Suddenly, Fanny recalled the drama earlier and asked Arielle, "What happened just now? Why did they say you caused trouble here?"

Arielle gave the manager and the shop attendant a sullen glare and said, "I wanted to purchase a dress, but one of them accused me of stealing, while the other gave the dress to your VIP guest. She even instructed the shop attendant to kick me out of the shop."

"What!" A fierce glint flashed across Fanny's eyes.

How dare they do that to Ms. Sannie? Even Ms. Reinley has to show her respect!

Arielle took a deep breath and advised, "Instead of hiring high-profile designers, why don't you spend on training your staff on customer service?"

That was quite a slap in the faces of the manager and the shop attendant.

They tilted their heads and noticed Fanny was looking up at them with a scowl.

Feature offered great remuneration packages to all its employees, especially those holding managerial positions.

Even a shop attendant could earn up to five figures a month on top of their sales commissions. It would be disastrous for them if they lost this job!

The manager instantly grabbed Arielle's arm and begged for her forgiveness. "I'm sorry, Miss. It's all



my fault. Please give me another chance to redeem myself!"

Tears started rolling down the shop attendant's cheeks. "Please forgive me too, Miss. I swear I'll treat all the customers equally in the future! Please!"

They were on the verge of kneeling before Arielle.

Yet, Arielle responded with a deadpan expression, "You have to swear that you'll treat all your customers equally when it's your responsibility in the first place? How pathetic."

"No, no, no, that's not what'l meant..." she immediately tried to explain. "I'm sorry! I'm really sorry!"

Arielle pulled her hands away and said icily, "That's enough. Had I not bumped into Fanny today, you all would have treated me like a thief and reported me to the cops. Instead of begging for my forgiveness, go and talk to Fanny!"

Both the manager and the shop attendant looked at Fanny in fear.

The grim-faced Fanny turned around and told her assistant, "Kick them out of the company, and blacklist them!"

"Yes, Miss!" The assistant then signaled the security guards to come in and pulled them out of the shop.

Though the guards had removed them from the shop, Arielle could still hear them wailing from a distance.

But she did not sympathize with them at all.

They deserve no mercy.

The other shop attendants looked at Arielle differently now. They were relieved that they were not involved in the drama earlier.

A few of them even took the opportunity to wrap the dress Arielle wanted to purchase.

Nobody bothered to entertain Yvette, who used to enjoy all the VIP privileges.

Yvette, who grew up living the life of a princess, had never experienced such humiliation.

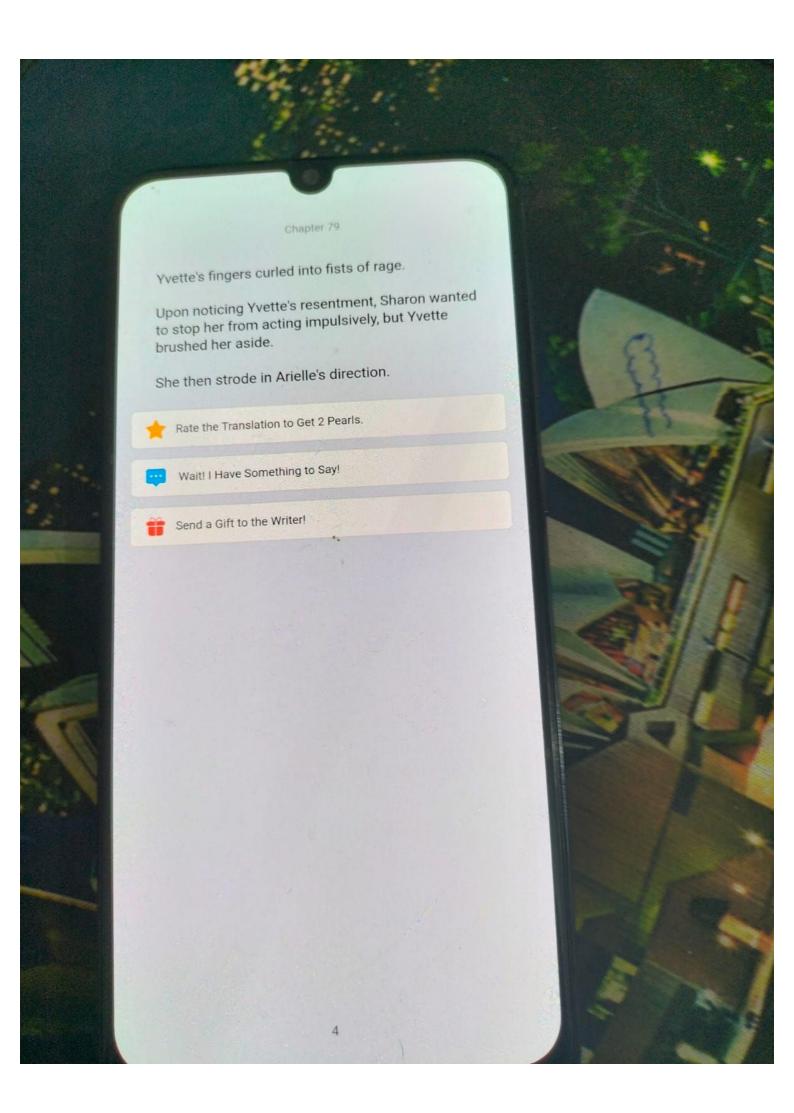
It was as if no one cared that she was engaged to one of the Bakers and the number one socialite of Jadeborough.

She became even more emotional when she recalled how they had killed her Pitbull right before her eyes.

Her helplessness soon turned into anger.

I don't care what brand it is or how famous their designer is, and I don't give a damn about Arielle Moore. I want them to vanish from Jadeborough once and for all!





I don't believe someone as lowly as Arielle are friends with these people!Fanny must have mistaken her for another Ms. Sannie, and Arielle must have taken advantage of it and played along!

"Arielle Moore!" Yvette walked up to her and raised her voice. "Enough with your act! Aren't you from the countryside? How did you know a designer from Feature?"

When Arielle was about to defend herself, Fanny stepped in. "So you're saying I don't know who am I talking to? Do you think I'm blind? We don't welcome uncouth customers in our shop. Please leave."

Yvette looked at her in disbelief. "How dare you? Do you not know that I can easily destroy your company with a snap of the fingers?"

Fanny titled her chin. "Try me."

"You!" Yvette exclaimed, "Don't you regret what you've done today!"

She turned around and stormed away in frustration.

I'm going to ask Dad to get Feature out of Jadeborough!

No. I should talk to the Jupiters instead since Feature's shop was in their shopping mall.

Since her fiancé, Jordan, and Jupiter Group's CEO, Harvey, were good friends, she decided to get

Harvey's help to avenge her.

Harvey treats me with great respect because I'm Jordan's fiancée. I'm sure he'll do me this favor!

Yvette dashed out of the shop and bumped into a man.

The man, who had a cup of coffee in his man, accidentally splashed the drink all over Yvette.

The coffee was so hot that Yvette shrieked in pain.

"Are you okay?" Sharon checked on her before reprimanding the man, "Are you blind?"

The man was stunned for a moment. It seemed he was surprised that someone actually talked to him in such a manner.

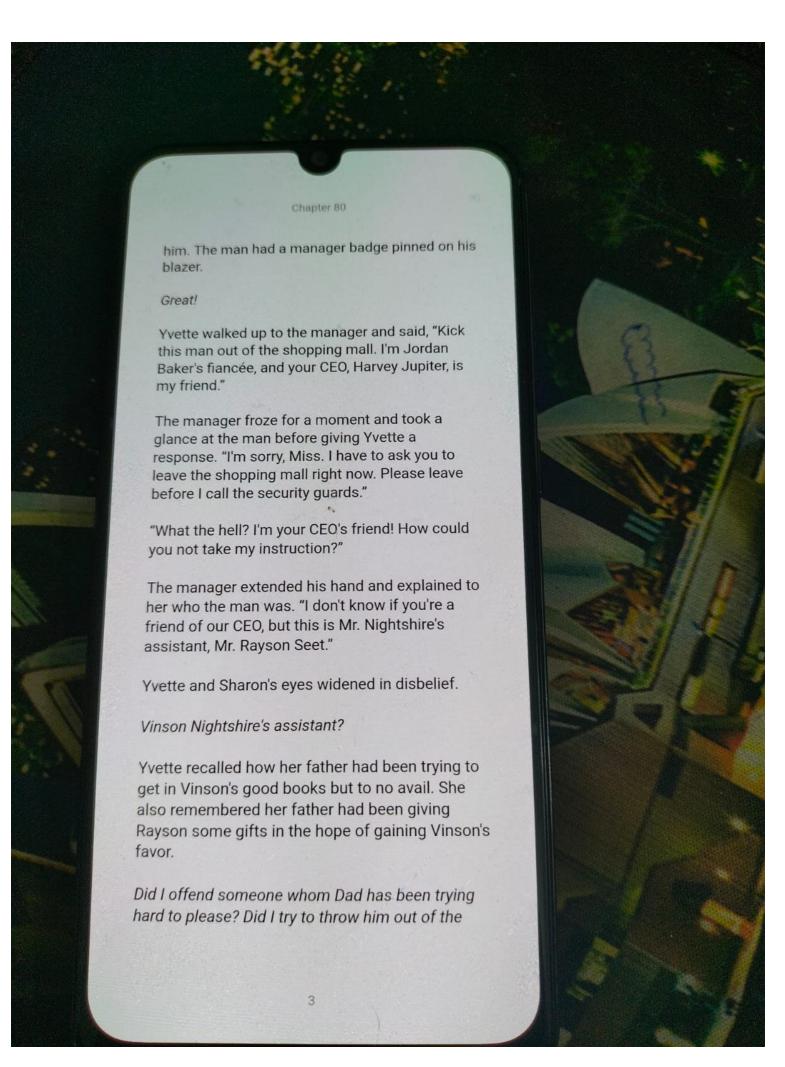
A sudden frown warped his face. He responded, "She knocked into me first."

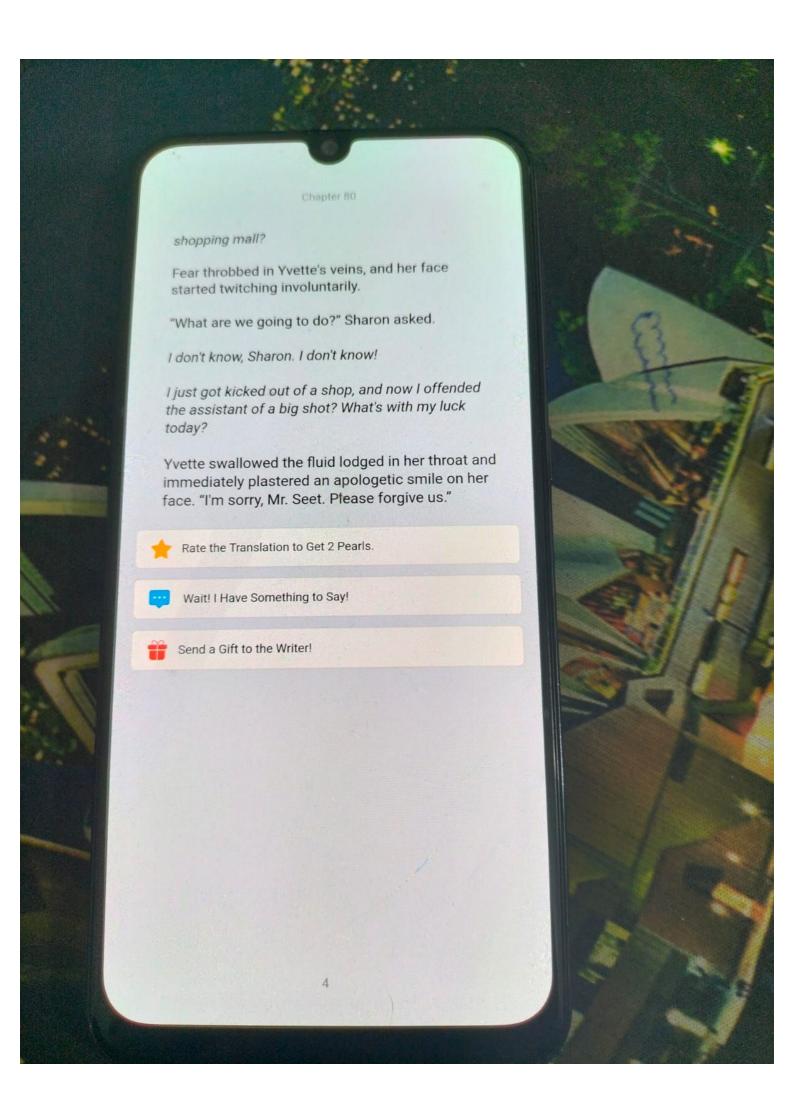
Upon noticing the coffee stain on her new dress, Yvette shot daggers at the man. "Do you know how much this dress cost? Do you know who I am? I can ban you from entering this shopping mall for the rest of your life!"

The man, who initially had a smiley face, instantly turned grim. He snorted and retaliated, "And do you know who I am? I can ban you from entering this shopping mall for the rest of your life!"

"How dare you!" Yvette bellowed. When she lifted her head, she saw another man standing behind







Rayson looked at the coffee stain on her dress and said, "I went all the way to buy this cup of coffee, and this happened. Do you know who I bought this coffee for?"

His expression turned grim.

The color drained out of Yvette's face.

Did he buy this coffee for... Vinson?

No one should ever mess with Vinson as he was the most difficult person to deal with among the four young men from Jadeborough's prominent families.

Unlike Harvey, who had shown her some respect, Vinson had never paid attention to her.

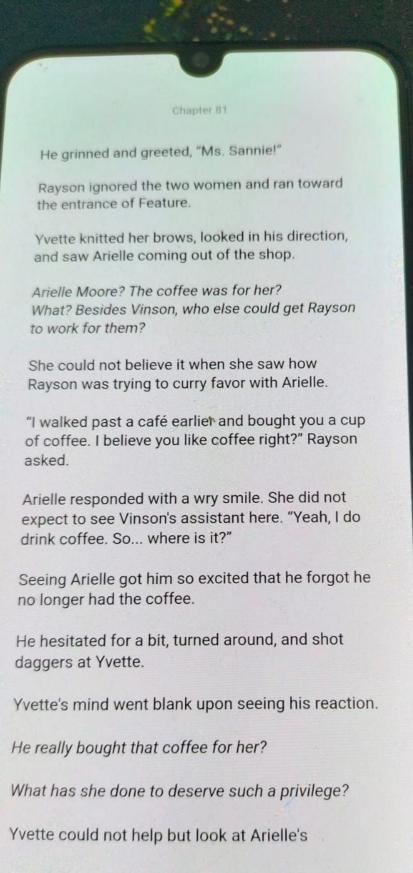
And now, she knocked over his coffee and reprimanded his assistant.

Yvette could not stop her body from shaking and asked in a trembling voice, "Where did you buy the coffee? I'll go and get another one..."

"Yes! We'll get you another cup of coffee right now!" Sharon echoed.

Sharon had to be even more mindful than Yvette because the Nightshire Group could destroy her family more easily than the Actonwards.

When Rayson was about to respond to their plea, he saw a familiar face from a stone's throw away.



face. That vixen! She must have seduced him!

She's really good at finding the right target. What a shameless woman!

Now it all made sense. Arielle must have gotten to know Fanny through Vinson's assistant!

Yvette remembered Shandie had once told her about the rumors between Vinson and Arielle, but at that point, she believed the man whom Arielle was involved with was Vinson's assistant.

I wonder how Vinson would think of their relationship.

Yvette thought since she had offended Rayson, she might as well take this opportunity to get rid of him!

You chose to fool around with Arielle, so don't blame me for being cruel!

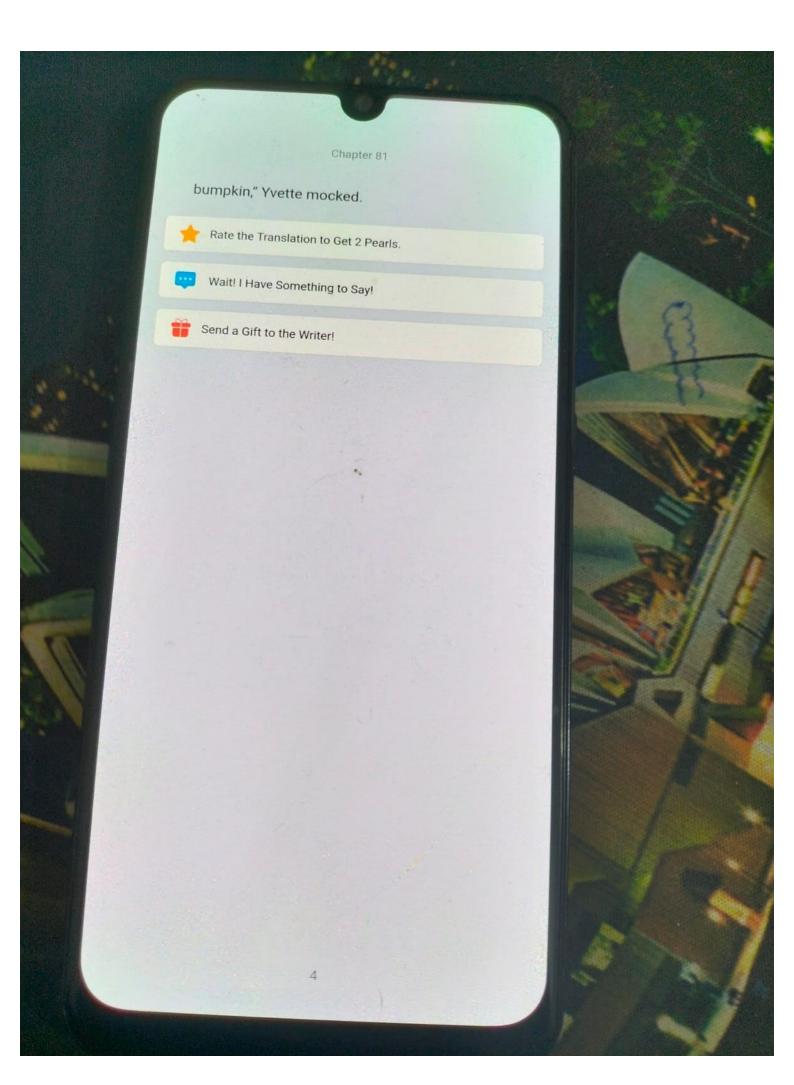
The fear in her had vanished into thin air. A corner of her mouth quirked up, and she decided to give them the final blow.

Time for revenge, suckers!

Arielle followed his line of sight and saw Yvette.

Yvette strode in their direction with a condescending look on her face.

"You seem to be very good at seducing men. That's quite an achievement for a country



Arielle's brows clumped together in a frown. "What nonsense are you spewing now?"

Beside her, Rayson shot a sharp gaze at Yvette as well. He warned, "Do mind your language, Miss."

Rayson assumed that Yvette would shrink away like some frightened rodent and apologize to Arielle, but that wasn't the case. Yvette raised a leering brow at him while rebuking, "Mr. Seet, is your boss aware of your gallivant ways out here? I suggest you be careful while playing with fire because Mr. Nightshire is not a lenient man. He won't tolerate a sloppy assistant."

Then she yanked Sharon's wrist and sashayed off without waiting for Rayson or Arielle's response.

Sharon walked with shaky knees as she asked, "Yvette... Is it wise to speak so rudely to Mr. Seet?"

Yvette huffed, "Why does it matter? That pathetic assistant will be relieved from his position and left to roam the streets soon. Once he becomes useless, I doubt Arielle will stick to him as she's doing now!"

She scowled inwardly. Arielle is just like her scheming father, Henrick—power-hungry monsters.

Flaring with irritation, Yvette dialed her butler's number. "Edmund, find out Mr. Nightshire's current location at once."

Edmund paused nervously on the other end of the call. He eventually stuttered, "A-are you referring to

Mr. Nightshire of Nightshire Group, Ms. Yvette?"

"Who else, captain obvious?"

"Um... I'm afraid it's impossible to track the current whereabouts of a big shot like Mr. Nightshire."

Within seconds, Yvette's expression darkened as cried, "I don't care! You'll do as I say and track him now. Otherwise, you can kiss your job goodbye!"

Edmund hung up shortly after. His blinking gray eyes stared gravely into the space.

How on earth will I track him...

Coincidentally, one of the Actonwards' housekeepers had just returned from delivering gifts to Jordan. They mentioned that Jordan was visiting Vinson at the Jupiters' residence.

That housekeeper was quite the babble mouth. He rambled on, "I don't get why these men gather so frequently. What a waste of leisure time! I personally think that Mr. Baker should be using this opportunity to spend more time with Ms. Yvette."

Nevertheless, Edmund's eyes lit up gratefully for this newfound information. He instantly dialed Yvette's number.

"Ms. Yvette, I found it. Mr. Nightshire is currently at the Jupiters'."

"The Jupiters?" Yvette casually checked on her

nails. Her lips curled with delight as a plan hatched in her mind. "That's even better. Rayson and Arielle were frolicking about in the Jupiters' territory. What a perfect opportunity to rat them out to Mr. Nightshire."

Once their call ended, Yvette turned to look at Sharon. "I'm going to visit Mr. Nightshire. You should head home if you're too much of a chicken. Also, inform the others that I'm off to see Mr. Nightshire. Tell them that I won't be joining them for tea."

Sharon had initially crossed her arms tightly in panic. However, this changed at the mention of Vinson's name; an eager gleam flitted across Sharon's eyes.

Yevette's family, the Actonwards, were close with the Bakers because of the marriage contract between her and Jordan. Hence, this gave Yvette frequent access to meeting men from Jadeborough. Sharon had always envied Yvette for this, because her chances of encountering those handsome men from Jadeborough were zero.

The more Sharon thought about this, the more a steadfast determination surged through her veins. She stated, "How could I let you face that alone? I'm coming with you!"

Yvette's eyes roamed over Sharon, studying her in approval. "I'm impressed. You've always seemed like an opportunistic minion, but I guess you're pretty loyal to me, huh? Alright then, let's go

together and make sure those two get kicked out of Jadeborough for good!"

"Absobloodylutely!" Sharon nodded with passion.

Perfect! I'm finally meeting Mr. Nightshire!

My looks are comparable to Yvette's, so maybe Mr. Nightshire might fall in love with me at first sight.

I don't care if I'm not worthy of marrying into the Nightshire family. Just spending a passionate night with Vinson Nightshire is more than enough for me. I'll be living out every girl's dream!

The two had different plans, but both merrily went their way to the Jupiters' residence.

Meanwhile, Arielle hadn't paid any mind to Yvette's ultimatum.

Arielle had dismissed Rayson, instructing him not to follow her around, to which he complied. Then she spent the rest of her day shopping with Fanny. While they browsed through some clothing racks, Arielle explained her current situation and expressed her wish to keep her identity a secret.



Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



Send a Gift to the Writer!

Fanny readily agreed, "Sure. Do reach out if you ever need my help. I'm taking part in a fashion design TV show, so I'll be in the country for the next few months."

"All right!"

The two chatted for a bit before exchanging contact details, then going their separate ways.

Arielle was about to hail a cab, but an MPV suddenly drove up to her—it was Rayson.

He rolled down the window and tee-heed. "Ms. Sannie, it won't be easy to get a cab from here. I'll give you a ride home instead."

He mentally justified his actions. Mr. Nightshire instructed me to stay by Ms. Sannie's side. Plus, I can't help but worry about letting her go home on her own.

Who knows? She might be the future Mrs.
Nightshire. As Mr. Nightshire's assistant, how can I allow such a distinguished figure to travel home in some dodgy cab?

Arielle's shoulders fell, giving in to his persistence. Still, she couldn't help but ask, "Don't you have anything better to do? Like helping out at Nightshire Group?"

Rayson chuckled awkwardly at her question. Little did she know, he had sorted out Mr. Nightshire's schedule for tomorrow and looked through three of the company's documents while waiting for her



to shop.

Arielle didn't decline and got into his car.

Unfortunately for them, their car broke down halfway.

Then the two of them stood by the roadside while staring at each other. Various cars drove by as they waited for the tow truck to arrive.

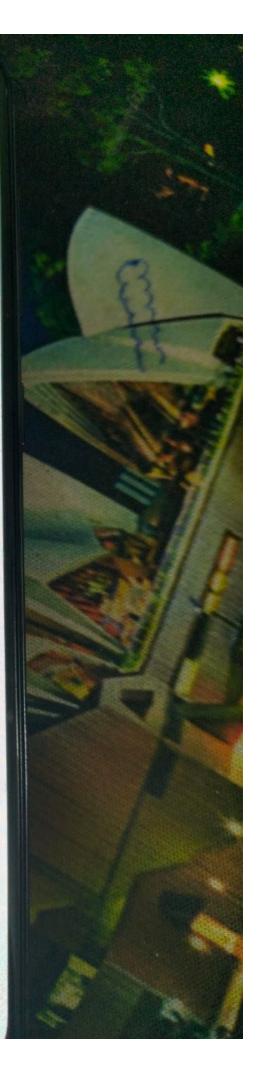
As time passed, Rayson frowned deeper and deeper. He then checked their location and awkwardly uttered, "Ms. Sannie, the tow truck might take another half an hour to arrive. It'll also be difficult to hitch a ride on this highway. I happen to know that Mr. Jupiter lives within this area. Perhaps we should head over and see if he'll lend us his car...?"

Arielle heaved a sigh before nodding.

We can't keep waiting aimlessly here for the next half hour.

The Jupiters lived in the northern suburbs, near the national park. Their home sat on a large estate. It had traditional architecture, featuring pillars as well as white and black color schemes. Tall white fences surrounded the house, guarding the artistically built home inside as if it were a portal to another world.

By the time Vinson and Harvey arrived, Carter had already moved the person down to the spare garage in the basement.



The otherwise pitch-black garage was now brightly lit.

As soon as Vinson entered, he saw that the man had crouched into the corner. The man rocked his body slightly while mumbling a series of nonsensical words.

His clothes were in tatters; the white shirt he wore was heavily stained and had multiple holes.

On top of that, the man's unkempt hair looked like overgrown weeds. His frazzled appearance resembled that of a beggar who had gone insane.

Even so, Vinson immediately recognized the man—he's one of the assassins on the cruise.

Carter noticed that Vinson and Harvey had entered. He nudged his gold-framed glasses and joined Jordan in approaching them.

"What's going on?" Harvey glanced at the disheveled man before resuming, "This guy stabbed me when I was overseas. Back then, he looked like some CEO of an international company or something. So why does he look like this now? Is he faking it?"

Jordan shrugged. He tossed the toy rat aside and shook his head in response. "I've tested him, and it doesn't seem like he's faking it. He really is insane."

The rubbery rat that Jordan threw landed on Carter's foot. Disgusted, Carter kicked it away. He



nudged his gold-rimmed glasses once again and said, "This man drifted at sea for about a month. The local fishermen said that he encountered a shark before they found him. Luck was on his side, but it seems like the whole thing scarred him mentally. We won't get much information from interrogating him while he's in this state. All we can do now is treat him in my family's private hospital."

Harvey cussed at this, "This b*stard nearly killed me! And you want to treat him? Where the hell is the logic in this?"

Boisterous laughter roared out from Jordan.

He teased, "Hah! Would you look at that? I didn't think you knew such colorful language. It looks like you're back to normal now, eh?"

Harvey's face puckered into a glare. Then he walked closer to the deranged man and looked him coldly in the eye.

"I get that we're sending you for treatment, but I gotta get my revenge!"

With that, Harvey gripped the collar of the man's shirt and rammed a fist into his stomach.

The impact rattled the man, who spewed a mouthful of blood before passing out cold.



The other three dropped their jaws at the sight of the unconscious man.

They were well-acquainted with Harvey's tactless ways; they knew that he would never think twice before doing or saying anything. However, they couldn't help but freeze in shock after seeing Harvey knock the man out.

Jordan was the first who broke out of his trance. He clapped his hands dramatically and exclaimed, "Well, that's just splendid! We spent ages going after this guy to use as bait, and now you've killed him!"

Darkness loomed over Vinson's face.

He frowned at the severity of Harvey's actions; they needed this man alive. Catching him wasn't the primary goal because they still needed him as bait to lure out the mastermind behind the assassination attempt.

Vinson hurried over and placed a finger under the man's nose.

He let out a relieved sigh after feeling faint breathing from the man. Then he whipped around to inform Carter, "He's still alive. Get him to your family's private hospital right away."

"On it." Carter instantly pulled out his phone, dialing for a private ambulance.

Once sorted, Vinson flashed a furious gaze at Harvey as if warning him to never pull another



stunt like this again.

Harvey only wanted to teach the man a lesson. Now that he locked eyes with Vinson's deadly gaze, he scratched the back of his head guilty. "I-I have the right to be upset too... This man nearly killed me, just like he almost killed you too..."

"Fine." Vinson's brows twisted into a frown as he continued, "Don't let it happen again. And remember, he's not the one who wants us dead—we're after the person who's giving this man orders."

"Exactly," Jordan chimed in with uncharacteristic seriousness. "This guy is merely a pawn. Our main objective is to seize the big guy, so quit acting on impulse, all right? I prefer you drinking your sorrows away."

Harvey glared daggers at Jordan. Before he could retort, a bodyguard knocked and peeked in from the door. The bodyguard quickly reported, "A guest has requested your presence, Mr. Jupiter."

Harvey cast a questioning look at Carter and asked, "Did you get caught while bringing the man back?"

"That's impossible," Carter denied with an amused scoff. "I'm not Jordan."

At once, Jordan's chest puffed up in offense. "Hey! Who do you think you're throwing jabs at, Mr. Carter Morgan?"



Carter sneered through a chiding tone, "Simple. I'm insulting the person who just responded to my jab."

Seeing the two men rile up, Vinson thundered, "That's enough!"

Only then did the fiery anger between the two dissipate.

Then Vinson questioned the bodyguard, "Who's the guest?"

The bodyguard was so terrified by Jordan and Carter's dispute earlier that he promptly answered, "A lady named Yvette Actorward. She requests Mr. Jupiter and Mr. Nightshire's presence."

"Yvette?" Jordan's eyelid twitched, signaling a bad omen. "What is she doing here? And why is she requesting to see them?"

The bodyguard shook his head. "I'm not too sure...
But Ms. Actonward seemed like she had
something urgent to inform the two gentlemen
about."

Coincidentally, the private ambulance arrived and swiftly brought the unconscious man away.

With nothing left to do, Vinson looked over at Harvey and stated, "Let's go see what she's fussing about."

Harvey looked as confused as Jordan. He pondered, Isn't Yvette supposed to be Jordan's

fiancée?What does she want from Vinson and me?

The four men decided to head up to the living room together.

There, Yvette and Sharon tapped their feet anxiously as they had waited for some time. When the men approached, Yvette immediately noticed Jordan, whose features had darkened in displeasure. A shiver crept down Yvette's spine as she no longer felt as eager about ratting Arielle out as before.

Sh*t, Edmund! That goddamned butler! I can't believe he didn't tell me that Jordan was here too! How will I pretend to be super close with Jordan and win over Vinson, as well as Harvey's support against Arielle?

Since they were in the Jupiters' territory, Harvey initiated pleasantries, "It's been a while, Ms. Actonward. Is there a reason for your visit?"

Yvette stole a glance at Jordan. However, he averted her gaze and appeared nonchalant altogether. Pain prickled across Yvette's chest at his ignorance. Still, she feigned a bright smile and replied, "I have something to tell you and Mr. Nightshire... But I didn't know that Mr. Baker would be here too."

Jordan raised a brow. "Why? Am I not allowed to be here? Or is my presence causing you any inconvenience?"

Anger broiled in Jordan.



He had witnessed Yvette's vile nature during the dog incident at the Southalls' residence. Now that Yvette showed up here, he couldn't help but doubt her intentions. Did she seriously try to wreak havoc among my brothers? And behind my back too?

How shameless.

Meanwhile, Yvette assumed that Jordan had misunderstood the situation. She thought he was jealous that she was seeking out other men.

In reality, the romance between her and Jordan was one-sided; she was keen on their marriage while Jordan was not. Although she often wished for Jordan's presence, this wasn't one of those times.

Rats, he's here. I can't make use of my title as Jordan's fiancée to complain about Arielle now.

Yvette contemplated her next move extensively before finally answering, "Your presence isn't inconvenient per se, it's just that this matter involves Mr. Nightshire and Mr. Jupiter..."

Vinson had sat onto one of the sofas. His face was devoid of emotions, uninterested in joining the conversation.

Left without a choice, Harvey brought the conversation back to its original focus. "What's the matter? Get to the point."

The one thing he loathed with all his might was when people beat around the bush.



Stifled by the threatening aura from all four men, Yvette cut to the chase. "I was at Mr. Jupiter's shopping mall today and saw Mr. Nightshire's assistant. He and his girlfriend were causing trouble in the mall. I stepped in to prevent things from escalating. But they wouldn't see reason. They even forced me to leave..."

Vinson's uninterested gaze became more alert now that his assistant was involved. Unnerved, he locked eyes with Yvette. "Did you say Rayson's girlfriend?"

He had always known that Rayson had a unique sexual preference. Still, he couldn't help but mentally cheer for Rayson how that he finally got himself a partner.

Thank goodness. Rayson's Mom won't have to worry about his love life anymore. Even better, she'll stop begging me to convince Rayson into getting a partner.

Yet, Yvette dropped a bombshell when she announced the girlfriend's identity, "That's right. I'm sure you know her as well, Mr. Nightshire. Her name is Arielle, the Southalls' long-lost daughter from the country.

"What!"

"What?"

Vinson and Harvey shot onto their feet at once.

Jordan hadn't connected the dots about who



Arielle was, so he looked quizzically at the two startled men.

Not only were they taken aback, but Yvette was too. She yelped backward in utter shock.

What's up with these guys? Why are they so shocked?

Are they upset with Rayson's misbehavior? They must be.

Confident with her guess, Yvette went on with her made-up story, "Mr. Nightshire, your assistant is plenty arrogant. His girlfriend too! She thinks she's so high and mighty; she even name-dropped you, Mr. Nightshire, to steal the clothes I was keen on buying and force me out of the shop. You mustn't allow such vermin to continue working alongside you!"

For some reason, Yvette felt as if her words had garnered some vicious gazes.

She instinctively looked up. It turned out that Harvey and Vinson were glaring at her with malice burning in their eyes.

These men were different from the average person; Harvey was a member of the armed forces, while Vinson was a top-notch leader in the business industry. Their glares were so intense that Yvette's knees weakened

Yvette reached out, motioning Sharon to support her. However, Sharon was spineless and had

already fallen onto the ground.

So Yvette focused all her might, propping herself upright by pushing against the sofa behind her.

Fear rattled deep in her bones. Still, she mustered every bit of courage she had to ask, "I-Is something wrong, Mr. Nightshire? I swear I'm telling the truth. You have to believe me!"

Vinson's eyes narrowed as a murderous shade of purple flickered in his eyes.

Beside him, Harvey was equally fuming. He had always been a straightforward person, so he spoke up as soon as Yvette stopped talking. "You said Arielle stole the clothes that you were interested in?"

Yvette nodded profusely. "That's right!"

A smug grin spread across Harvey's face. He told her off, "Then you should have given it to her. I own that shopping mall, and this is what I have to say about your little complaint; Arielle can have whatever she wants from my mall."

This declaration caused Yvette's features to harden.



Did my ears deceive me...?

Yvette stuttered in disbelief, "Y-You... what did you just say?"

Harvey shoved his hands into his pockets and asserted impatiently, "I said Arielle can have whatever she desires. No one is to get in her way. Now, as for you... Correct me if I'm wrong, but were you speaking ill of her?"

Despite Harvey's good looks, his chiseled features twisted into a sharp, distasteful frown. A dangerous aura emitted from him as if he was taunting Yvette for her reckless complaints. In response, Yvette shuddered even more.

She panicked. How could this happen...?

I came here to tell them that Arielle had mistreated me. So why is Harvey looking at me like I'm the villain in this story?

On the other hand, Sharon remained kneeling on the ground. Her face had paled to a ghostly white that was full of regret.

Why did I think that following Yvette here would benefit me? I should have just gone for tea with the others!

What the hell was I thinking—sleeping with Vinson? I can't even think about it after witnessing how scary he is. No ordinary person can look at him without getting chills; I can't stop shaking after looking at his dark eyes.

Sharon was on the verge of tears. Compared to her, Yvette had more mental resilience and quickly got over her fear. Yvette then took a gamble by placing all her hopes on Vinson to react accordingly.

"Mr. Nightshire..." Yvette mewled with a small panicky voice, "I-I'm not speaking ill of Arielle... I'm telling the truth because I worry for you. Your assistant's arrogance is disgracing your reputation. For your sake, you should do something about him..."

Vinson's lips pressed into a thin line as he glowered at Yvette.

Who does she think Arielle is? I may not know Arielle very well, but I don't believe a single word that spews out of Yvette's foul mouth.

I would have asked the housekeepers to escort Yvette out by now if she wasn't Jordan's fiancée.

Vinson bit down his irritation while uttering a tart reply, "Let me spell it out for you, Ms. Actonward. I don't appreciate you meddling with the affairs of my assistant."

He had unknowingly said assistant as opposed to Arielle, which he initially intended to say.

All color drained from Yvette's face.

"I..." she opened her mouth, but the words never came as her mind went blank.



Never in a million years could she have predicted this to happen. Great! That one is biased to the country bumpkin for no damn reason, while this guy wholeheartedly trusts his assistant. Why isn't anyone on my side?

Regret festered in Yvette's chest.

Damn it all! I should have just hired some men to beat Arielle into a pulp!

Anger and fear battled inside Yvette like waves crashing against each other. She couldn't comprehend how things ended up this way. Curses filled her mind as she had never been this humiliated in her life.

Just as Yvette was frantically searching for an excuse, she suddenly noticed Jordan from the corner of her eye.

Hope swelled in her chest. I've still got Jordan! Surely he'll take my side?

"M-Mr. Baker?" Yvette flashed a set of teary, puppy dog eyes. Then she resumed with a small voice, "I didn't know Mr. Jupiter and Arielle were friends... I'm so sorry. I won't ever get in her way when she's shopping again. Please don't be mad at me..."

Yvette was extremely skilled when it came to putting on a pitiful act.

Her shivering pretense was so believable that Jordan caved in.



Yvette is still my wife nominally. Plus, if what Yvette says is true, then she technically didn't do anything wrong. There's no need to kick her out in such a humiliating manner.

If anything, my fiancée is the victim in this situation. She had to surrender the clothes while shopping because someone else wanted them. Then she came here to rant and seek assurance from my friends, but they're kicking her out instead. This humiliation will also affect my reputation since I haven't called off the marriage contract.

Jordan's expression softened. He cast a look at Harvey and Vinson before saying, "Come on, guys. Let's drop this..."

Right then, the Jupiter family's butler came rushing in. "Mr. Jupiter, there are two guests outside. They're asking to borrow one of your cars."

Harvey was already in a foul mood but grew frustrated at the news of more guests, who also wanted to borrow his car. He barked out, "Who is it this time?

The butler threw a nervous look at Vinson and said, "It's Mr. Nightshire's assistant, Mr. Seet."

"Rayson?" Harvey frowned at Vinson. "Didn't you instruct him to stay by Arielle's side? Why has he come here to borrow one of my cars?"

Vinson reacted with an equally puzzled gaze.

At this, Harvey knew that there was no use questioning Vinson. He turned his attention back onto the butler and briskly instructed, "Let them in."

"Right away, sir." The butler spun on his heel. It wasn't long before he returned with the two guests.

Almost instantly, Harvey's gaze found its way onto Arielle, who was walking behind Rayson.

His brows raised in shock as he hadn't expected her to show up as well.

A pleasantly surprised grin spread on his lips while he dashed over to her side. "Arielle, what brings you here? Are you here to see me?"

Meanwhile, Arielle was busy being in awe of the stunning wall carvings and accented details around her. She had lived abroad for so many years that this was her first time seeing a traditional-themed architectural build. Its grandness mesmerized her.

Once she finally stopped admiring the walls, her eyes roamed past the faces of Harvey and the others in the room.

A lopsided sneer soon spread on Arielle's face when she saw the woman standing behind Jordan—Yvette.

What's Yvette doing here all of a sudden?

Yvette is just like Shandie; they're both tarred with the same brush. I can't bring myself to be nice to her.

Arielle sharply withdrew her gaze from Yvette. She then explained her reason for being here, "Our car broke down nearby. So, Rayson suggested that we borrow one of your cars to get us back home. Will that be fine with you?"

"Absolutely! Which cars would you prefer? Please, take your pick from my garage." Harvey had become uncharacteristically generous. His current behavior was nothing at all like how he had treated Yvette moments ago.

He whirled around and motioned them to head for the garage. As he did so, Yvette finally got to see who the guests were.

Her jaw clenched tautly with resentment. Why the hell is this b*tch here?

Oh well, this is even better! Jordan was just about to defend me. Now that she's here, Jordan might give her hell for mistreating me!

Yvette pouted at Jordan. She simultaneously pointed at Arielle and whined, "Mr. Baker! That's the woman who stole my clothes and forced me



out of the shopping mall."

Jordan wasn't the least bit interested in Rayson's affairs. Thus, he hadn't bothered to look at the guests earlier.

Now that Yvette was whining, Jordan instinctively glanced over in the guests' direction. Upon taking in the sight of Arielle's face, his eyes rounded in surprise and recognition.

It's her!

The goddess. The woman of my dreams!

Yvette hadn't noticed the subtle glee in Jordan's eyes because she had fully immersed herself in playing the victim. "She is truly a wicked woman. Please, you have to help me get even!"

At last, everything clicked into place for Jordan. He now understood who Yvette had been complaining about this whole time.

His dark eyes narrowed to slits, radiating hatred at Yvette. His voice boomed. "Zip it!"

Yvette was taken aback. She pursed her lips, unsure of why he shut her up.

Without a moment to waste, Jordan disregarded Yvette and clambered over to Arielle. He clumsily introduced himself, "Hi... do you remember me? We met at your family home. And uh, oh right! I was the one who saved you from the dog!"



All color on Yvette's face paled to a chalky white.

What the devil is happening now?

Arielle tilted her head in confusion. Gradually, she recalled bits and pieces of meeting him. Then she calmly said, "Oh... it's you."

From afar, Yvette cast a stormy gaze at the two's reunion. She could tell that Jordan was behaving differently towards Arielle.

Jordan had always been a smooth-talker when it came to women. Yet, this was Yvette's first time seeing him in such a flustered state. So, something about it felt fishy to her.

White-hot rage burned in Yvette's throat as she clenched her fists. Despite her anger, words refused to come out of her mouth

Meanwhile, Vinson grew annoyed since Arielle had acknowledged everyone but him. He cleared his throat and began questioning Rayson, "Why are you guys here? Did something happen at the shopping mall?"

Rayson grimaced at the sight of Yvette. His voice was dangerously low while he recounted everything that had happened earlier.

"Ms. Actonward here was making a fuss at the shopping mall. As a result, the store's staff nearly kicked Ms. Moore out. Oh, right. Ms. Actonward also demanded to have the shirt that Ms. Moore was about to purchase..."

Rayson's merciless confession caused Yvette to turn paler, like a thief caught red-handed.

She clenched her fists and frantically explained through downcast eyes, "That's not true! They're lying! They're trying to frame me..."

Jordan snorted coldly, "So they're framing you now, huh? Then what about that last incident with the dog? Did someone else frame you?"

Beads of nervous sweat formed on Yvette's forehead. All she could manage was a simple squeak, "I..."

"Enough!" Jordan interrupted. His ears burned a tinge redder with rage. "I've told you once, never take me for a fool. But this is the second time you've lied straight to my face! Since you refuse to call off our engagement, I'll have a word with my Mom tonight to jumpstart the process!"

Call off the engagement?

Yvette's legs wobbled, causing her to take two steps back.

What respectable family will have me if the Bakers call off my engagement?



Absolutely not! I won't allow it!

Yvette mustered up all her courage in one final attempt to save things. She dashed to Jordan, wrapping her arms around his thigh as she cried out fat drops of tears. "No... please, Mr. Baker! I made a foolish mistake. Please forgive me just this once! I swear I'll never cause trouble again. Please don't call off our engagement..."

This incident had cut off any strand of patience or pity that Jordan felt for Yvette.

Jordan's gaze shot over at the butler as he roared, "Well? Why aren't you getting rid of this nuisance?"

The butler complied. He hurriedly called for two bodyguards, who pried Yvette off Jordan's thigh and dragged her out of the Jupiters' estate.

Likewise, they removed Sharon from the estate.

Vinson hadn't even spared her a single glance,
much less fall in love with her. Not that she
minded because she was now terrified of Vinson.

The two looked utterly miserable as they boarded their car and returned to the Actonwards' residence.

Yvette remained dumfounded during their journey home.

I came here to gather the guys' help in teaching Rayson as well as Arielle a lesson. However, this wasn't how I predicted things to end; not only did I fail to get Arielle in trouble, but Jordan also



canceled our marriage contract. What the hell am I going to do now?

"Aargghhhh!" Yvette wrapped her hands around her head and let out a skin-crawling scream, startling both Sharon and the driver.

In the living room.

Arielle was left in a daze after Jordan had kicked Yvette out. Deep down, she wondered why he did so.

Still, she could not have been more delighted.

I don't know what happened exactly, but I'll befriend anyone who's mean to my enemies!

Hence, Arielle beamed brightly at Jordan, "Thanks for saving me back then."

If Jordan hadn't been around, that dog would have mauled off my face.

Arielle's eyes sparkled with adoration at Jordan. At that moment, he felt like the world was spinning gleefully like a carousel.

He was about to speak, but Harvey butted in, "You know Ms. Moore?"

"Yeah." Jordan happily met Harvey's gaze and answered in a whispering voice, "She's the goddess—the one that I told you guys. I'm going to pursue her."



Chapter 87 Harvey's face turned grim within seconds of hearing this. So Jordan met Arielle half a month earlier than I did? Annoyance washed over Harvey. Similarly, Vinson's features had darkened to a raging shade of maroon. Vinson scowled inwardly. Why is she such a ball of sunshine to every person but not me? What did I ever do to upset her? Unable to tolerate this any tonger, Vinson opened his mouth but was interrupted by his ringing phone. The caller ID showed "Sam." Sam, the director? Why is he calling me? Vinson answered the call with an annoyed tone, "Hello?" Sam's irritated voice thundered from the phone like a furious storm. "Mr. Nightshire, the woman that you recommended won't cut it as our movie's main lead! I want her replaced at once! If you insist on having her as the lead character, then you can count me out of directing this film!"