

Meanwhile, Henrick began to tremble when he heard their conversation.

"Arielle, although I'm not your biological father, I have raised you for many years. Don't be ungrateful by sending me to prison!"

"Ungrateful?" Arielle snorted. "Aren't you my mom's murderer?"

"I-it wasn't me. I didn't kill her! Cindy is the one responsible! She contacted an old lady who threatened me into pushing Maureen off the building. Sannie, you have to believe me!"

Arielle's ears pricked when she heard the words "old lady." Squinting her eyes, she asked, "Do you still remember what she looks like?"

Henrick shook his head. "It happened so long ago that I don't remember. The only impression I had was that she had a big mole on her eyebrows."

"Mmm-hmm. Is that it?"

"That's all I can remember." Henrick was on the brink of tears.

What will happen to me if I'm locked up in prison?

He had always loved fame and fortune. The moment he was jailed, he would lose everything.

Arielle cleared her throat again. Before Henrick could plead for mercy, she plainly declared, "Good. You are no longer of any value to me. Vinson, take him away. I don't ever want to see his face again."

"Sure." With a wave of his hand, two bodyguards dragged Henrick out of the trunk and headed into the Specialized Forces' detention area.

When Henrick realized where he was, his knees buckled at once.

"Specialized Forces... why am I here? I don't want to go in. I rather go to prison!"

Vinson sneered, "Don't worry. You will be spending time in both places for a long while."

Amidst the height of the controversy, Henrick would be sentenced via the usual legal avenues. After that, he would be transferred to the Specialized Forces' prison where he would suffer terribly for the rest of his life.

Just like Cindy, he would be tormented by a fate worse than death.

After glancing at Henrick's silhouette, Arielle asked Vinson with an uncertain tone, "Wouldn't it have been better if I personally imprisoned and tortured him instead of relying on the law?"

Reaching out to rub Arielle's hand, Vinson reminded, "It's not worth breaking the law over someone like that. After all, he is human and has many contacts in Jadeborough. If someone lodges a missing person's report to the police, we could be in a lot of trouble."

Arielle nodded. "You're right. I still need to exact my revenge upon that mysterious person. Hence, it's not worth being ruined alongside Henrick."

Vinson was stunned. "That's not what I meant. Shouldn't you think about yourself for once? Why don't you consider stopping here? From what Cindy says, those people are not to be trifled with."

Arielle knitted her eyebrows. "Given how far I have come, there's no way I can stop. Furthermore, the

old lady which Cindy and Henrick had mentioned is the true mastermind. How can I ever forgive them? No matter who or where they are, I will seek revenge on behalf of my mom!"

Having failed to persuade Arielle, there was nothing much Vinson could do.

At that moment, Arielle received a message notification on her phone.

When she checked, she realized it was from Trisha.

"Who sent you the message?" Vinson leaned over to sneak a peek.

A few seconds later, he pursed his lips and remarked, "Is that friend of yours again. She's actually reminding you of your exam in two days' time and wants you to go back to school to study."

"What's with the snarky tone? Why are you jealous of a girl?"

Vinson waved her off. "I'm not jealous. I'm just envious that you have such a good friend."

"I can feel the jealousy in your voice."

"You're imagining things." Vinson lifted his jaw. "In that case, you should go back to school while I tie up loose ends."

"No, there's no point in revising now. I'll deal with Henrick first. After all, it will be done in a day or two."

"Sure." Vinson nodded as he wasn't keen on Arielle going back to school.

Soon, it was primetime for the online media.

During that period, many netizens were online scrolling through the news.

After picking the right timing, Vinson contacted a few major online media firms to release the news concurrently.

Thereafter, he contacted the major stars of Nightshire Entertainment and requested that they share it on social media.

Leveraging on the popularity of the celebrities, the news titled *"177 Cracked Houses"* became the top trending topic online.

Considering how hot it was, everyone felt the urge to click and read it.

The news described the condition of the residences at the old Southall estate.

There were a hundred and eighty homes there of which one hundred and seventy-seven had cracks in them. Furthermore, more than ten houses had already collapsed with more at risk of the same fate.

The cause had been narrowed down to Henrick's mine conducting explosive blasts indiscriminately. They were done so without any regard for the consequences.

Furthermore, the mining company delayed payment of its workers' salaries and owed them up to five million.

The majority of the miners were local villagers who lived in abject poverty while the owner of the mine led an extravagant lifestyle. He had bought a house in Jadeborough and planned to rebuild his old house into a luxurious villa.

The news was so detailed that it triggered outrage among all the netizens.

The comments section exploded accordingly:

*"Da*n Southall Mining has no heart at all. This is the most irresponsible company I have ever seen. Henrick Southall, you deserve death!"*

*"F**ck! I'm really shocked at how long it took to unearth such an unscrupulous businessman. Arrest him and jail him for a hundred years!"*

"A hundred years is too short. Once he dies, he should just be buried in prison."

The more the netizens clicked to read the news, the more they investigated Southall Mining.

Coincidentally, Wendy was one of them too.

Henrick Southall? Isn't he Arielle's dad?

Arielle sneered.

With a dad like that, there's no way Arielle can escape. All this while, she must have leveraged her status as a daughter of the Southalls to gain many benefits. And now, it's time for her to pay the price for them.

Logging in with an alternate account, Wendy commented:

"Did all of you know that Arielle, the ambassador of Soir Coffee, is Henrick Southall's daughter?"

After she made her comment, Wendy patiently waited for the backlash to be unleashed upon Arielle.

Soon, the netizens, who were barely rational, began to direct their ire at Arielle.

Wendy then told everyone that Arielle had taken leave from school despite how close the exam was. Hence, it must be a sign of her guilt.

After that, she relished in her God-given luck which resulted in Arielle embroiled in a controversy.

Worried that her comment would be buried by those of other netizens, Wendy hired some professional trolls to maintain her comment as a hot topic.

After a while, she checked the replies to her comment with anticipation.

However...