



Chapter 274

Ace shot Will a look as though he were staring at a fool.

That was the best excuse he could come up with? Utterly pathetic.

Turning to the judge, he said, "Since the defense attorney questions the authenticity of my evidence, let's call in professionals to verify whether the footage was AI-generated."

The judge nodded, and experts were brought in to authenticate the surveillance.

Cold sweat trickled down Sienna's palms. She knew perfectly well the footage was real, not fabricated.

So, Will wasn't some legendary lawyer after all—just an empty name with no real skill.

If he couldn't even handle Ace, what kind of 'gold-medal attorney' was he?

Nothing but a disgrace.

The forensic team carefully examined each video.

At last, one of them declared with certainty, "These recordings are original and unaltered. Authentication complete."

Will glanced at Sienna and the others, frustration flashing across his face.

They hadn't told him the evidence was this airtight, leaving him no room for defense.



Sweat poured down as he pushed up his glasses. "The plaintiff claims we deliberately slandered them, but that charge doesn't hold. They have no evidence to prove intent."

"As for the rest, the footage isn't very clear. Who's to say it was really Miss Carter? She might have been framed."

These people really were hopeless.

Committing crimes so sloppily, getting caught on camera—it was stupidity at its finest.

Now, left with no options, he could only nitpick at trivialities.

If he'd known this case was unwinnable, he never would have agreed to come.

They had promised him that as long as he appeared, Autumn's side would lose.

Instead, he was dragged into a certain defeat.

Sienna, however, exhaled in relief.

At least Will was still putting up some resistance, and she silently gave him credit for that.

Ace let out a faint smile and slid the tablet closer to Will. "Mr. Foster, perhaps your eyesight's too poor to make out the footage?"

"That's all right, you can take your time reviewing it. Meanwhile, I also have proof of this morning's car accident, and evidence that my flash drive was deliberately swapped."



Just moments ago, Keith had sent the evidence straight to Ace's inbox.

He pulled it up now—proof that they had tried to block him from appearing in court and had even tampered with his files.

Taken together, the evidence was more than enough to ensure Sienna spent time behind bars. This time, prison was inevitable.

Hearing Ace's words, Sienna's heart plummeted.

Her legs gave out, and she collapsed into her seat.

It was over. Completely over.

She hadn't expected Autumn to actually have Keith's support.

And the Sinclair family's efficiency was frightening—within just an hour, they had collected every shred of evidence exposing her little schemes.

This wasn't normal speed. The Sinclairs were sending a warning: stop playing games, or face something far worse.

Sienna turned desperate eyes to Julian. "Brother, help me! You can't just stand by and watch your sister be thrown in prison. Do something, please!"

Then she reached for her mother. "Mom, I don't want to go to jail. I really don't want to! You have to save me!"

She sobbed hysterically.

Usually, whenever she cried, her brother and mother bent to her will,



giving her whatever she wanted.

But this time, Grace only looked stricken.

"Sienna, how could you be so reckless? To plot against Autumn so openly, and now to be caught red-handed—what can we possibly do for you?"

"You foolish girl... why would you do something like this? You may not like Autumn, but you wouldn't act without a reason. What were you thinking?"

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