

Chapter 4 This Revenge Is Mine To Carry Out

Arabella took a slow breath, wiped the tears from her cheeks, and her eyes turned cold, like a fire had been snuffed out and replaced with ice. Her fingers gripped her phone tightly as she made a call. "That major project-it hasn't been handed over to the Tucker Group yet, right? Cancel it. Completely." Her voice was calm but firm. "And get to the Griridge Hospital. Now."

On the other end, Joshua sounded startled. "Arabella? What's going on?"

"You'll see when you get here. Bring a few things with you."

True to form, Joshua didn't waste time. Less than half an hour later, he rushed into the hospital, and the moment his eyes landed on the girl in the hospital bed, he froze like a statue. She looked so much like Arabella-same face, but all color drained, bruised, battered, her body wrecked like it had been thrown away and forgotten.

Joshua's fists clenched. "Who did this? Tell me who it was. I'll make them pay, I swear it!"

That was the sister of a preeminent figure... and they treated her like this?

Arabella didn't flinch. "I'll handle it myself. Slowly," she muttered, picking up a pair of scissors from the table.

Before Joshua could react, the scissors had already cut through her long, silky hair. The strands dropped to the floor in silence.

He stared, stunned. "Arabella... you're not actually..."

"I am," she said. "This revenge is mine to carry out."

Joshua swallowed hard, goosebumps rising on his arms.

The way she said it-it was clear. Hell was coming for someone.

Arabella glanced at him. "Also, what do you know about the Gordons?"

"The Gordon family?" He immediately straightened. "They're legendary. Way beyond the top elite families. Super wealthy, but incredibly discreet. I've only ever worked with the right-hand man of their current CEO."

"You mean Dominick Powell?" Arabella asked casually.

Joshua's jaw dropped. "Wait, you know Dominick? Don't tell me... are you saying the Gordons were involved in what happened to Daisy?"

Arabella gave him a blank stare before calmly explaining Asher's connection and what he had said earlier. Joshua slapped his thigh, clearly overwhelmed. "Asher Gordon? If it's really him, then yeah, no one's faking that. He leads the family. Rumor has it he's ex-special forces, quiet as a ghost, but deadly. If someone crosses him, they don't get a second chance."

Arabella didn't react. She just stared at the floor, her thoughts turning in circles.

Then she spoke, steady and cold. "You should head out now. Also... sell my villa."

Joshua hesitated. "That place... that's your parents' home. Are you sure?"

Arabella looked over at Daisy's fragile frame. "She was tortured in that house. There's no comfort left there. Just get rid of it."

Her voice cracked slightly. "And if possible, find a buyer who's impossible to deal with."

Joshua gave her a long look, then nodded. "Understood. I've got a bunch of properties lined up. If you ever need a place, it's yours."

"Thanks."

She didn't look up, and Joshua, sensing she needed space, quietly slipped out the door.

Left alone, Arabella gently held Daisy's hand and murmured, "I swear, everyone who hurt you... I'll make them pay for it tenfold."

That night felt endless, and sleep didn't come.

The next morning, Arabella stood quietly outside a dance studio at Griridge University's dance department, listening through the open door.

"Elissa, things have been so dull without that pathetic girl around," someone inside snickered.

"I know, right? No one to fetch us coffee, no one to mess with. It's no fun without a punching bag," another chimed in.

Peering through the glass window, Arabella spotted Elissa in the middle of the dance studio.

Years ago, Elissa had been just a pale, skinny kid. Now she was dressed in a flowing white dance outfit, all elegance and grace, like something out of a dream.

Surrounded by classmates, Elissa flashed a gentle, modest smile at the comments. "Guys, don't say that. Let's not be mean."

"You're too kind, Elissa," Joyce Lambert, her good friend, scoffed. "That girl sponged off your family for years. If it were me, I'd have thrown her out of your house on day one."

Arabella narrowed her eyes slightly.

Calling it their house? Seriously?

That place belonged to her and Daisy. Elissa and her family were the ones living off of them.

Elissa tilted her head, her voice syrupy sweet. "She's my cousin, after all. Her parents passed away. If we didn't take her in, she would've had nowhere to go."

Her fake compassion earned gasps of admiration from the crowd.

What a generous soul, they all seemed to think.

The loud chatter in the dance studio instantly stopped the moment Arabella walked in.

"Daisy?" Joyce blinked in surprise.

She stared at Arabella, stunned. She looked the same, but... something about her felt different now.