

Chapter 8 Wasn't This Your Brilliant Idea

Joyce and her group were hit with a wave of fear. The two men standing in front of them gave off such a strong, scary presence that it made their skin crawl.

"I'm sorry!"

The first crack came from one of the boys. His voice wobbled as he dropped to his knees in front of Arabella.

The sound of his apology cut through the room like glass on tile.

He kept his gaze glued to the floor, terrified to make eye contact.

His family didn't have a safety net, just a humble business built from scratch by his parents. If it went under, his future would be ruined.

Arabella looked down at him, her face impossible to read.

Another second passed, and then came the next collapse. Another boy slammed to his knees beside the first. "I'm sorry!" he cried, louder this time.

He had tried to hold out, but with his family's stocks plunging into free fall, pride became a luxury he couldn't afford.

Joyce stood frozen, her blood boiling. They were apologizing to her? Daisy? What the hell was wrong with them?

She met Arabella's gaze with fire in her eyes. "You must be delusional if you think I'd ever kneel to you!"

Then her phone buzzed. A news alert: "Lambert Group stock hits lower limit." The words felt like a slap.

Her vision blurred. Her legs buckled under the weight of it, and she



crumpled to the floor, too stunned to breathe.

Elissa wasn't doing much better. Her phone lit up with panicked messages from her family group chat, everyone losing it as their stocks free-fell, wondering if they had offended someone powerful.

She turned to Arabella, her eyes glossy with desperation. "Daisy... we're basically family, aren't we? Can't you go easy on us?"

Joyce, clinging to her pride, spat bitterly, "You freeloading bitch! You lived off Elissa's family, ate their meals, and slept in their home, and now you want us to beg? You're not even worth the dirt on my shoe!"

Arabella stayed cool as ever, casually inspecting her nails, like their words were nothing more than a dull buzz in the background.

That silent indifference was a slap harder than any insult.

Joyce's fury burned hotter than ever, but deep down, fear was starting to take over.

Suddenly, with a loud thud, she fell to her knees. "I'm sorry!" she shouted, clearly not meaning it.

Arabella's eyes turned cold, and her voice was flat. "You think that counts as an apology?"

Joyce bit down so hard she could taste blood.

Despite her frustration, she knew better than to keep pushing if her family's company collapsed, so would everything she had built—her image, her status, her power. Swallowing her pride, she mumbled, "I'm sorry."

Watching Joyce surrender, Elissa went pale. She stared at Arabella, completely thrown. This wasn't the same pushover she used to boss around. This girl standing in front of her now was someone else entirely.

Red-faced and burning with humiliation, Elissa lowered herself to her knees, the shame soaking into her skin. "Daisy, I'm sorry," she whispered, each syllable tasting worse than bile.

Dominick calmly slid his phone into his pocket. "That's one part done. Now onto the next. Ten laps around the racetrack. Keep apologizing as

you run."

Joyce, Elissa, and the others looked stunned, like the air had been knocked out of them. Their faces fell right away.

Elissa, desperate, turned to Arabella with shaky words. "Daisy, are you serious? You're really going to make us do this?"

Arabella tilted her head, the faintest smirk curling on her lips. "Wait, wasn't this your brilliant idea?"

Elissa's mouth opened, but no words came. Nothing she said could flip this situation anymore.

As she passed by Dominick, she shot him a look full of teary-eyed desperation, but he didn't even blink. Her only option was to grit her teeth and move on.

Meanwhile, Asher turned to the president, his tone razor-sharp and deliberate. "You can pack up your office and leave."

"Please, Mr. Gordon!" the president blurted, falling to his knees in panic. "I'm begging you! Give me one more chance!"

He felt like his entire career was crumbling to ash.

He had fought tooth and nail to become the president, and now everything was slipping through his fingers.

But Asher didn't even glance at him. Instead, his attention shifted back to Arabella. "Miss Stanley, don't you want front-row seats to this little spectacle?"

Arabella gave him a thoughtful look, clearly impressed. "Well, since you went to all this trouble, it'd be rude to miss the main act, wouldn't it?"

Asher's eyes twitched slightly with a half-smile. He seemed to enjoy her boldness.

Outside, the energy was electric. Word had already spread like wildfire, and the students had gathered, phones out, eyes wide, ready for the drama to unfold.

No one expected Elissa and her gang to come out with teary eyes,

heading straight to the racetrack.

"I'm sorry! I messed up!" one of them yelled while jogging and the rest repeated it again and again, their voices following them like a chant as they ran.

The crowd stood frozen, stunned beyond belief.

"Unbelievable! Joyce and her squad? Getting punished? For real?"

"Joyce deserves it, though. She's a bully."

"Honestly, Joyce has bullied Daisy forever. Sure, Daisy fought back hard, but Joyce isn't exactly innocent either."

Arabella was standing quietly by the racetrack and observing when a girl walked up to her, looking both amazed and unsure. "Wait... you're not really Daisy, are you?"

