

## Chapter 8 Someone Easier to Control

At Anderson Mansion.

Elizabeth was still emotional about what happened at Miller Villa. When she met Camille after returning home, she didn't even greet her and stalked back to her own room instead. Camille followed after Elizabeth, asking curiously, "Mother, did Stephen really go to bring Yvonne back?"

Elizabeth nodded in reply and exclaimed indignantly, "I really don't know what's wrong with Stephen. How could he take that ugly monster's side?"

"It seems that Stephen's serious about this."

Camille hid the disdain in her voice and put on the air of a cultured and virtuous lady. "Mother, I thought about this situation carefully after you left. This isn't necessarily a bad thing."

Elizabeth couldn't understand it. "Not a bad thing? Our family's reputation will be completely ruined! If the public found out that Stephen married an uneducated and ugly wife, it would be the joke of the town!"

"The reason you arranged a wife for Stephen was because you wanted him to have an heir, right? Since Stephen didn't drive her away, it means that he's already quite fond of her," Camille explained patiently.

"Besides, Yvonne's ugly and uneducated, but that makes her easier to control. As long as we keep the marriage a secret, we can drive her out of the family once she gives birth to an heir. No one would know anything about the child's background."

As Camille's words sank in, Elizabeth suddenly had an epiphany. She brightened up considerably. "Why didn't I think of that?"

"You care too much about Stephen, and that's why you overlooked it." Camille chuckled lightly.

Elizabeth's eyes were full of admiration as she grasped Camille's hand tightly. "We'll do as you say. First, I'll get someone to warn Thomas about this. They definitely won't dare to spread rumors anywhere!"

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A maid brought Stephen's medication to his room. Yvonne took the medication and sniffed the liquid. Her eyebrows furrowed tightly.

According to Stephen, he was supposed to take this medication twice a week, three times a day. This was the first time Yvonne had seen medication like this. She casually poured the medication into the toilet and flushed it away. Holding the empty cup, she went back to Stephen.

"My hunch is right. Your medication seems suspicious."

Stephen frowned. "Did you throw the medication away?"

"Yeah, what else could I do? Are you addicted to it?" Yvonne replied.

Stephen was a little displeased when he heard that Yvonne had poured the medication away without consulting him. "There's a surveillance camera in the room. If I don't take the medicine, it will raise suspicion. Can't you ask me first before doing anything?"

"I've already had someone hack into the surveillance camera and destroy it," Yvonne said nonchalantly. "I'm not used to having others intrude into my privacy."

"You..." Stephen was getting frustrated. This woman was completely beyond his control.

"Why are you so agitated?" Yvonne sat on the couch and placed the empty cup on the table. "The person who installed the surveillance camera will soon come knocking, and I have a way to deal with it. Do you really want to be monitored for the rest of your life?"

As soon as she finished speaking, there was a knock on the door.

"Stephen, may I come in and sit for a while?" It was Camille.

Yvonne was surprised at her appearance and whispered to Stephen, "Did Camille install the cameras?"

Stephen didn't respond, which meant she'd hit the nail on the head. Yvonne was taken aback. When Elizabeth had tried to kick her out, Camille had spoken up for her. She'd thought Camille was a good person.

"Come in," Stephen said, giving his permission.

Camille entered the room, followed by two maintenance workers. "I've heard from the security team that something's wrong with the surveillance cameras in the room, so I brought some people to take a look. Sorry to keep you waiting," Camille said cheerfully as she approached them, glancing at the empty cup on the table.

Although a smile was plastered on her face, Yvonne caught sight of Camille breathing a sigh of relief.