

Arielle grew excited. There were plenty of guests here, so this piece of news would spread quickly in their circle. *I wonder how Henrick will react after finding out about it?*

Her expression remained doubtful. "Shandie, this isn't the time to spout nonsense. Hurry, tell us about the dress," she reminded Shandie grimly.

Realization dawned on Shandie as she turned to Russell and divulged, "Uncle Russell, I'm telling the truth! I had been in the monastery all along and only got to return today. I have plenty of witnesses! If you investigate about it, you'll find out where the dress came from!"

Russell couldn't quite catch up with the turn of events. He remained silent for a while before announcing, "I shall get to the bottom of this."

"Dad!" Yvette stomped her feet and came up with a lie. "I did send Ari... Shandie a dress, but I swear on Guzzur's name that it was a white dress instead of this one. Someone must've exchanged it to frame me!"

Yvette's gaze landed on Arielle once she

said that.

Nevertheless, Russell trusted Arielle and didn't connect the matter to her. "That's enough! I'll investigate the matter and get to the bottom of it. Shandie, change your clothes and go back home. Yvette, you... Forget it. Before I find out the truth, we shall stop talking about this matter!"

In the end, Russell chose not to trust Shandie's declaration for Yvette was his daughter, after all.

There was no way he'd believe his daughter tried to kill him just because of what Shandie said.

Still, he made up his mind to get to the bottom of it.

Yvette could heave a sigh of relief for now. She still had time to cover up her mistake and get a scapegoat to take the blame.

In the meantime, Shandie was also relieved, as she was no longer accused of being a murderer.

Still, she didn't stop to think of the consequences of her previous statement

and only thought that she had gotten out of trouble.

Edmund released Shandie and led her out of the back door.

The party went on as usual.

As expected, the housekeeper in the room quickly spread the juicy gossip around. Soon, everyone at the party started discussing the gossip happily.

Arielle bribed the Actonwards' housekeeper to spread the word that Yvette was the one who sent the dress to Shandie.

The guests at the birthday party were extremely excited as they talked about tonight's events.

As the star of the party, Yvette was ignored by everyone. What was worse was that she even heard the guests gossiping and criticizing her.

She had no choice but to pretend not to hear them. Otherwise, the guests might spread a new rumor about her.

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After that, Yvette couldn't bring herself to mill around the hall as though nothing had happened, so she stepped out of the house for a breather when no one else was noticing.

At the door, a man clad in a black tuxedo and black top hat stood in her way.

Yvette glared at him with a frown marring her face, prompting him to explain why he was blocking her way.

The man lifted his hat and revealed his eyes.



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Yvette did not recognize this man and wanted to walk past him.

I can't bear to stay here any longer. This is no longer my birthday party, but Arielle's party to shine.

The man stretched out his hand to block her path. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Actonward." He grinned.

Yvette was stunned when she heard his voice. "You're the guy who contacted me on behalf of Cindy!" she exclaimed in surprise.

She instinctively looked around the hall and noticed Arielle chatting happily with someone else. Yvette sighed in relief when she knew Arielle didn't notice the mysterious man. She then turned to him and said, "Let's head to the garden."

Then, she headed toward the backyard as the man followed closely behind her. The both of them quickly disappear as they reached the entrance.

At the same time, Arielle's eyes fell upon them as soon as they turned and headed to the backyard.

If I'm not mistaken, that's Matthias.

Arielle narrowed her eyes as the corner of her lips curled into an unnoticeable smile.

"Ms. Moore? Ms. Moore?" someone called as he followed her gaze. "What're you looking at?" he asked.

"Nothing." Arielle turned back to face the guest and smiled. "I have a feeling it's going to rain."

"Rain?" The guest was confused. "The weather today seemed rather nice. How could it possibly rain?"

Arielle smiled. "Because there aren't any stars."

"That's true. There are no stars tonight." The guest nodded. Nonetheless, Jadeborough was decorated with bright lights, so it would make sense if one could not spot any stars.

As the night went by, the backyard was rather dim as only a few lamps were situated around while the stars hid in the clouds. Therefore, it was a perfect place to talk in private.

The man took off his hat, revealing his handsome appearance. Although he was on the older side, one could tell that he was an extremely good-looking man in his younger days.

Yet, there was big scar on his face.

The man smiled and greeted, "Hello, Ms. Actonward. My name is Matthias. I'm Cindy's assistant, and I was sent here to help you."

Yvette had experienced an embarrassing moment moments ago, yet she was still as arrogant as ever.

She grunted and said harshly, "You want to help me? Even Cindy had been sent to the monastery. What can an assistant like you do? I'd rather do things myself! The reason I asked you over was merely to avoid suspicion and nothing else. Hence, you may leave!"

Matthias looked at her and replied, "Ms. Actonward, I saw what happened earlier. If you went with the plan, things wouldn't have turned out this way."

"That was an accident! Who knew Shandie

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would end up wearing that dress? That stupid b*tch! She's always getting in the way of my plans!" she quickly explained.

Matthias loved Cindy very much; hence he loved Shandie as well.

So of course, his expression darkened when he heard those words. "Ms. Actonward, did you really think that it was an accident? Perhaps it was a coincidence that Shandie wore your dress to the birthday party as soon as she left the monastery?"

Yvette frowned as she pondered for a moment. "What're you trying to say?"



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