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Beep!

Gabriella snatched her phone up and glanced at it. It was a text. After scanning the brief text, Gabriella's lips curled with satisfaction.

"Alright. Since we're here, it's time to watch the footage," Gabriella said deliberately.

The earlier the better. So Larry can leave that b*tch sooner.

She is a devious fox but is still trying to act like an innocent flower. What a b*tch! Gabriella had a mean and hungry look in her eyes.

"Come, Larry. Let's not waste time and watch the footage," Gabriella said briskly.

Larry was vaguely uneasy at the sight of Gabriella's brimming confidence. He felt that Gabriella wouldn't give up this easily, and certainly won't be this docile and obedient.

Finally, the screen flickered to life.

But it was not what Joan had expected.

"No, Larry, it wasn't like this," Joan said in a panic. "I was very far away from her at the time, but this footage..." Joan hesitated.

It was obvious. Somebody had manipulated the footage.

*Stupid b*tch! Your innocence will be the death of you!* Gabriella glared at her fiercely but said nothing.

The truth was displayed in front of them. Gabriella wanted to see what Larry would decide and how he would choose. *One thing is for sure: I will ruin Joan's life!*

"Larry, you wanted evidence, here it is. What else do you have to say? Joan, you're a killer and this is the proof. What's the matter? Are you still going to deny it?" Gabriella glared at her with disdain and hatred.

"No, I did not kill your son. Larry, you have to believe me. It wasn't me who did it! I stood very far away from her at that time. She stabbed herself with a pair of scissors. It really wasn't me..." Joan sobbed as she tried to explain herself.

Larry's eyes grew dim.

The Joan in his heart was kind, innocent, and elegant. She wouldn't have concerned herself with these worldly matters. But how would she explain what the tape showed?

The video was crystal clear. Joan and Gabriella were fighting over something when suddenly Joan's face turned into a sickly green color as she grabbed the pair of scissors from the desk and plunged it deep into Gabriella's belly.

If it wasn't true, how could she explain the existence of this video? And it was in such high definition, too. If somebody had manipulated it, Larry would have identified it at once, given his skill. But he didn't.

Of course he wouldn't be able to. The person Gabriella had hired was a world-class professional. The whole point was to deceive Larry.

"Joan, are you still going to deny it? You're a shameless woman. How could you be so cold when human life is at stake? Answer me this. If the woman in the footage is not you, who else could it be? Could it be two of me?" Gabriella asked coldly.

Joan was momentarily lost for words.

The woman in the footage was indeed her, but she could not understand how this image was conjured.

"Gabriella, you're obviously framing me to bear the cost for your crimes. You are cruel!" Joan pointed an accusatory finger at Gabriella.

*Oh, this is just the appetizer. I have more in store for you, b*tch!* Gabriella clenched her fists and walked slowly toward Joan.

"What is it? Would you like to turn yourself in, or would you like me to send you to the cops?"

"Larry, are you suspecting me of manipulating the footage? I was at the hospital the entire time. You know that, you were there with me. How could I have the time to set her up? Besides, why would I need to do any of those? These are facts! Everything you saw in the footage is facts! I don't care. Joan will get what she deserves in the eyes of the law." Gabriella shouted.

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She really wants me dead, doesn't she? A trace of terror flashed across Joan's eyes.

Why is Gabriella so aggressive? We're both women and we even used to be close. Why must she turn things between us ugly?

"Gabriella, give me three days to discuss with Joan whether to get a divorce or turn herself in. After three days, I'll definitely give you an answer," said Larry slowly.

He could not think of any other solution at that moment other than buying himself some time to find out the truth in the shortest time possible.

"Okay, Lars, three days it is then. I don't like delays, so I hope you can be a man of your word. I give you three days because it's you. Anyway, I'm tired. I'm leaving." After speaking, Gabriella turned and left.

Joan instantly plopped down on the sofa with a blank look on her face.

"Joan, are you okay?" Larry looked at her worriedly.

How could I be okay and happy when I'm being accused of doing something I didn't do? Besides, this man seems to be suspicious of me. Joan was disheartened.

"Tell me, Larry, you don't believe me anymore, do you?" she asked cautiously.

At this, Larry hesitated and shifted his gaze.

How can I believe her? There's evidence. He sighed.

"Mom, I'm back," Lucius suddenly shouted.

Joan hurriedly rose to her feet and made a dash for her room, trying to pick herself back up.

"Oh, Dad? Why are you back so early today?" The boy gave Larry a doubtful look as Larry did not go home until midnight recently because of his work.

Why must I turn myself in? I'm innocent! I did nothing! Joan inwardly yelled.

You damned b*tch are so stubborn! You should just admit it at this point! A smirk crept over Gabriella's face. Oh, Larry, you need to make a decision now!

"Joan, did you really not do anything? But why would there be such surveillance footage?" There was a hint of disappointment and a deep sense of disbelief in Larry's voice.

Before that, he was certain that it was not Joan's doing, but the surveillance footage at that moment proved otherwise. What should I do? It won't do Joan any good if things blow up.

"Say it, Gabriella, how do you want to deal with this?" Larry asked through his gritted teeth.

Very simple. Send her to the police and ruin the b*tch's reputation! Gabriella clenched her fists with a cold look in her eyes.

Larry slowly walked up to her and gave her a serious look.

"What do you want?"

There's only one thing I want-it's you, Larry!

"I want you to divorce Joan and marry me. That's it," replied Gabriella coldly.

"No way. Joan will always be my only wife," the man declared sternly.

It was absolutely impossible for him to divorce Joan. It was his limit. As he had promised, he wanted to protect and take care of her forever.

"Alright then, send her to the police." It was a simple yet powerful response.

Ha. It must be awful to be framed! Looking at Joan, Gabriella pursed her mouth in a self-satisfied smirk.

Serves you right! This is what you get for stealing my man! Gabriella clenched her fists so tightly that her nails were digging into the skin of her palm.

"Gabriella, did you tamper with this surveillance footage?" Larry shot her a suspicious look.

Gabriella knew that he was just trying to sound her out as he had used the same trick many times. Too bad you won't succeed.