

With the champion title for the competition in her hand, Shandie's mood soon lightened. She straightened out herself and followed Cindy downstairs.

Just when she arrived at the lobby, she overheard a few socialites mocking her. “I don't know how Shandie still manages to come down here. Look at how terrible she looked when she saw her sister's face.”

“If I were her, I would just stay at home for three years and wait for everyone to forget all about this!”

Shandie boiled with fury and was about to dash over and argue with them.

However, she stopped in her tracks abruptly.

No way! I can't argue with these socialites. It will only sour my image further.

After all, the ranking of all socialites in Jadeborough would take place soon, and their daily countenance would be taken into account as well.

In fact, Shandie knew she had only one opponent to deal with—Arielle Moore.

As long as I get rid of that country bumpkin, no one else would be able to rival against me.

Shandie knew that the gesticulation would stop if she topped the ranking among socialites.

Then, an evil thought festered in her mind. Shandie called her wet nurse to a deserted corner and instructed the woman in a low voice.

As night fell, the guests retreated themselves. Henrick ordered the housekeeper to prepare a room with a balcony for Arielle. It was apparent that the man cared deeply about her.

Then again, Arielle was well aware that the man did not actually care about her, not any more than the benefits that she would be able to rake in for him anyway.

At the same time, Arielle noticed that a housekeeper had been silently keeping tabs on her ever since the second half session of the banquet.

With the thought in mind, she had been vigilant and would be alert whenever she heard any sounds.

After all, she had no idea what kind of evil plans the people in the mansion were hatching against her.

All of a sudden, Arielle heard some rustling sounds near the window, and her eyes sprung open warily.

However, she kept her body still and maintained her sleeping position.

Sounds of footsteps could be heard coming from the balcony. After a few seconds of pause, the sound of footsteps was gone.

Arielle lay there for a moment. After confirming that the person was truly gone, she could not help but furrow her brows.

Why did that person come here? Surely, the person's not just here to confirm if I've slept!

Arielle got up but kept the lights off. She turned on the light on the phone that Henrick gave her and used it to look for any clues that the person might have left.

Hiss...

Then, she heard some peculiar sounds. It was as if someone was gasping for air.

She pinpointed the direction of the sound and realized that it came from her bedside, right about a meter away from where her legs would lie on the bed.

Arielle shone the light in the direction.

A slithering cobra came into view!

The cobra seemed to have its eyes set on Arielle long ago. It raised its slick body and transfixed its emerald eyes at her.

If she had not noticed the sounds and got out of bed, she would have been immobilized by then!

Right at that moment, the cobra made its move and lunged itself at her neck as it rattled its tail.

Arielle had undergone training before. In a swift motion, she rolled over and managed to dodge the cobra's attack.

Then, she gripped its tail firmly with her right hand and hurled it at the ground.

The cobra was knocked right out.

Arielle took out the scissors that she kept hidden under her bed and was about to cut off the cobra's head.

Then, she realized that the cobra species was from the south. In fact, that type of cobra would not appear in the north at all.

It meant that someone had deliberately placed the cobra there to take her life.

Arielle felt an impending danger looming as her brain went into overdrive.

She first thought of Henrick. But she was of great use

to the man right then as she was a pawn that he could use to butter up the Nightshires. Hence, she did not think that Henrick would do something like that.

There was only one other possibility left—Cindy and Shandie.

However, Cindy was a shrewd woman. She would not be so hasty to do something like this, not especially on the first night Arielle came back. So, Shandie was the only plausible person who could have plotted something like this.

Arielle's eyes slowly narrowed as her eyes turned frosty.

She's trying to kill me? Just how senseless is she?

Late into the night, when everyone else in the mansion was fast asleep, Shandie was likewise in a

deep slumber as she awaited the good news of Arielle dying in her sleep the next morning.

She had purposely ordered Janet to choose the most venomous snake that she could find on the market. Shandie also added that the snake should be famished and ready to pounce viciously on its victim. Arielle would be as good as dead the moment the snake was dropped into her room.

As long as Arielle was gone, nobody else would be able to vie for Henrick or Vinson's love with Shandie.

Shandie had a sweet dream as she was in a jubilant mood.

In the dream, she was attending her graduation ceremony. As Vinson thought she was a talented woman, he fell in love with her at first sight and announced to everyone on the spot that she would be

his wife, Mrs. Nightshire!

However, Shandie had been oblivious to the shadow approaching her balcony when she was deep in her dreams.

The dark night was deadly silent, up until a piercing sound was heard.

“Ah!”

A sharp shriek shook the manor.

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