

Chapter 11 You Know How To Reach Me

Arabella tightened her grip on her phone, leaving a faint crack splitting across it.

In the final moments of the video, the bullies walked away, still laughing while Daisy lay there in a puddle of dirty water—her eyes empty, like a broken doll.

"God, look at her. What a mess," someone sneered, and Arabella instantly recognized Kenzie's voice.

So she was the one filming.

"Such a shame," Joyce added with a mockington. "Should we call some guy to cheer her up?"

"Nah, let's not," Elissa replied. "Class is starting soon. We don't need this blowing up."

And just like that, the video cut out.

Another crack snaked across Arabella's screen.

Her breath hitched. Her whole chest burned. Just as she was about to lose herself to the rage, a hand closed firmly over hers—cool and steady. The sudden touch jolted her back. She turned and there he was.

"Asher?" She blinked, stunned.

When had he even walked in?

"That video... it's all the proof you need." His tone was flat and low.

Arabella quickly pulled her hand free. Her cheeks were still streaked with tears, but her voice held steady. "What are you doing here?"

"Making sure you don't do anything stupid," he replied bluntly. "There are smarter ways to make them suffer. Legal ones. Psychological ones. Take your pick."

Arabella gave him a sharp look. "You don't have to worry. I'm not going to let them off easy. They don't deserve a quick ending. I want them to rot. I want them to know what it's like to be on the ground, begging for mercy."

Her voice trembled slightly, and not from fear, but from the sheer weight of fury she was holding back.

Asher studied her face for a long second. "Are you sure you can handle this on your own?"

"I can." Her answer came without hesitation. "Thanks for today."

He gave a short nod. "If you change your mind, you know how to reach me."

Without another word, he turned and left.

Something on the bedside table caught Arabella's eye—a black card, simple and sleek. She didn't touch it.

What a strange guy.

He came off cold and tough, but honestly, he was way better than all those people who pretended to be nice. Maybe someday, they could actually work together.

Arabella stepped out of the hospital room, still processing everything.

Not far off, chaos erupted in the dermatology wing. Khloe's shrill voice echoed through the hallway.

"You people call yourselves doctors? I spent a fortune here, and now you're telling me my face is ruined?" Her breath was short, and her knees buckled slightly as the weight of the news sank in.

Her face—her flawless, perfect face—was her entire identity. Without it, what did she even have?

The doctor kept her expression professional, but there was visible strain. "The scarring runs deep. We've tried every possible treatment. I'm sorry,

but the damage is irreversible."

Khloe lost it. "Useless! Every last one of you!"

The doctor's hands curled into tight fists at her sides. There was so much she wanted to say, but she bit it back and said nothing.

Khloe shot to her feet, refusing to accept the final word. She was going to find another hospital, one that actually knew what it was doing.

In her mind, only one person was to blame—Arabella. That cold-hearted lunatic had destroyed her face. And if fate ever brought them face-to-face again, she swore she would make her suffer for it.

Fuming under her breath, Khloe stormed out of the clinic. As she walked, she pulled out her phone and began frantically searching for any doctor that might be able to undo the damage.

Then she stumbled across a post. "My face was badly burned in a fire. Doctors told me I'd have permanent scars, but this cream saved me. It's expensive and only sold in Melmond, but it works."

Expensive? That didn't scare Khloe. She had money to burn. She quickly texted the person behind the post, who replied almost immediately. "It's 100 grand per tube. Comes from a private lab in Melmond. Super exclusive, but it's the real deal."

Khloe blinked. A hundred thousand?

That was insane.

And still—no promises that it would actually fix her face.

Reluctantly, she decided to keep that as a backup plan. For now, she would check a few more hospitals.

Yet after hours of consultation and disappointment, the verdict remained the same everywhere she went: the scars were permanent.

Left with no other option, Khloe messaged the seller again. "Fine. 100 grand. When can I get it?"

Meanwhile, from a hospital window above, Arabella watched Khloe walk off.

A few minutes later, her phone buzzed with a message. "She took the bait."

Arabella gave a small, satisfied nod and turned back into Daisy's room. She sat by her sister's bed and gently brushed a strand of hair from her face. "Don't worry, Daisy," she whispered. "They'll all pay for what they did to you."

Sitting down, she opened her laptop and began working through her plan.

She stayed up through the night, only dozing off beside Daisy when the first light of morning crept in.

When she woke up, there was a bedsheet gently draped over her. She didn't know who had left it, but something told her that it was Asher.

Even though their father was long gone, his old buddy's son shielded them for his sake. She smiled faintly, just for a moment.

Just then, her phone buzzed again.

"Isabella, the project's wrapped up! When are you joining us again? We need our superstar back!"

Arabella typed a short reply. "No time."

The person replied almost instantly, "What's keeping you? Got something better than this?"

"School," she responded simply.

The person on the other end blinked in surprise.

School?

Hadn't Isabella already graduated during the project?

That didn't make sense. What kind of school was worth Isabella's time now? Suspicious, the person immediately rang up Joshua.

Arabella packed up Daisy's belongings and quietly slipped out, heading straight to Griridge University without a second of hesitation.

Over in the campus dance studio, Elissa and Joyce strolled in, expecting attention.

Back in their prime, the room would have lit up with people greeting them, fawning over them. But today? There were just stiff glances and awkward silence.

Elissa's expression turned sour. This wasn't the welcome she was used to.



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