

Chapter 16 anyone to do Arielle's makeup. Thus, Arielle was completely bare-faced and had her hair up in a simple bun; she looked like an ordinary high school student. Even without any form of embellishment, Arielle was irresistible to the eye. Her presence glowed with angelic purity, almost like a blooming orchid whose beauty was so rare that people could only appreciate from afar. She was the definition of true beauty. Not the kind that was sought after by many men, but a true beauty that made men reflect on whether they were worthy of being by her side. Shandie initially felt like the brightest star in the sky, knowing that her makeup was worth six figures. Yet, that confidence plummeted after seeing Arielle's simplistic beauty. Shandie now felt like a miserable side character while Arielle was the lead of the show. Outshined, Shandie clenched her fists so hard that her claw-like nails nearly cut into her palms. Ahem! Cindy cleared her throat from the front passenger seat. At this, Shandie broke from her daze and refocused on the present.

So what if Arielle is pretty? She's nothing but a pretty face that men keep around like toys. I'm

the real deal with both the body and looks; the kind of woman that men want to make their wives.

Shandie suppressed her anger. She cracked a stiff smile and said, "Arielle, I haven't had the chance to apologize. So now that we're both here, I just wanted to say I'm sorry. I shouldn't have thrown that childish tantrum and put you in jeopardy. Please forgive me."

Arielle knew that Cindy must have scripted this whole apology, and Shandie was merely acting accordingly.

Childish tantrum?

Humph. What kind of child harbors murderous intentions during a tantrum?

Regardless, Arielle cast a gentle gaze as she held Shandie's hand. Then she soothed in a honeyed voice, "It's alright, Shandie. There's no need to dwell on the past or apologize anymore. We're family, after all."

Caught in Arielle's tight grip, Shandie bit down her repulse. She desperately wanted to fling Arielle's vermin-like hand away but couldn't.

Hence, she resisted and continued to smile stiffly.

Meanwhile, Henrick smiled contentedly at his daughters' reconciliation from the driver's seat.

Chapter 16 They went on their merry way to the airport. When they arrived, Henrick led his family through the check-in process and to the departure halls. Arielle trailed behind them throughout this. According to the regulations, first-class passengers were given priority to board the plane before others. So the Southalls had to wait in line as Henrick had bought economy-class tickets for the flight from Jadeborough to Norham. When it was finally their turn to board the flight, Henrick suddenly halted and looked in the other direction. He exclaimed, "Mr. Nightshire?" Shandie hadn't expected to see Vinson at the airport either. Now that it had happened, Shandie batted her lashes and cleared her throat shyly to attract Vinson's attention. Vinson's assistant was reporting the progress of their recent project. Now that Henrick had rudely interrupted, Vinson shot a glare in Henrick's direction. Seeing how Henrick and Shandie threw themselves at him, Vinson's glare turned murderously cold yet confused at the same time. He growled, "Do I know you?" Henrick brushed his nose awkwardly at this. He

was startled that Vinson didn't recognize him.

Shandie, on the other hand, clenched her jaw in irritation.

We've already met plenty of times. How can Vinson not know who I am? Is he really that forgetful?

In reality, Vinson had an excellent memory. He was simply selective about whom and what he felt was worthy of remembering.

Thus, he wouldn't waste even a drop of his time or mental effort on people whom he deemed unimportant.

As for Arielle, she had noticed Vinson as well but didn't intend to greet him.

We're just passing by. There's no need to engage in pointless conversation.

Henrick frowned at how Arielle was letting this golden opportunity slip. Nevertheless, he quickly introduced himself, "I'm Henrick Southall. Surely you remember me, Mr. Nightshire? You attended my daughter's birthday party a few days ago."

Vinson tried to recall. However, he had attended four birthday parties this week, so he couldn't quite figure out who this man named Henrick was.

Sensing the confusion on Vinson's face, Henrick briskly shoved Shandie aside while yanking Arielle forward. He then reminded, "Seems like you have forgotten about me, Mr. Nightshire. But perhaps you remember my daughter?"

Arielle was now visible to Vinson. He hadn't seen her earlier, no thanks to Cindy, who questionably stood in front of Arielle and blocked her.

Vinson's eyes roamed over Arielle's appearance. Unlike the other three, who wore fancier clothing, Arielle seemed like a regular student. It was as if they were from different class groups.

Vinson raised a brow, curious to see Arielle's reactions. He feigned confusion as he asked, "Apologies, I'm not very good with remembering faces. May I ask who you are, miss?"

Arielle blinked. Did he forget who I am?

Despite her initial shock, Arielle wasn't at all sad that he didn't recall her.

She responded placidly, "That's normal. You must see too many faces every day to remember mine. We won't be in your way now. Dad, let's go."

Now that she had excused their family, Henrick couldn't prolong the conversation with Vinson. Without a choice, Henrick begrudgingly complied with Arielle's request.

Chapter 16

What rubbish was that? How can my eldest daughter be so inept at seducing men? How stupid can she be?

Henrick grew more frustrated at the thought of this. It was evident in the way he quickly stormed over to the boarding gate.

Cindy and Shandie were pleased with how things turned out. They stood straighter with delight as they watched Henrick leave.

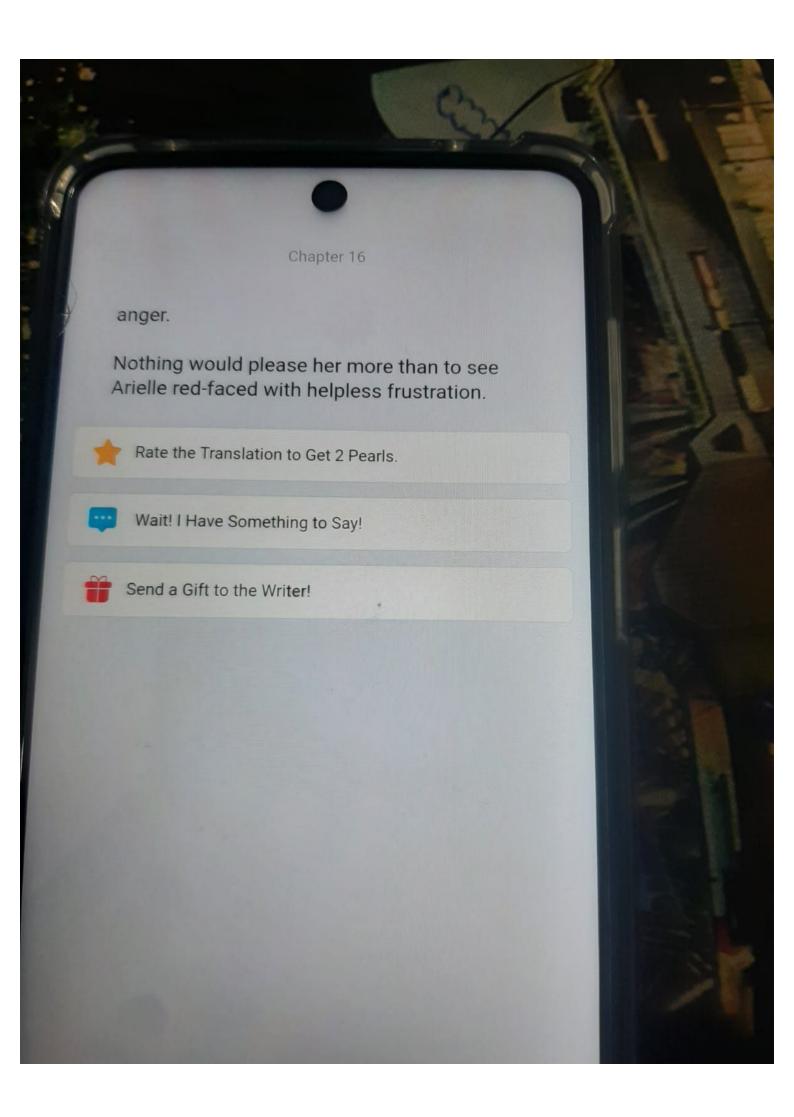
What perfect timing for Arielle to ruin things. I doubt Henrick will continue to spoil her rotten after this.

Thinking this, Cindy paced in Henrick's direction.

Shandie and Arielle quickly followed suit. At that moment, Shandie's mood soared sky-high. It wasn't long before a mischievous thought flitted through her mind.

Walking alongside Arielle, Shandie mocked in a quiet voice, "Oh dear. I assumed that something special was going on between you and Mr. Nightshire, but I guess not. I can't believe that he didn't even recognize you. Well, don't be sad. It's normal for busy men like Mr. Nightshire to forget a country bumpkin like you."

Shandie made sure to emphasize the words: country bumpkin. She stared excitedly at Arielle, hoping to see her face blow up with

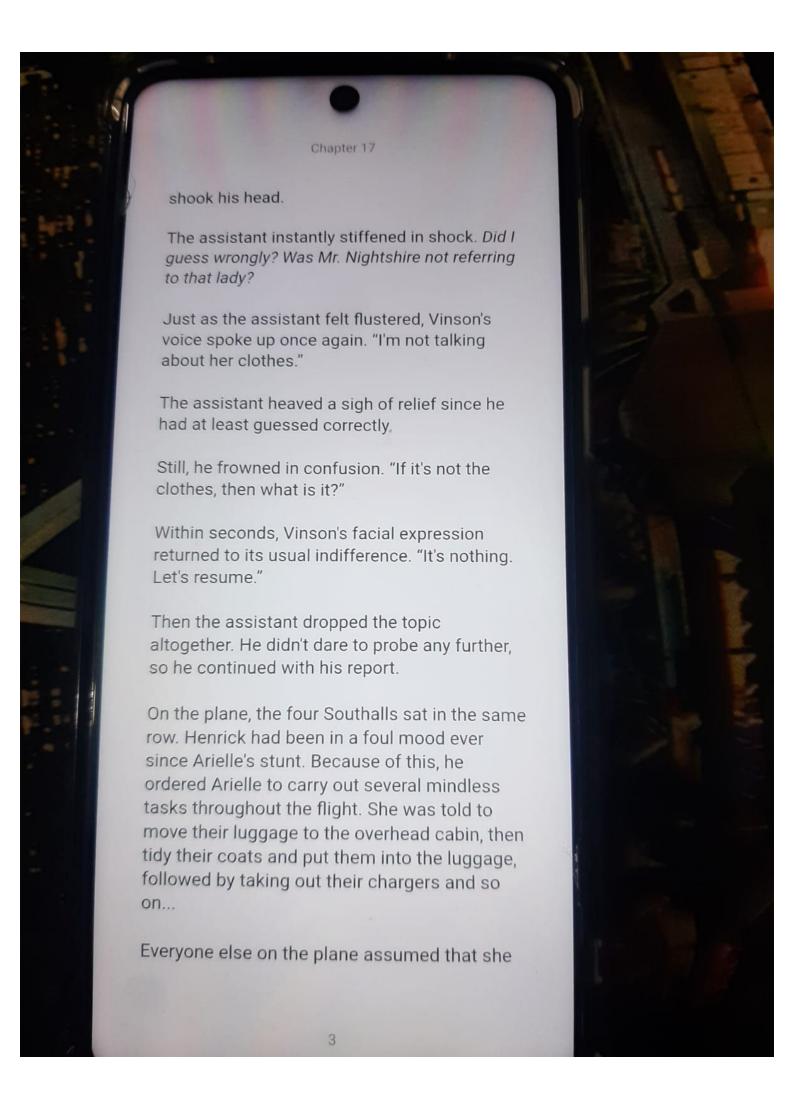


Chapter 17 Yet, Arielle remained emotionless as if she weren't the least bothered. And that was the truth; she truly couldn't care less about being forgotten by Vinson. She knew that the Southalls wanted connections with the Nightshires because of their elite social status. Despite this, that prestige wasn't what she wanted or needed. So, it didn't matter whether Vinson remembered her at all. Shandie scoffed when Arielle didn't react to her. Liar! Keep acting like you don't care then, Arielle.I bet that deep down, you're crying like a big baby who's hurt about the whole thing. Serves you right! Vinson would never be interested in a plain country bumpkin like you! Little did the four Southalls know, Vinson's eyes had burned holes in the back of Arielle's head for quite some time. He stayed that way until Arielle boarded her flight. Only then did he let out an intrigued chuckle. Beside him, the assistant's eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets.

Chapter 17 What's going on? Mr. Nightshire never laugh. He's usually unsmiling, and some would even say intimidatingly distant. I can't believe he's chuckling to himself now. Also, this isn't sneering laughter. No. It's more genuine, like an amused laugh that comes from deep within one's chest. It's been ages since I last saw Mr. Nightshire laugh like this. While the assistant was deep in thought, Vinson's voice suddenly sounded. He asked, "Did you notice a difference between her and the others?" There were three women in that family. Which is he referring to? The assistant had worked alongside Vinson for several years now, so he knew better than to ask Vinson outright. He pondered for a while before recalling that Arielle had dressed differently from the others. Then he answered hesitantly, "Indeed. The other three have donned well-known designer brands while that young lady's clothes... Well,

they seem like some randomly bought clothes from an unknown stall."

Even with such a sharp observation, Vinson still



was merely their housekeeper.

Arielle wasn't bothered with doing all those tasks. All she did was comply with Henrick's request without any complaints.

Eventually, Henrick couldn't hold it in anymore. He boomed icily, "Enough! Get over here."

Once Arielle sat down next to Henrick, he interrogated with a sharp tone, "I thought you said that you helped Mr. Nightshire. So why didn't he remember you at all?"

Arielle shook her head candidly. "I only did him a small favor then, so it's normal that he doesn't remember me."

"Then you should have..." Henrick faltered as he looked at Arielle. I guess having a naive daughter isn't always a beneficial thing.

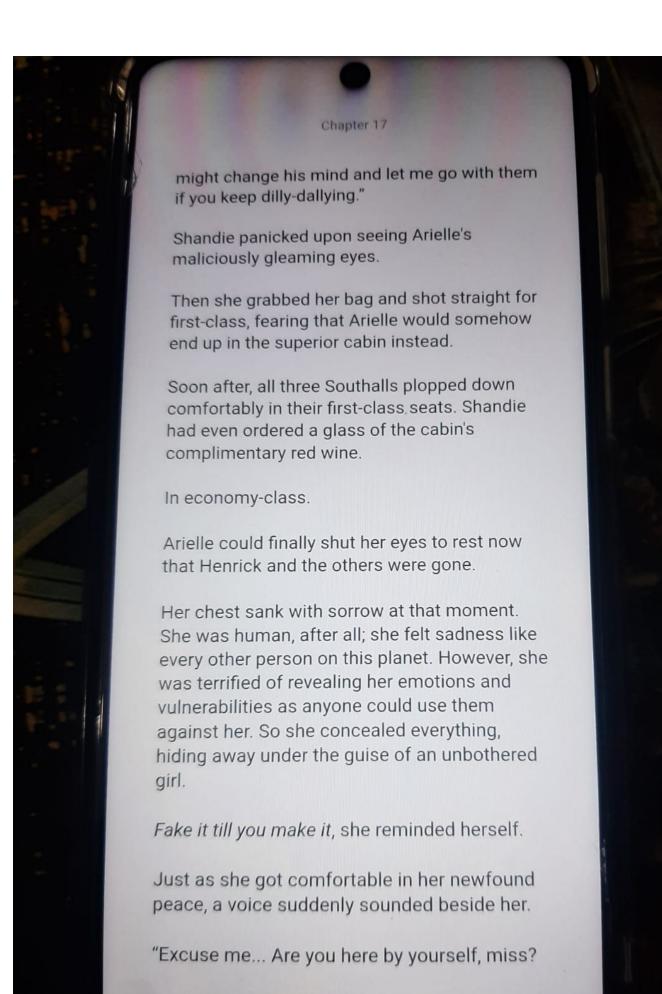
If only it were Shandie who knew Vinson... she would have immediately caught on to my intentions and tried to get closer to him.

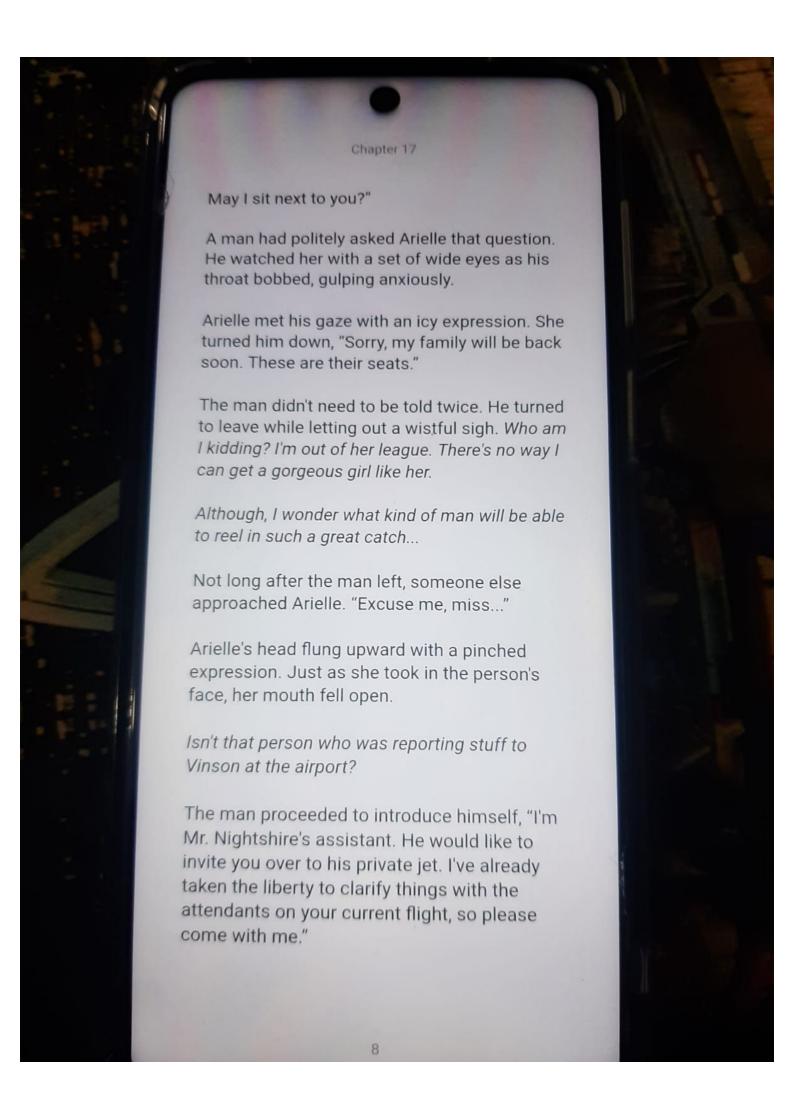
Henrick then huffed begrudgingly, "Forget it. We'll talk about this later. There's still much you have to learn."

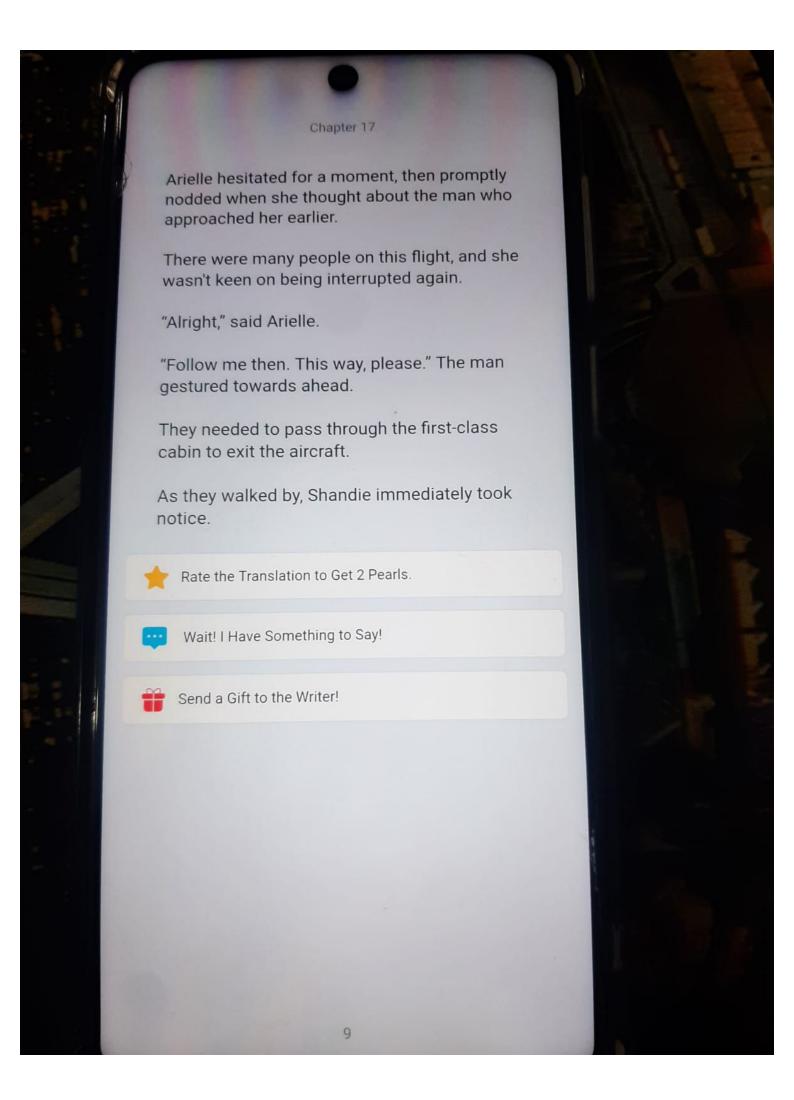
"Okay," Arielle nodded obediently. With eyes rounded and lips parted, she feigned a child-like innocence as if she didn't know what she had done wrong.

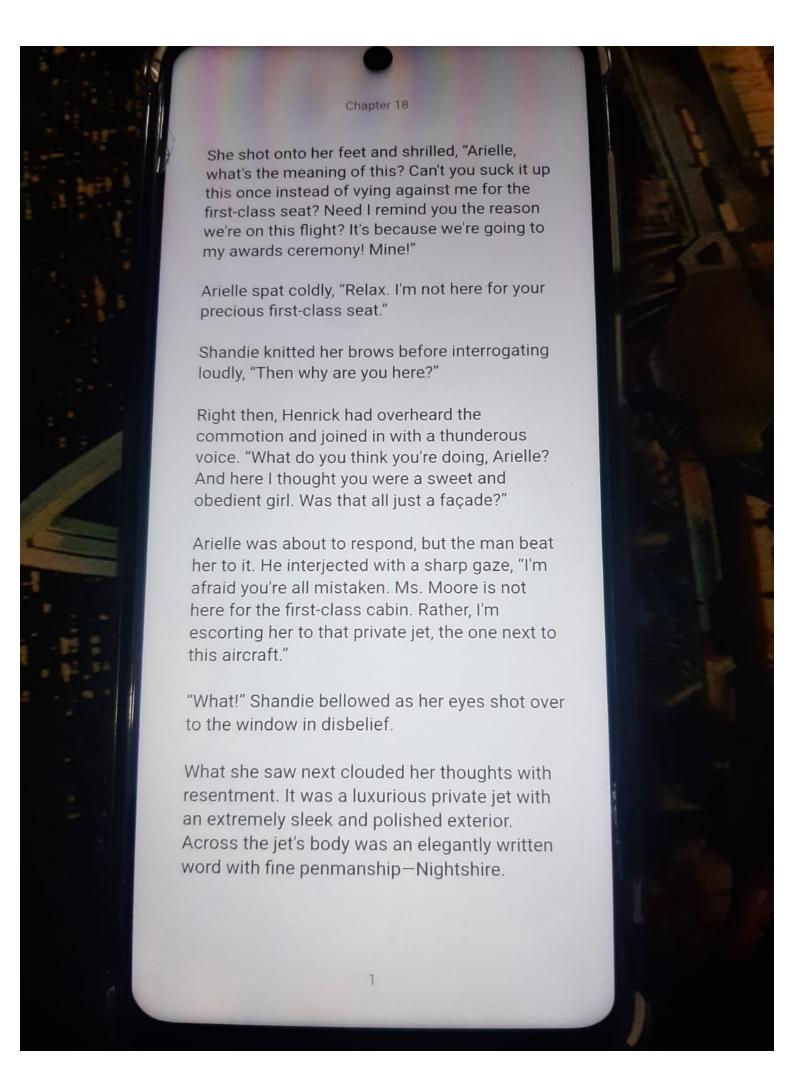
Chapter 17 Right then, the flight attendant approached them. "Good day, Mr. Southhall. According to your flight mileage, we're able to give you a free upgrade to first-class." Henrick deliberately chose economy-class seats not only out of stinginess but also because he knew that they could get a free upgrade. Pleased, Henrick beamed as he bounced onto his feet. "Thank you. Please lead the way." Shandie and Cindy stood as well. The flight attendant soon noticed Arielle, who was the last to stand. Then he immediately explained, "My apologies, sir. You only have enough mileage for three free upgrades. Here, have a look." "Three?" Henrick's temples started to ache. Then who will go with us to first-class? Shandie or Arielle? Seeing that Henrick was conflicted, Cindy chimed in, "I'm sure you've realized that Arielle isn't very quick-witted. She won't be of much help at all. Plus, we're heading to Shandie's awards ceremony. So why don't we give the seat to Shandie this once, hmm?" Henrick's face turned grim before he finally agreed.

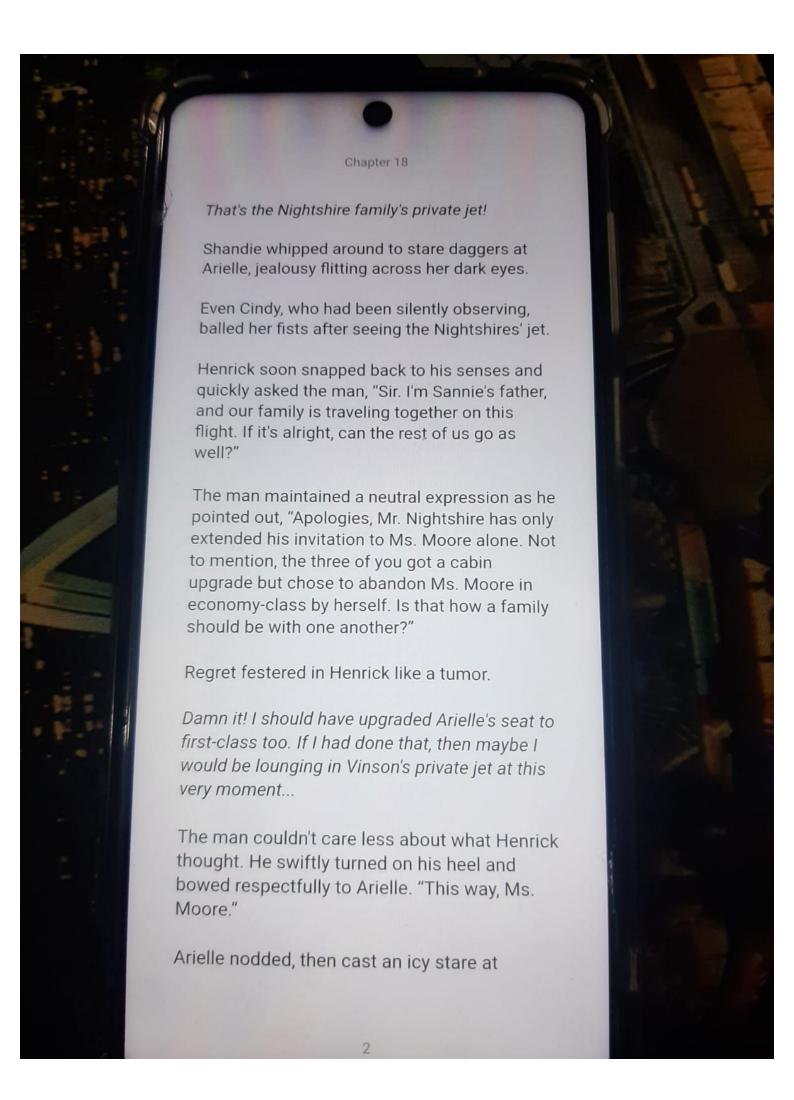
Chapter 17 He promptly turned to Arielle and explained in a matter-of-fact tone, "I can't help that there are only three seats. We'll still see each other once the plane lands. Ergo, it's not all that different." Arielle stared intensely at Henrick. Disappointment shrouded in her chest, but she couldn't show it on her face. She refused to let Cindy and Shandie feel triumphant. Thus, Arielle pressed her lips into a tight smile and said, "It's fine." "Sorry about this," Henrick uttered while averting her gaze. He then pranced away with Cindy and Shandie for the first-class cabin. Shandie intentionally slowed her steps. Once their parents were a good distance away, she taunted in a low voice, "It seems like Dad loves me more. You'll have to work harder to catch up now! I'll be off to the first-class cabin, so you rest up here in economy-class, hmm? There's actually not much difference between the two cabins, save for the bigger seats and better service in mine. But hey, don't let that get to you." Arielle gritted her teeth at how Shandie was gloating around like some proud peacock. Face twisting into a mocking smile, Arielle motioned towards the first-class cabin. She then provoked, "You'd better hurry over. Dad

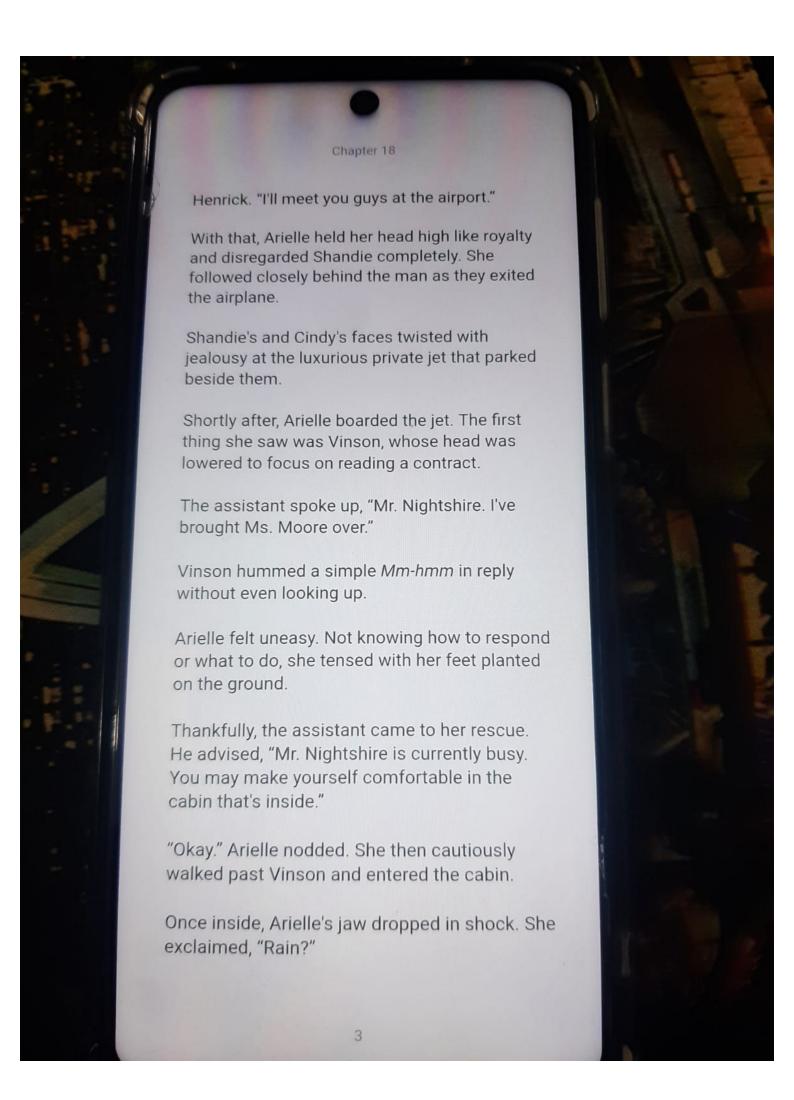


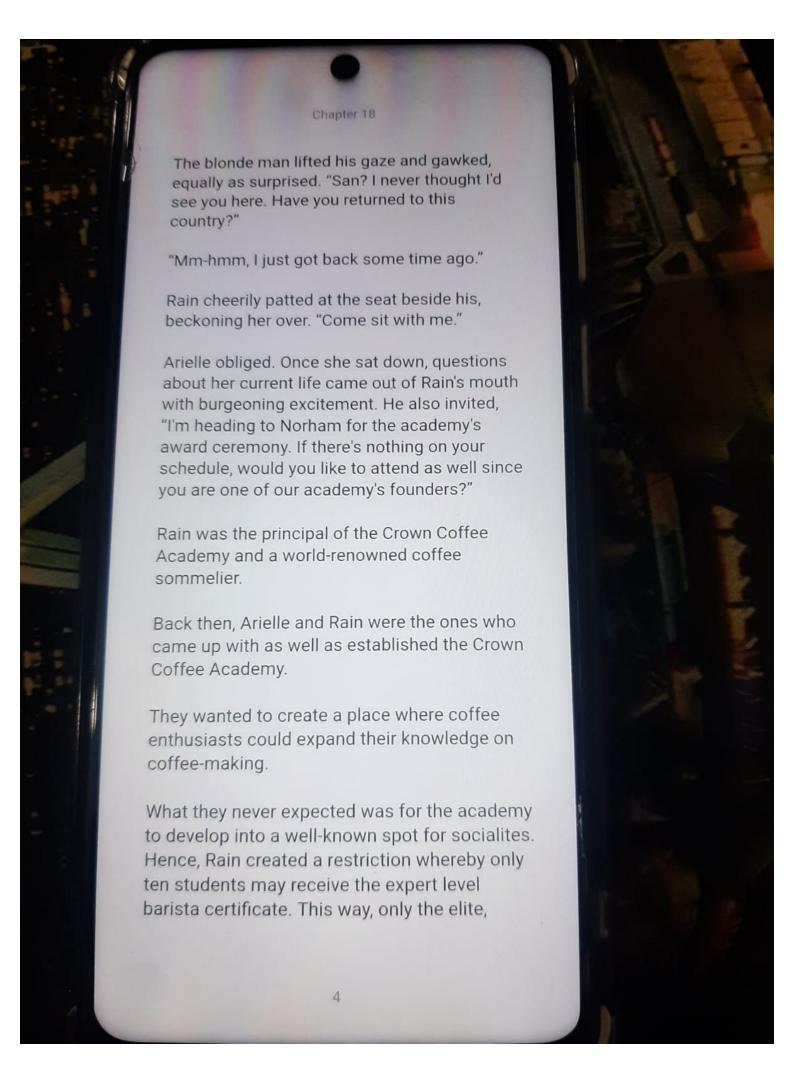


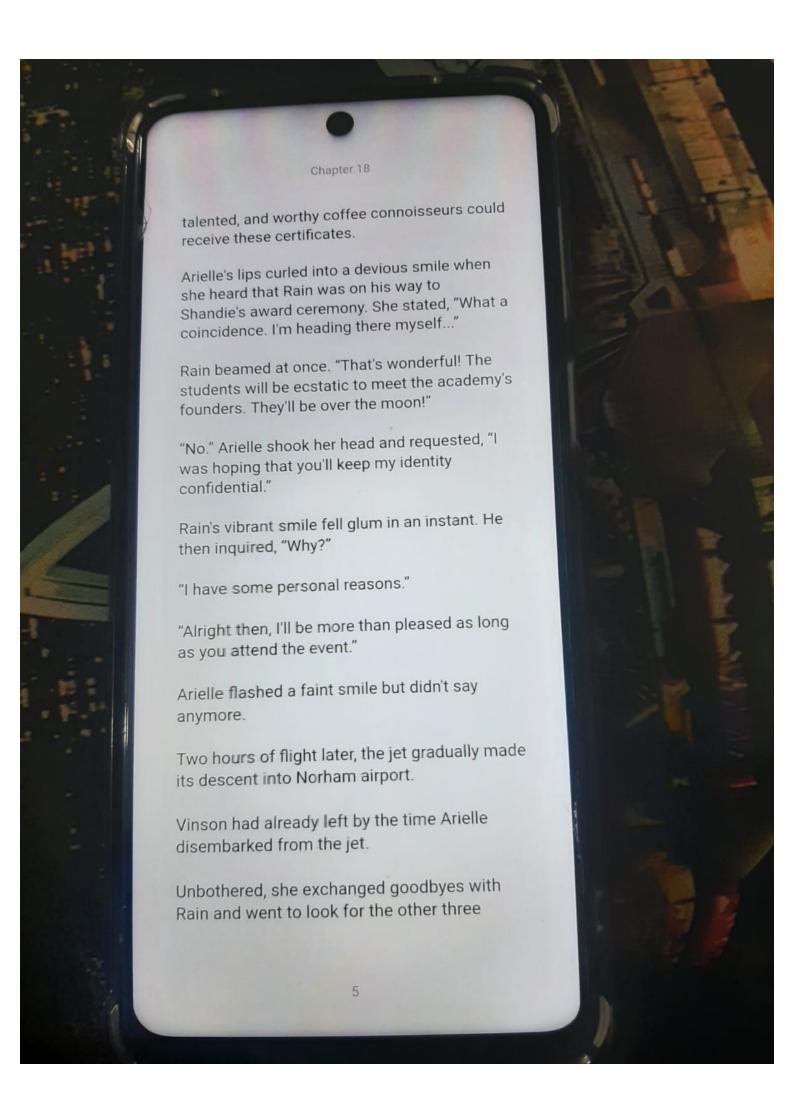


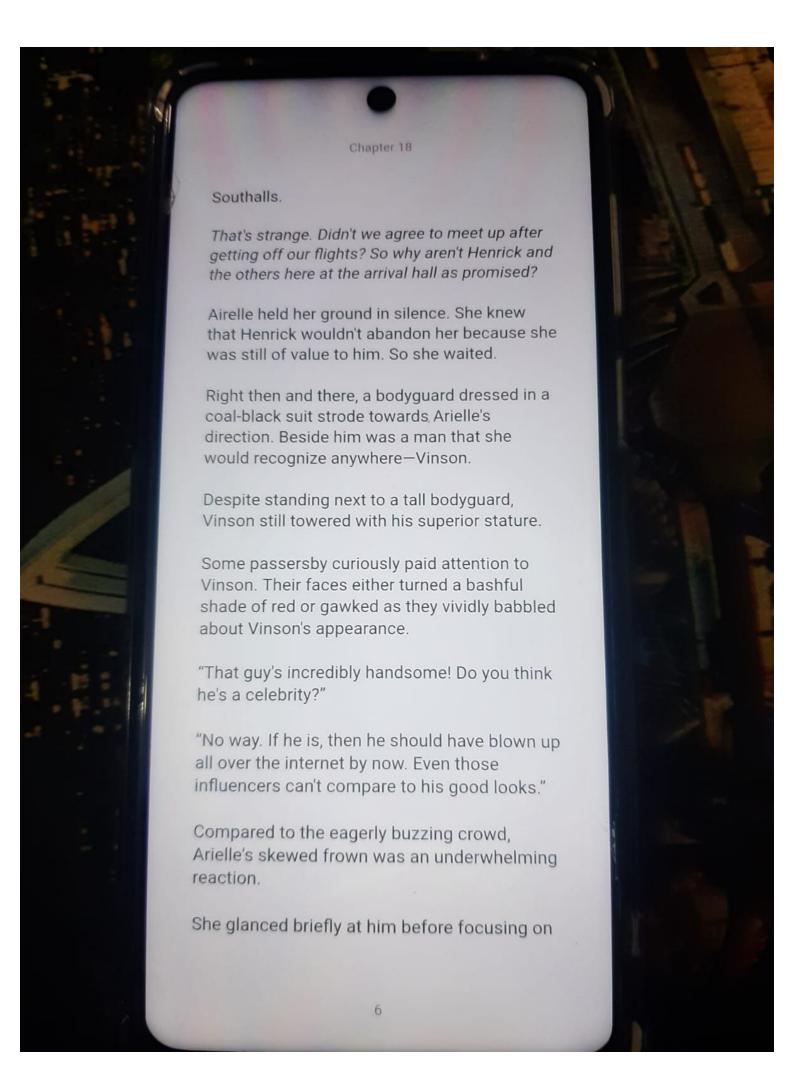


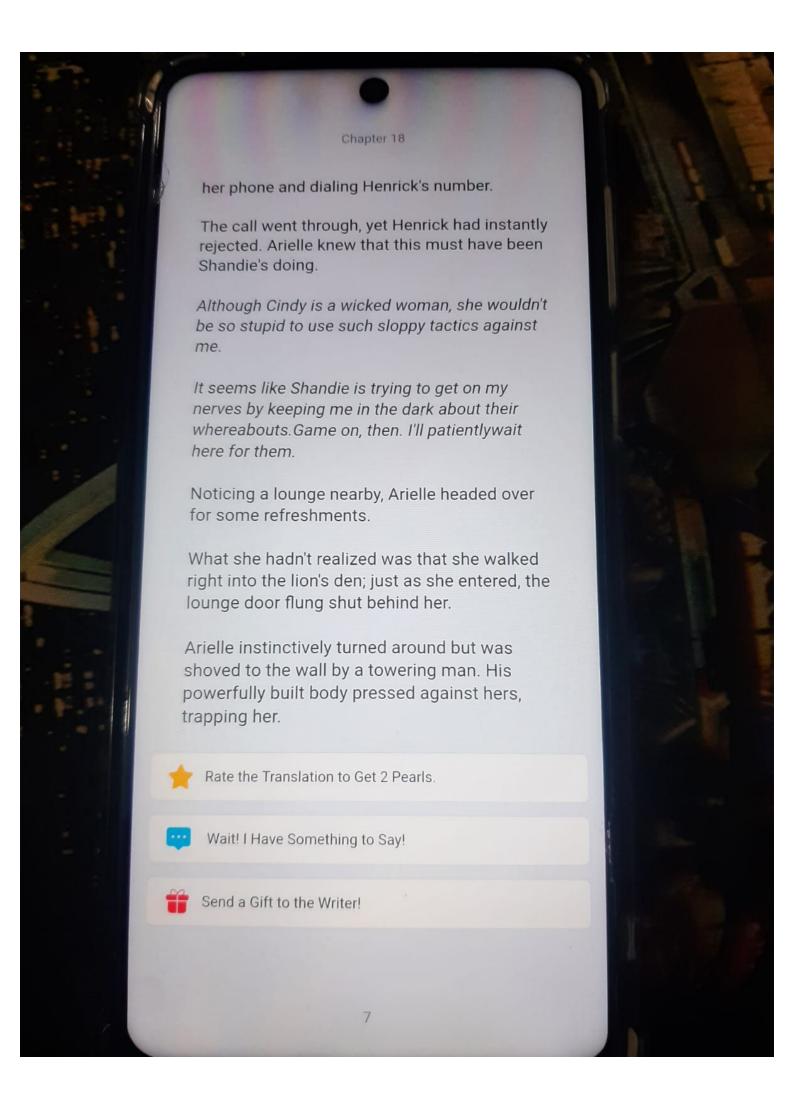


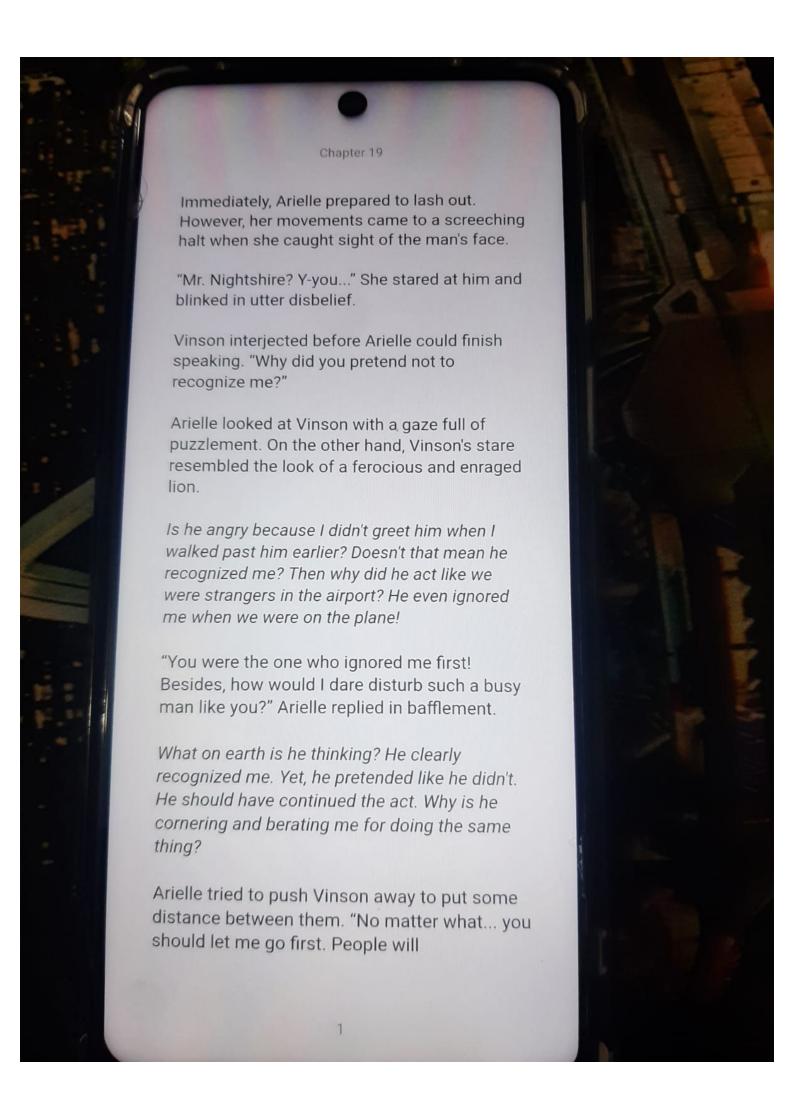


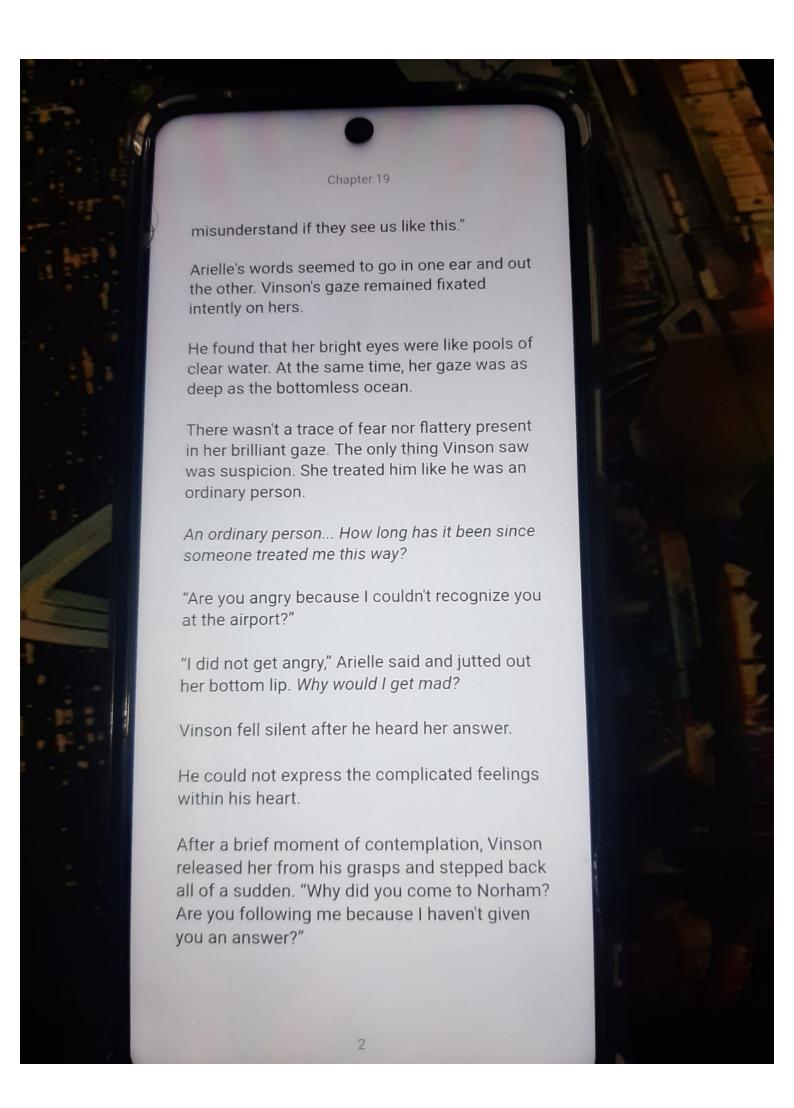


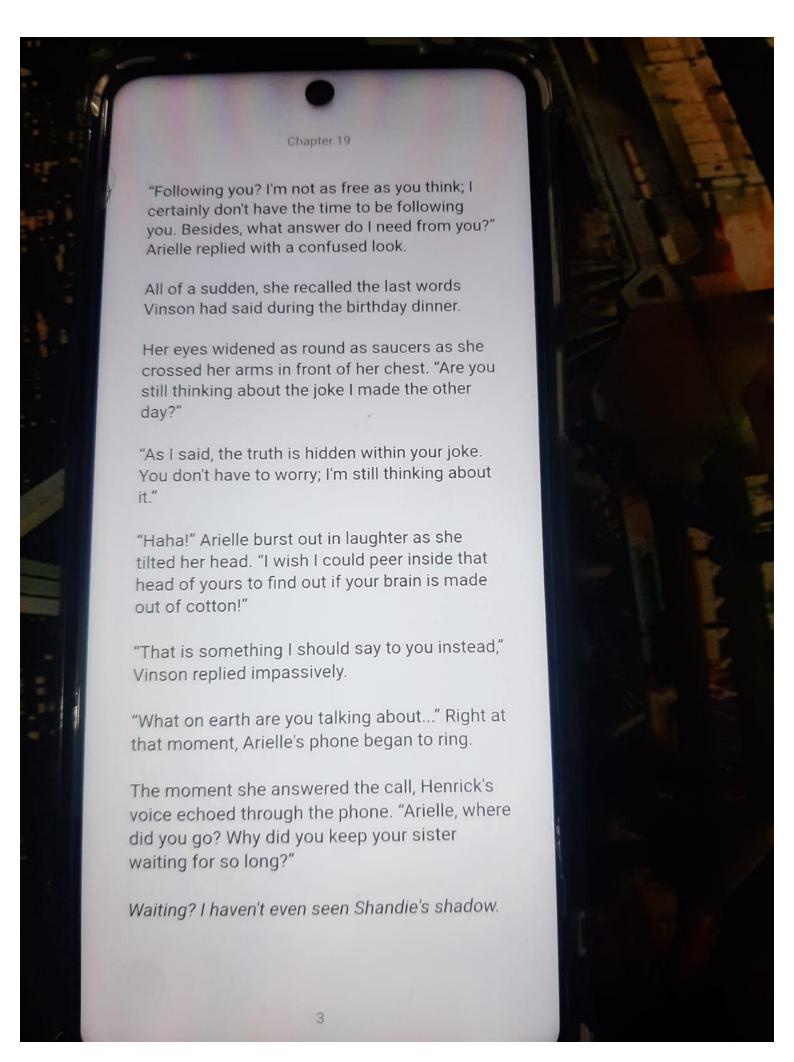


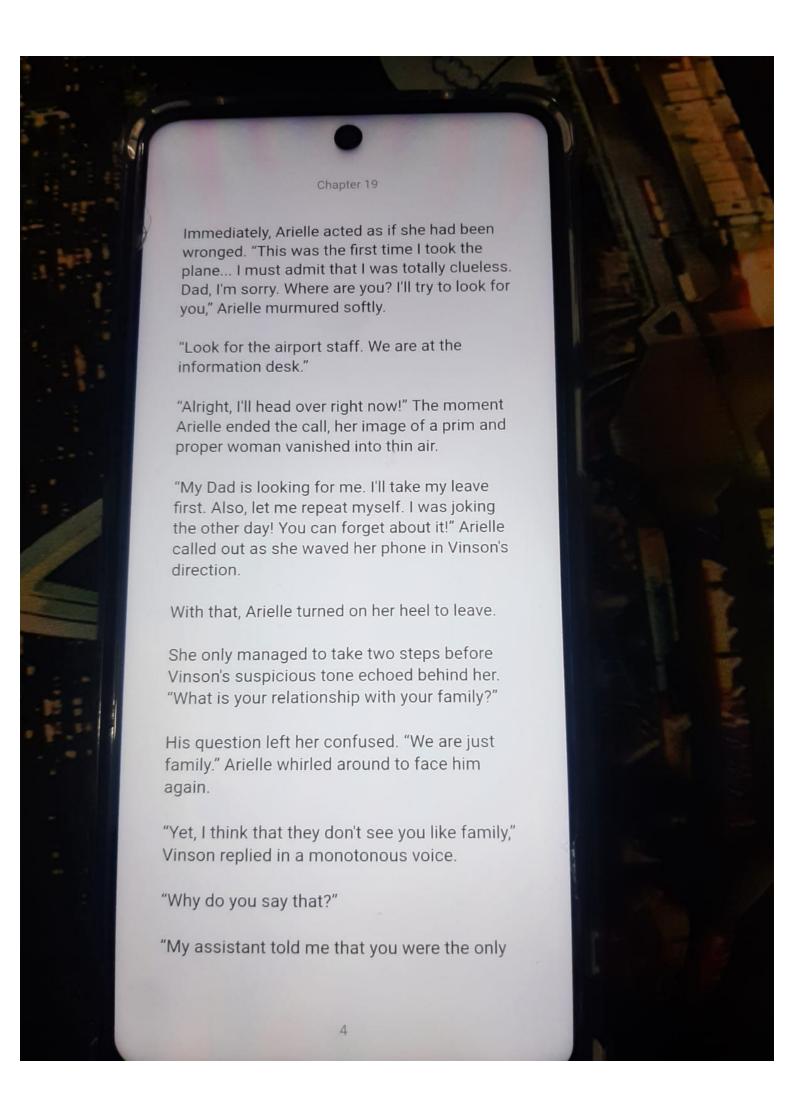


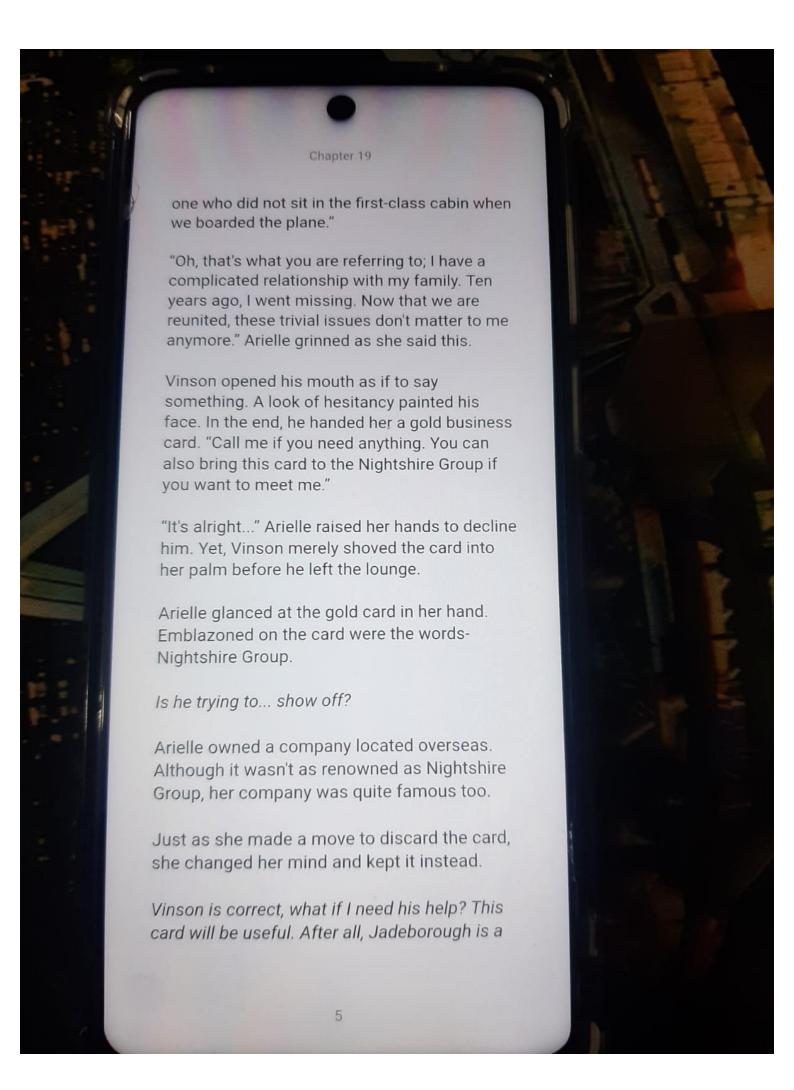












place I'm unfamiliar with.

Arielle placed the card in her pocket as she changed her mind and walked out of the lounge.

When she finally arrived at the information desk, Henrick looked like he was on the verge of exploding in anger. It was clear that he was impatient after waiting for her.

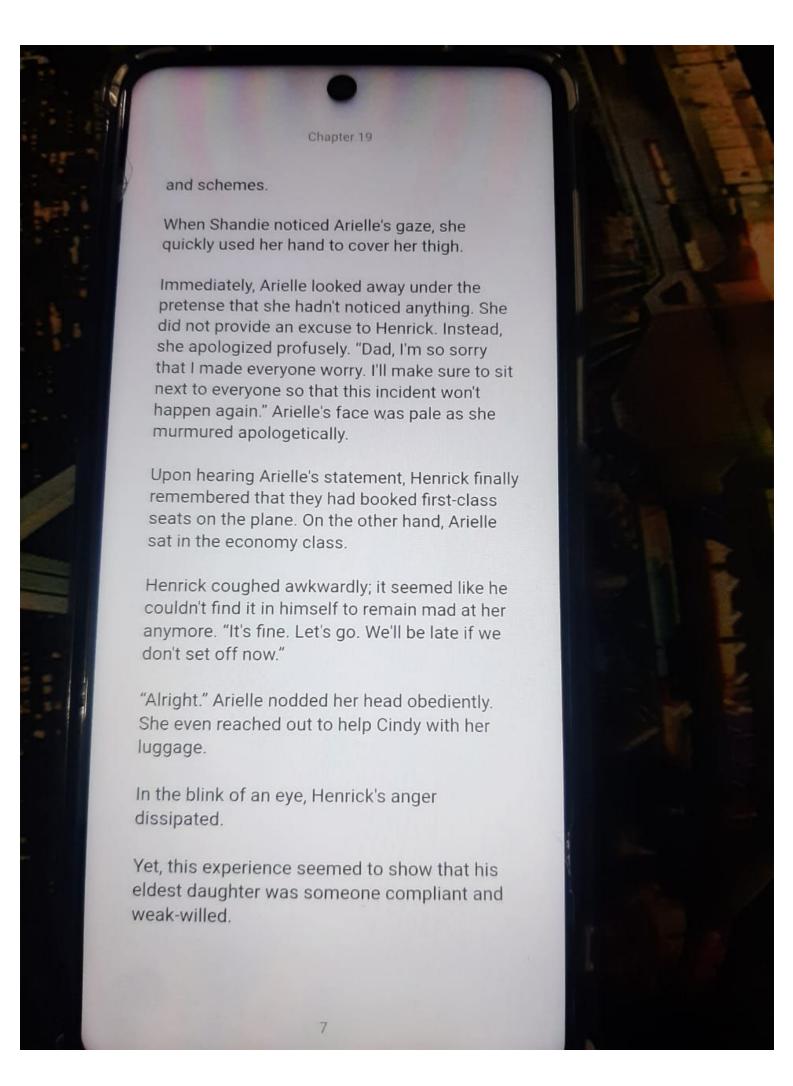
"There will be dire consequences if you delay your sister's ceremony!" Henrick scowled.

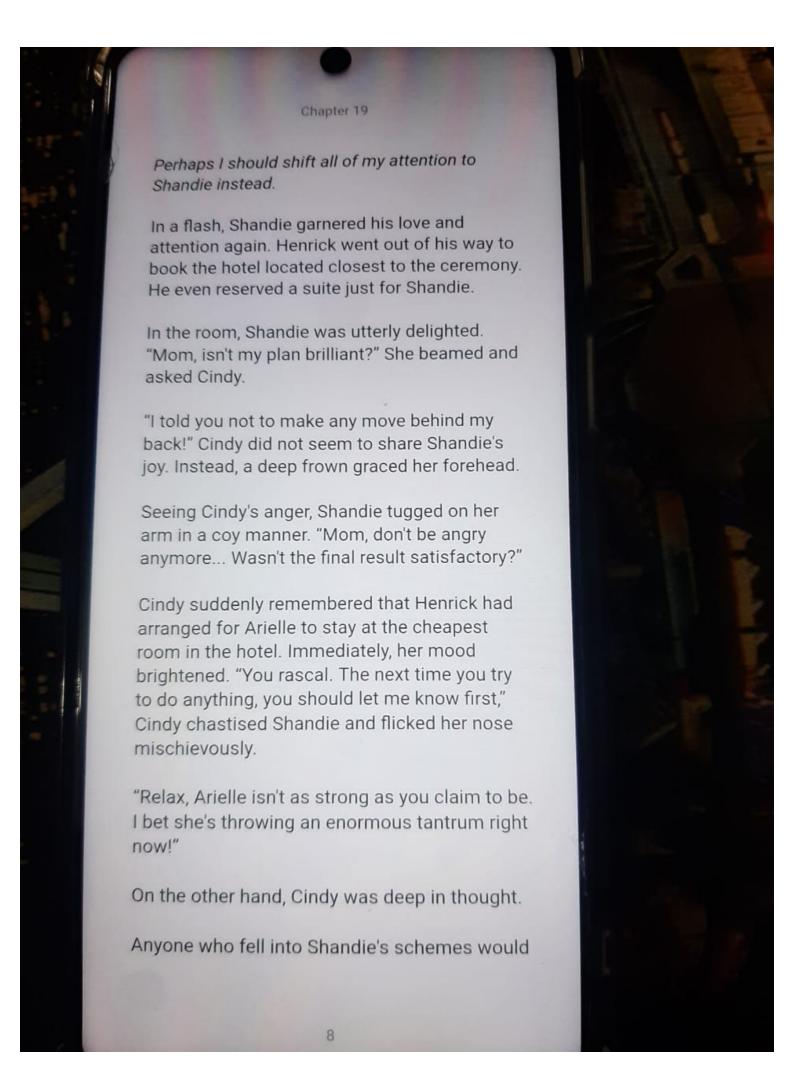
In contrast, Cindy spoke in a very demure and gentle tone. "It's still early. She won't delay the ceremony. I was just scared that Arielle would have gotten lost in this foreign place. Arielle, look at your sister; she was so worried that she burst into tears when she couldn't find you at the exit."

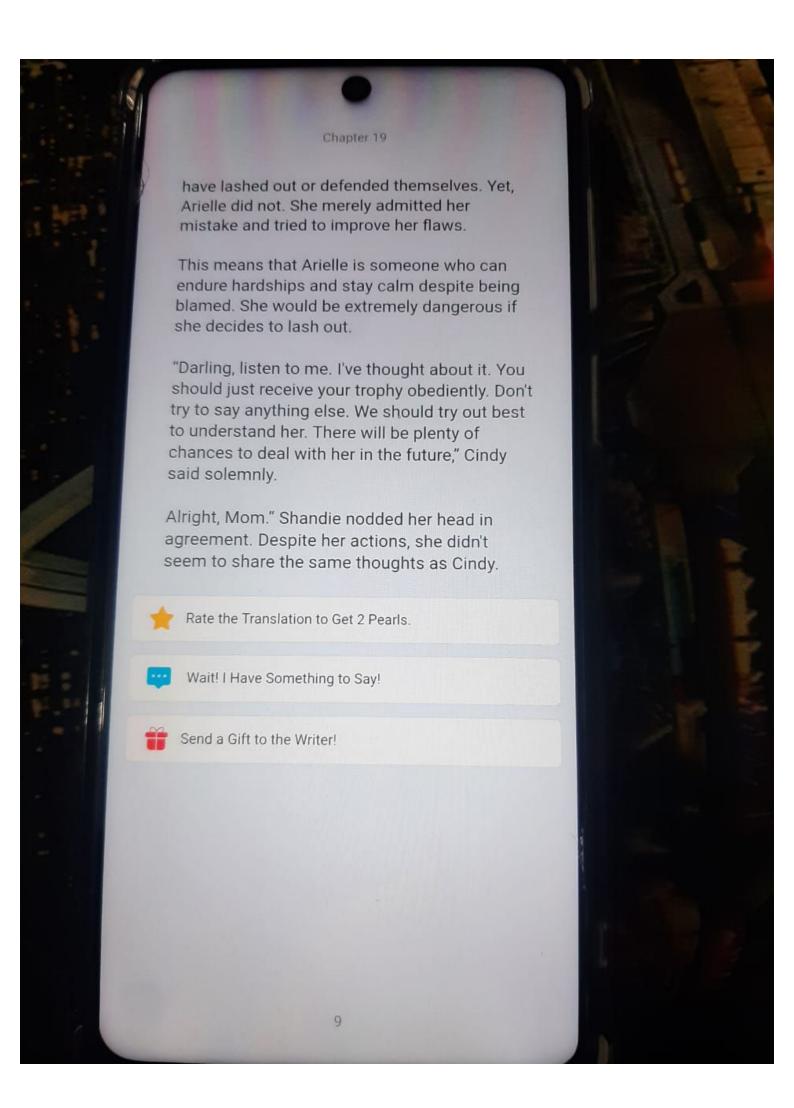
Arielle turned to look at Shandie. True to Cindy's words, Shandie's eyes were red and swollen. There were even glistening tears around the corners of her eyes. "Arielle, it's alright... I'm just glad that you are safe." Shandie sniffled as she said this.

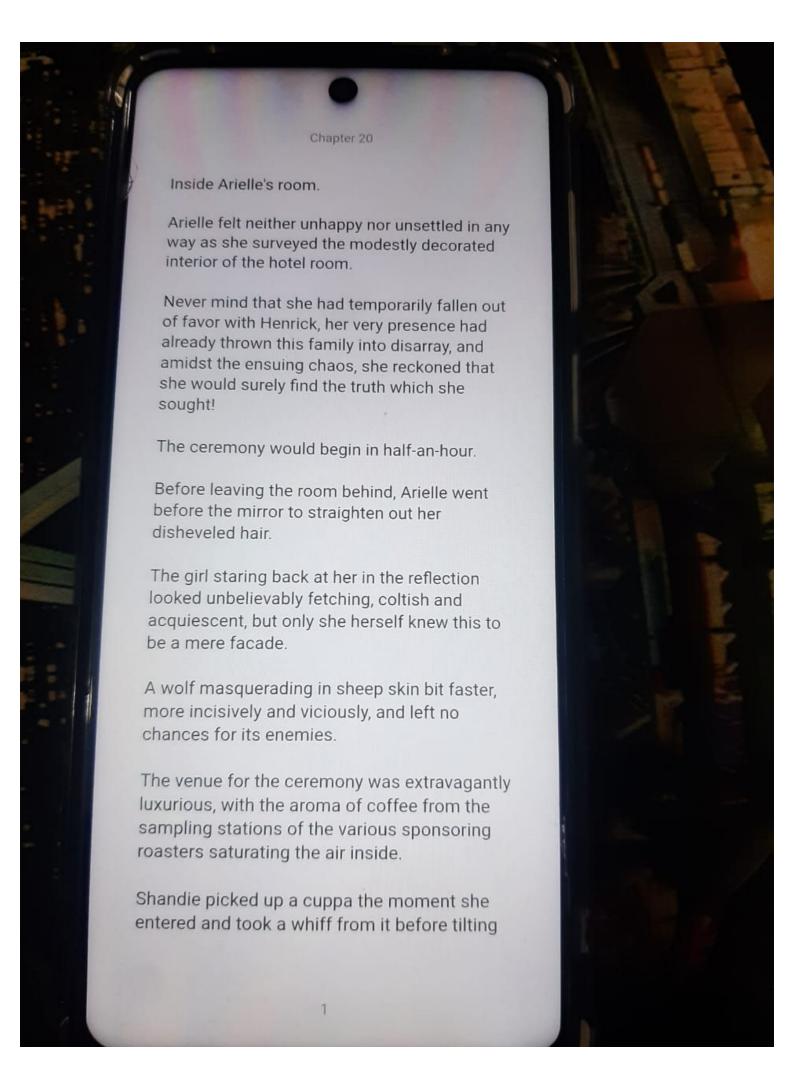
When Arielle shifted her gaze downwards, Arielle caught sight of several red gashes across Shandie's thigh underneath her skirt.

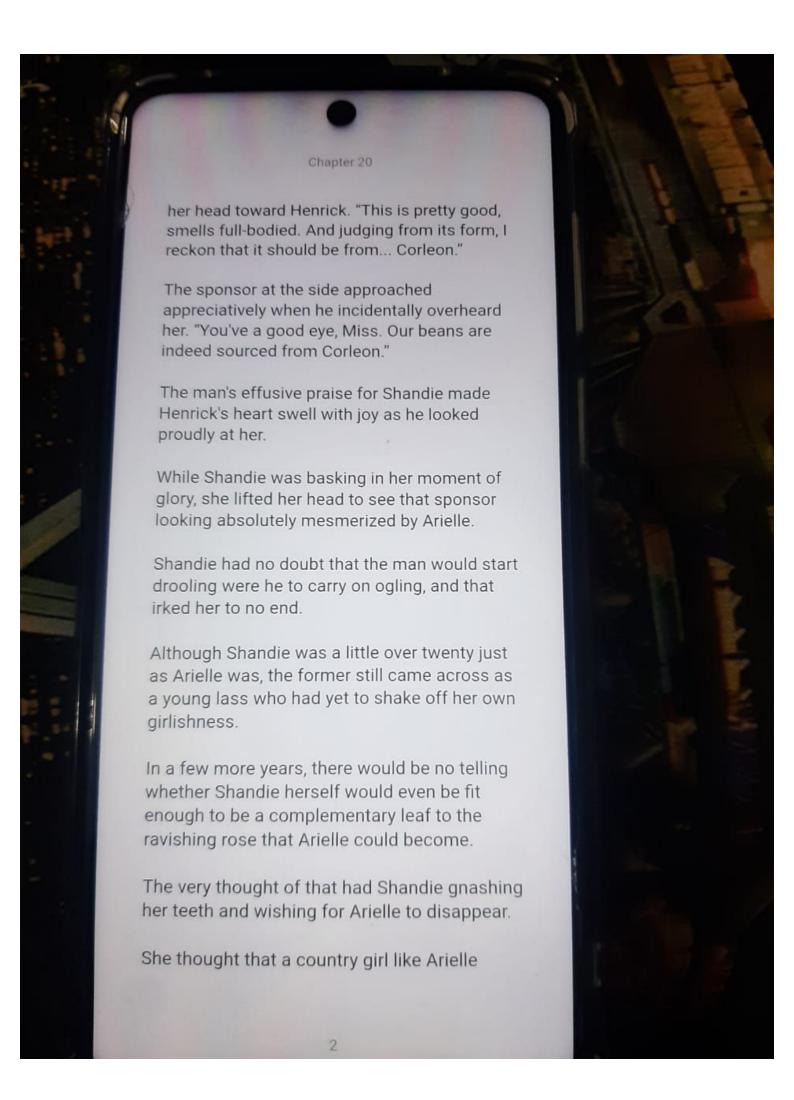
In order to make Hendrick scold Arielle, Shandie had resorted to such extreme tricks

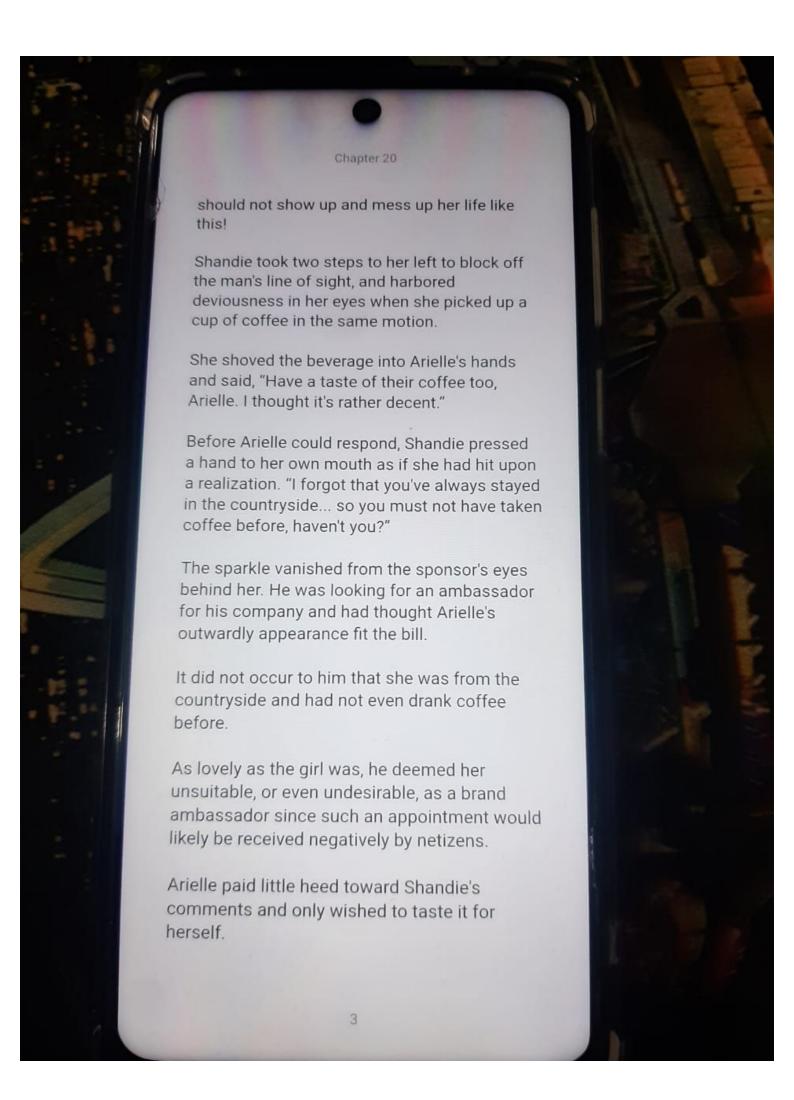


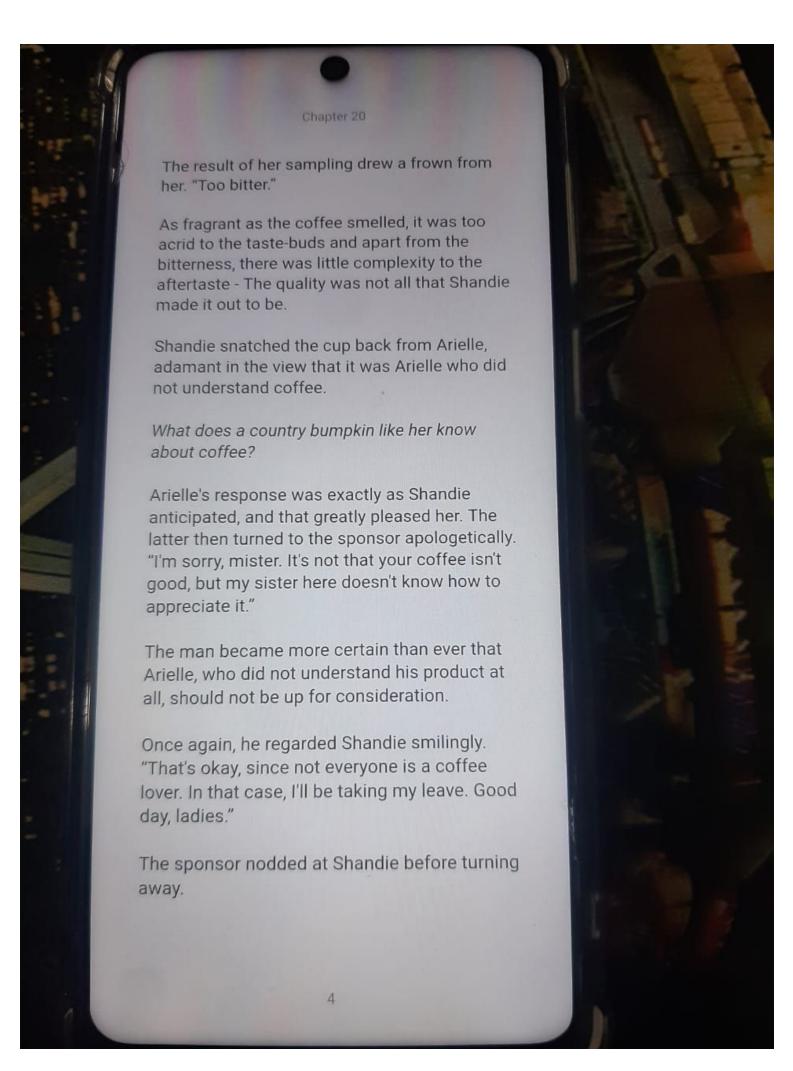


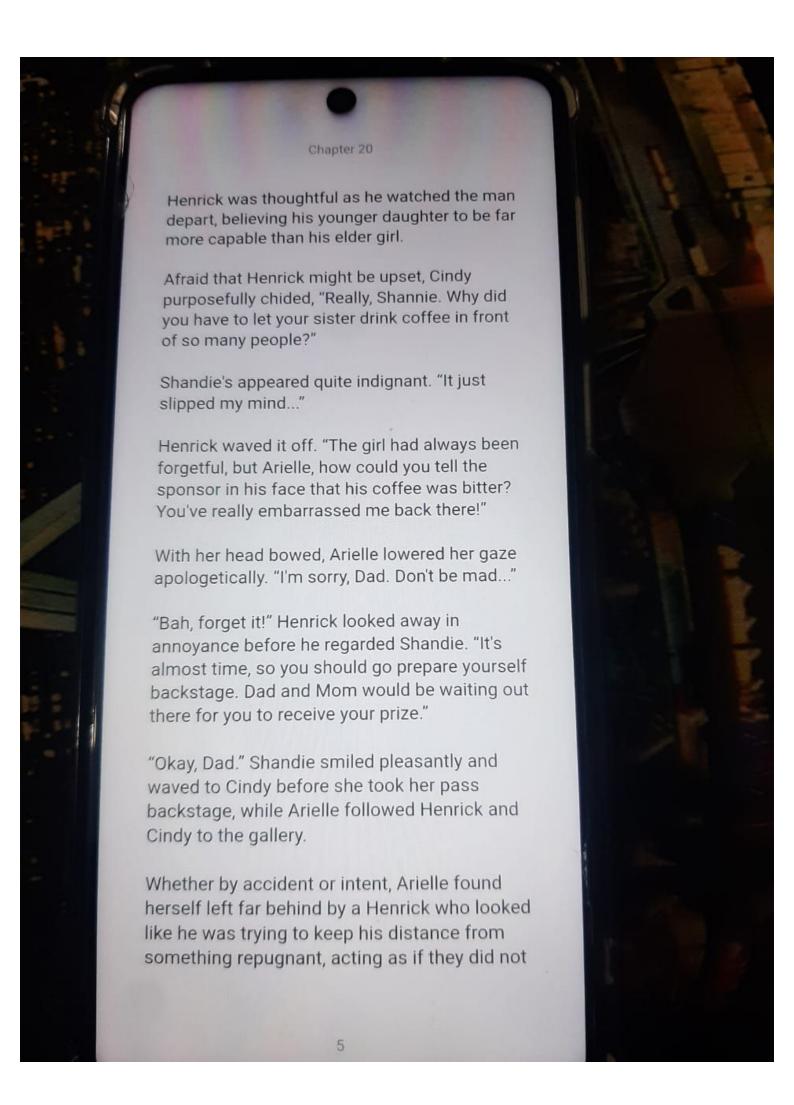


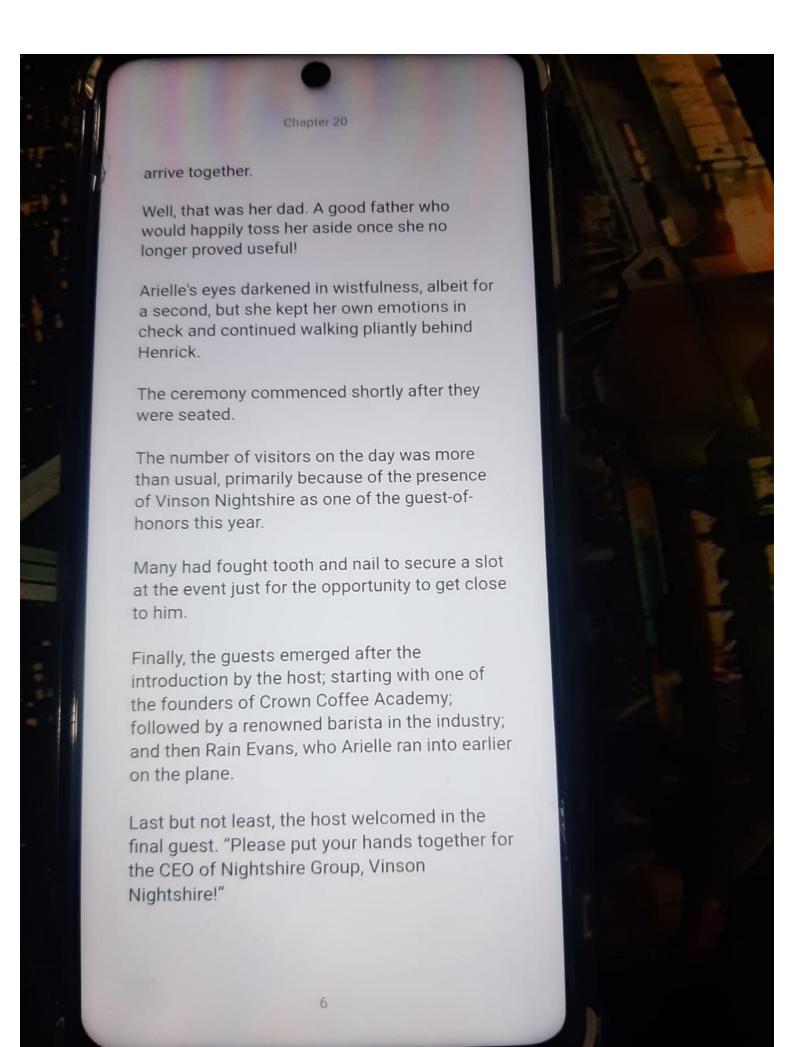








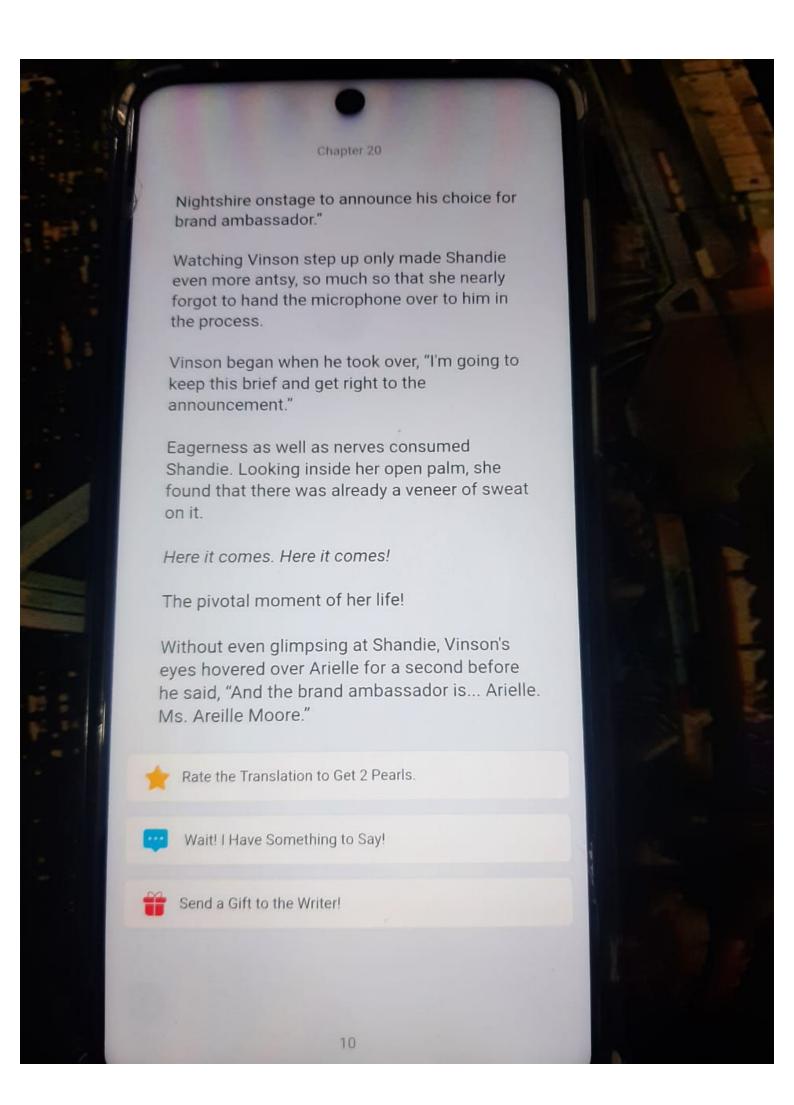




Chapter 20 The rapturous reception at the mention of his name ignited went far to illustrate that more than half of the crowd were here for him. Those mounted video cameras were promptly directed toward the door leading backstage. At the end of the ceremony, the technicians would edit the footage and post it onto Crown Coffee Academy's official blog. The documentation of the ceremony each year would receive extra attention largely because of Vinson's expected appearance. When Vinson strolled unhurriedly to the front of the stage to greet the audience, he suddenly caught sight of a familiar face. Is that ... Arielle? His gaze lingered upon her for awhile before pulling away. He then extended a bow to the people gathered in the seats. "Hello everyone, I'm Vinson Nightshire." The applause from the audience grew ever more fervent. Seeing the positive response from the audience, the host called after him while he was about to take his place amongst the other guests. "Look at the crowd, Mr. Nightshire. Why don't you share a few more words with us?"

Vinson considered turning down the invitation,

Rain was all smiles and glanced ambiguously in Arielle's direction before he turned to regard the audience. "Thank you, everyone, for taking time away from your busy schedules to attend the awards ceremony..." After some opening statements, he went on straight to the matter at hand. "Now, we shall announce the results of this round of competition, starting with the second runnerup..." With the second and third placed prizes handed out, Rain took a pause before he declared. "Congratulations to our champion, Shandie Southall!" Backstage, Shandie held her breath before she elatedly walked onstage amidst thunderous applause. A blushing Shandie then received the winner's trophy from Rain. Made of pure gold, the trophy was quite hefty inside her hands, but she felt like she was riding on cloud nine. "Thanks, everyone. Thank you, Mr. Evans. And I'd also like to extend my gratitude to my parents for their continued support. I'll promise to keep working hard!" Shandie was almost choking up with emotions. At that moment, Rain said, "Now, let's invite Mr.



Shandie's lips curled up into a smile as wide as that of some socialite and froze in place while her brain thawed.

What... Arielle?

Did I hear that right?

There was a flurry of discussion within the crowd as well.

"Who's Arielle Moore?"

"Isn't Shandie Southall the champion? Why isn't she made the brand ambassador? Is Soir Coffee breaking the convention this year and opting for someone else apart from the competition winner?"

"Even if they are not picking the champion, should they not select a candidate amongst the top three finalists? I don't see this Arielle Moore amongst any of them."

In the gallery, the unsettled Cindy turned and glared furiously at the equally stunned Arielle in the row behind, who wondered why Vinson would make her the ambassador of the coffee chain.

"Arielle!" Cindy snarled. "What have you done? Why did you pull something like that on your sister?"

Cindy's eyes looked like they were about to pop,

and were they not in a public space, Arielle was sure that the woman would have skinned her alive.

Henrick, too, had a look of surprise on him, but it quickly evolved into a smile.

As both the girls were his daughters, it made no difference to him who got the job since he was going to get paid either way.

Henrick set aside some of his biases toward Arielle and regarded her warmly. "How could you not share this great news with me earlier, Sannie?"

Arielle was quite impassive inside.

How did he manage to forget that he was her father when he upgraded himself to first class seats and left her all by herself in the economic class?

As disgusted as she felt, she did not show her emotions as she shrugged nonchalantly. "I only got to know about this too, Dad."

"Liar!" Cindy seethed through gritted teeth. "You clearly did this on purpose!"

She was in the opinion that Arielle held back in a bid to see Shandie and herself sorely disappointed.

The vicious girl!

"Cindy!" Henrick bristled at her. "What are you doing? There's no need to differentiate because Sannie and Shandie are both our children. So stop this."

Cindy raged until she was heaving, but had to rein herself in in the presence of Henrick.

Arielle only smiled wryly when she looked at Cindy.

She had no desire to become some ambassador as she thought it was too much of a hassle and an impediment to the advancement of her plans. Seeing the hatred in Cindy's eyes, however, made her feel that this was one possible way by which she could get back at them—pissing Cindy off and dashing Shandie's hopes would surely rend this family apart.

So long as there was disharmony between them, fault-lines which she could exploit would surely surface, and that suited her just fine.

Upon seeing the sliver of a smile upon Arielle's lips, Cindy became even more unwavering in her belief that it was all intended on Arielle's part, and was determined to not let the girl clinch that role which she felt rightfully belonged to her own precious daughter.

At that moment, the host took center-stage after conferring with Vinson. "Could we have you on stage, Ms. Moore?"

Arielle's eyes coincidentally met Vinson's when she looked toward the platform, and though she could not tell what sort of mood he was in through his dark gaze, she could only comply at the host's behest.

As Arielle placed one foot before the other in the direction of the stage, all everyone else could see was a slender silhouette from the rear.

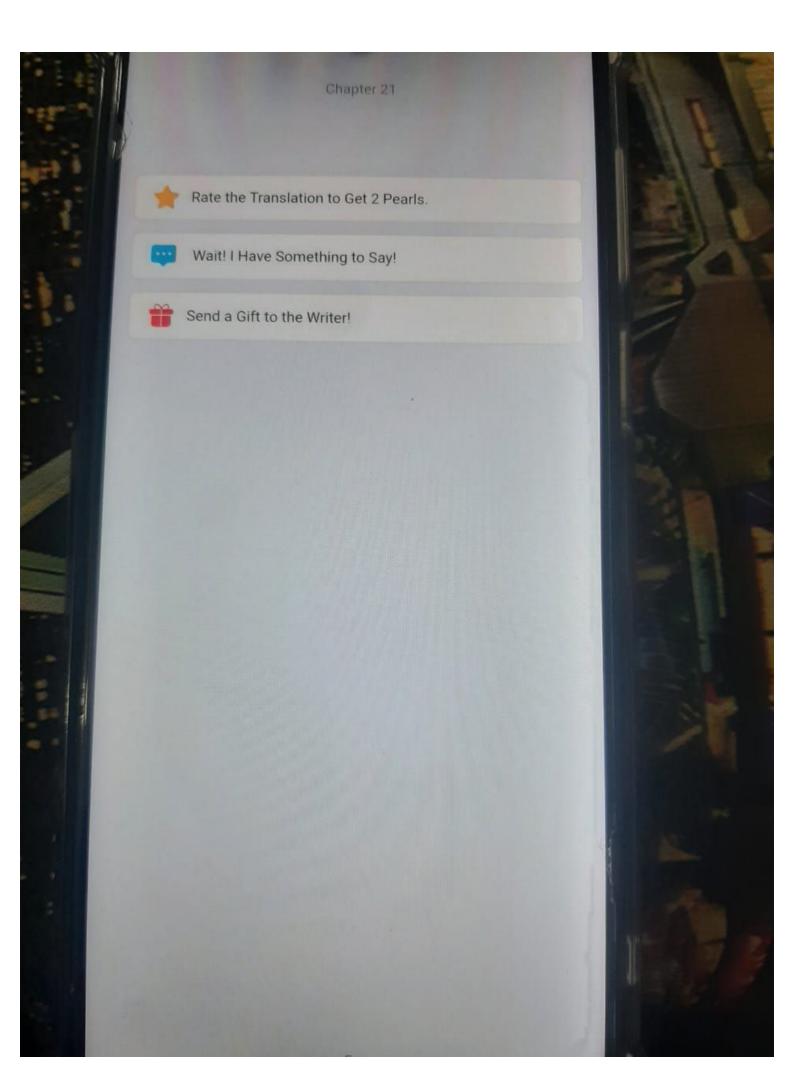
Nevertheless, that was enough to impress upon them her gracefulness. Her poise was like a butterfly in flight, and the majestic air she exuded was not to be understated.

Arielle's unadorned face did little to diminish her ability to dazzle. Her visage, as radiant as the sun and as pristine as the crescent moon, left the observing Shandie gnashing her own teeth onstage.

She slowly turned herself around after she stepped into the spotlight while the audience enthralled by her back-view continued to be transfixed in anticipation.

Gorgeous!

She is simply gorgeous!



The girl on stage had defined, exquisite features and flawless looks on that most perfectly oval-shaped face to go with her almost nine-head tall frame. Her package practically reduced Shandie beside her to a figurative ugly-duckling.

Never mind the ugly-duckling, even ordinary swans would be put to shame before the real swan-princess.

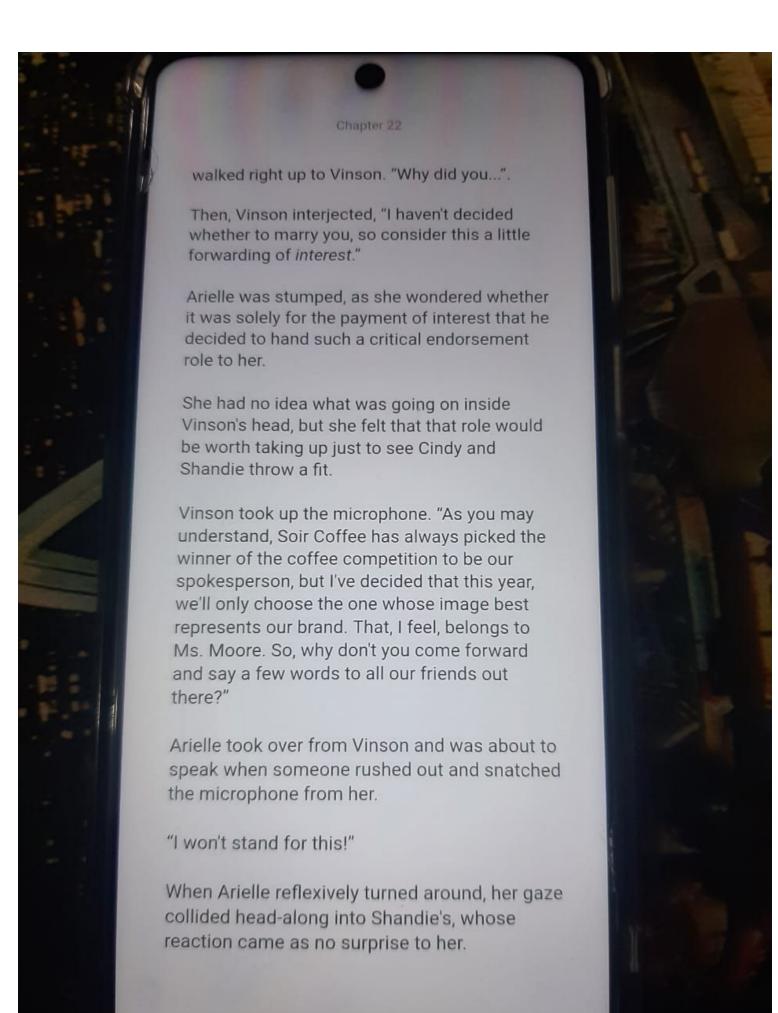
Most significantly was the fact that she wore no make-up. There was no telling how breathtaking she would be if she had put some color on, as a girl like her could overshadow even the female stars in the beauty-laden entertainment industry.

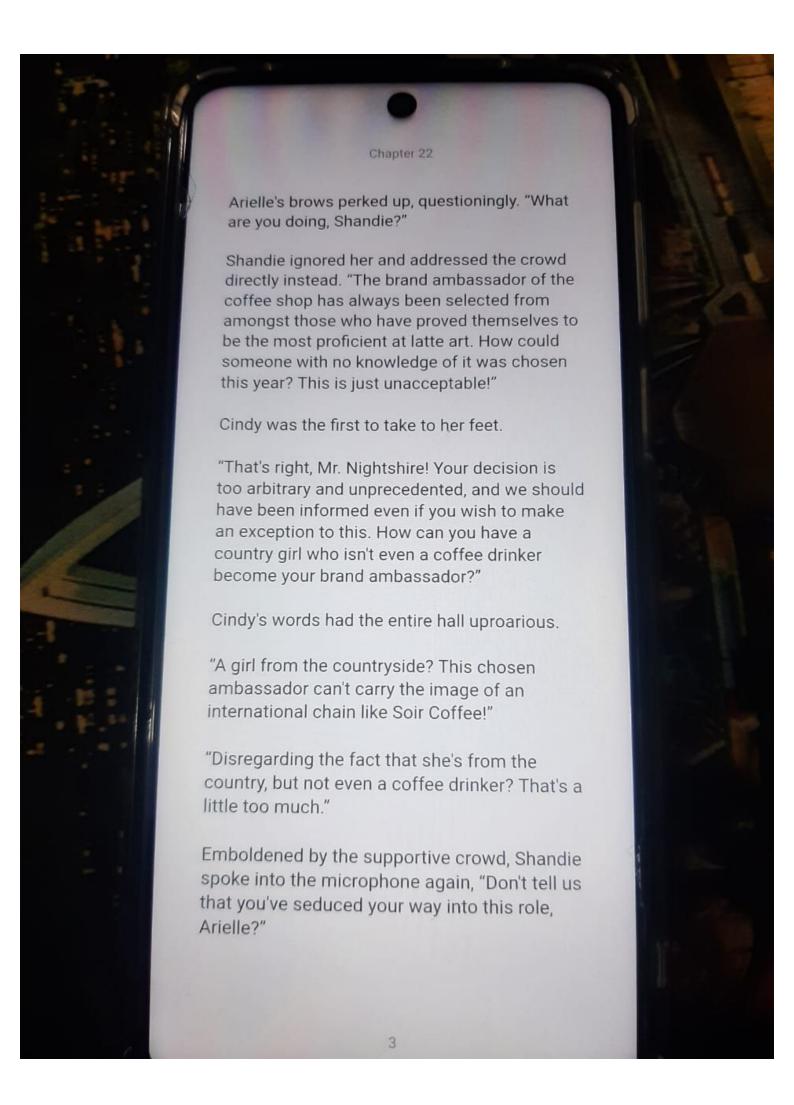
No one dislikes beautiful women. Not even the girls present at the ceremony whose eyes glistened in awe.

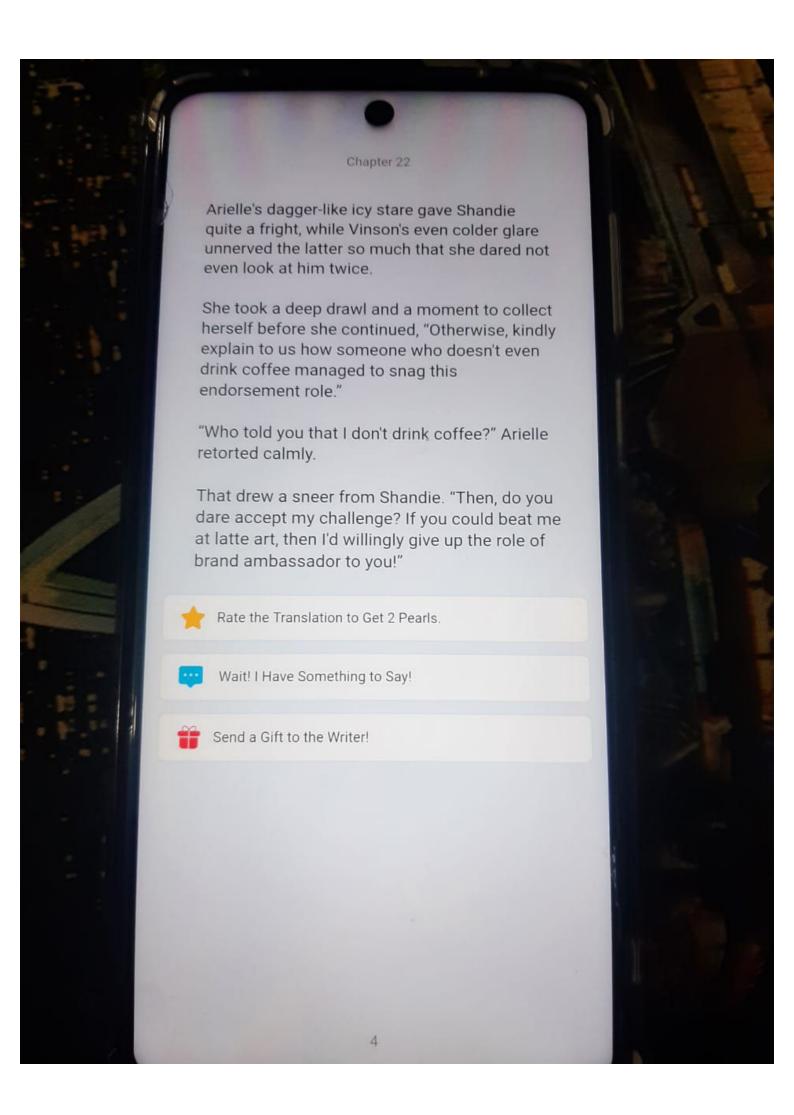
By just standing there, Arielle was that brightest light who condemned Shandie to a mere wallflower, drawing away all the attention that ought to have belonged to the latter without exception.

Vinson's eyes, too, were riveted as well, as if everyone else had become non-existent to him.

The manner in which Shandie's eyes reddened in jealousy did not elude Arielle. The former's rage and anguish were exactly what she wanted, but she quickly averted her gaze and







Vinson wanted to speak up but Arielle shot him a look before she replied with a meaningful smile, "Very well. Challenge accepted!"

Shandie was momentarily taken aback but recovered quickly with a smirk. "Good! Let's do it. Right here, right now!"

Cindy was not idling away in the gallery either as she went over to hash things out swiftly with the organizers, after which two coffee tables were moved onstage and equipped properly.

Vinson looked a tad apprehensively at Arielle who remained silent throughout.

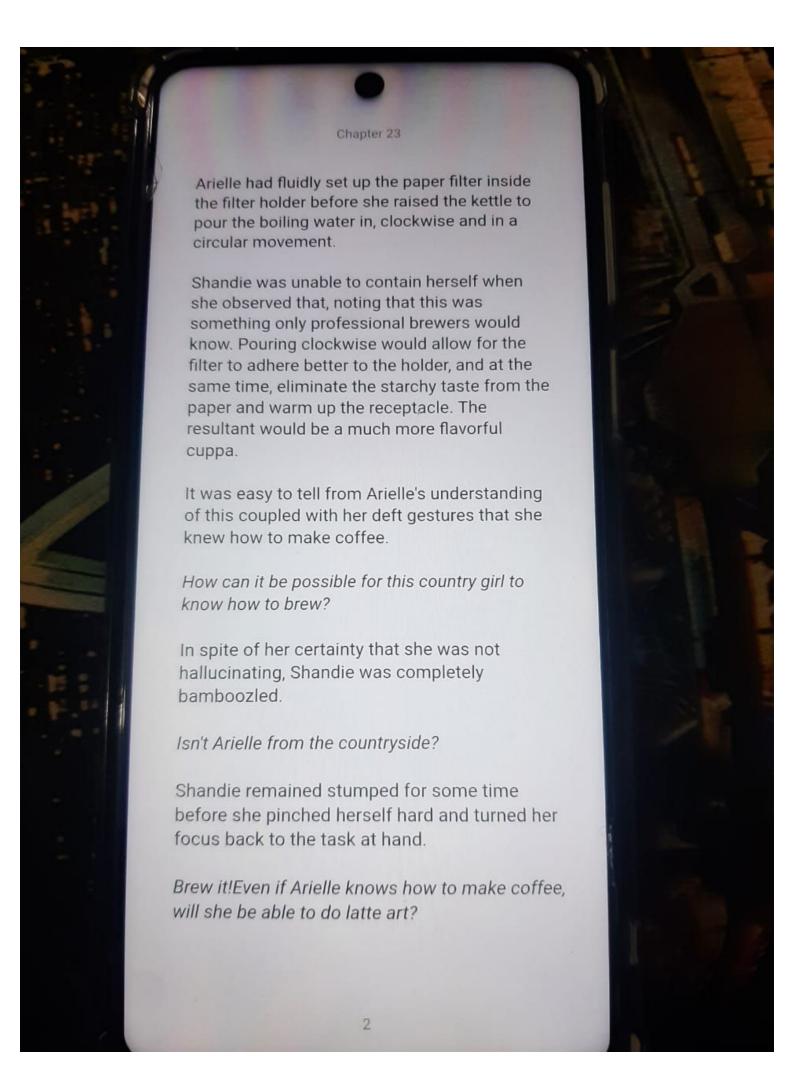
Once the host saw that both of them are ready, he said, "Ladies, you may begin."

Shandie burst into action the moment his voice trailed off.

The first step to creating latte art was, of course, to prepare the espresso which had to be hand-brewed by the participants themselves.

The assiduous Shandie weighed up fifteen grams of coffee beans and fed them into the grinder with tremendous refinement.

She was surprised to see Arielle appearing quite competent when she stole a glance over, as though the latter actually knew what she was doing.



Chapter 23 Shandie took a deep drawl in a bid to settle herself and resume her own work. Traditional pour-over coffee required two infusions of water, after which an aromatic cup would be ready. Shandie quietly chuckled when she saw Arielle still awaiting her second infusion while she herself was already done, and dismissed Arielle's knowledge as something the latter must have picked up from a stint at a coffee shop. Shortly after, Arielle completed her brewing as well, and in response, the host communicated that they could both proceed with the creation of their latte art. Compared to brewing, the latte art was the real litmus test. The creation of latte art required the use of whole milk, and each person needed to conceive their theme before they began. Maintaining an elegant smile, Shandie was first to speak, "My chosen theme is: A Snow-Covered Cottage in Freezing Weather ... " When the microphone came to Arielle, she paused before replying staidly, "Mine will be: The Bloom of a Thousand Pear-Flowers Ushered Forth by the Night Breeze of Spring."

When Shandie's swiftly realized theme was flashed on the screen, it drew gasps of astonishment.

"This artistic conception is pretty good. If this cup of coffee were to be offered in a coffee shop, surely it could fetch a good twenty?"

"This isn't coffee art, but art itself!"

"No wonder Crown Coffee Academy has the reputation of being the best place to learn the techniques of brewing!"

Cindy was extremely pleased at the reactions received, and was proud that the daughter she painstakingly nurtured had not let her down.

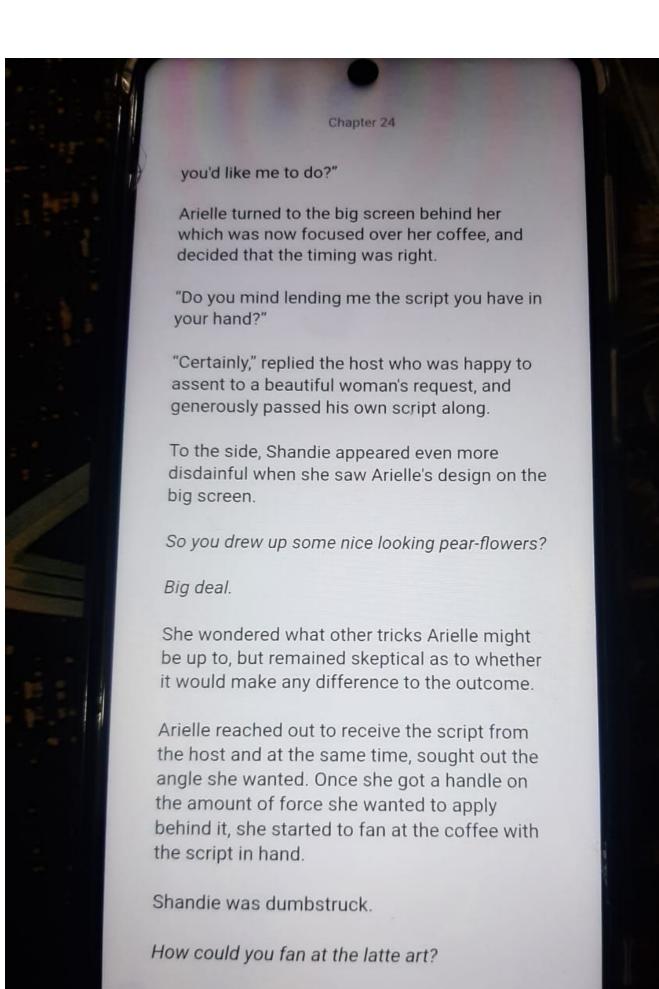
Shandie quietly began to grow in her complacency as she was able to listen in to the discussions taking place and praise lavished upon her off-stage.

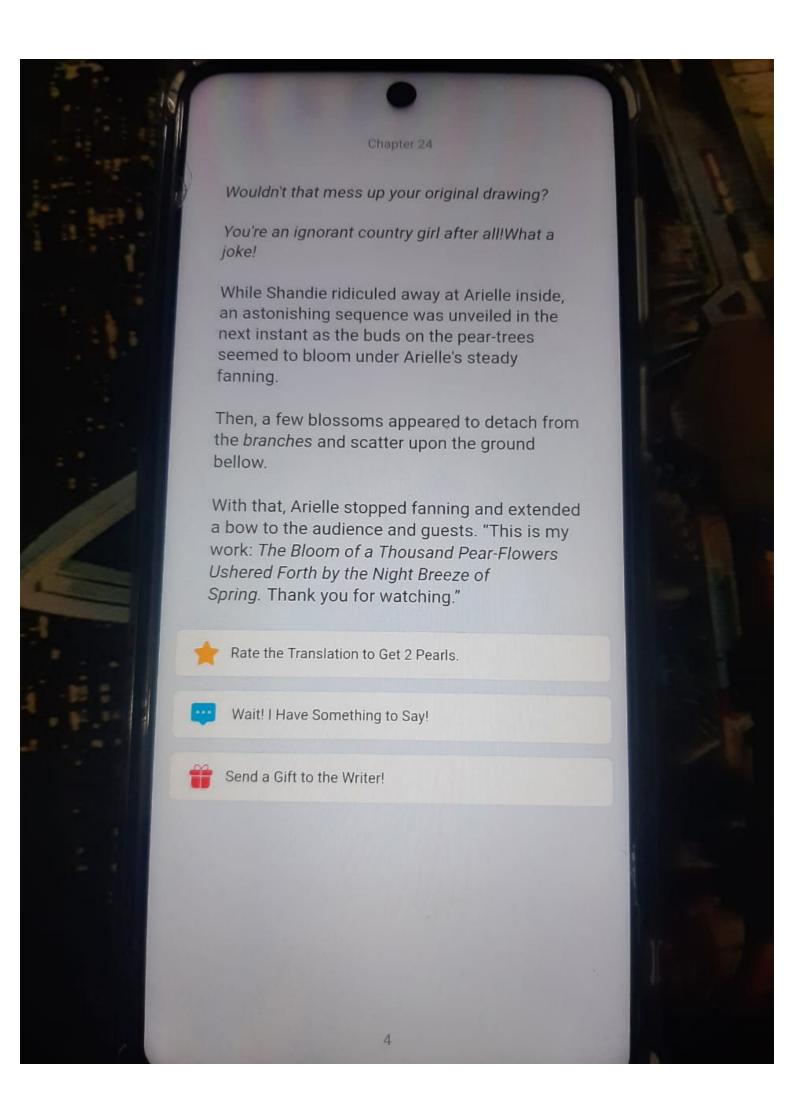
She just knew that she would be the one to come up on top!

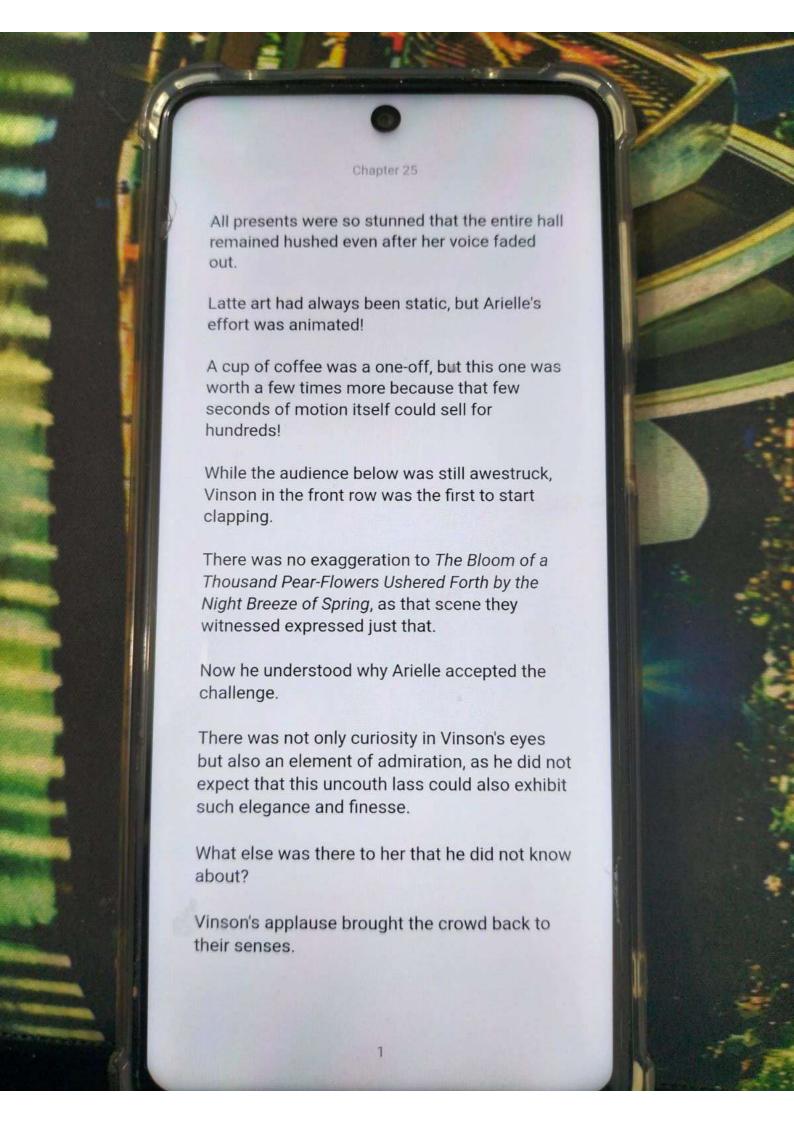
Her theme was secretly conceived by a famous designer, and one which she had spent a week practicing at home. There was none who could rival her work in terms of visual impact.

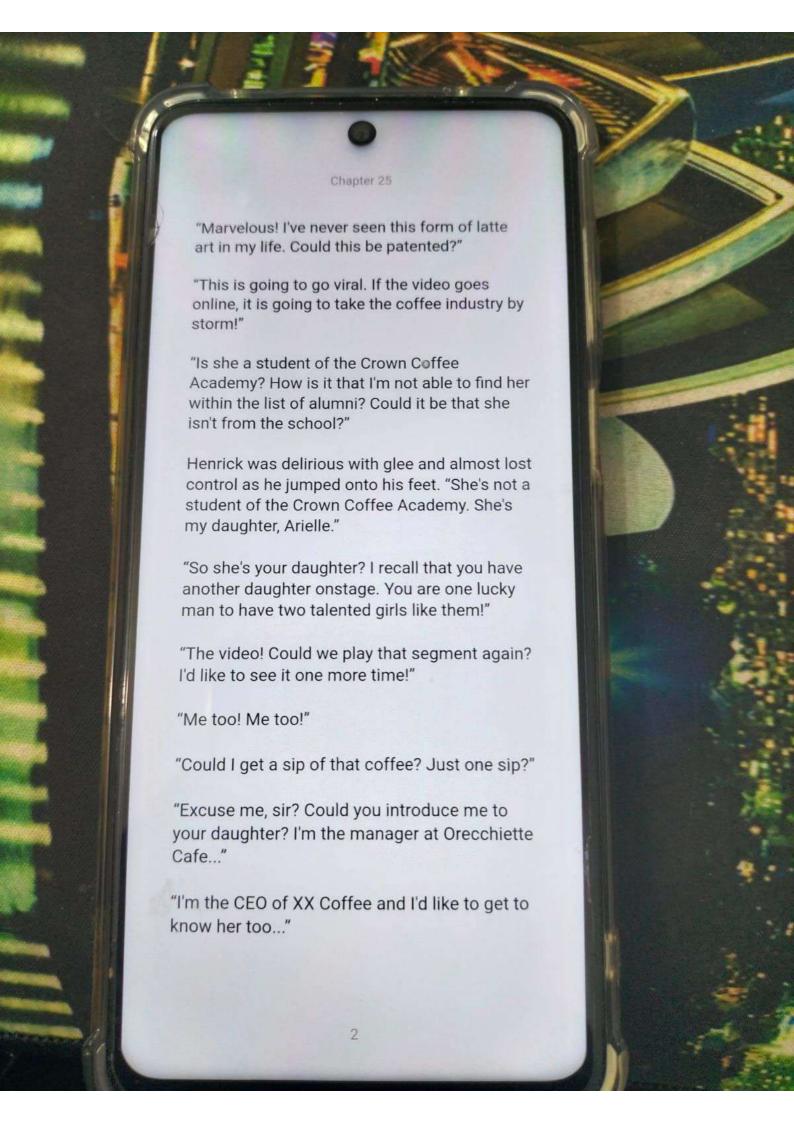
She could just imagine the legions of fans she would be able to garner when the video was posted onto the blog, and all before she even starred in any movie.

Chapter 24 On top of that, Vinson would also be mighty impressed, making her a winner in both love and her professional life! The more Shandie thought about it, the more her delight grew. She then needed to pinch her own thigh in order to stop herself from laughing aloud. Of course, she had not forgotten about Arielle, who was still busying away. Shandie thought that though Arielle's Bloom of a Thousand Pear-Flowers did showcase a considerable degree of skill, its few pear-trees with budding blossoms nonetheless paled in contrast to her own creation. When Arielle was finally done, she raised a hand and asked the host, "Could you do me a favor here?" The host immediately went over. Shandie sneered inside: Sensationalist much! Never mind getting the host to help, Shandie deemed that her opponent had no chance of beating her even with Vinson's backing. As this was an open challenge witnessed by the masses, there was no way she would be able to pull strings here. By this time, the host was already next to Arielle. "May I know if there's anything that









Henrick's face was flushed red by the courtship of all the countless parties clamoring for his attention as never in his life had he been so popular with the sponsors, and for this, he had to credit his darling daughter Arielle for it!

Next to him, Cindy was already red in the face from rage, unaware that her fingernails had dug so deep into her own flesh that she was bleeding from it. All she could do was glare at Arielle onstage.

Why? How did things turn out this way?

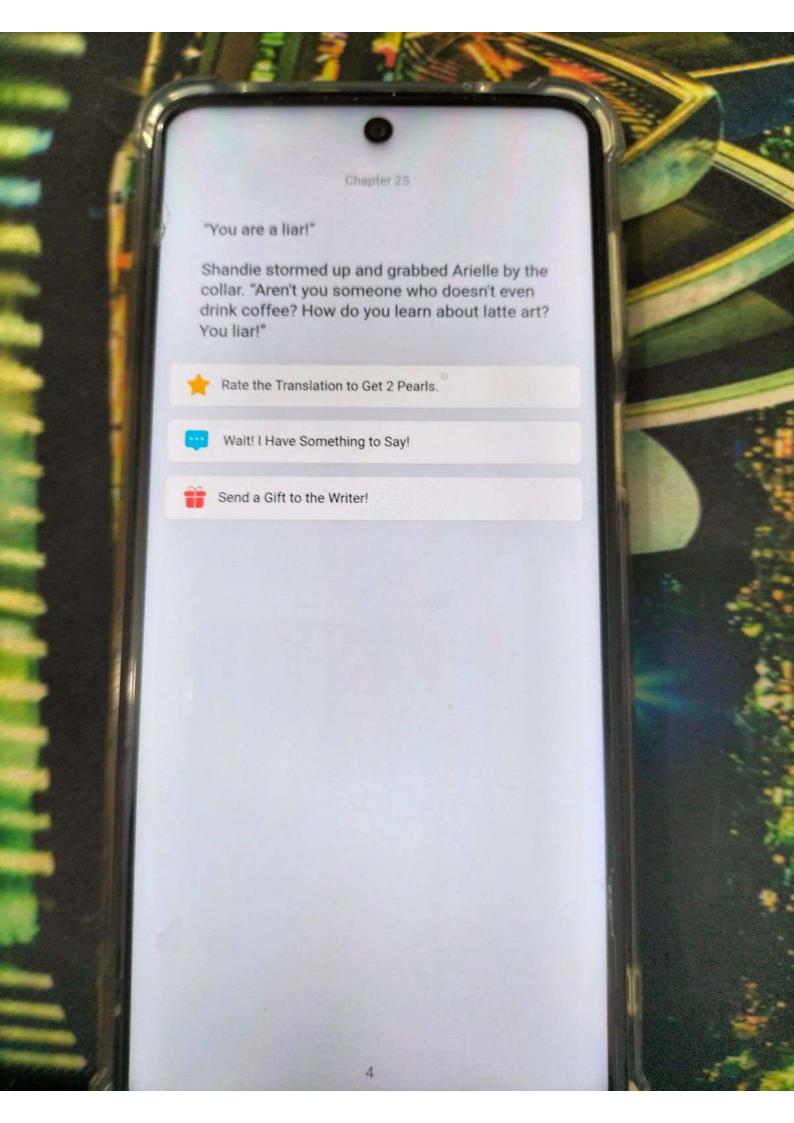
There were no words to describe the hatred in her heart!

In less than the short one week since Arielle's return, she and Shandie had already lost out to her three times. And each time, it had been a complete slaughter.

Her own daughter who she thought the world of kept getting her thunder stolen by that wily fox Arielle!

She had to find out which burrow this vixen crawled out of so that she could bring the whole lair down as soon as possible!

Compared to Cindy, Shandie looked like she was about to explode onstage as the immense amazement she felt she saw the pear-flowers bloom and fell was supplanted by an irrepressible fury.



Shandie's expression bordered on savagery, to which Arielle responded with a stern rebuke. "Get your hands off. You've been warned!"

She had really been overtly polite to Shandie all the time.

Shandie was stewing as she stared straight into Arielle's eyes, but what she saw hidden inside was like a gargantuan glacier that could swallow someone whole.

That intimidating coldness shocked Shandie as it was something she had never seen before.

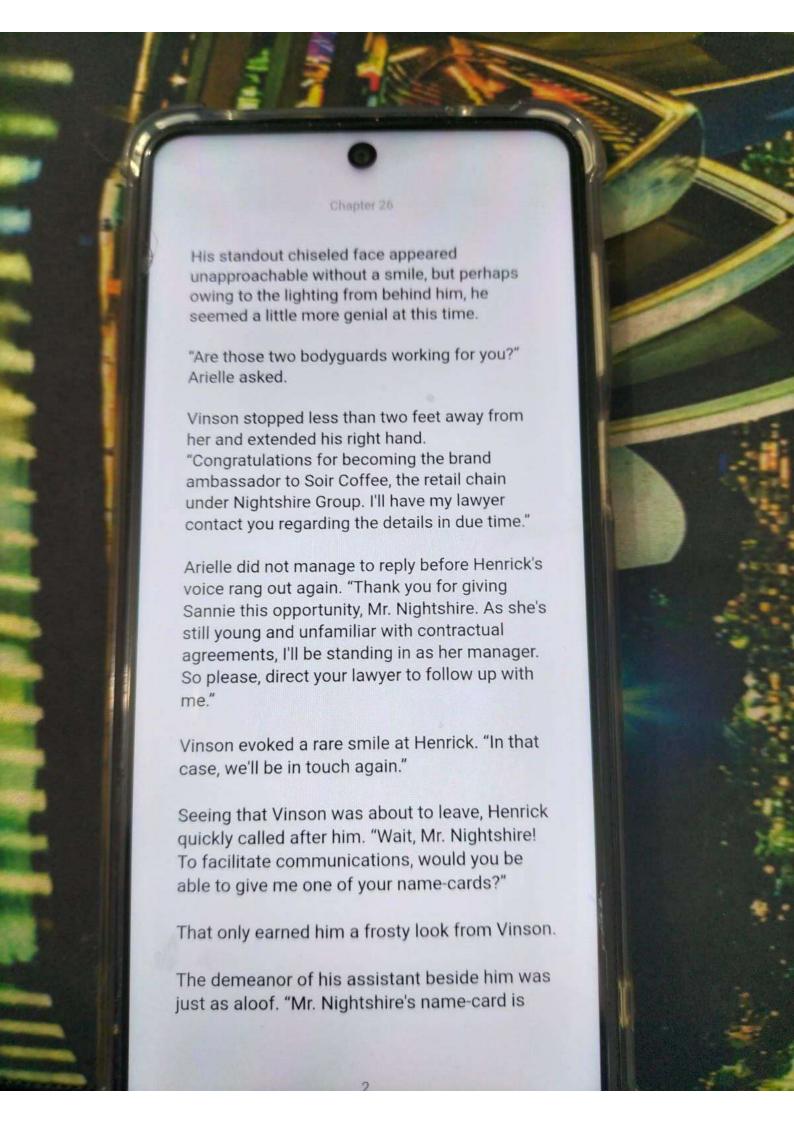
Arielle tugged Shandie's offending hand off her own collar and turned to the host. "Sir, I think my sister might be a little agitated, so it might be best if you could bring her backstage to cool off."

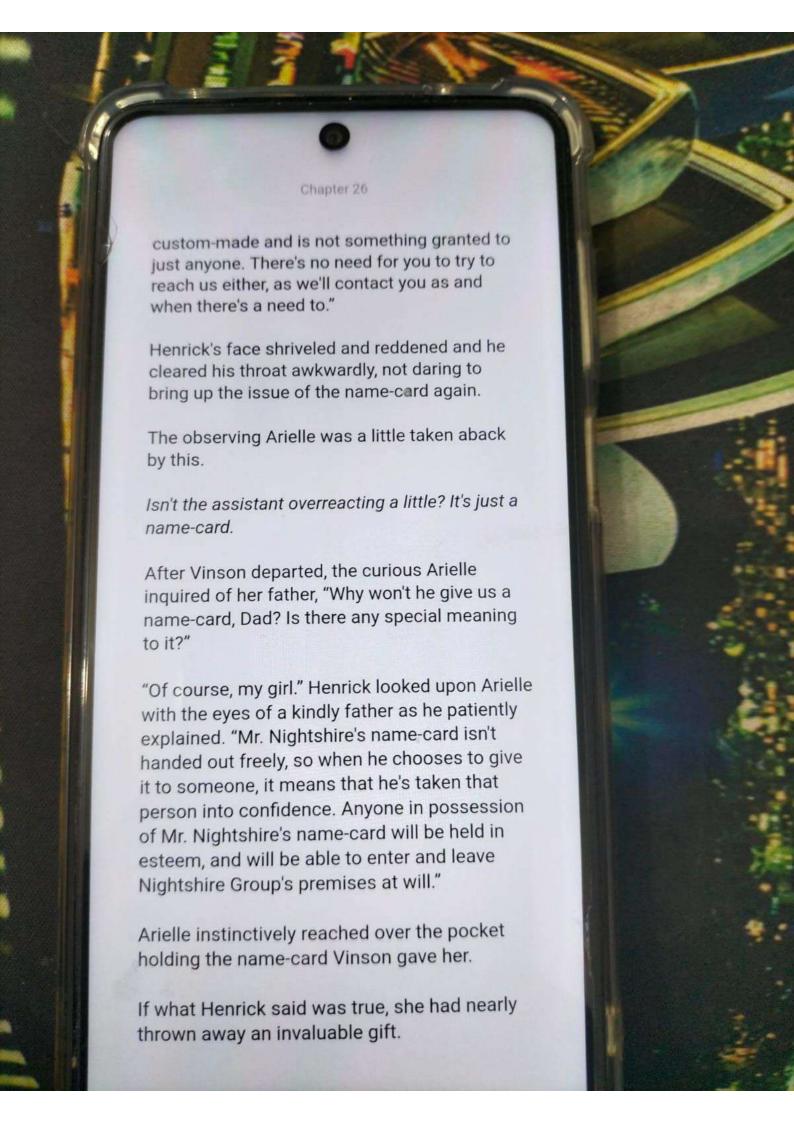
Before the host could react, two black-clad bodyguards walked onstage and positioned themselves either side of Shandie before they escorted her off.

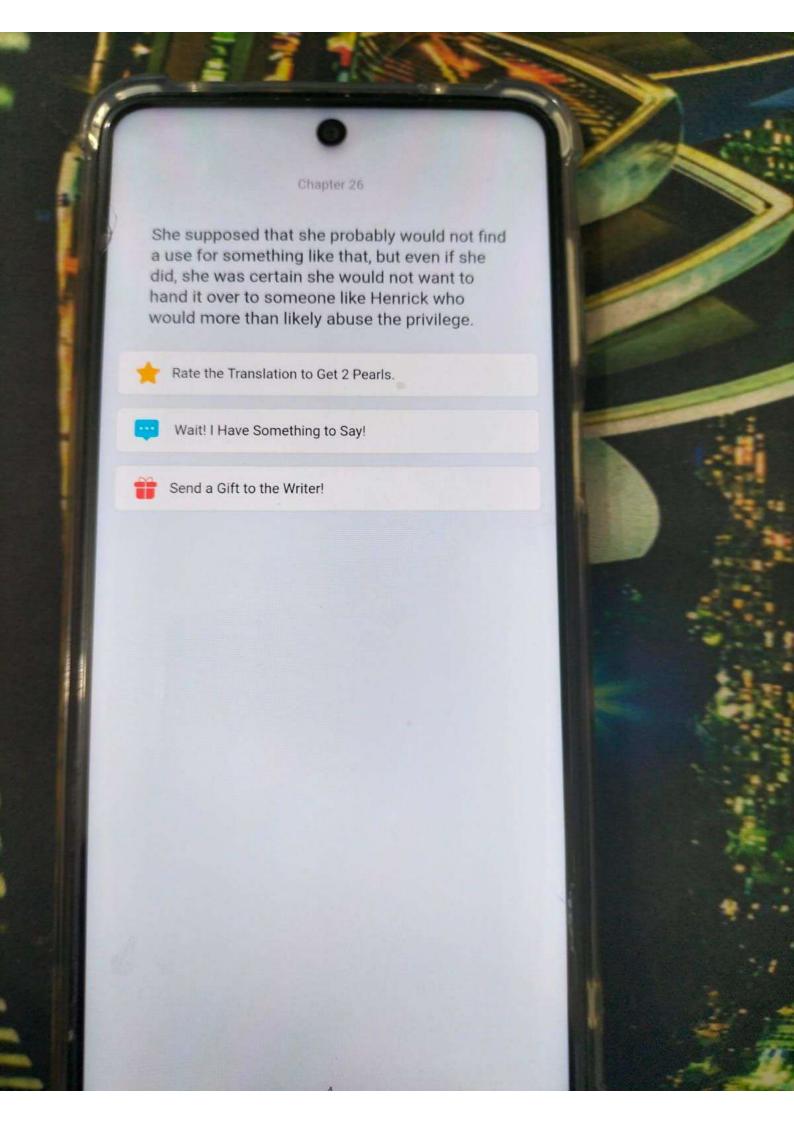
Arielle was a little taken aback by the appearance of the duo as she did not bring along any bodyguards herself on this trip back.

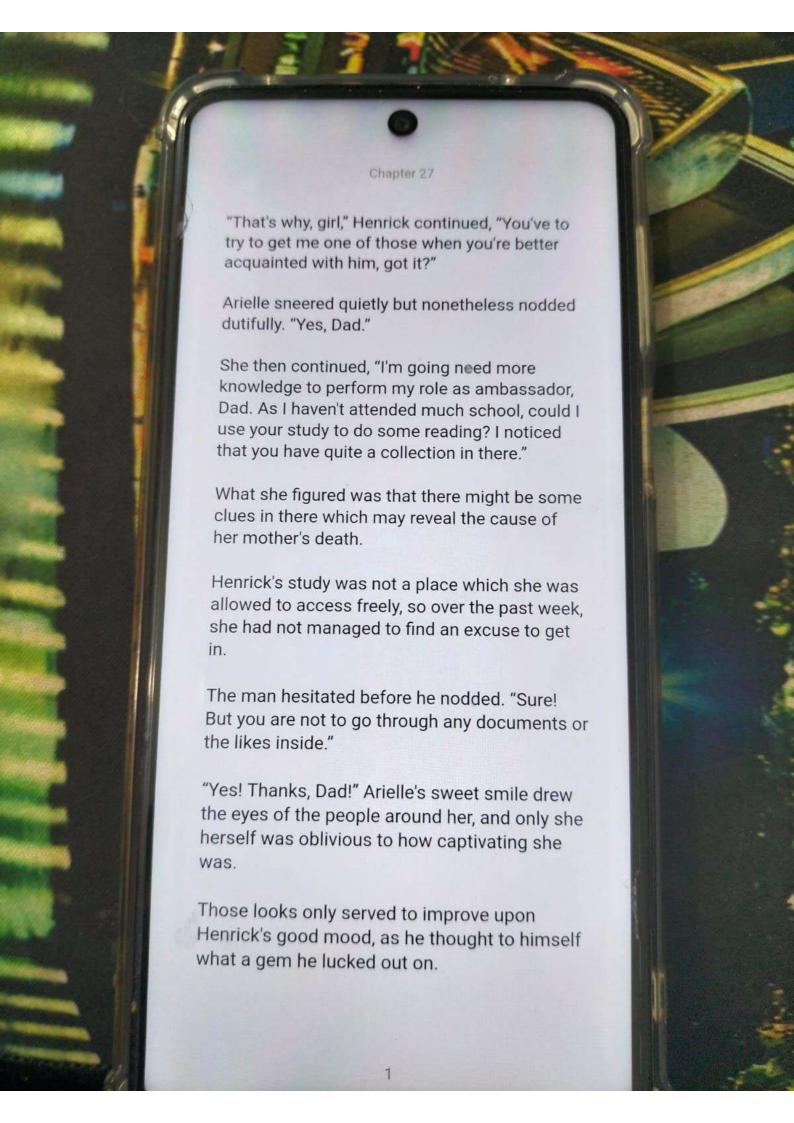
In the next second, a tall and stalwart man steadily approached her.

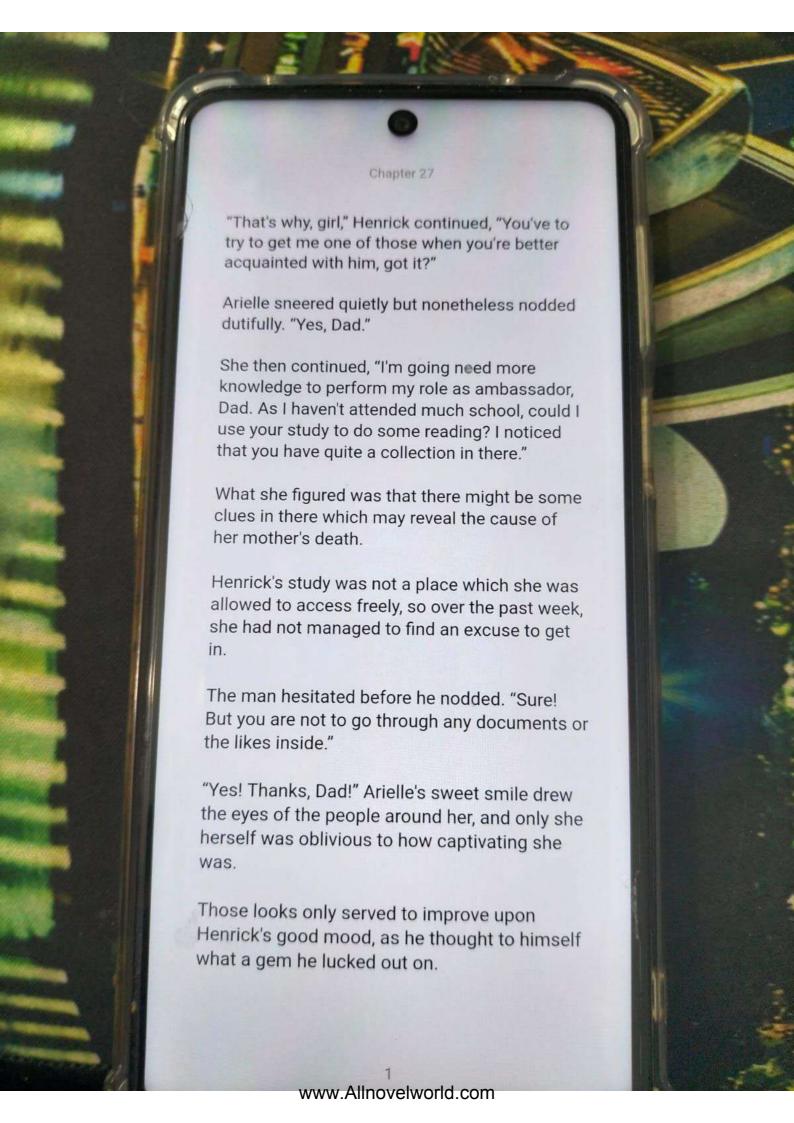
It was Vinson.

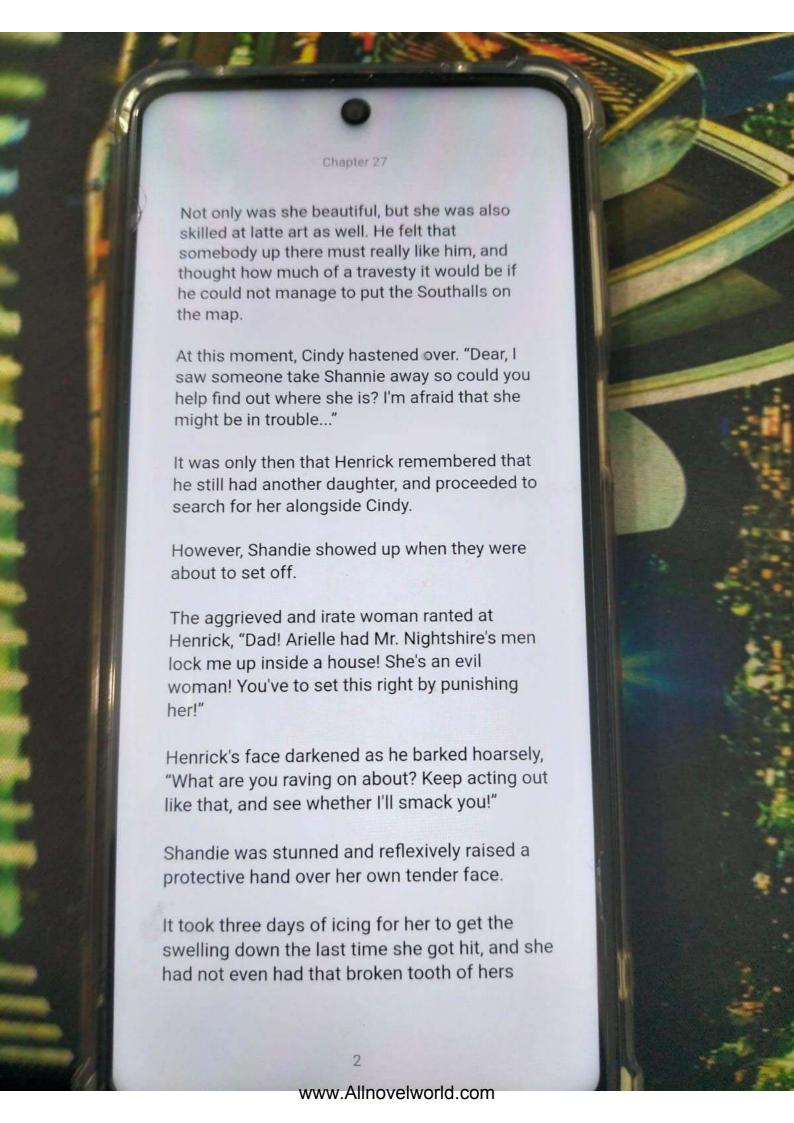


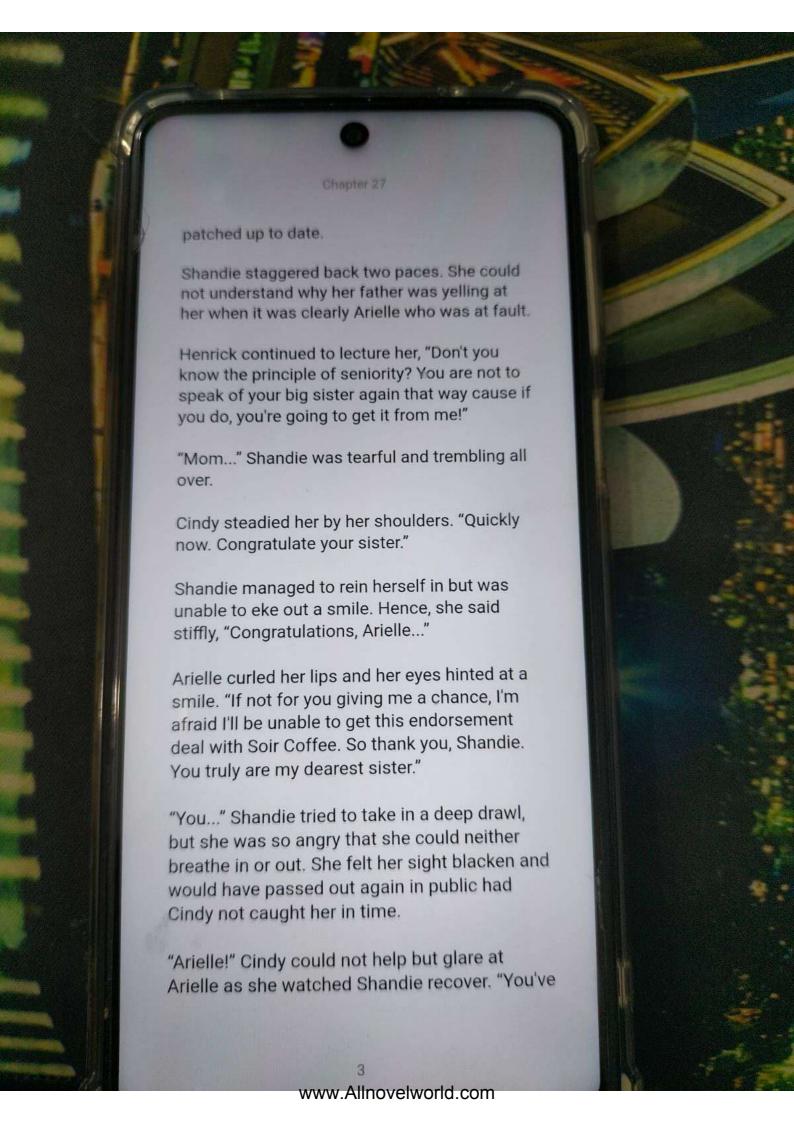


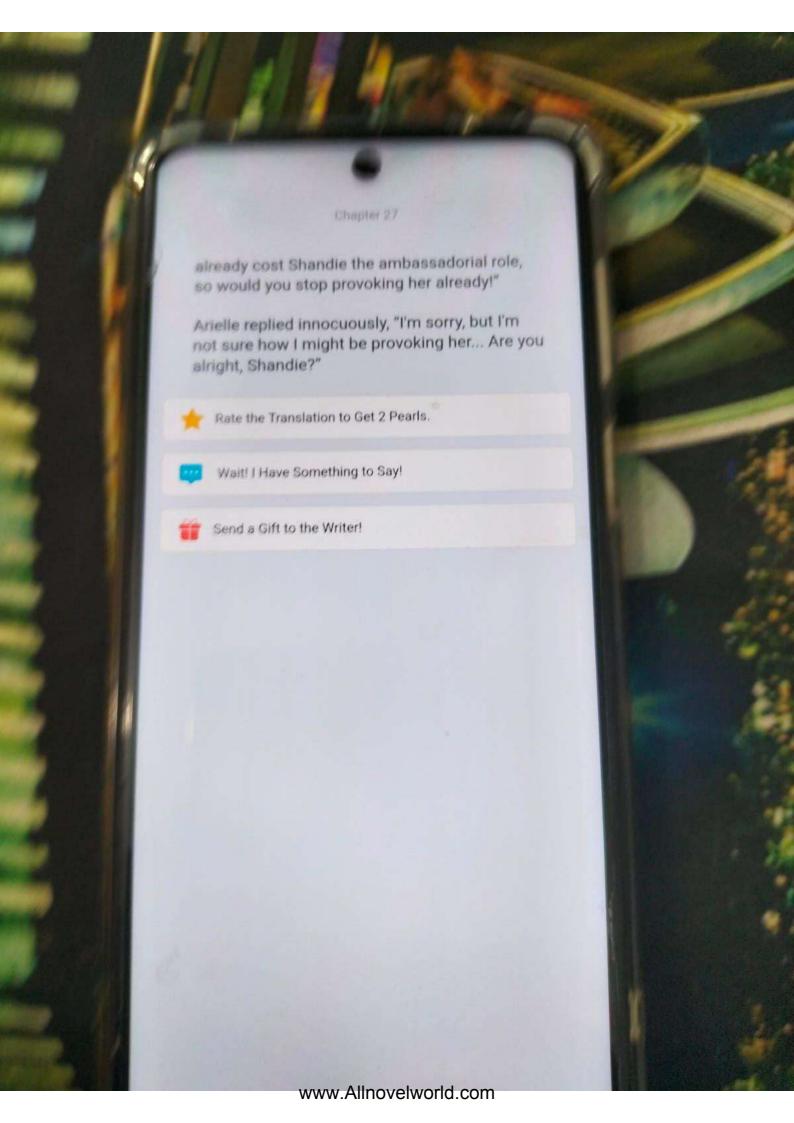


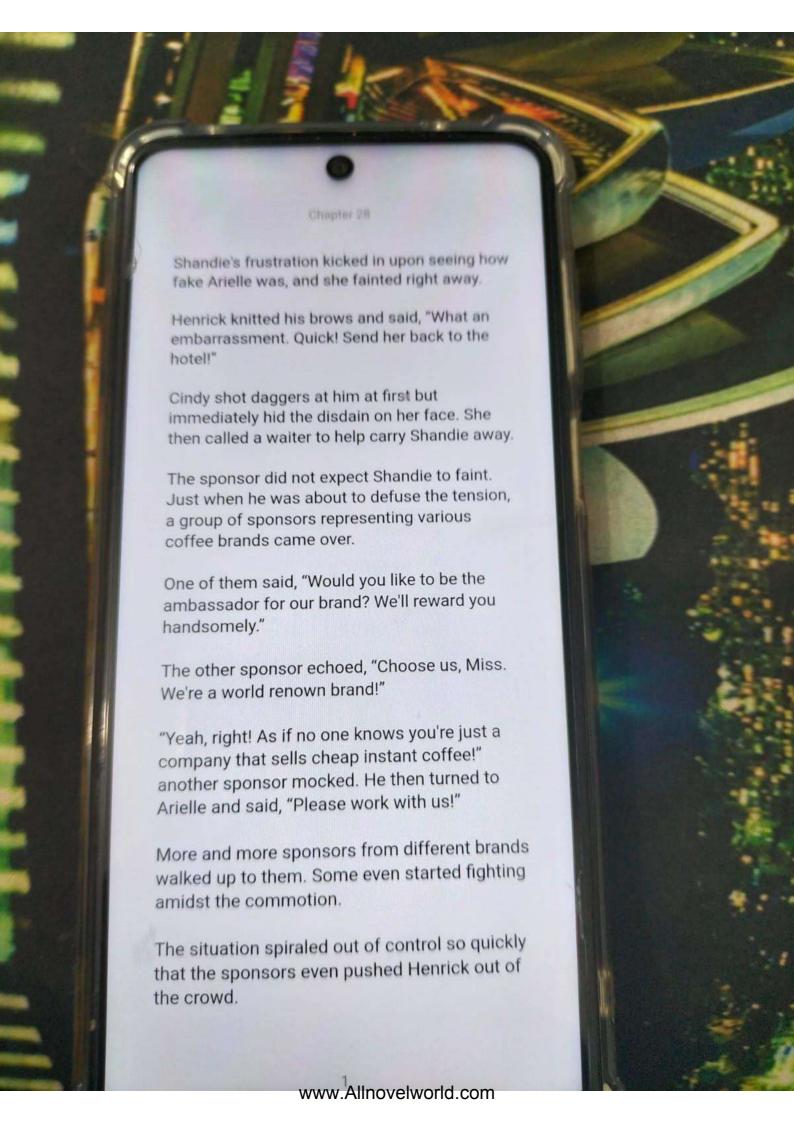


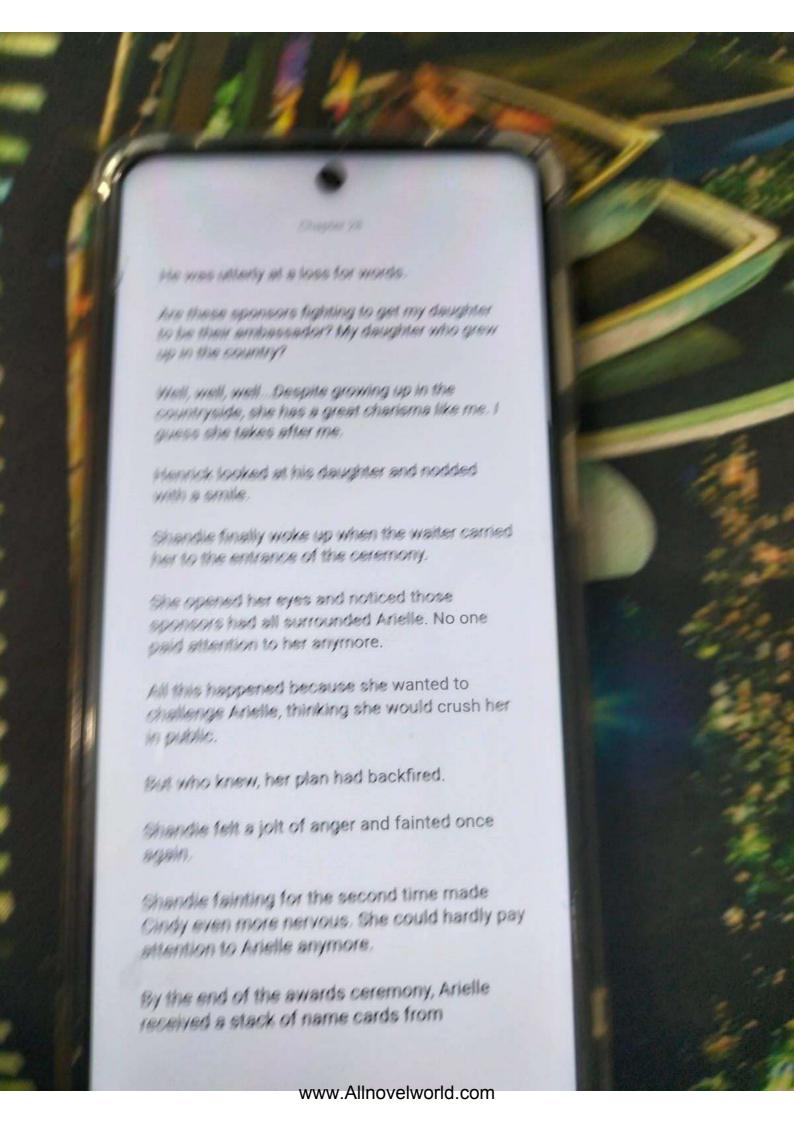


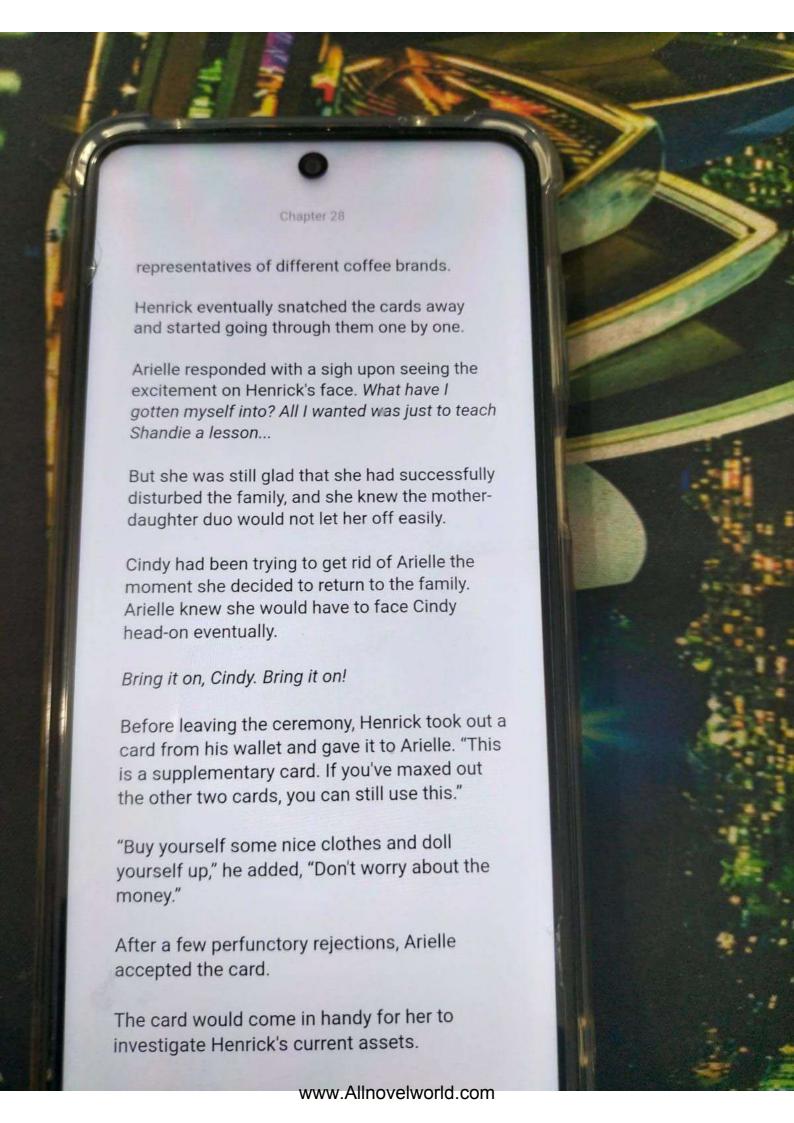


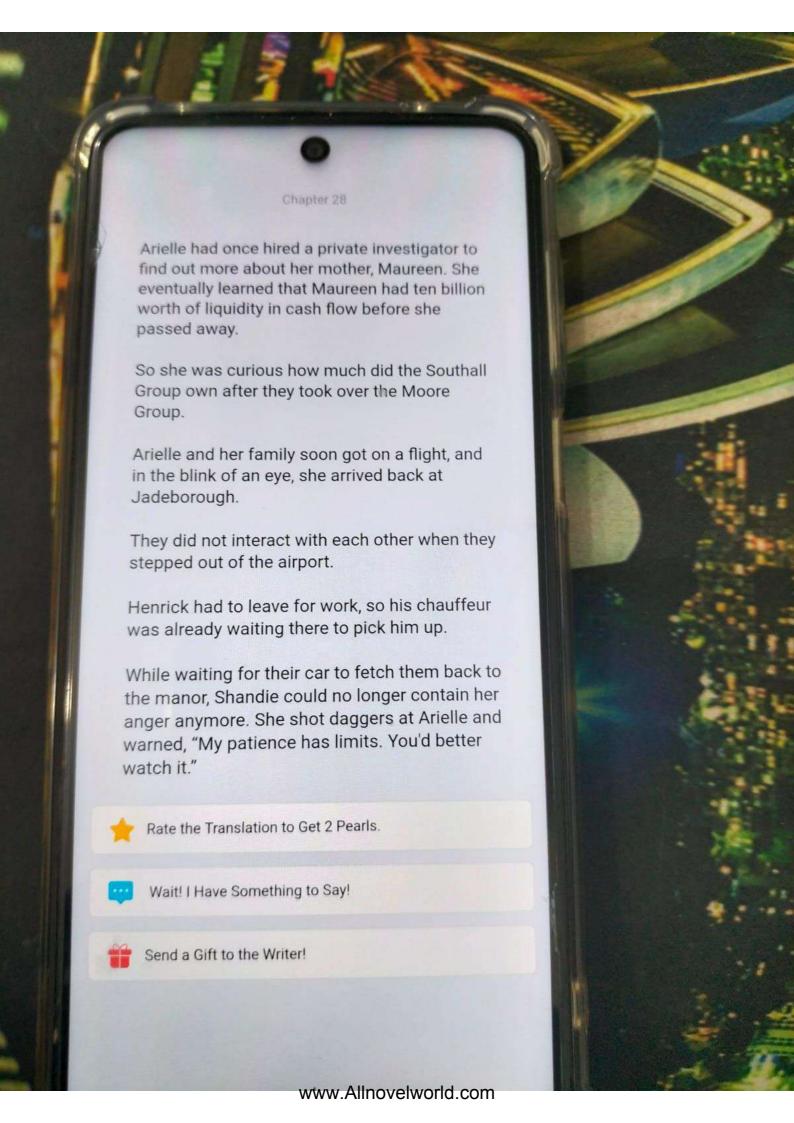


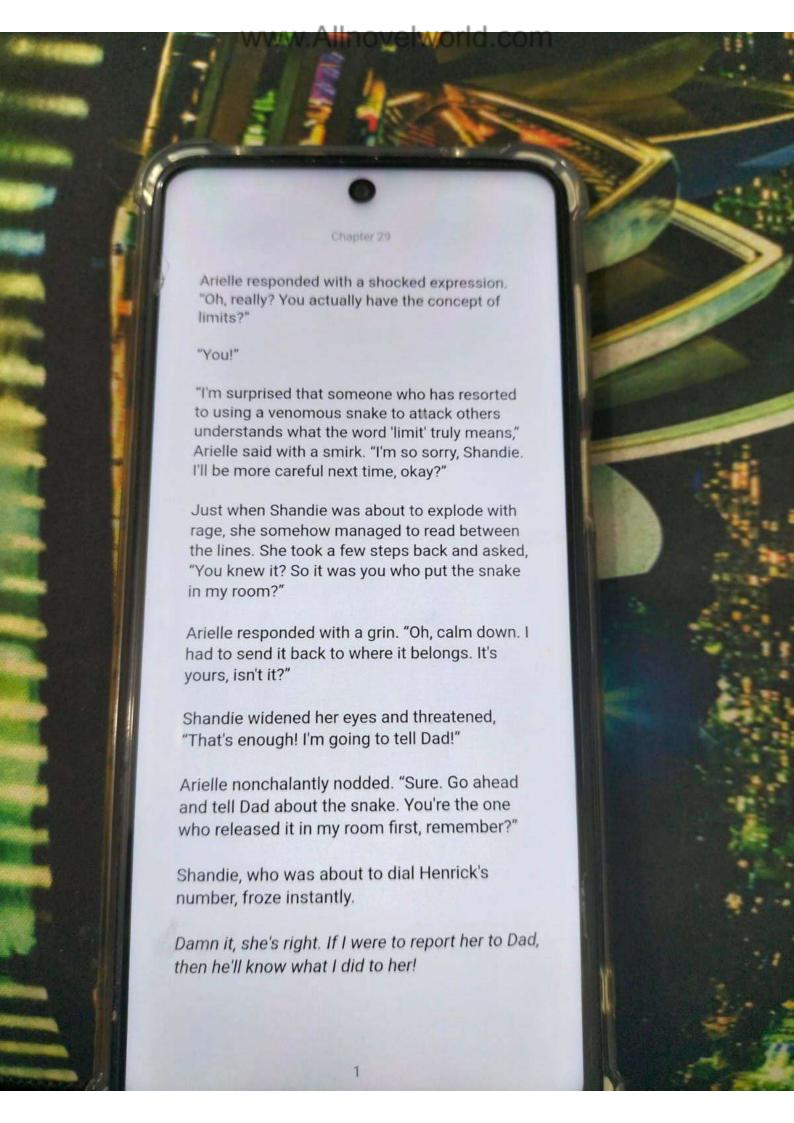


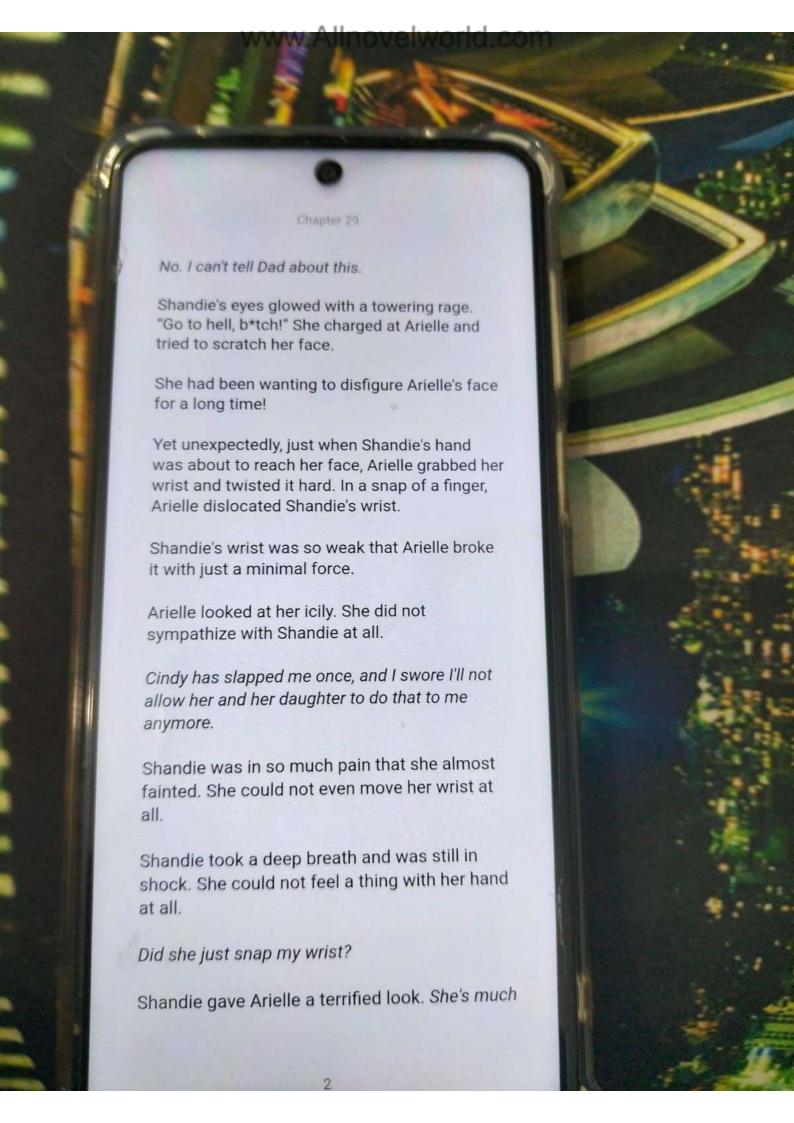


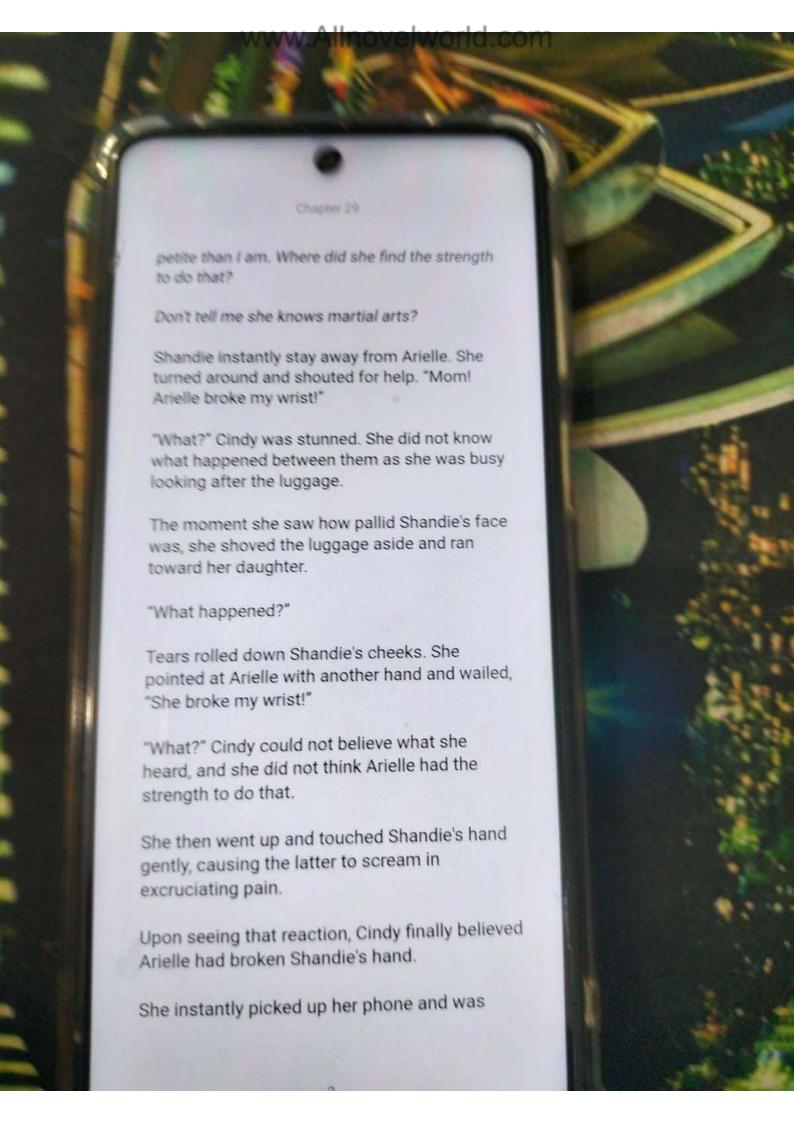


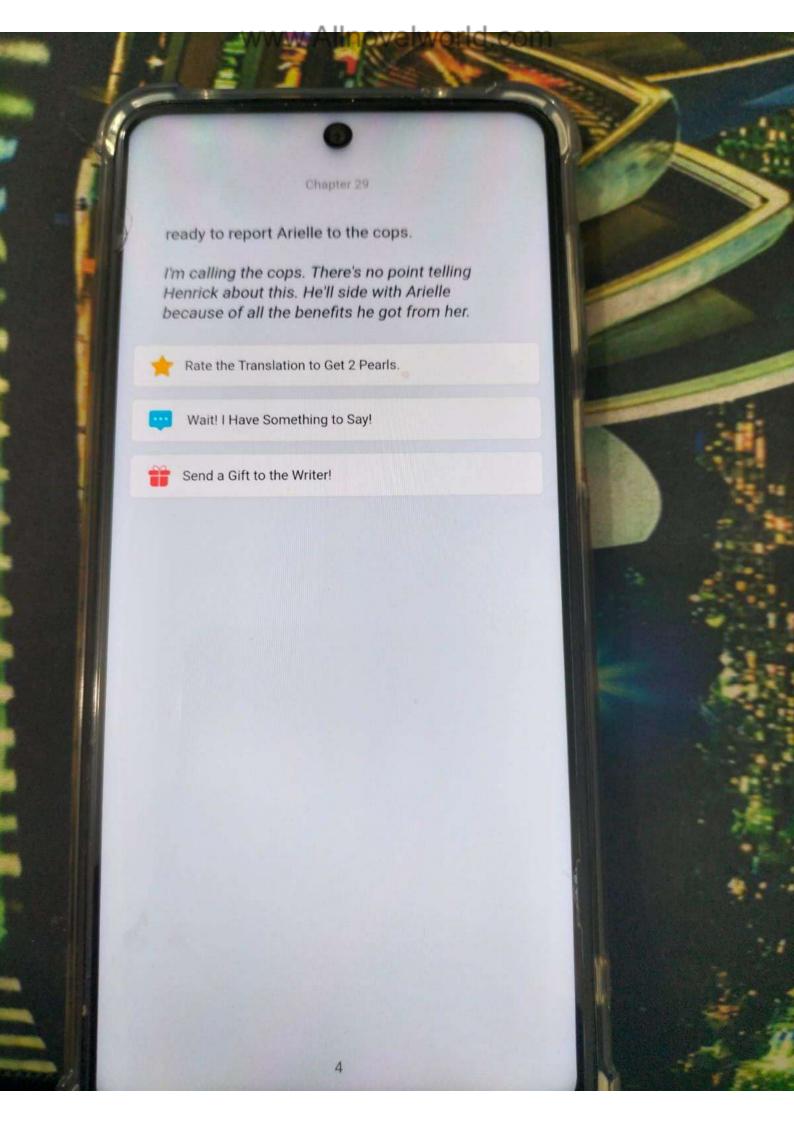


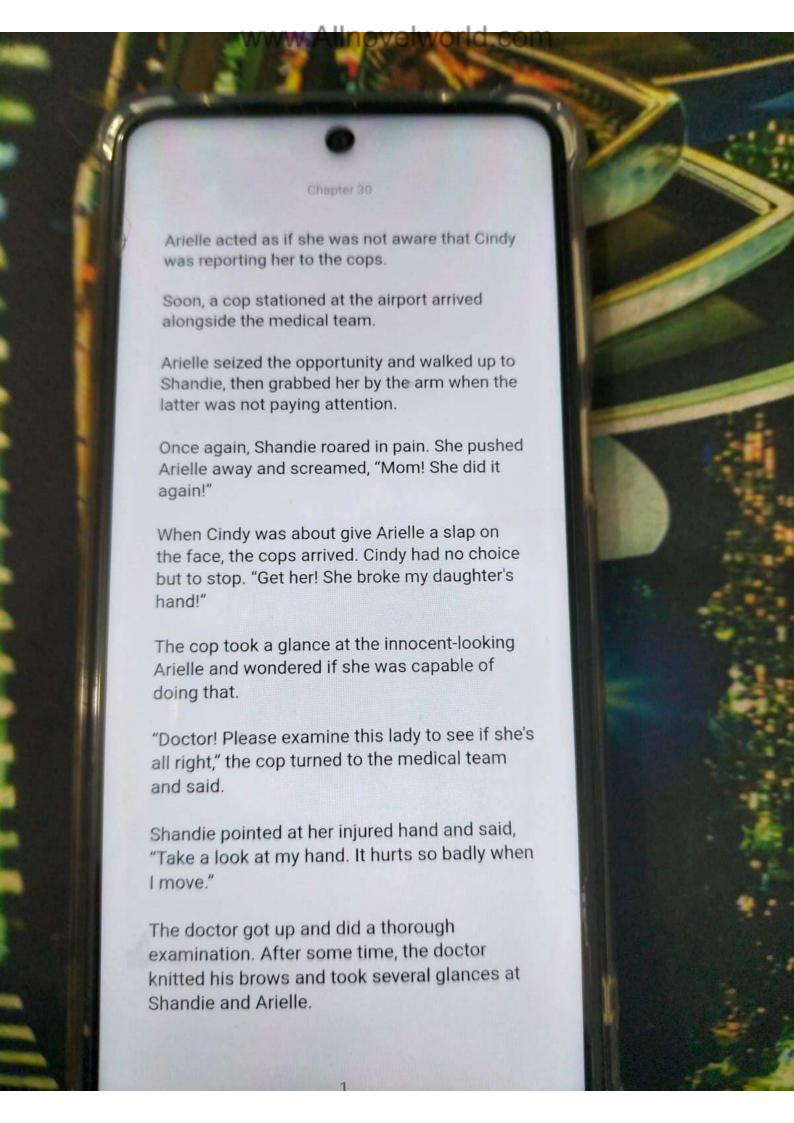


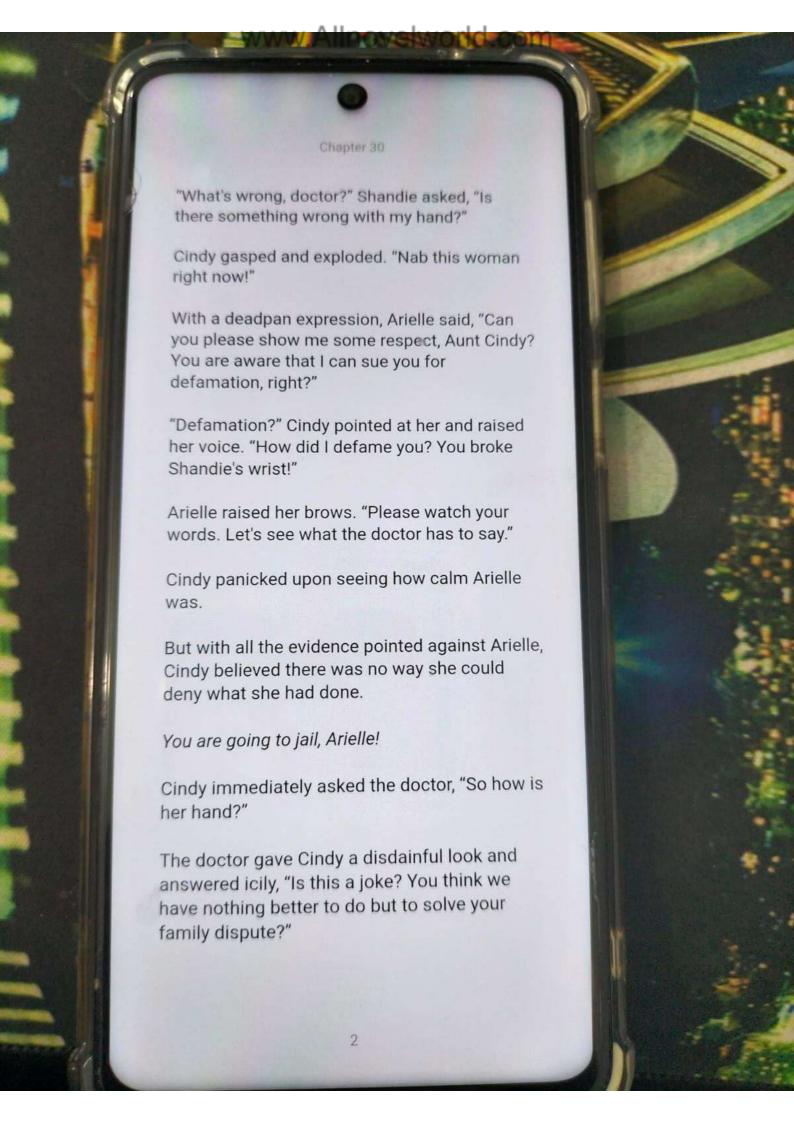


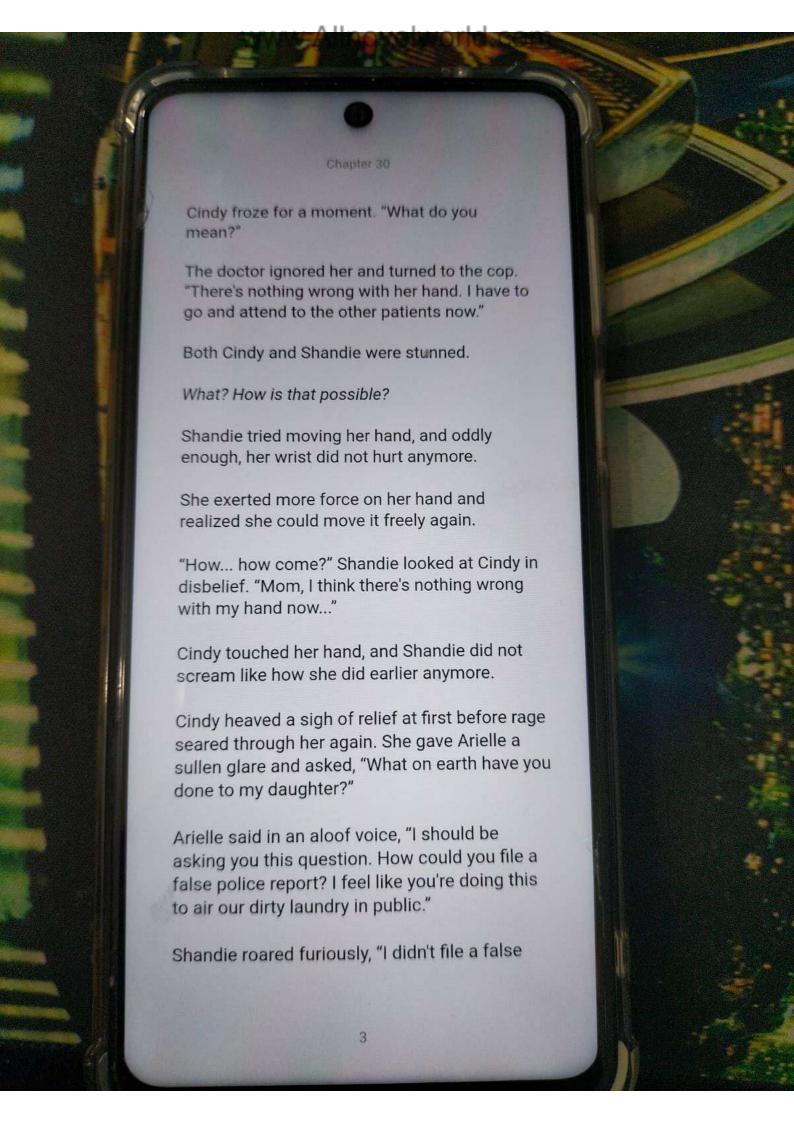


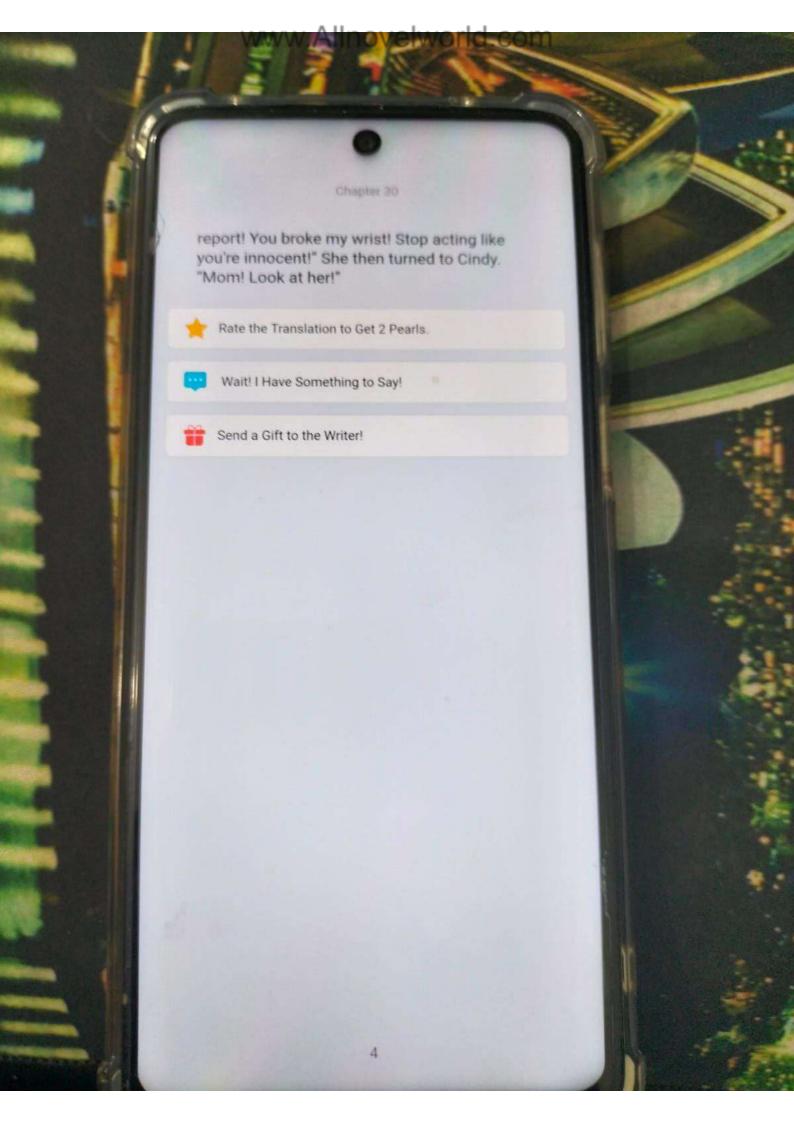












The color drained out of Cindy's face. She realized they had fallen into Arielle's trap once again.

This girl is not as naïve as we thought.

The cop reprimanded the mother-daughter duo. They had no choice but to apologize since there were no surveillance cameras around to record the incident.

This incident also marked the fourth time they fell prey to Arielle's trap.

From now on, we have to put our guard up!

Once the cop left, Shandie immediately yelled at Arielle. "Stop acting, b*tch! What a coward!"

Arielle shrugged. "What? How could you expect me to confess something I've not done?"

"You are a shameless b*tch!" Shandie cursed.

Arielle snorted. "The pot calling the kettle black."

"You!" What Arielle said had rendered Shandie speechless.

Had Cindy not stepped in to stop her, Shandie would have thrown a punch at Arielle.

Since their car had arrived, Cindy immediately told Shandie to get into the car, leaving Arielle

