

## Chapter 417 Reputation Ruined

The next day, there was a party for the wealthy ladies of Andeport. It was a regular occurrence for them if there was nothing better to do.

They would all take turns to host, having tea, playing cards, or, occasionally, they would book a plane and all go abroad for a couple of days at some resort.

As they were a large group of women, it was inevitable that there would be gossip.

Today, the hot topic was the Mayfield family's daughter-in-law who died five years ago. Somebody was saying it hadn't been an accident.

Emily had expected to spend the day engaging in idle chatter but hadn't expected it all to be about her own family.

Her first instinct was to stop them, but then she realized she wanted to hear it, so she listened in.

"Mrs. Wright, are you trying to tell me that Melissa Sherman's death wasn't an accident?" a rich lady asked.

"Of course it wasn't. Everybody's saying she was killed by her half-sister," Gwenda Wright said.

"You can't go spreading unsubstantiated rumors like that, Mrs. Wright! Not without any evidence. We talked for ages about it back then. Where did you hear this new story? Tell me. Where did you hear it?"

Emily couldn't take any more of this and asked angrily, "Do you have any evidence, Mrs. Wright? You're slandering my daughter, and without any proof, I'll sue you!"

Gwenda was annoyed at what Emily was saying. She folded her arms and gave her a withering look.

"Well, Mrs. Sherman. Take a good look at yourself. Like mother, like daughter. It seems perfectly believable that it was your daughter's fault Melissa died."

"You! This is preposterous. You're talking rubbish!"

Emily's face turned red with rage, but she couldn't really retaliate and defend herself.

She knew what had really happened. And at the time, she had encouraged Arielle to take Everett away from Melissa.

She really hadn't expected it all to come back up again five years later though.

"There's no need to get so upset, Mrs. Sherman," Gwenda said, snorting with contempt.

The ladies around them were enjoying the show. One of them pulled out her phone and said, "Hey, everyone, look. Mrs. Wright is right. Somebody's written about it on the Internet. They've got proof as well."

"Where? Show me that."

"Yeah, let me see as well."

At this news, Emily's face dropped. She rummaged around to pull out her phone.

It was true; it had been posted all over social media and had hundreds of thousands of views already, even though it had only been up for an hour.

There was evidence to back up all the claims as well. Records of Arielle's prenatal checkups and the abortion. It all showed that not only did Arielle lie to the Mayfield family, but she had also framed Melissa and taken her position.

All the comments underneath were heavily critical of Arielle.

"Well, Mrs. Sherman?" Gwenda looked at Emily with a smug face and said, "I'd say it's pretty obvious I'm not talking nonsense, wouldn't you say? If I were you, I'd go home and check with your daughter. Ask her if

she did it and don't hang around here."

"Okay, I will, and we'll see." With that, Emily rushed back home, but she didn't find either Arielle or Howell there, just a mess all through the study and the living room.

She scowled at the disarray and stopped a servant.

"Where are Howell and Arielle?"

"Mr. Sherman has gone out," the servant said, bowing her head. "He was really angry about something. He smashed up everything in the study. Then after he talked to somebody on his phone in the living room, he smashed more things before he left."

Emily frowned. Why had he gone out at such a critical moment?