

## Chapter 25 Kneel To Apologize

Sylvia, lounging in the chair, adjusted her feet, sore from standing in heels, then smiled and provocatively said, "Yes, it is your seat. I took it. What are you going to do about it?"

"You..." Bella was fuming. She turned to Mr. Simon and said, "Mr. Simon, don't be fooled by her. She's not Mr. Philip's savior."

Mr. Simon glared at Bella, "Miss Bella, do you know better than me whether Miss Young is Mr. Philip's savior?"

"Of course I know!" Bella shouted. No one knew better than her that Sylvia was just the adopted daughter of the Clark family, a tool for warding off disaster, a useless girl who should have died in the slums.

"Oh?" Sylvia leaned back in the birthday chair, smirking, "What do you know?"

"I..." Bella couldn't reveal the truth about Sylvia being the Clark family's disaster-warding adopted daughter. Frustrated, she finally said, "You must have done something. Where's your electronic lock? How did you get rid of it? You dirty slum dweller, what did you do?"

Sylvia let out a cold laugh, "Well, this is eye-opening. I had no idea Congressman Fabian's daughter was so brazen."

Seeing Sylvia's displeasure, Mr. Simon broke into a cold sweat and quickly said, "Restrain this crazy woman spouting nonsense and await Miss Young's orders."

At his words, two security guards immediately grabbed Bella by the arms and forced her down.

Maggie, seeing this, quickly stepped aside, afraid of getting involved.

Everyone else watched the scene in silence, not daring to speak.

Bella started panicking, abandoning all pretense of elegance. She struggled desperately but couldn't break free, only managing to shout in a disheveled manner, "Mr. Simon, have you lost your mind? Listening to this fraud, I'm Fabian's daughter, I'm your guest of honor!"

"Ridiculous," Mr. Simon replied coldly, "Congressman Fabian wants support from all sides. Does he dare offend the Young family? Besides, the venue has surveillance cameras. It's clear who's at fault. Even if this goes to the president, Miss Bella, you'd still be in the wrong."

"..." Bella was speechless.

Suddenly, there was a loud "bang."

Maggie rushed forward and fell to her knees in front of Sylvia, her face pale. "Miss Young, I didn't recognize your importance. I was wrong. I'm sorry. Bella made me do it. I never intended to question you. Please forgive me."

Maggie's family was even worse off than the Clark family. She couldn't afford to offend the Young family. Realizing she had caused a huge mess by angering someone so powerful, she kneeled, her evening gown stretched tight, looking utterly pitiful as she stared at Sylvia with terror.

"Heh." Sylvia lounged in her chair, chuckling as she looked down at Bella. "Miss Bella, your friend has set a good example. Follow it."

"In your dreams! You're not even really a savior to the Young family. You think I'd kneel to you? Who do you think you are?"

Bella couldn't accept this turn of events. To her, Sylvia was always beneath her, someone she could control completely. Now being asked to kneel to Sylvia felt like scraping away her pride and dignity inch by inch, a torture she couldn't endure.

Sylvia lazily glanced at Mr. Simon.

Mr. Simon immediately signaled to the two security guards, who began to press down on Bella. Just then, hurried footsteps approached from outside.

Everyone looked up to see Congressman Fabian, dressed in formal attire, storming into the venue, pushing guests aside to get a clear view.

His gaze landed on Sylvia, lounging elegantly.

"..." Fabian was stunned, staring wide-eyed at Sylvia, as if trying to bore a hole into her with his eyes. She was alive. Despite the harsh conditions of the slums, she hadn't perished. What a tenacious life she had.

Sylvia met his gaze with a faint smile, her eyes filled with mockery. It had been a long time since she last saw her former father.

"Dad!" Bella was restrained and unable to break free, saw Fabian, and shouted excitedly, "Dad, save me! This bitch wants me to kneel!"

"Who are you calling a bitch? This is a great benefactor of our Young family!" Mr. Simon stepped forward and kicked Bella's leg, nearly making her kneel in pain. He had orders from Mr. Philip to make sure Miss Young got her due respect today.

Besides, he suspected Miss Young's identity might be even more significant. Philip's surname was Young, and so was hers. She might very well be a Young family heiress, so he was extra cautious in serving her. He never would have guessed that Sylvia chose her name simply because of a plate of barbecue. She figured she should enjoy more barbecue while she was still young.

"Ouch—" Bella screamed in pain and looked at Fabian for help.

Fabian finally shifted his shocked gaze from Sylvia to the miserable Bella. He frowned and looked at Mr. Simon, politely saying, "Mr. Simon, right? What did my daughter do to anger you?"

"It's not me she angered, but this Miss Young," Mr. Simon replied.

"Miss Young?" Fabian looked at Sylvia, confused. She looked just like Sylvia.

"Miss Young is the savior of Mr. Philip, the head of our Young family. She has done a great favor for the entire Young family, But your precious daughter humiliated her in public without even a single apology," Mr. Simon said arrogantly.

A great favor for the entire Young family?

Mr. Simon seemed to believe this deeply, so it must be true. But how could this be?

Fabian looked at Sylvia intently, noting the delicate jade bracelet on her wrist. He had personally witnessed the authorities put an electronic lock on her wrist years ago, something an average person couldn't remove.

Could this person really not be Sylvia, just someone who looked exactly like her?

That would be disastrous. Offending the centuries-old Young family would make them a formidable enemy.

Determined not to let the situation worsen, Fabian immediately bowed his head to Sylvia, sincerely saying, "Miss Young, I failed to discipline my daughter properly. Please forgive us."

Truly able to swallow his pride. Sylvia smiled.

Fabian then turned to the restrained Bella. "Apologize to Miss Young. What nonsense are you doing?"

"Dad?" Bella was stunned, incredulously looking at Fabian. "Are you crazy? Apologize to this bitch?"

Sylvia was always beneath her!

"Slap!"

Without hesitation, Fabian slapped Bella hard across the face. She screamed, her head snapping to the side, red marks immediately appearing on her fair skin. She glared at Fabian, only to be met with an even more terrifying gaze.

"Do you still not understand? Are you trying to disgrace our Clark family entirely?" Fabian scolded.

"Dad—" Bella's eyes filled with tears of humiliation. Reluctantly, she turned to Sylvia and quickly muttered, "I'm sorry."

"That's it?" Sylvia sneered. "Miss Bella, I remember you saying if you misunderstood me, you would kneel and apologize."

"Keep dreaming!" Bella snapped back. There was no way she would kneel to Sylvia in front of everyone.

Fabian was a prominent figure in N City, and having his daughter kneel would be a huge blow to his pride. So, after observing Sylvia, he humbled himself and said, "Miss Young, I..."

"Do you think you have the right to speak here?" Sylvia interrupted him, her gaze filled with disdain. "Or, Congressman Fabian, do you want to kneel and apologize on behalf of your daughter?"

Fabian's face stiffened. The person before him couldn't be Sylvia—Sylvia never dared to even look him in the eye, let alone speak to him so boldly.

"Must you be so aggressive, Miss Young?" Fabian forced a smile.

"Well, if Congressman Fabian insists on getting involved, I'll have to bring Philip into this," Sylvia said, refusing to back down.

That left no room for negotiation. As a congressman, Fabian needed to be tactful, and involving the Young family head would mean a total fallout. Fabian had no desire to confront the entire Young family head-on, so he glared at Bella and said, "I can't help you. You'll have to deal with the mess you made yourself."

"Dad?" Bella was stunned, unable to believe that Fabian was abandoning her.

"Still not kneeling?" Mr. Simon glared at Bella.

"..." Bella looked at Maggie, who was kneeling on the ground without any dignity, then at the wealthy young women and men around her. These people had always flattered her, and many had tried to win her favor. But now, none of them stepped forward to help her.

She turned to Fabian, seeing the furious look in his eyes as if he wanted to devour her.

Bella then looked back at Sylvia, who was sitting in the seat she should have occupied, watching her with contempt and a smirk.

Once, that seat should have been hers.