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"It seems that you have underestimated your enemy, Ms. Actonward. It was all part of Arielle's plan. She knew that the dress you've provided her was a setup," Matthias answered coldly.

Yvette bit her lip.

Well, I, too, thought it could be Arielle's plan. Yet, I hate to admit that I was outsmarted by her. I feel so embarrassed now that Matthias had revealed it so directly.

"Okay, fine. It's my fault that I underestimated her! So what? Mark my words—I will get my revenge one day!" she said angrily.

Matthias shook his head and said, "If I'm not mistaken, your father has grown suspicious of you. If you don't handle things diligently in the future, I'm afraid you would be in deep trouble before you can deal with Arielle."

Upon that, Yvette clenched her fists, and her eyebrows creased in worry.

She then bit her lip harder this time and glanced at him. "Then tell me what you have in mind?"

Matthias met her glance with a cold look and responded, "Why don't go with our original plan of taking her out. It'll solve all our problems at once."

"But today... She became the center of attention while everyone claimed her as a miracle doctor." Yvette hesitated.

"So?" Matthias lifted his chin. "One who stands at the highest point would only suffer a greater fall. You can't hesitate any longer, Ms. Actonward. This is your best chance to take action."

Even so, Yvette didn't budge. "But Mason's reputation would be affected."

Matthias laughed. "It wouldn't hurt for a man to have a few dating scandals. In contrast, it might add some spice to his life. Haven't you noticed that the way Mason looks at Arielle is very different? Ever since he couldn't get rid of her and things backfired terribly, he's been waiting for a chance to strike. Are you sure you want the both of you to miss this golden opportunity?"

Yvette could no longer contain the irritable feeling in her heart and said, "Alright! Let's

go with the plan! Where's the stuff that you've mentioned during our phone call? Give it to me!"

Matthias took out an aroma diffuser from his bag and handed it to her.

"Light it at the place where we've discussed."

With a sneer, Yvette held the aroma diffuser in her hands and asked, "This is it? How is an aroma diffuser going to help me? Didn't you say you were going to hand me a drug that would arouse her sexual desires?"

Matthias raised an eyebrow. "Yes, we were planning to pass you that. However, Arielle has a medical background, and she would have seen through our tricks. Besides, I coincidentally came across something more subtle yet effective when I was abroad—which is what I've given you. It is colorless and tasteless, so most people wouldn't be able to spot anything. Even if they did, it would be too late. Besides, no one else besides the one who developed this aroma diffuser knows the secret to its cure."

Yvette began to shift uncomfortably with

the aroma diffuser in her hand.

"Don't be afraid, Ms. Actonward. It would only work once it's lit." Matthias let out a laugh.

Yvette instantly relaxed. "So you're saying it would be as effective as the hormone-inducing drug, right?" she asked in curiosity.

Matthias shook his head. "No, it's different. Not only would this aroma diffuser induce sexual desires, but it also causes one to hallucinate and picture anyone to be their loved ones. Once the drug takes its effect, the rest is history. The most important thing about this aroma diffuser is, the drug is placed in the wick. Hence, it would be an empty aroma diffuser once it's used up. No professional laboratory or institutions would be able to find any traces of the drug."

*That means no one would suspect me!
That's the last thing I want right now!*

She was relieved when she heard Matthias' explanation.

Matthias then gave her a pill and said,

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"This is the cure for Mason."

"I know what I need to do now. Don't worry, Arielle's not going to know what hit her this time! I'm going to place a screen and broadcast it live! Just wait and see what the world has to say about her when it happens!"



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However, Matthias shrugged his shoulders and objected to the idea.

"This wasn't part of my plan as broadcasting it might gain suspicion from others. Hence, I wouldn't advise you to do this."

"Relax, I'll come up with a logical explanation. I could just say it's an introduction video about my house. Everyone would think of it as a coincidence."

"Well, go ahead if you insist. But remember to strike at the right timing. Don't let this chance go to waste."

"I got it," she responded as she hid the aroma diffuser in her purse. Then, she quickly headed back to the mansion.

Yvette was a completely different person when she returned to the hall. She had a smile on her face as spoke gently to the guests, just like how she was at the start of the banquet.

"I bet the rumors were fake! Don't you think it wouldn't make sense for her to harm her father? Besides, how would it benefit her if

Russell died?" the guests whispered among each other.

"I agree. She doesn't seem like she's after the family's wealth as well. She is the Actonwards' only heir. Hence, Russell would eventually pass everything down to her. There's no reason for her to be so impatient."

"Perhaps we've misunderstood her."

"Anyhow, I'm going over to give her a toast. It is her birthday, after all."

Yvette became the center of the attention in no time.

At the same time, Arielle was quietly observing Yvette as the corner of her mouth tugged slightly. She then turned her gaze elsewhere as she scanned the room in search of Matthias. However, there was no sight of him.

Perhaps everything's in place?

At this moment, a few chefs brought out an eight-story high cake.

"Look! Here comes the cake!"

"That's such a beautiful cake! Yvette, why are you standing over there? Come over and cut the cake!" the crowd cheered.

Yvette was quickly led by the crowd to stand by the cake.

The lights in the hall dimmed as soon as the candles were lit, and everyone sang the birthday song.

Yvette placed her hands together as she closed her eyes to make a wish.

"Please allow my plan to succeed this time! Please help me get rid of Arielle!"

As soon as Yvette finished making her wish, she felt that everything would most definitely go smoothly as planned.

Hence, as the crowd urged her to cut the cake, she looked up and passed the cake-cutting knife to Arielle.

Arielle looked at her in confusion, just like an innocent child.

Yvette secretly sneered in her heart while responded with gratitude, "You save my father, and I won't forget this. Hence, you

should cut the cake!"

At that, Arielle smiled and shook her head, "It's your birthday. How can I take the limelight away from you like that? I think you should do it yourself."

However, Yvette shoved the knife into her hands. "Absolutely not! You have to do this! You've done nothing but good for our family! No one but you deserves to cut this cake!" Yvette explained as she led Arielle to the cake.

Nonetheless, Arielle did not show any traces of panic or surprise but calmly observed her instead.

*I believe this is the start of Matthias' plan.
Should I go with it? Or not?*

*Of course I have to play along! I need to
know what tricks she has in store for me!*

Sure enough, Arielle heard Yvette cried out as she was walking to the side of the cake. She turned and saw her falling toward her.

Consequently, the cake was situated right behind Arielle.

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Arielle could have easily avoided it, yet she purposely pretended she was taken back by Yvette's "accidental" fall. So, she allowed her to fall on her as Arielle fell backward against the cake.



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However, she chose a spot on the edge where she could avoid falling entirely against the cake. Instead, only the edge of her dress came in contact with the cake.

"Arielle! Are you okay?" Yvette was concerned as she grabbed her hand.

The crowd quickly gathered around them. "Dr. Moore, are you alright?"

"Dr. Moore, you've stained your dress. Let me help you with it!"

Yvette felt disgusted when she saw the crowd trying their best to please Arielle.

She quickly feigned a look of remorse and said, "This is all my fault. I'm wearing new shoes today, and they don't seem to fit me very well. I'm so sorry, Arielle. Let me lead you upstairs and get changed."

Yvette's expression was so sincere that it almost seemed real.

Although some of the guests blamed her for her clumsiness, no one suspected that she had done it on purpose.

Arielle flashed her a sincere smile,

showing her pearly whites, and answered, "Sure."

Chills went down Yvette's spine when she looked at Arielle's smile. *Did she notice anything?*

That's impossible! I actually fell, and my ankles are hurting!

I must be overthinking.

Yvette shrugged away her thoughts and carefully led Arielle upstairs with the same guilty expression on her face.

No one would suspect anything from a minor accident. Besides, she didn't directly crash into the cake. Instead, only her dress and hair came in contact with the cake.

With that, Arielle followed Yvette to a guest room on the second floor.

She opened the door and said, "This is the guest room, and there's a bathroom inside. Go ahead and wash your hair while I get you something clean to put on."

"Alright." Arielle nodded.

Yvette then left the room with a cold smile on her face. However, she pressed the aroma diffuser on her purse the moment she closed the door.

However, Yvette didn't place the aroma diffuser earlier as she was worried she might inhale the drug and that it'd be used up by the time Arielle had arrived.

She planned to wait until the moment Arielle entered the bathroom, then enter the room once again with some fresh clothes. Only then would she take the chance to light the aroma diffuser.

Yvette carefully placed her ear by the door as she waited for the sound of water rushing through the tap.

She had deliberately chosen this room as it had poor soundproofing. Hence, she could hear everything happening inside.

Moments later, she smiled as she heard the sound of running water.

I bet she's washing her hair now!

Once she had the confirmation she needed, she quickly went away to get

some clothes.

In a blink of an eye, she opened the door to the guest room with some clothes in hand.

Yvette's heart almost stopped the moment she opened the door. She was so surprised to see Arielle standing in the room that the former almost dropped the clothes in her hands. There Arielle was, looking at her with smiles in her eyes, half-naked.

Why's she waiting for me here? Did she figure things out?

Yet, she could still hear the sound of water.

Yvette instinctively looked over to the bathroom and found the door wide open. The showerhead in the bathroom was still running.

Thinking that she was busted, Yvette's heart was pounding rapidly when Arielle asked, "What's wrong, Yvette? Did I scare you?"

"I..." Yvette trailed off. She was unsure of what to say.

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She forced a smile and asked, "W-why are you standing here? Aren't you supposed to be washing your hair? Why're you standing by the door with the water running?"

In reality, the only question that she wanted to ask Arielle was if the latter had found out about her plan.



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