his initial shock and seethed with rage. "They conspired to deceive us and took so much money from us! I swear, I'm going to make them pay back every single dime!"

## Chapter 219

Melissa remained silent while Ashley watched with glee. She had seen the video from THEONE Club already and never imagined that the recording she had posted online would have such a wonderful effect.

Arabella was not only disfigured, but she had also miscarried.

And now it had been confirmed that Arabella was not Scott's daughter. She couldn't wait to see

Arabella kicked out of the Brooks family.

And then there was Tristan. What would he do if he knew he had become disabled for an imposter?

Would he want to strangle Arabella on the spot?

She really wanted to tell Tristan about this immediately.

"Scott, what does this mean?" Paul asked, feeling stunned. "Arabella is not your daughter? She's an imposter?"

"Hmm." Scott nodded.

Paul stood there, deeply shocked.

"Aren't you going to donate blood anymore? The patient is still waiting for a transfusion!" The nurse urged him anxiously.

"I'm not donating anymore!" Paul turned around angrily and walked away. He didn't want to spend another moment here. "Damn it! How dare she trick me?!"

He thought back to how he had tried to please Arabella. He even followed her all the way from Rivenwood to Havenwood.

But did he really like her?

Maybe a little, but the main reason was that she was the only daughter of Scott, the head of the Hawthorn clan and the Brooks family.

However, after being ridiculed online for her and losing dignity in his family for her, he had now been told that Arabella was not Scott's daughter. She was an imposter! Everything he had gone through meant nothing!

His fury was indescribable!



After seeing Paul walk away and realizing that no one else in Scott's group looked like they were going

to donate blood for Arabella, the nurse stomped her foot and went to seek help from others.

"What do we do now?" Ashley asked Scott with a worried look in her eyes. "If Arabella is not your child, then..."

Scott remained silent as he thought of Karen.

Though he had always suspected that Arabella was not his daughter, he was overjoyed when the first paternity test results came out.

He was happy that his long search for Karen and his child had finally come to an end.

But because he was so happy then, he was incredibly angry now.

He looked around at his family. All eyes were on him, waiting for his response.

His cold gaze fell on the operating room door, and he said coldly, "I will sue her and Beatrice for fraud!"

Ashley could hardly suppress her laugh.

Arabella was only out on bail. Now that she had miscarried and was no longer pregnant, the Brooks

family could sue her again, and she would be thrown back in jail immediately.

Ashley hated Arabella. She was a low-born girl with an unknown background, who had dared to covet the position of the Brooks family's heiress and had always been domineering over her.

Now that Arabella's true identity had been exposed, she would make sure to get back at her for all the grievances she had suffered.

Two hours later, in the maternity ward.

When Arabella woke up, she found that there was no one around her, not even a nurse.

She struggled to sit up, but the nurse who came to change her IV bag quickly stopped her. "You need to stay in bed. You just had a major hemorrhage and had to have your uterus removed. Don't move around."

"What?!" Arabella's eyes widened. She thought she had just had a miscarriage. Why had her uterus been removed?

Now she could never ever bear children.

What would she do in the future?

If the Ellington family found out about this, they would never let her into the family.

"Where's my family? Haven't they come?" Arabella asked in a panic. How could the Brooks family not

show up when such a big thing had happened to her?

"You should check the news." The nurse handed Arabella the smartphone from the bedside table with a complicated look in her eyes, then left.

Arabella quickly opened the phone and saw news updates flashing on the screen.

"Scott, the head of the Brooks family and Hawthorn clan, has publicly announced that Arabella, who was previously accused of murdering her grandmother, is not his biological daughter. Arabella and others had forged paternity tests and deceived him. The Brooks family will sue Arabella and her accomplices for fraud."

Arabella was stunned. How could this be?

She had managed to fake three paternity tests, so how could Scott have found out so quickly that she was an imposter?

She pulled out the IV in her hand, struggled to get out of bed, and decided to go back to the Brooks family to explain. She had to come up with a plausible explanation to convince them to believe her.

But as soon as she stepped out of her room, she saw Jaylan leading a group of police officers coming

from the elevator at the other end of the corridor.

She panicked and fled in the opposite direction. She had just had surgery, so her wound was still

bleeding, and she could barely stand, but she forced herself to go down the stairs of the emergency

exit.

She recognized that she was in the private hospital owned by the Pendleton family. Remembering that

Tristan was also in this hospital, she decided to seek his help.

Tristan had always doted on her and listened to her; he would definitely help her.

With a pale face and wobbly legs, she made her way to Tristan's room.

After more than half a month of treatment, Tristan could not walk yet, but he could sit up. He was sitting

in bed, reading a book signed by Calista.

"Tristan!" Arabella, with teary eyes, rushed towards him. "Dad and the others, I don't know whose lies

they have believed; they think I'm not his child! You have to help me!"

Tristan put down the book he was reading and looked at Arabella, who was lying next to his hospital

bed. His tone was ambiguous. "So, are you saying you haven't been deceiving us?"

"No!" Arabella shook her head vigorously. "Really, I didn't. I'm Dad's daughter! I'm your benefactor's

daughter! You have to help me!"

"Humph!" Tristan angrily threw a new paternity test report at Arabella. "When you were unconscious after the surgery, Dad had an urgent paternity test done in this hospital using your blood!"

The report lying on the floor stated that Arabella had no blood relation to Scott.

Tristan's face darkened, and he viciously grabbed Arabella's chin and spoke in a bone-chillingly menacing tone. "You imposter! Look at what you've done to me! How are you going to make up for this?"

If Arabella really was his benefactor's daughter, he wouldn't hesitate to give his life for her, even if it meant becoming disabled.

But Arabella was a fraud!

He had foolishly ruined his life for her.

"Tristan?" Arabella was shocked and pushed Tristan's hand away as she fell to the floor. "How could you treat me like this? You promised you'd always protect me and stand by me!"

"Those words were meant for my benefactor's daughter!" Tristan glared maliciously at Arabella on the

floor. "You're just garbage to me now."

## Chapter 220

Ever since she became the heiress of the Brooks family, Arabella had been showered with flattery by men. She was blinded by this and started to genuinely think that she was irresistible, forgetting that these men were drawn to her due to the power and influence of the Brooks family.

If she were just Arabella Hawthorn, neither Tristan nor Paul would have bothered to glance at her.

"Arabella, you're the reason I'm like this. I won't let you get away with it." Tristan's icy gaze sent shivers down Arabella's spine.

Her legs were weak, and she could barely stand. She slowly retreated, but she suddenly felt a foot heavily pressed on her back.

"Where do you think you're going, my cousin?"

Arabella looked back in fear, only to see Ashley standing at the door with several muscular men.

Ashley watched Arabella with a look of disdain, unable to comprehend how someone could be so shameless. Even after being exposed, Arabella still refused to admit her wrongdoings.

"Tristan, help me. Please!" Arabella turned to Tristan, pleading for his help.

"Oh, didn't you know?" Ashley chuckled lightly. "These men work for your dear Tristan."

As Arabella was dragged away, Calista entered.

Like a drowning woman grasping at a lifeline, Arabella reached out and clung to Calista's sleeve.

"Calista, please help me!"

Calista looked at the fingerprints left on the place where her clothing was pulled, her eyes showing disgust.

Tristan gave an order, and the man holding Arabella mercilessly broke her fingers. Arabella's screams echoed through the entire floor.

Calista, as if she hadn't heard, just lowered her head to examine Tristan's body.

Ashley merely turned to Tristan and asked, "Where are you taking her?"

"To where she belongs." Tristan replied coldly, clearly not wanting to discuss the matter further in front of Calista.

...

After examining Tristan, Calista left.

And Tristan's eyes lingered on Calista.

Ashley couldn't help but mock him. "Don't bother. You're not in Calista's league."

Tristan knew this all too well. Even before he was injured, he wasn't worthy of Calista. The truth stung, but he could do nothing but accept it.

Ashley sneered, leaving the hospital room without looking back.

As she passed by Calista's office, she saw her talking on the phone. Ashley nodded at her, and Calista nodded back before Ashley walked away.

"Mom," Calista said slowly, holding her phone and watching Ashley's retreating figure. "Did you see the news about the Brooks family?"

Her mother's voice came through the line, sounding both proud and aloof. "Yes. How's Scott doing?"

"He's taken it hard," replied Calista.

A moment of silence passed before her mother replied. "I'll be in Havenwood for a concert in a few days. We should meet."

"Sure." Calista agreed and ended the call.

Her parents had been in a loveless, arranged marriage and parted ways when she was ten. Despite being raised by her father and seeing her mother infrequently, she felt a closer connection to her



mother.

It wasn't until she met Percival that she understood why her proud and haughty mother had pined for a man for decades.

Meanwhile, Dorian received calls from Michael and Joseph. Unaware that Dorian's family had moved to the luxurious Jade Garden Residences, they visited his old address at Tranquil Estates, only to find him absent.

They were seeking him out for money.

The ruse that Beatrice and Arabella had pulled off, forging paternity tests to fool the Brooks family, had been brought to light. Consequently, Scott had ceased paying for Beatrice's medical expenses and pressed charges against her.

Now, in one fell swoop, Beatrice and her two children had gone from living in the lap of luxury to barely scraping by. They were so destitute that they couldn't even cover Beatrice's medical bills, so they had to throw away their dignity even more to try and impose upon Dorian.

"Tell them that we cut ties a long time ago!" Cordelia was fuming. "When they came to your hospital

room asking for money, I told them they could sue us. Whatever the court orders, we'll pay!"

As for the notion of them visiting Beatrice in the hospital and taking care of her...

That was nothing but a pipe dream.

"Since you guys find them so irritating, let's send them back to the sticks." Percival placated. "Don't worry, I won't let them bother you."

Just then, his phone rang. He glanced at it and walked into the yard to answer.

"Percival, our target got taken by Tristan's crew before we could get her." Thomas informed him.

"Oh, how did that go?" Percival asked, arching an eyebrow.

"Tristan sold her to a human smuggler who deals in trafficking women to the Golden Triangle." Thomas continued, "Arabella was tied up and gagged as soon as she was brought on board because she was causing a scene. She'll likely spend the rest of her life enslaved in the Golden Triangle."

Percival's eyes flickered. Tristan was indeed quite ruthless.

"Let him be. Remember, I don't want this woman coming back."

"Understood." Thomas hung up.

"Talking about Arabella?"

Percival turned around and saw Vivienne standing behind him. Her hands were tucked in her pockets as she observed him.

"Vivienne." He reached out to pull her closer, lowering his head to nip at her earlobe as he softly asked,

"Why did you let Arabella impersonate you?"

She was the golden girl of the Brooks family. She could go back anytime she wanted and live in the lap of luxury.

Given Scott and Judith's adoration for Arabella, if Vivienne returned to their family, they would only shower her with more love and admiration for her talent and abilities.

But she didn't go back.

Instead, she let Arabella impersonate her and run wild.

Vivienne's eyes flickered.

Before her mother's wedding to Scott, she had suddenly run away, likely sensing some danger.

She didn't know whether this danger was external or lurking within the Brooks family.

So, she let Arabella play her role to see if any unidentified people would try to approach Arabella.

If Arabella wanted the glory of being the Brooks family's golden girl, she would have to bear the risks as well.

Unfortunately, Arabella was useless. She couldn't even hold out for two months and didn't find out what

Vivienne wanted to know.