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As soon as Vinson walked into the room, all eyes were on him.

He was a powerful man whose presence alone could command a room even without him saying anything.

Vinson's unexpected visit had dealt another shock to Russell as he stuttered, "M-Mr. Nightshire, what are you..."

Before Russell could finish his question, Vinson had raised a hand to interrupt him while fixing a cold, hard stare at Mason. "You won't admonish the truly vicious one, but you'll call Arielle a vile woman? Have you forgotten that it was Arielle who saved Mr. Actonward? I'm starting to wonder if there's something wrong with your head."

Despite boiling with rage, Mason didn't dare raise his voice at Vinson. "Mr. Nightshire, you can't just listen to one side of the story. These days, anything can be made up, including sales slips and shop assistants. I know Yvette well, and I can vouch for her integrity. Besides, what good is there if she killed Mr. Actonward?"

Russell stood by silently with his eyes tightly shut, his mind in utter confusion.

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Yvette was his daughter, and he refused to believe that she could be capable of such malice.

However, after witnessing everything that Yvette had done that day, he was starting to wonder if he had misjudged his daughter.

Vinson merely looked Mason in his eyes, the disdain in his gaze growing even more intense by the second.

Mason felt increasingly uncomfortable by the mounting pressure as Vinson continued to stare him down.

Mustering up his courage, Mason asked, "Mr. Nightshire, I'm sure my suggestions are reasonable. Why are you looking at me like that?"

Vinson pursed his lips and smiled. "You want to know the truth? Why not just get the person in to ask?"

Mason intentionally turned his gaze toward Arielle as he replied, "Because it isn't difficult to bribe people."

With a nonchalant shrug, Arielle quipped,

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"With Mr. Nightshire here, who would dare to lie?"

Arielle's reply had stumped Mason as he continued to glare at her as if wanting to swallow her whole.

"Mr. Actonward, I think we should get the person here and hear what he has to say," Vinson suggested.

After a slight hesitation, Russell gave a dry laugh. "Mr. Nightshire, I wouldn't want to waste your time with our family affair. Once the birthday party is over, I will get the person here and ask Yvette myself. Rest assured that I'll get to the bottom of this."

"Ha! Mr. Actonward, do you think this only concerns your family? Ms. Actonward's actions have also hurt Ms. Southall, so this is no longer just your family affair."

Russell finally buckled under the pressure and nodded in agreement. "Okay, let's get the person here then. I know Yvette has been spoiled rotten by me and offended countless people. Who knows if someone's using this opportunity to accuse her of being unfilial and

unfaithful?"

Deep down, Russell still refused to believe that Yvette had made use of him to frame others.

To every father, their daughters were always the most innocent and could never do any wrong.

Vinson raised an eyebrow and glanced at the housekeeper, who immediately understood his intention.


Soon, the housekeeper returned with a neatly suited up salesman in tow.


When he saw how big the crowd was and felt the tension in the air, the salesman gulped, apprehension filling him.


Mason marched up to the salesman and barked, "Tell me, who bribed you to frame Yvette? Do you know that you can go to jail for making false statements?"

Frightened by how menacing Mason looked, the salesman didn't dare to make a peep.

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Thankfully, Arielle stepped in to save the salesman. "Mister, we've called you here today to uncover the truth. As long as you're honest, nobody can send you to jail."

Arielle, with her beautiful and gentle eyes, was a stark contrast to Mason. The salesman immediately calmed himself down and nodded his thanks.

"Do you remember Ms. Actonward? Did she buy a black evening gown from your shop?" Arielle asked.

"Yes. Ms. Actonward is our shop's regular and also a VIP. Two days ago, she bought a black evening gown from us. I remember it well because it was one size smaller than her usual sizing. She said it was for a friend and had me send it directly to the address she gave. I did as told and have no idea what happened after."

Glancing at Mason, the salesman added, "Everything I've said is the truth. You can hold me responsible for it."

"What do you have to say now, Mason?" Arielle asked with raised brows.

Mason took a while to collect his thoughts

before replying, "He could still be lying about it. Bribe him with enough money, and he might be willing to risk going to jail over a false statement."

Just then, the salesman butted in, "I have other evidence to prove that I wasn't lying!"

No matter what it took, he was going to prove that he was telling the truth. *No way am I going to jail for something I didn't do!*

The salesman walked to the housekeeper and took the slip of paper from him. "This is the receipt that has the member and credit card details. Not only will you find Ms. Actonward's name, but you'll also find her signature."

Mason was about to verify the receipt's authenticity when Russell beat him to it.

A few seconds later, Russell's expression changed drastically.

He recognized the card instantly because it was the supplementary card he had gotten for Yvette.

Besides, he was so familiar with her signature that there was no way he could

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have mistaken it.

*Yvette's responsible for everything!*

"D\*mn that child!" Russell snapped, his eyes blazing with anger. How he wished he could have another fainting spell to hide from the ugly truth. The pain and shame were just too much to endure.

Russell's reaction was all the crowd needed to know that the salesman hadn't been lying.

Yvette had bought the gown to frame Arielle, which almost drove her father to his death.

Her actions were so vicious it was almost unbelievable.

Russell might be better off with a venomous pet snake than Yvette. Snakes at least knew not to bite their owners, but Yvette had shown that she would stop at nothing to achieve her goals, even if it meant hurting her family.

To put it simply, she was worse than a snake.



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Right at that moment, Yvette was hurriedly making her way down the stairs.

After hearing from Clara that her father was marrying her off to Mason, Yvette had thrown caution to the wind and rushed to find Russell.

In her hurry, Yvette failed to notice how everyone in the hall was giving her odd looks. Her only goal was to get to Russell before it got too late.

As soon as she saw Russell, Yvette cried out, "Dad, I don't want to marry Mason!"

Mason stiffened momentarily before whispering, "Yvette, now's not the time to talk about that, you..."

"Shut up!"

It had come to a point where Yvette found Mason so revolting that she couldn't stand to look at his face nor listen to his voice.


*If only I could go back in time and prevent this ugly monster from touching me! I'm too good for him!*


Mason was neither blind nor dumb. He


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could see from Yvette's eyes just how much contempt she had for him.

The pain he felt from being snubbed was so overwhelming that it left him speechless.

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Yvette tugged at Russell's sleeve and continued to plead, "Dad, please. I know what I did was wrong, but I don't want to marry him!"

Russell flung her hand away and scowled, his expression a mixture of sorrow and disgust. "What exactly have you done? I've let your late mother down for not having raised you well! Confess all your dirty deeds now, and I never want to see you again!"

Yvette froze as all the color drained from her face.

*Confess?*

*Sure, I did sleep with Mason. It may be shameful, but it's not a crime. So what's there for me to confess?*

"Yvette, you've let my family down too," Arielle said with sadness in her voice. "To think our mothers even share the same family name. The Moores have always been kind and just. How is it possible that you turned out like this?"

Besides Mason, the other person Yvette least wanted to see was Arielle, but now

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there was no running away from that.

*If it weren't for Arielle, I wouldn't have become like this!*

"You b\*tch! Since when is it your place to intervene in my family matters? You're just a country bumpkin. What gives you the right to lecture me?"

Arielle shook her head helplessly before continuing, "Even now, you're still unrepentant. I hate to say this, but it seems like you're beyond help. I have no right to comment on the relationship between you and your cousin. But I can't let you off for what you've done to Shandie! I'm going to call the police!"

Yvette drew a sharp intake of breath as she looked on in bewilderment. "What do you mean?"

Arielle pulled the salesman toward her and asked, "Maybe this man will jog your memory?"

Yvette glanced at the salesman and recognized him within seconds, much to her horror.

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Face ashen, Yvette shook her head defiantly. "I don't know him!"

Arielle smirked and showed the receipt in Russell's hand to Yvette. "Then surely you can recognize your own signature?"

Panic surged through Yvette as she looked at Russell warily.

All she saw was the disappointment and anger in her father's eyes.

Yvette finally realized why the hall had been so quiet ever since she walked in. It was because everything she did, had been brought to light.

*It's over. I'm doomed!*

*How is this possible, though? I had bribed this salesman with a large sum of money to shut him up. How could this still happen?*

Yvette felt her pulse racing as she glanced furtively around. All of a sudden, she snatched the receipt from Arielle's hand and shredded it into pieces.

Still boiling with rage, Yvette walked up to Arielle with the intent of taking her anger

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out on her.

However, before Yvette could slap Arielle, a hand had firmly grabbed her wrist and shoved her away.

The force was so strong that it sent Yvette tumbling onto the floor as she yelped in pain.

When she looked up, all she saw was a handsome face with a pair of piercing, cold eyes. Those eyes stared at her so intensely that she felt herself cowering in fear.

*Shit. It's Vinson!*

Yvette's eyes grew impossibly wide as questions started flooding her mind.

*What is Vinson doing here? I never invited him!*

*Arielle! It had to be her! She called Vinson here!*

Everything started to fall into place as Yvette connected the dots.

*No wonder the salesman's here running his*

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*mouth instead of keeping it shut as we agreed. It's all because Arielle had gotten Vinson to help her.*

*Arielle, you b\*tch!*

After what Arielle had done, Yvette was even more determined to drag Arielle down with her, no matter what it took.


Consumed by rage, even her initial fear for Vinson had disappeared. Yvette's only target now was the woman who had landed her in this mess. *I'm going to f\*cking kill Arielle!*


With that thought, Yvette got up to her feet and dashed toward Arielle.


*"B\*tch! I'm going to kill you!"*

However, Yvette had barely taken two steps forward when a hand slapped her hard across her face.

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Yvette hadn't even seen the slap coming until she felt it on her. Once again, she found herself on the floor, seeing stars from the sheer force of the slap.

As soon as she got back to her senses, Yvette realized there was blood trickling from her mouth.

To her horror, on top of the pain on her face, she could also feel a tooth coming loose.

Yvette grimaced as she clutched her face, staring in utter disbelief at the person who had just slapped her.

"Dad?"

*Am I seeing things?*

*Dad loves me the most, so why would he be so heavy-handed on me?*

Alas, there was no denying that Russell had indeed slapped his daughter.

Mason quickly made his way toward Yvette and tried to help her up.

However, before he could even reach his

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hand out, Yvette had unceremoniously kicked him away.

"Go away! Don't touch me!"

There was so much contempt in Yvette's gaze that it seemed as if she couldn't wait to get rid of Mason.

Even with enemies, there was no need to harbor that much hatred.

"Yvette?" Mason whispered, sadness flitting across his face.

However, Yvette had no interest in returning Mason's gaze as she continued to stare blankly at her father.

Russell looked away in a mixture of shame and anger before turning to his housekeepers. "Take her back to her room and lock her up. No one is to let her out without my orders!"

"No..." Yvette whimpered, shaking her head frantically. "I'm sorry, Dad! I was wrong. I know I was wrong!"

Before she could say anymore, two of Russell's bodyguards had already stepped

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forward and dragged her back upstairs. No matter how hard she struggled, she couldn't get out of their grasp.

Yvette's screams gradually faded into the distance, and silence once again filled the hall.

Not wanting to stay on any longer, some of the guests went up to comfort Russell before bidding goodbye.

Try as he might, Russell couldn't force any smiles out as he thanked his guests and had his housekeepers send them out.

Once the first guest had left, the others soon followed suit.

Before long, there were only a handful of people left in the hall.

With the matter resolved, there was no reason for Arielle to stay on any longer as she made her way toward Russell. "I'll be going now. Well, I hope you won't be too sad. Yvette is still young, and mistakes are inevitable. With the right guidance, I'm sure it'll work out. As for my family, rest assured that I'll intercede for Yvette."

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Russell looked on with weary sadness on his face and bloodshot eyes.

"I'm sorry," he said apologetically. "When Yvette lost her mother, I chose not to remarry because I was afraid she might not like having a stepmother. I spoiled her out of love, and look what good that did her. I'll visit your family tomorrow to offer my apologies. But for tonight, please apologize to Rick and Shandie on my behalf."

With that, Russell beckoned for his housekeeper to pass a gift to Arielle.

Arielle instinctively rejected it. "Oh, no. There's no need for this..."

Ultimately, Arielle had a part to play in everything that happened that night.

Even though she had no regrets, she still didn't feel right to accept Russell's gift.

However, Russell remained insistent on her keeping the gift. "You saved my life. I'd feel bad if you don't accept it."

Left without a choice, Arielle accepted the gift with a polite smile.

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On her way back in Vinson's car, Arielle opened the gift box out of curiosity.

To her surprise, it was a gorgeous diamond bracelet.

Vinson took one glance at it and immediately recognized it. "That bracelet has been in the royal family. I heard that Russell had gotten it at an auction for two hundred million. I'm impressed he could part with it that easily."

Looking at the bracelet, Arielle let out a deep sigh. "Vinson, do you think I've gone overboard?"



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