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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."

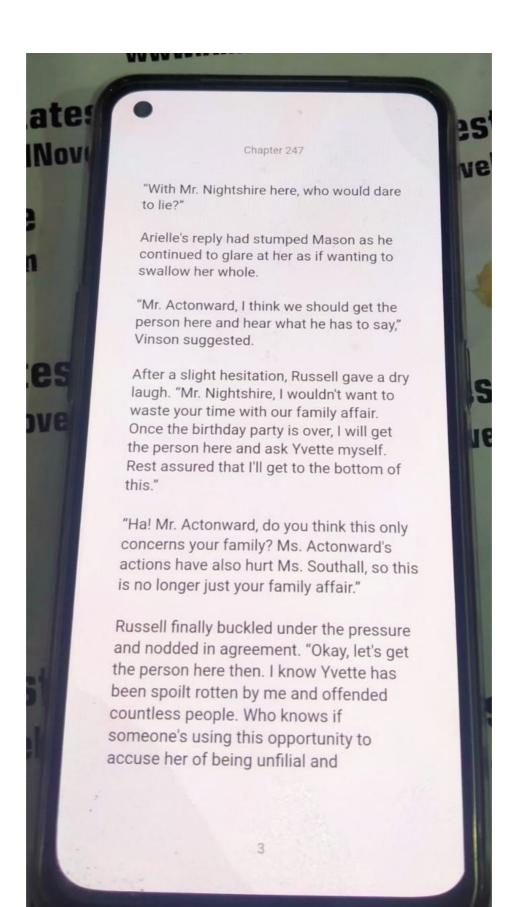
Despite boiling with rage, Mason didn't dare raise his voice at Vinson. "Mr. Nightshire, you can't just listen to one side of the story. These days, anything can be made up, including sales slips and shop assistants. I know Yvette well, and I can vouch for her integrity. Besides, what good is there if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

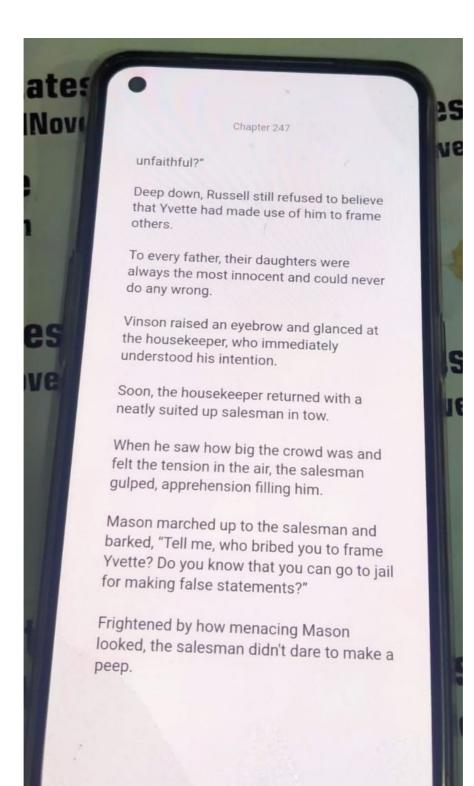
Russell stood by silently with his eyes tightly shut, his mind in utter confusion.

ates Chapter 247 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

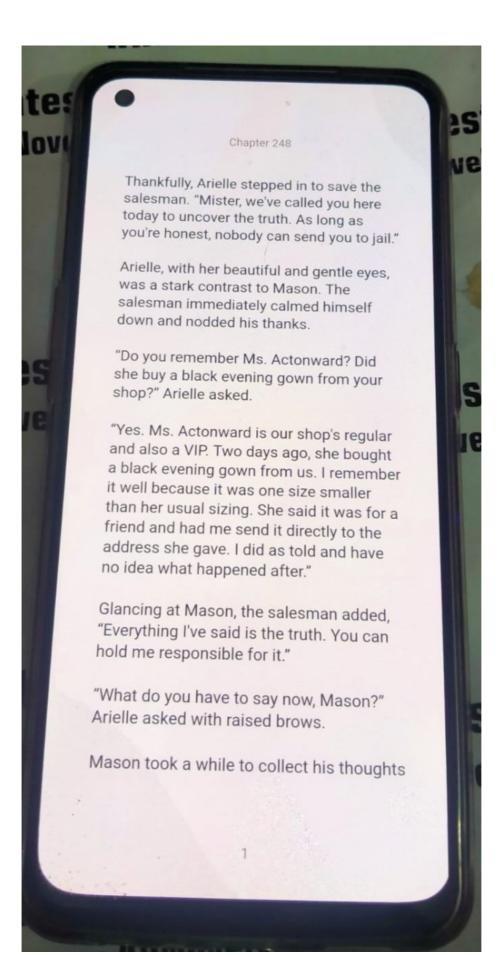
Mason intentionally turned his gaze toward Arielle as he replied, "Because it isn't difficult to bribe people."

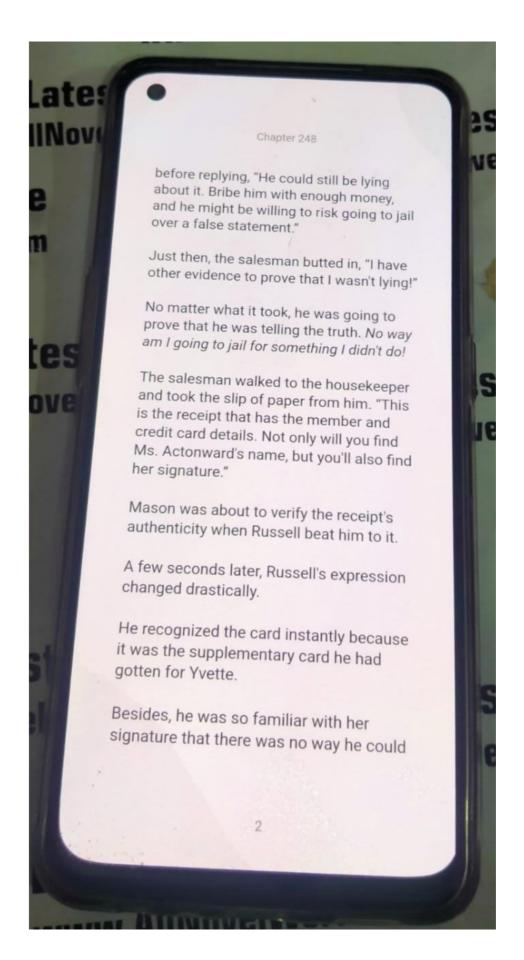
With a nonchalant shrug, Arielle quipped,

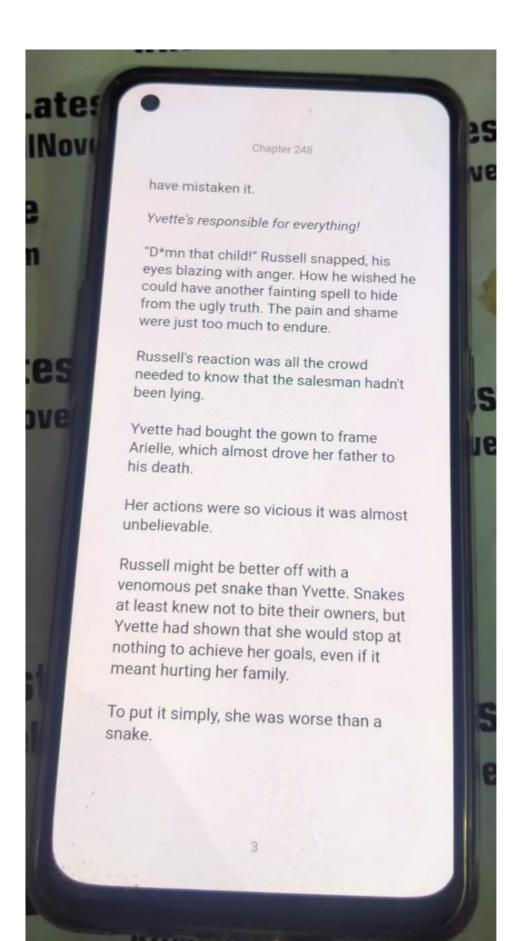














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Right at that moment, Yvette was hurriedly making her way down the stairs.

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!"

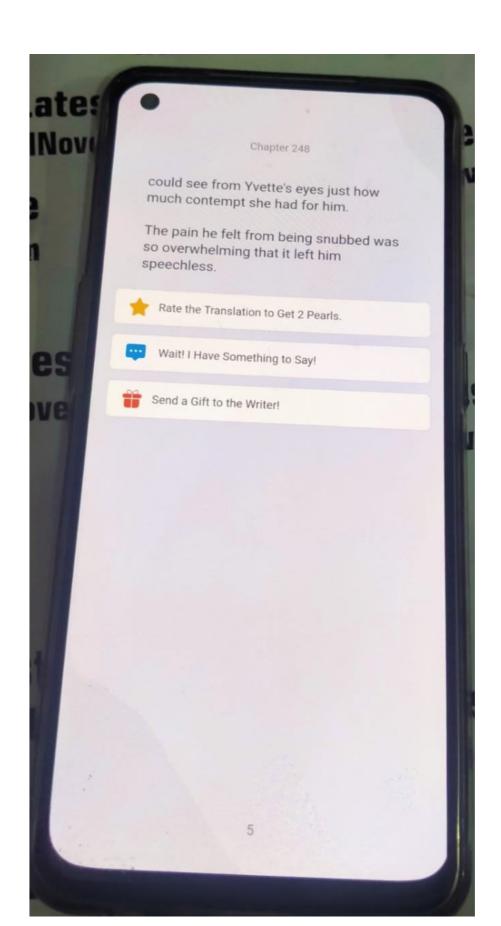
Mason stiffened momentarily before whispering, "Yvette, now's not the time to talk about that, you..."

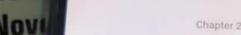
"Shut up!"

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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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 ate: Nov

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there was no running away from that.

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

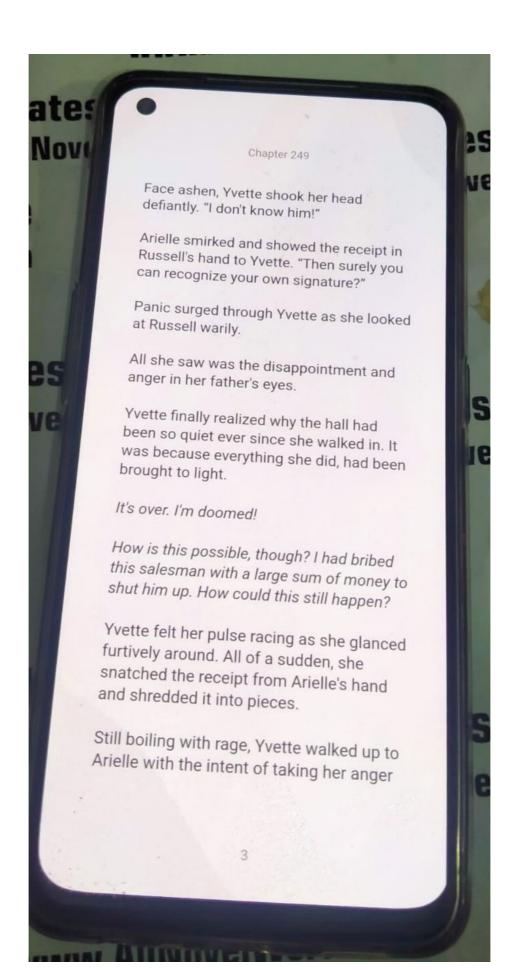
"You b\*tch! Since when is it your place to intervene in my family matters? You're just a country bumpkin. What gives you the right to lecture me?"

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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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!

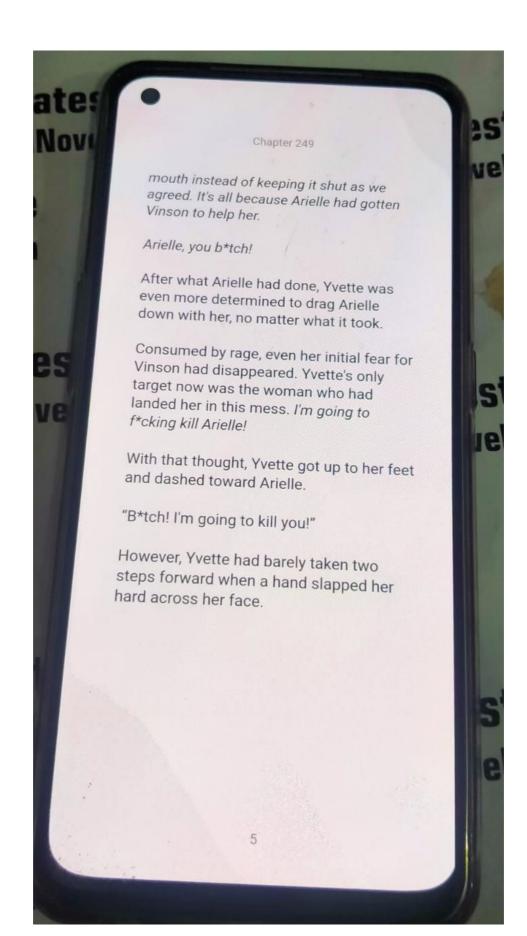
Yvette's eyes grew impossibly wide as questions started flooding her mind.

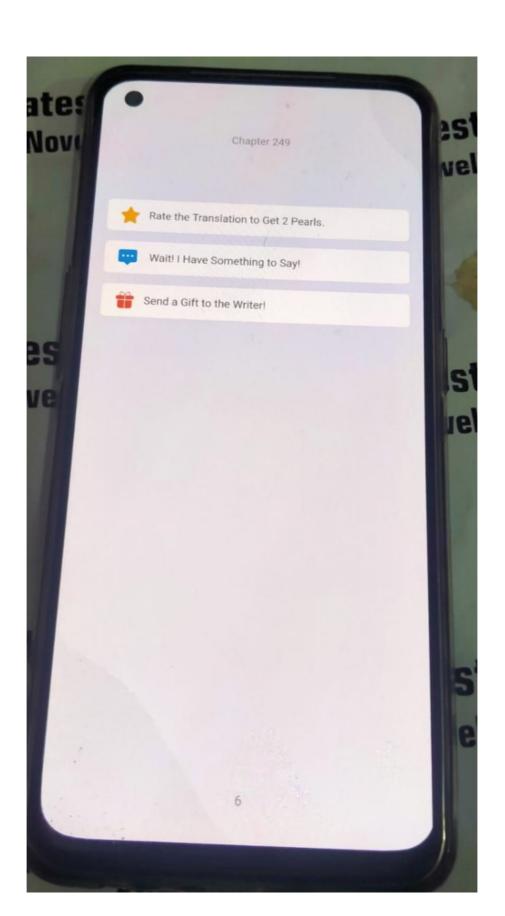
What is Vinson doing here? I never invited him!

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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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 ate: Novi

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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.

