Corinne narrowed her eyes. "Is this how you show your gratitude? By letting Rosie take all the blame and go to prison in your place?"

"Why not? I'll go visit her often and make sure she gets plenty of good food in the prison," remarked Anya.

Corinne tutted. "Miss Anya, I'm guessing you think you're being quite generous, don't you?"

Anya glared at Corinne. "You b*tch. What gives you the right to teach me how to be a decent human being? Everyone loved and trusted me before you came into the picture. I was the center of their worlds, and they were willing to do anything for me!

"They all hate me now, and it's all your fault! I hate you for stealing Jeremy from me, Corinne, and I hate you even more for causing me to lose everything! Because of you, I have to start everything from scratch and work harder to make them trust me again!"

Corinne glared at her. "Did you even, for one second, think you lost everything not your deceitful behavior? No one can make you lose anything if you've acted honestly and just."

Anya did not take her words seriously at all. "Spare me the lecture, Corinne. Instead of wasting your time here spouting all those hypocritical words, you should just go to hell! Hahahaha!"

Corinne remained calm at Anya's insults. Suddenly, she clapped her hands and said, "Alright, time to get up, everyone! Come and see Miss Anya's true colors!"

This startled Anya. She did not understand what Corinne was trying to pull. 'Who is she talking to?'

She got her answer a second later. A chill went up her spine when she saw the supposedly dead bodies sitting up one after another, causing the white cloth covering them to fall off.

She immediately fell backward to the ground. 'What the hell is going on? Don't tell me Corinne can summon the dead now that she's a ghost!' she thought, turning pale.

As she was trembling, one of the dead bodies jumped down from the table, strode toward her, and slapped her face.

"Anya, you heartless, two-faced b*tch! I think of you as my best friend, yet this is how you treat me? How can you abuse my trust like that? I was even willing to go through sh*t to make you happy!"

Anya clutched her cheek and looked fearfully at the dead body who slapped her. After taking a clearer look, she realized it was no dead body but Rosie instead!

'Rosie?! What is she doing here? Didn't Jeremy get rid of her?'

Before she could figure out what was happening, a slap landed heavily on her other cheek.

Francine, too, had jumped from her table and ran over to slap her.