

## Chapter 573 Help

Pride was a mantle Arielle wore with ease, yet Melissa's words had begun to pierce her armor.

Her eyes, ablaze with defiance, flashed toward her father, whose hand rested too heavily on her shoulder. She shrugged him off with a vehemence that echoed her indignation.

Rising from her place on the floor, she leveled an accusatory finger at Melissa. "Melissa! My father may quiver in your presence, but I do not share his fear. Don't push your luck. You've had your apology. What more do you desire?" she spat out.

Melissa seethed at Arielle's audacity. But that wasn't the problem. She would see to it that Arielle learned her place, but for now, she merely crossed her arms, a scowl marring her face. "Is this your idea of an apology? Well, I refuse to accept it. Your feelings are of no consequence to me."

Having said that, she rose with a dramatic flourish, her departure imminent.

Howell, flustered, scurried after her, pleading desperately, "Your agitation is uncalled for. Arielle has a fiery disposition but don't let it influence you. She's been humbled and apologized. Let's not kick her when she's down, shall we?"

His pleas fell on deaf ears as Melissa neared the door.

Howell's heart fluttered with hope when she paused, but the playful smile that graced her lips quickly extinguished it.

"Your time is up. Expect a visitor."

His brows knitted together. "Who's coming?"

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"Melissa, what do you mean?"

His question was met with silence. Before he could press further, the house was flooded with an imposing crowd.

Amidst the throng, a figure in a sleek black suit materialized, his gaze fixated on Howell.

"It's been a while, Howell."

Everett's smile didn't quite reach his eyes, and a cold shiver ran down Howell's spine.

Howell's fingers twitched nervously.

"Everett, your presence is always a delight. But an entourage? That's a tad excessive," Howell said, a strained smile playing on his lips.

"Perhaps. But is it not more excessive to harbor a fugitive?"

Everett's gaze wandered to Arielle, who was rooted to the spot.

Her instinct was to flee, but she was swiftly apprehended by Everett's men.

They then brought her to Everett as she cried, "Dad! Save me! Please!"

A shadow fell across Howell's face. The potential fate of his daughter at Everett's hands was a chilling thought.

"Arielle will come with me. I promise not to make a scene," Everett stated with chilling finality.

Howell's voice faltered as he pleaded, "Everett, you and Melissa are close. Arielle, being Melissa's sister, shares a bond with you. For

close. Arielle, being Melissa's sister, shares a bond with you. For Melissa's sake, let Arielle stay. I assure you, I'll rein in her reckless behavior."

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