

Chapter 572 A Beggar

"Leo, dispatch some men to the Sherman family's residence immediately!" Everett ordered his assistant as he listened to the conversation on the phone.

"Understood, Dad. Is your intention to persuade me to forgive Arielle? If you want me to pardon her, shouldn't her attitude change first? Why hasn't she apologized?"

Melissa turned to Arielle as she spoke.

Arielle's jaw tightened, and she spat disdainfully onto the floor. "Apologize to you? I'd rather kill you!"

Melissa shrugged nonchalantly. "Stop playing the victim. You heard her, Dad. This is how she usually behaves toward me. Do you really think I'd forgive her?"

Howell shot a disgruntled glance at Arielle. Melissa had been a constant source of trouble for him, a matter he planned to address later.

Currently, they needed to tackle the Arielle situation. He decided it was best to resolve Arielle's problem first.

In his eyes, he was the wronged party. Thus, if Arielle could just swallow her pride and beg Melissa for forgiveness, Melissa might let her go for his sake.

However, after spending substantial time trying to convince Melissa, he didn't anticipate Arielle to throw a wrench in his plans. His efforts seemed to have been for naught.

Fuming, he shot Arielle an icy glare. If she didn't apologize to Melissa now, she would spend the rest of her life in hiding.

Then, making a tough call, he stealthily approached Arielle from behind and delivered a swift kick to the back of her knee.

Arielle shrieked in pain and crumbled to her knees before Melissa.

"What are you doing?" Melissa, of course, understood Howell's actions. She was profoundly struck by the lengths he would go to for his precious daughter, a sentiment Arielle failed to appreciate.

Fuming Arielle shot Howell a venomous glare.

"Dad! What are you doing? Why did you kick me?"

As she attempted to rise, Howell promptly restrained her by the shoulders.

"Don't get up. Your priority right now should be to apologize to Melissa."

"Apologize? Why should I apologize to her?" Arielle began to resist. Apologizing to Melissa was the last thing she wanted to do. She'd rather take a bullet to the heart than endure such humiliation.

Howell, noting that Melissa remained unmoved, made a rash decision. He forced Arielle's head down, slamming it hard against the floor.

Arielle's head hit the floor with a sickening thud. Her ears rang with pain, and she teetered on the brink of unconsciousness.

"Melissa! You see, Arielle is apologizing to you! Could you find it in your heart to forgive her?"

Melissa was far from impressed by the hollow apology. Her satisfaction remained elusive.

She shook her head decisively. "No, it's not enough."

Howell was taken aback. He contemplated what it would take to appease Melissa. He was even prepared to have Arielle continue to knock her head on the floor until she lost consciousness.

In quick succession, he pushed Arielle's head against the floor three times.

Arielle was on the verge of fainting. As she raised her head, her forehead was swollen and bruised. Melissa could hardly contain her laughter at Arielle's pitiful state.

"Ha! Who would have thought that Miss Arielle Sherman could be reduced to such a state? You know what I should do? Capture this moment!"

With that, Melissa reached into her pocket and retrieved her phone.

On seeing the phone, Arielle instinctively tried to break free and flee, but it was too late. Melissa had already snapped a picture of her.

Looking gleefully at the image of Arielle's sorry state, Melissa asked, "Is this Miss Arielle Sherman? I mistook her for a beggar!"



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