

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 241

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Chapter 241 I Will Remain By Your Side

The worry written on Vinson's face was crystal clear.

Arielle was originally feeling forlorn earlier, but now that she saw Vinson, sadness welled up in her and she had an urge to cry.

I was still doing okay earlier. Why did I feel so weak now that Vinson is here?

She gave herself a self-mocking laugh and sniffled before saying, "Do I look like I'm not doing okay? You should check on Yvette and see if she's alright."

Vinson still looked worried nonetheless. He continued to stare at her, observing for any tiny change of expression on her face.

He could tell that there was still a hint of sorrow that she failed to cover up.

"I don't care if Yvette is not okay. I just want to know what you're thinking. Why do you look so unhappy?" Vinson asked with a frown.

Arielle knew that she could hide what she was feeling from a lot of people, but Vinson wasn't one of them.

It was as though he could see right through her.

"Fine, you caught me. I just think that even someone like Yvette has a father who loves her. I'm the only one who's alone. That's why I was feeling down about it. It's not a big deal. I'm already feeling better," Arielle said helplessly.

As she spoke, she forced herself to put on a bright smile.

However, Vinson's expression remained the same.

He gazed at her intently and suddenly said, "I'll always remain by your side."

Arielle was stunned but she quickly nodded. "I know. You're a great friend and I'm very lucky to have you as my friend."

Vinson opened his mouth as if he wanted to explain but couldn't get anything out.

He had always been someone who would say the opposite of what he actually meant and he knew it as well. However, it wasn't an easy task to change so suddenly.

In the end, all he said was, "Yeah."

"Oh, right. There's something I need your help with," Arielle said suddenly.

"What is it?" he asked.

He would help her no matter what it was.

Arielle smiled at that, happy that there wasn't a need to beat around the bush with her friend. She got straight to the point and told him what she needed help with.

Upon hearing her request, Vinson instantly made a call and relayed her words to Rayson. He then added in the end, "Stop whatever you're doing right now and settle this first."

"Understood," his assistant quickly answered and went to handle the matter.

Meanwhile, in the guest room on the second floor, Yvette was still mesmerized by Jordan's supposed gentleness and dominance. Suddenly, a bang sounded. Someone had kicked down the door.

The room she chose didn't have good soundproofing and the door panel was weak. As such, it doesn't take much force before the door fell onto the floor from the kick.

The two people that were entangled in bed sat up upon hearing the commotion.

Yvette quickly looked toward the doorway and saw Russell, who was glaring coldly at her, along with a group of housekeepers.

"Dad..."

She jumped from shock at the sight of him.

Once she snapped out of it, she quickly covered herself up with the covers.

Even though Yvette was shocked that her father had barged into the room, she wasn't the least bit afraid.

The reason being the one she had slept with was Jordan. She wasn't afraid that word about this would get out since this would mean that Jordan would not be able to get out of marrying her even if he wanted to.

How will the Bakers deny it now that everything is too late?

They say that one must not completely believe in a man's words. She had to take advantage of this chance.

To her, it seemed like Russell had appeared right on time.

Yvette didn't forget to cover up "Jordan" as she covered herself up. But she didn't cover up his face, for she wanted everyone to see the man she had slept with.

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Chapter 242 Disgusted

Once Yvette was done, she met eyes with her father and asked somewhat helplessly, "Dad... Why did you barge in here?"

Russell was still burning with anger, and his face was flushed a dark shade of red.

If he wasn't all cured now, he definitely would have had a heart attack right then.

"Why did I barge in? You dare ask me that when you did such a shameless and embarrassing thing? Don't you feel ashamed? Don't you have any f*cking sense of shame at all?" he roared.

Russell, who had never cursed before, couldn't keep his cool anymore.

Yvette didn't understand why he was so angry. Doesn't Dad wish for me to get married to Jordan?

I only did this because I like Jordan. Besides, with this, our family would be able to grow stronger and become the second Southall Group.

"I know that it's not right to do something like this before marriage. But do you have to get so angry? We're going to get married anyway," she said in dissatisfaction.

"What did you say?" Russell exclaimed as his eyes widened.

He was so angry that his chest began heaving rapidly as if he wouldn't be able to get enough air in his lungs if he didn't do so.

He couldn't believe that not only was his daughter unrepentant, but she even said that they would be getting married in such a justified tone.

At the sight of this, Clara instantly consoled, "Please calm down, Mr. Actonward. Your body won't be able to take it."

As she spoke, she turned to Yvette and said, "Hurry up and get dressed, Ms. Yvette. Kneel and apologize to Mr. Actonward once you're done. You've made a grave mistake. This is just ridiculous!"

Annoyance washed over the latter as she said with a frown, "Ridiculous? How is sleeping with my husband-to-be ridiculous? You're thinking like an old geezer, Dad! To us youngsters, sleeping with someone we're going to marry is a normal thing."

Russell fumed even more at her words.

He took in a few deep breaths before shouting, "Getting married? Have you gone nuts? I don't care how much alcohol you drank earlier, you must kneel and apologize right this instant! And you! Mason Moore! Is this how you repay me for supporting you financially for your studies and providing you with a house in Jadeborough?"

Having heard that, Yvette said in confusion, "Dad, did Arielle do something and made you catch another disease? What do you mean Mason? This is J-"

Before she could finish her sentence, she heard Mason's weak voice from beside her, "I'm sorry, Uncle Russell."

The Moores and the Actonwards were actually distant relatives. The only reason he called Russell "Uncle" was just to sound like they have a close relationship with each other.

However, the way he addressed Russell wasn't the point. It was his voice.

Upon hearing the familiar voice and recognized that it wasn't Jordan's, Yvette's body stiffened and her head snapped to look at the "Jordan" next to her.

At some point, his handsome face had turned into Mason's ugly one.

It's Mason Moore...

How could it be Mason?

Wasn't I with Jordan the whole time?

How can it be Mason?

Her face turned as white as sheet, and she was at a loss for words.

A disgusted feeling entangled her, and she even thought of ending her own life.

A moment later, she watched as Mason cover up his important parts with the covers before he knelt, facing Russell's direction. Even though he looked guilty, his tone was firm as he said, "Uncle Russell, Yvette and I... Both our families are just distant relatives so we don't have to avoid the rule of direct relationships within three generations. My feelings for Yvette are true and I will take responsibility for her. I'll treat her well for the rest of my life. Please believe me."

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Chapter 243 Get Lost

It was then that Yvette finally snapped out of her daze and screamed, "No!"

I don't want Mason to take responsibility!

I want Jordan! I only want Jordan!

Mason was shocked at her sudden outcry.

He looked at her in bewilderment, "What's wrong, Yvette?"

"Don't touch me! Don't call my name either! I don't want to hear your disgusting voice! Get lost! Get lost right now!"

As she screamed and bellowed, she kicked Mason and he instantly fell off the bed.

He hissed in pain and was unable to understand her sudden change in attitude toward him.

Is it because Uncle Russell is here?

Mason suddenly had the feeling that he had lost something precious to him and he instinctively tried to climb back onto the bed.

However, he had only touched the sides of the bed when Yvette kicked him again.

"Get lost! I said get lost!"

Her face was so twisted in fury that it was hard to see how she actually looked anymore.

Mason fell into a daze.

He couldn't understand why she had such a big change of attitude.

But whatever Yvette said goes. As such, Mason quickly picked up his clothes and made a dash for the door after he put on his underwear.

Russell couldn't understand what was wrong with her daughter as well. Both of them were having such a passionate time earlier. Yet, now that things had gone south, she's asking him to get lost?

Just what kind of daughter did I raise?

Of course, Russell wanted Mason to get lost as well. But it was all too late now.

Everyone already knew about this. It was pointless even if Mason were to offer his life as penance.

The only way to continue was to endure the disgusting feeling and make the best out of it.

Yvette was his only daughter after all. He could only choose to protect her.

At the thought of this, Russell reached out and stopped Mason who was about to run out.

The latter could tell that Russell was feeling guilty. He knew that there was no way he could impress Russell on his own. Besides, their family was related. Even though it had been three generations, it still wasn't a good thing to tell others.

They weren't living in ancient times, after all. In the past, cousins marrying each other was a normal thing. But it wasn't like that now.

Seeing that Russell had stopped him, Mason was feeling even more confused. I thought Uncle Russell wouldn't want to see me either, am I wrong?

"U-Uncle Russell, what's wrong?" he asked curiously.

Russell's face darkened as he answered with a question, "Where do you think you're going?"

"I- Yvette told me to leave."

"Everyone's downstairs right now and all of them knew what you did. Aren't you just asking to be shamed even more by going downstairs now?" Russell said coldly.

Both Yvette and Mason were shocked to hear that.

Yvette broke down as she asked, "How did they know?"

"It's all because you wanted to show off the renovations of the house! You put up surveillance cameras and even showed the surveillance footage in the hall downstairs. Everyone saw for themselves what the two of you did!"

"No!" Yvette let out an agonizing scream upon hearing that.

Her thoughts were in a chaotic mess and her chest rose and fell with her breaths. She even had thoughts of killing herself.

It would have been fine if people saw her with Jordan. But instead, they saw her with Mason, who was such an ugly man.

No. Something's wrong...

Yvette suddenly realized that she had only taken a few sips of wine. How did I mistake Mason for Jordan when both of them look completely different?

Her head snapped to the aroma diffuser near the entrance. It was still burning and the glowing embers reminded her of a poisonous snake that was hissing at her.

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Chapter 244 Promiscuous

The aroma diffuser!

Yvette was sure the problem laid with the aroma diffuser. Otherwise, she wouldn't have mistaken Mason for Jordan.

Didn't Matthias say the effect would only last for fifteen minutes? How could I still have been affected by it?

Unless... does Arielle have something to do with it?

After giving it much thought, Yvette eventually shook the idea off. Matthias was the one who obtained the drug from overseas, and even if Arielle had medical expertise, she wouldn't have been able to extend the effects.

Matthias must have been careless and left the smell lingering in the air. That's why I got affected!

For a while, Yvette was at a loss for words and overwhelmed by despair.

She had intended to set Arielle up, but alas, the plan backfired on her. What made it worse was that she couldn't tell anyone about it without exposing her malicious intent toward Arielle.

How am I supposed to go on after what happened?

Jordan definitely wouldn't want me anymore!

Despite her mounting anxiety, Yvette had no choice but to suffer in silence.

Russell felt a pang of sympathy when he saw how pale and helpless Yvette looked.

She was his daughter, after all, and he couldn't leave her in the lurch.

Having made up his mind, Russell gritted his teeth.

Fine. Let's make the best out of a bad situation.

"Mason!" Russell exclaimed, mixed feelings swirling inside of him. "Do you swear to treat Yvette well for the rest of your life? Will you love her, care for her, and never let her down?"

Mason instinctively straightened his back and raised his right hand. "I promise to love Yvette and care for her as long as we both shall live!"

Russell sighed in resignation and nodded. "Okay. I got it."

Stunned by the sudden proclamation, Yvette trembled as she asked, "Got what, Dad? What are you planning to do?"

Try as she might, Yvette couldn't shake off the bad feeling of what was to follow.

"What do you think I plan on doing?" Russell bellowed. "We owe everyone an explanation after your shameful act! Otherwise, how are you going to live with it? How will our family be able to face society again?"

Yvette stared open-mouthed before stuttering in disbelief, "S-So... What are you trying to say?"

"The two of you are going to get married!"

Thrilled by the decision, Mason's eyes lit up. Yvette, on the other hand, was so overwhelmed by rage that she felt her vision blurring.

"But I don't want to marry him. I want to marry Jordan..." Yvette muttered under her breath before she blacked out.

Unfortunately, Mason had heard her words, and his face immediately fell.

“Yvette, didn’t you say you like me?”

Alas, Yvette was already dead to the world, so all Mason got in response was utter silence.

Despite seeing his daughter faint from the shock, Russell remained unfazed, his sympathy for her long gone.

“Clara, get Yvette dressed and have Dr. Jangler check on her!” Russell said coldly. “Mason, come with me. I need to give an explanation to everyone. All you need to do later is to listen, and don’t say a word.”

As reluctant as he was, Mason put his worry for Yvette aside and followed Russell downstairs.

Unsurprisingly, all the guests were still milling around downstairs. To them, the whole fiasco was a good show that they couldn’t afford to miss.

Even those who initially turned down the party invite had shown up after hearing about the juicy scandal.

As such, guests continued to stream in, making the hall livelier than ever.

After all, to gossip was human nature.

Once they saw Russell come down the stairs with Mason, the male lead in the video, the excitement among the guests got even more intense.

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“What’s happening now? Is Russell going to punish Mason right here?”

“Doesn’t look like it, though.”

“D*mn. I’m so glad I made it in time for this!”

“Am I the only one who finds it strange that none of the Bakers has turned up for Yvette’s birthday party? No matter how busy they are, surely they can afford to come over for a while?”

“Perhaps the Bakers already knew what a shameless and promiscuous woman Yvette is!”

Arielle remained silent even as the guests continued with their fervent discussion and speculations.

She had already guessed Russell's next course of action, but thankfully, she had a backup plan.

Arielle was no saint, and she especially couldn't forgive Yvette for wanting to destroy her reputation. For those who loved her, she loved them fiercely back. But for those who meant her harm, it was

an eye for an eye. Thus, Arielle was determined to let Yvette have a taste of her own medicine.

Why isn't Vinson back yet, though? It has been so long. Could he have run into some obstacles?

Meanwhile, under the watchful eyes of his guests, Russell calmly led Mason onto the stage.

This time, however, Russell was in a different state of mind.

The first time he stood on the stage, he was happily celebrating his daughter's birthday. Now, he was going to have to put on a pretense and lie through his teeth.

Russell accepted the microphone from his housekeeper and took a deep breath.

It was tough having to face a group of guests, who had only swarmed in to watch the show. Russell wanted nothing more than to chase all of them out, but he knew he couldn't do that.

If he did, not only would the Actonwards not be able to live down the

embarrassment, but they would also offend many people in their circle. It might even lead to them spreading the rumor about Yvette being nothing more than a promiscuous woman.

As such, there was nothing else Russell could do other than to offer a reasonable explanation.

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Steeling himself, Russell forced a smile and pulled Mason toward him. "Everyone, what happened today was truly shameful, and I sincerely apologize for it. I have prepared a gift for each of you which you can take on your way out. And now, I have two other announcements to make."

The guests craned their necks excitedly, waiting to hear what Russell had to say

However, no matter what Russell said, they knew he wouldn't be able to hide the fact that Yvette had messed around with Mason while being engaged. There was no way he could explain his way out of that.

After a pause, Russell continued, "The truth is, I had intended to make one of those announcements right from the start. But as you know, I fainted and

subsequently forgot about it. I guess now's as good a time as any to break the news."

Everyone got even more curious and started chattering among themselves.

"Truth be told, Yvette had broken off her engagement with the Bakers a while back."

After such shocking news, the room was instantly in an uproar.

"So the Actonwards called off the engagement with the Bakers? No wonder the Bakers didn't respond even with what was happening on the internet."

"Exactly! But why would Yvette ditch a perfect man like Jordan Baker to be with Mason Moore?"

Just then, someone shouted, "Even with the engagement called off, it's still inappropriate for Yvette to be involved with Mason, isn't it?"

Russell knew the question was coming and calmly replied, "That's what I was about to announce. Yvette is already engaged to Mason."

Once again, everyone was taken aback.

Russell added, "My original plan was to announce this tomorrow after they've collected their marriage certificate. But after what happened, I can't delay that anymore. I do believe that you aren't pedantic people, so naturally, you can understand the needs that an engaged couple might have at home."

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Several older guests nodded at Russell's words. "Indeed. That's very understandable."

The younger guests, on the other hand, were dubious about it. "How is it that we haven't heard anything about Ms. Actonward getting married?"

“Mr. Actonward, is this just an excuse to cover up the scandal?”

“That’s right! I’ve also heard that Yvette and Mason are cousins!”

Russell broke into laughter as he explained, “We’re distant relatives with the Moores, and it’s only out of affection that Yvette calls him her cousin. As a father, do you think I’ll let them be together if they were closely related?”

The crowd seemed to have bought into Russell’s explanation. Even those who still harbored suspicions decided to hold their tongues.

After all, this was the Actonwards’ family matter, and it would be more prudent for outsiders to stay out of it.

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Pleased with how everyone seemed to have accepted his clarification, Russell pulled Mason in closer. “From tomorrow onward, Mason will officially become my son-in-law. As such, I’d like to ask you to delete the video recordings you may have taken. If I find anyone circulating the video, I’ll have to go through the legal channels.”

The guilty parties cleared their throats awkwardly and proceeded to delete the video from their phones.

No one wanted to invite trouble to themselves, especially when the relationship between Yvette and Mason was now legitimate.

Just then, one of Russell’s housekeepers suddenly rushed in with a note in his hand.

“Mr. Actonward! I’ve found everything out!” he shouted excitedly.

Everyone had their attention fixed on the housekeeper, not realizing that Vinson was hiding behind the door.

Arielle, however, saw him.

Vinson gave her a look of assurance, and

Arielle nodded knowingly with a faint smile.

The final act of the show had begun, and Arielle couldn’t have asked for better timing.

Russell barely had time to react to the sudden interruption. “What have you found?”

Unbeknownst to everyone, Vinson had bribed the housekeeper, who was now giving it his all to act out the scene. "I've found out who was responsible for your stroke!"

Russell wanted to hear it in private, but he was too late to stop the housekeeper. "Ms. Yvette was the one who bought the black evening gown! She chose it herself before getting one of the shop assistants to send it to the Southalls. I've even found that shop assistant, and you can verify it with him!"

Everyone gasped.

"So Ms. Yvette planned to frame Arielle Southall, only to end up almost killing her own father!"

"D*mn, I'm getting goosebumps just by hearing this. What kind of grudge was it that made Yvette do something so heinous?"

"Women can be so vicious when they're mad! My advice to us men is to treasure our life and stay away from women. But more importantly, stay away from Yvette Actonward!"

Russell's hand started to tremble as he felt cold shivers run down his spine.

If Yvette's the mastermind, does that mean she has been making use of me this whole time?

She's this ruthless even though I'm her father. What else can she not do?

Before Russell could say anything, Mason suddenly yelled, "That's impossible! Yvette isn't like that!"

Arielle, who had been waiting for this moment, finally chimed in, "Mason, one can never judge a book by its cover. There's even evidence to prove it, and yet you still won't believe it?"

Mason stared daggers at Arielle and snarled. "Shut up! You're the worst of them all, you vile woman!"

Before Arielle could reply, Vinson, who had wanted to stay out of the limelight, decided to show himself.

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As soon as Vinson walked into the room, all eyes were on him.

He was a powerful man whose presence alone could command a room even without him saying anything.

Vinson's unexpected visit had dealt another shock to Russell as he stuttered, "M-Mr. Nightshire, what are you..."

Before Russell could finish his question, Vinson had raised a hand to interrupt him while fixing a cold, hard stare at Mason. "You won't admonish the truly vicious one, but you'll call Arielle a vile woman? Have you forgotten that it was Arielle who saved Mr. Actonward? I'm starting to wonder if there's something wrong with your head."

Despite boiling with rage, Mason didn't dare raise his voice at Vinson. "Mr. Nightshire, you can't just listen to one side of the story. These days, anything can be made up, including sales slips and shop assistants. I know Yvette well, and I can vouch for her integrity. Besides, what good is there if she killed Mr. Actonward?"

Russell stood by silently with his eyes tightly shut, his mind in utter confusion.

Yvette was his daughter, and he refused to believe that she could be capable of such malice.

However, after witnessing everything that Yvette had done that day, he was starting to wonder if he had misjudged his daughter.

Vinson merely looked Mason in his eyes, the disdain in his gaze growing even more intense by the second.

Mason felt increasingly uncomfortable by the mounting pressure as Vinson continued to stare him down.

Mustering up his courage, Mason asked, "Mr. Nightshire, I'm sure my suggestions are reasonable. Why are you looking at me like that?"

Vinson pursed his lips and smiled. "You want to know the truth? Why not just get the person in to ask?"

Mason intentionally turned his gaze toward Arielle as he replied, "Because it isn't difficult to bribe people."

With a nonchalant shrug, Arielle quipped,

"With Mr. Nightshire here, who would dare

to lie?"

Arielle's reply had stumped Mason as he continued to glare at her as if wanting to swallow her whole.

"Mr. Actonward, I think we should get the person here and hear what he has to say." Vinson suggested.

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After a slight hesitation, Russell gave a dry laugh. "Mr. Nightshire, I wouldn't want to waste your time with our family affair. Once the birthday party is over, I will get the person here and ask Yvette myself. Rest assured that I'll get to the bottom of this."

"Ha! Mr. Actonward, do you think this only concerns your family? Ms. Actonward's actions have also hurt Ms. Southall, so this is no longer just your family affair."

Russell finally buckled under the pressure and nodded in agreement. "Okay, let's get the person here then. I know Yvette has been spoilt rotten by me and offended countless people. Who knows if someone's using this opportunity to accuse her of being unfilial and

unfaithful?"

Deep down, Russell still refused to believe that Yvette had made use of him to frame others.

To every father, their daughters were always the most innocent and could never do any wrong.

Vinson raised an eyebrow and glanced at the housekeeper, who immediately understood his intention.

Soon, the housekeeper returned with a neatly suited up salesman in tow.

When he saw how big the crowd was and felt the tension in the air, the salesman gulped, apprehension filling him.

Mason marched up to the salesman and barked, "Tell me, who bribed you to frame Yvette? Do you know that you can go to jail for making false statements?"

Frightened by how menacing Mason looked, the salesman didn't dare to make a peep.

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Thankfully, Arielle stepped in to save the salesman. "Mister, we've called you here today to uncover the truth. As long as you're honest, nobody can send you to jail."

Arielle, with her beautiful and gentle eyes, was a stark contrast to Mason. The salesman immediately calmed himself down and nodded his thanks.

"Do you remember Ms. Actonward? Did she buy a black evening gown from your shop?" Arielle asked.

"Yes. Ms. Actonward is our shop's regular and also a VIP. Two days ago, she bought a black evening gown from us. I remember it well because it was one size smaller than her usual sizing. She said it was for a friend and had me send it directly to the address she gave. I did as told and have no idea what happened after."

Glancing at Mason, the salesman added, "Everything I've said is the truth. You can hold me responsible for it."

"What do you have to say now, Mason?" Arielle asked with raised brows.

Mason took a while to collect his thoughts

before replying, "He could still be lying about it. Bribe him with enough money, and he might be willing to risk going to jail over a false statement."

Just then, the salesman butted in, "I have other evidence to prove that I wasn't lying!"

No matter what it took, he was going to prove that he was telling the truth. No way am I going to jail for something I didn't do!

The salesman walked to the housekeeper and took the slip of paper from him. "This is the receipt that has the member and credit card details. Not only will you find Ms. Actonward's name, but you'll also find her signature."

Mason was about to verify the receipt's authenticity when Russell beat him to it.

A few seconds later, Russell's expression changed drastically

He recognized the card instantly because it was the supplementary card he had gotten for Yvette.

Besides, he was so familiar with her signature that there was no way he could have mistaken it.

Yvette's responsible for everything!

"D*mn that child!" Russell snapped, his eyes blazing with anger. How he wished he could have another fainting spell to hide from the ugly truth. The pain and shame were just too much to endure.

Russell's reaction was all the crowd needed to know that the salesman hadn't been lying.

Yvette had bought the gown to frame Arielle, which almost drove her father to his death.

Her actions were so vicious it was almost unbelievable.

Russell might be better off with a venomous pet snake than Yvette. Snakes at least knew not to bite their owners, but Yvette had shown that she would stop at nothing to achieve her goals, even if it meant hurting her family.

To put it simply, she was worse than a snake.

Right at that moment, Yvette was hurriedly making her way down the stairs.

After hearing from Clara that her father was marrying her off to Mason, Yvette had thrown caution to the wind and rushed to find Russell.

In her hurry, Yvette failed to notice how everyone in the hall was giving her odd looks. Her only goal was to get to Russell before it got too late.

As soon as she saw Russell, Yvette cried out, "Dad, I don't want to marry Mason!"

Mason stiffened momentarily before whispering, "Yvette, now's not the time to talk about that, you..."

"Shut up!"

It had come to a point where Yvette found Mason so revolting that she couldn't stand to look at his face nor listen to his voice.

If only I could go back in time and prevent this ugly monster from touching me! I'm too good for him!

Mason was neither blind nor dumb. He

could see from Yvette's eyes just how much contempt she had for him.

The pain he felt from being snubbed was so overwhelming that it left him speechless.

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Yvette tugged at Russell's sleeve and continued to plead, "Dad, please. I know what I did was wrong, but I don't want to marry him!"

Russell flung her hand away and scowled, his expression a mixture of sorrow and disgust. "What exactly have you done? I've let your late mother down for not having raised you well! Confess all your dirty deeds now, and I never want to see you

again!"

Yvette froze as all the color drained from her face.

Confess?

Sure, I did sleep with Mason. It may be shameful, but it's not a crime. So what's there for me to confess?

"Yvette, you've let my family down too." Arielle said with sadness in her voice. "To think our mothers even share the same family name. The Moores have always been kind and just. How is it possible that you turned out like this?"

Besides Mason, the other person Yvette least wanted to see was Arielle, but now there was no running away from that.

If it weren't for Arielle, I wouldn't have become like this!

"You b*tch! Since when is it your place to intervene in my family matters? You're just a country bumpkin. What gives you the right to lecture me?"

Arielle shook her head helplessly before continuing, "Even now, you're still unrepentant. I hate to say this, but it seems like you're beyond help. I have no right to comment on the relationship between you and your cousin. But I can't let you off for what you've done to Shandie! I'm going to call the police!"

Yvette drew a sharp intake of breath as she looked on in bewilderment. "What do you mean?"

Arielle pulled the salesman toward her and asked, "Maybe this man will jog your memory?"

Yvette glanced at the salesman and recognized him within seconds, much to her horror.

Face ashen, Yvette shook her head defiantly. "I don't know him!"

Arielle smirked and showed the receipt in Russell's hand to Yvette. "Then surely you can recognize your own signature?"

Panic surged through Yvette as she looked at Russell warily.

All she saw was the disappointment and anger in her father's eyes.

Yvette finally realized why the hall had been so quiet ever since she walked in. It was because everything she did, had been brought to light.

It's over. I'm doomed!

How is this possible, though? I had bribed this salesman with a large sum of money to shut him up. How could this still happen?

Yvette felt her pulse racing as she glanced furtively around. All of a sudden, she snatched the receipt from Arielle's hand and shredded it into pieces.

Still boiling with rage, Yvette walked up to Arielle with the intent of taking her anger

out on her.

However, before Yvette could slap Arielle, a hand had firmly grabbed her wrist and shoved her away.

The force was so strong that it sent Yvette tumbling onto the floor as she yelped in

pain.

When she looked up, all she saw was a handsome face with a pair of piercing, cold eyes. Those eyes stared at her so intensely that she felt herself cowering in fear.

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Shit. It's Vinson!

Yvette's eyes grew impossibly wide as questions started flooding her mind.

What is Vinson doing here? I never invited

him!

Arielle! It had to be her! She called Vinson

here!

Everything started to fall into place as Yvette connected the dots.

No wonder the salesman's here running his

mouth instead of keeping it shut as we agreed. It's all because Arielle had gotten Vinson to help her.

Arielle, you b*tch!

After what Arielle had done, Yvette was even more determined to drag Arielle down with her, no matter what it took.

Consumed by rage, even her initial fear for Vinson had disappeared. Yvette's only target now was the woman who had landed her in this mess. I'm going to f*cking kill Arielle!

With that thought, Yvette got up to her feet and dashed toward Arielle.

"B*tch! I'm going to kill you!"

However, Yvette had barely taken two steps forward when a hand slapped her hard across her face.

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Yvette hadn't even seen the slap coming until she felt it on her. Once again, she found herself on the floor, seeing stars from the sheer force of the slap.

As soon as she got back to her senses, Yvette realized there was blood trickling from her mouth

To her horror, on top of the pain on her face, she could also feel a tooth coming loose.

Yvette grimaced as she clutched her face, staring in utter disbelief at the person who had just slapped her.

“Dad?”

Am / seeing things?

Dad loves me the most, so why would he be so heavy-handed on me?

Alas, there was no denying that Russell had indeed slapped his daughter.

Mason quickly made his way toward Yvette and tried to help her up.

However, before he could even reach his

hand out, Yvette had unceremoniously kicked him away.

“Go away! Don’t touch me!”

There was so much contempt in Yvette’s gaze that it seemed as if she couldn’t wait to get rid of Mason.

Even with enemies, there was no need to harbor that much hatred.

“Yvette?” Mason whispered, sadness flitting across his face.

However, Yvette had no interest in returning Mason’s gaze as she continued to stare blankly at her father.

Russell looked away in a mixture of shame and anger before turning to his housekeepers. “Take her back to her room and lock her up. No one is to let her out without my orders!”

“No...” Yvette whimpered, shaking her head frantically. “I’m sorry, Dad! I was wrong. I know I was wrong!”

Before she could say anymore, two of Russell’s bodyguards had already stepped

forward and dragged her back upstairs. No matter how hard she struggled, she couldn’t get out of their grasp.

Yvette’s screams gradually faded into the distance, and silence once again filled the hall.

Not wanting to stay on any longer, some of the guests went up to comfort Russell before bidding goodbye.

Try as he might, Russell couldn’t force any smiles out as he thanked his guests and had his housekeepers send them out.

Once the first guest had left, the others soon followed suit.

Before long, there were only a handful of people left in the hall.

With the matter resolved, there was no reason for Arielle to stay on any longer as she made her way toward Russell. "I'll be going now. Well, I hope you won't be too sad. Yvette is still young, and mistakes are inevitable. With the right guidance, I'm sure it'll work out. As for my family, rest assured that I'll intercede for Yvette."

Russell looked on with weary sadness on his face and bloodshot eyes.

"I'm sorry," he said apologetically. "When Yvette lost her mother, I chose not to remarry because I was afraid she might not like having a stepmother. I spoiled her out of love, and look what good that did her. I'll visit your family tomorrow to offer my apologies. But for tonight, please apologize to Rick and Shandie on my behalf."

With that, Russell beckoned for his housekeeper to pass a gift to Arielle.

Arielle instinctively rejected it. "Oh, no. There's no need for this..."

Ultimately, Arielle had a part to play in everything that happened that night.

Even though she had no regrets, she still didn't feel right to accept Russell's gift.

However, Russell remained insistent on her keeping the gift. "You saved my life. I'd feel bad if you don't accept it."

Left without a choice, Arielle accepted the gift with a polite smile.

On her way back in Vinson's car, Arielle opened the gift box out of curiosity.

To her surprise, it was a gorgeous diamond bracelet.

Vinson took one glance at it and immediately recognized it. "That bracelet has been in the royal family. I heard that Russell had gotten it at an auction for two hundred million. I'm impressed he could part with it that easily."

Looking at the bracelet, Arielle let out a deep sigh. "Vinson, do you think I've gone overboard?"

Rate the Translation to Get 2 Pearls.

... Wait! I Have Something to Say!