

## Chapter 14 Let Me Out!

Arabella's mouth curled into a sly grin, one that hinted at mischief and something much darker.

Joyce's words came out shaky. "What kind of game are you talking about?"

With a quiet laugh and icy eyes, Arabella laid down the rules. "The first person to strip the other gets to leave."

She hauled Joyce to her feet and shoved her straight at the two heavier girls.

Anger flashed in Joyce's eyes as she snapped, "You're taking things way too far!"

Arabella hovered over them, her presence almost suffocating. "If you won't make a move, then I will."

At that moment, Joyce finally understood just how determined Arabella was to settle the score.

Taking a deep breath, Joyce spun toward the door and made a break for it.

She barely got far when the hard end of a mop crashed into her back, sending her sprawling to the floor in pain.

Arabella's laughter echoed through the room, low and menacing. "Did you really believe you could get away?"

Still shaking, Joyce glared up at Arabella. Deep down, she knew she could not outmatch her. Was there any chance of escaping her twisted plan?

Making her decision, Joyce lunged at one of the bigger girls, grabbing handfuls of fabric and tearing at her clothes.

The girl gasped, outrage and disbelief clear in her voice. "Joyce, what do

you think you're doing?"

Joyce kept going shouting "Let me out first and I'll help you!"

Refusing the offer, the girl noticed Arabella with her phone out and started to panic. She shoved Joyce aside, but Joyce came right back, determined to rip at her clothes again. Frustrated and angry, the girl fought back, tugging at Joyce's own outfit. "If you keep this up, we're all in trouble!"

No one held back from the other hefty girl either, and before long, the whole group was locked in a wild and messy fight.

Joyce yelled triumphantly, "I made it!" She was the first to strip one of the girls, but within seconds, the others had ripped her clothes off as well.

She spun around and glared at Arabella. "Let me out!"

A chill crept into Arabella's voice. "Slow down. There's one more round. You're going to slap each other until someone gets to a hundred. The first to finish can leave. This is your last shot."

The demand nearly broke Joyce's composure. "You're just playing us!"

Arabella's expression turned stone cold. "That's right, I am. Do you have a problem with it? If you refuse, I'll step in and you won't like how I do it."

All three girls shrank back, remembering just how strong Arabella could be. Hesitantly, they eyed each other until, finally, someone lifted a hand and delivered the first slap. Another quickly hit back.

"That hurt! What's your problem?"

"Joyce, you're no better!"

The first few blows were half-hearted, but the anger grew, and soon they were striking each other with real force. Red marks turned into swollen faces, and bruises quickly followed.

While they fought, Arabella kept her phone rolling, a little disappointed that Elissa was missing all the fun.

"Elissa has gone off to the Vanguard Group to charm its president?"

She is giving herself too much credit," Arabella muttered to herself, with a sly glimmer in her eyes.

After a hundred slaps, their faces were battered and swollen. Looking around, they realized Arabella had disappeared.

Fury flared in Joyce's eyes. "That damn Daisy! She's going to pay for this!"

Just then, the door swung open and someone took one look at them before screaming, "Oh my God!"

The shout brought a crowd of students running. They stopped in their tracks, staring in disbelief at the battered women.

Joyce blurted out in anger, her humiliation boiling over, "Stop gawking! I'll claw your eyes out!"

Not far away, Kaitlyn caught a glimpse of the chaos and quietly slipped out of sight.

The aftermath didn't take long to blow up online. Joyce and her two followers became the hottest topic on the campus forum, with wild guesses and even a flood of shocking pictures.

Later, when Joyce saw the posts from home, her rage got the best of her and she hurled a vase to the floor, smashing it to pieces.

"I have to bring Daisy down. No matter what it takes, I'll figure out a way," Joyce muttered to herself.

Heat surged through Joyce's veins.

She slammed her fist into the pillow over and over, unable to calm herself.

Meanwhile, Elissa showed up at the Vanguard Group with her parents, dressed to impress and completely taken aback by the luxurious, modern style of the building.

Her own family always seemed wealthy to her, but the Vanguard Group operated on an entirely different level.

A spark of ambition lit up Elissa's face. Winning over the Vanguard

Group's president became her top priority.

The group did not make it far before they were stopped.

The receptionist eyed them with a polite but firm look. "If you don't have an appointment, you can't meet the CEO."

Meagan's husband stepped forward, his tone confident. "I'm Bennie Tucker, chairman of the Tucker Group. I've partnered with the Vanguard Group several times before. The CEO will definitely see me."

Bennie felt certain the Vanguard Group would always support him because of his solid business record.

The receptionist glanced at her screen. "Bennie Tucker?" Her brow furrowed. "I'm sorry, you aren't listed on the CEO's special guest list."

Frustration colored Bennie's voice. "Is something wrong with your system?"

While he and Meagan stood in front of the counter, Elissa saw her chance. She edged past them and hurried toward the elevator, unnoticed.

Watching Elissa slip away, Meagan tugged at Bennie's sleeve. "Let's just wait outside for now."

The receptionist soon caught on and quickly dialed the president's office. "There's someone coming up. Looks like she's Bennie Tucker's daughter."

A calm reply came from the other end. "Let her come up."

Meagan caught what was said and couldn't hide her excitement. She pulled Bennie along, whispering "They let Elissa through. Maybe the CEO likes her?"

Bennie grinned, pride clear in his eyes. "Elissa's a star on stage and she's beautiful, too. If she ends up with Mr. Willis, we won't ever have to worry again."

Elissa made it to the president's floor without any trouble.

Every step down the tastefully decorated hallway sent her nerves fluttering. She paused for a moment, took a steadying breath, and then pushed open the office door.

Her gaze landed on Joshua, seated behind an impressive desk. She was surprised to find that he looked both young and strikingly handsome.

A bright smile flashed across Elissa's face before she shifted to a more remorseful expression. She walked closer, her eyes glistening as she said, "Mr. Willis, I'm sorry for coming in like this."

Joshua studied her for a second. "And who are you?"

Dressed in a flowing white dress, Elissa looked fragile, her eyes still a little red. "I'm Elissa, Bennie Tucker's daughter. I know my family must have made some mistakes. I just wanted to say thank you for everything you've done for us."

Elissa stepped even closer, her gentle demeanor difficult to ignore.

Joshua simply gave her a brief nod.

The lack of resistance gave Elissa hope.

Sometimes, not turning someone away was as good as acceptance.

In a soft voice, she invited, leaning in a little, "Mr. Willis, would you let me take you out to dinner to make up for everything?"

Her breath brushed his ear and he pulled back. The strong scent of her perfume started to bother him.

Standing up, Joshua kept his tone polite but firm. "I have too much on my plate today. Another time, perhaps. I've got a meeting now. Please see yourself out."

He left the office without another word.

For a moment, disappointment washed over Elissa. Then her eyes caught sight of a report left on his desk.

Reaching for it, she realized it contained a rundown of recent projects, highlighting the top performer among them...

