

## Chapter 61 Aristocratic Young Master

The other salesperson brought out the most expensive sets of suits and placed it in front of Ziggy.

While Ziggy was taking his time to choose the suit he wanted, the other salesperson pulled the one attending to Ziggy aside.

"What are you doing? Why are you attending to a lone child, what business can he bring you?"

"You don't know, but he has a diamond credit card!"

"Look at the clothes he's wearing, I'm sure it didn't cost more than 200 quids to buy everything that he's wearing right now, so how would he possess a diamond card? I bet his family is not even rich. The diamond card is probably a fake or he stole it somewhere, it just doesn't make sense for him to own the card!"

"... Well, when you put it like that, it kinda makes sense!"

"It makes all the senses, alright? Now find an excuse to chase him away!"

The sales lady then approached Ziggy. "Little boy,

are you thinking none of these suits suit you? Do you want to go somewhere else to have a look?"

Ziggy simply looked at the sales lady and picked out a set of white dress suit. "No need, I've found the perfect one for me."

He handed the suit to the saleslady. "Be quick, I want to change into it now." ①

The saleslady looked at Ziggy awkwardly. "Little boy, you can't use a card you picked up on the side of the road, I'll have to file a police report."

Ziggy hardened his expression and walked over to the credit card terminal before he inserted his card into the slot, punched in his password, and took it back out.

Almost immediately, the terminal printed a receipt.

Ziggy tore the receipt off and signed his signature on it. He then handed the receipt over to the saleslady.

"My name is Ziggy, and this card is mine. I entered the sum of the suit according to the price tag, please check if it's correct. If there's no problem, I would like to know where your dressing room

is."

The sales lady looked at the receipt and paused in surprise before pointing at the tiny room in the corner. "It's over there."

Ziggy walked into the dressing room with the suit.

The two salespeople had yet fully grasped the situation. All they could do was exchange looks and stared at the receipt. 1

'That card really belongs to that kid?!

'Looks like the boy is from a rich family, right?! Not only did they give him a card with ample credit limit, but they also allow him to dress so casually.'

'I don't understand rich people.'

The saleslady shook her head and stood outside the dressing room. She asked, "Little boy, do you know how to change into the suit? Do you need me to help you?"

Just then, the dressing room's door opened.

The sales lady smiled and took a step forward, preparing to walk in.

However, a finely-dressed boy walked out of the

cubicle.

Walking out of the dressing room, the suit looked like it was made for Ziggy. Not only was it fitting, but it also brought out Ziggy's inner jade-like grace.

In fact, he looked just like an aristocratic young master.

He stood in front of the mirror and adjusted his tie, after which he took his backpack and left the store without looking back.

It took a while before the sales lady slowly retracted her foot awkwardly.

At the same time, she was shocked. Few children could wear their clothes properly at his age, let alone a full set of dress suit!

This child...was not a normal 'someone'!

Ziggy then walked out of the store and sat in the navigator's seat. He also buckled up properly before showing his phone to the driver.

"Take me to this place."

The driver looked at the location on Ziggy's phone and nodded. "Okay, understand. Isn't this place hosting a ball? Do you have the invitation letter?"

You can't go in without an invitation letter."

Ziggy threw 500 pounds sterling worth of money onto the driver's lap. "Whether I can enter is none of your business, you just need to just send me there."

The driver kept the money, grinning. "Alright, yes sir, sit tight, I'll send you there!"

Ziggy sat in the car, his lively eyes squinting in anticipation.

'Mommy, wait for me!'

Rachel, meanwhile, was constantly and anxiously checking her phone.

"Mr. Chapman, when will we arrive at the location?"

Nathan smiled at Rachel. "Are you in a hurry?"

Rachel nodded. "Yes, I am!"

Just then, the stretch limousine slowed to a stop. As soon as the door opened, Anne appeared in front of Rachel and Nathan.

Before Rachel could react, Nathan had already exited the limousine.

Anne stepped into the car and placed two big boxes

down.

Unhurriedly, she unpacked one of the boxes and pulled out a gown and a pair of heels, placing them into Rachel's hands.

"Change into them, and hurry."

Rachel looked around. "Anne, are you talking to me?" 2

Anne looked at Rachel with a hint of resignation.

"Is there anyone else here?"

Rachel shook her head lightly. "No. You mean to say this dress and the heels are prepared for me?" 6

Anne nodded. "Yes, hurry, there's not much time left."

Hearing Anne's insistence, Rachel changed into them without asking further questions.

Immediately after she had changed, Anne pressed Rachel onto the seat firmly with a spread of makeup tools on a desk that was at her disposal.

Anne took each cream and powder and brushed across Rachel's face quickly, so fast that Rachel could not follow her movements.

Ten minutes later, Anne's hands slowed down.

She set down the setting spray and kept everything back into her pouch.

Anne quickly fixed up Rachel's wavy hair before she nodded satisfactorily. "It's done."

Rachel opened her eyes slowly and tilted her head. "Anne, do I look like a ghost now?"

The smile on Anne's face slowly crumbled. "Rachel, are you doubting my ten years of experience doing makeup?"

Rachel shook her head hastily. "It's not that, Anne. I noticed you only wear minimal makeup at work, but why do you make yourself up to be this exquisite tonight?"

Anne immediately turned red.

She scoffed. "Do I need to report everything I do to you? Quick, get off. President Chapman is waiting for you outside."

Rachel nodded and held her dress as she slowly stretched her crystal-heeled foot out of the car...

## Chapter 62 Ball

Anne was a little distracted as she stared at Rachel. 'No wonder Nathan would put so much effort on a newcomer like her.'

Aside from her superior talent, Rachel also exuded a delicate air that not many rich ladies have, and that face...

As the door opened, Nathan's first look at Rachel was on her lanky, pretty legs with an eye-catching crystal heel.

Following that, Rachel exited the car in a pure white dress that showed off her flawless shoulder and delicate clavicles. The dress was so white that it was almost translucent, but it reflected light like the wings of an angel, and it barely exposed anything that was not supposed to show.

The slanted high-low skirt puffed naturally and gracefully, exposing her fair, lanky legs. On top of that, the skirt was sprinkled with diamonds that resemble stars in the night sky or beautiful morning dew.

Her dark brown hair sat naturally on her shoulders. Her irises were clear and bright, her brows were dainty, and her long lashes quivered slightly. Her



flawless fair skin blushed healthily as her thin lips bloomed tenderly like rose petals. 1

For a split second, Nathan was completely enraptured.

Similarly, Rachel had attracted the attention of many people around.

Rachel traipsed beside Nathan and waved her hand in front of his face.

"Mr. Chapman? What's wrong?"

Nathan shook his head and placed a hand on Rachel's shoulder.

Meanwhile, his other hand placed an exquisite white mask onto Rachel's face.

Feeling Nathan's gentleness in his movement, a slight blush crawled onto Rachel's face.

After all, Nathan was dressed in a tuxedo, accentuating his gentle nature.

"Tonight, call me by my name."

Rachel immediately blushed. "Mr. Chapman, isn't this inappropriate? I'm only your employee..."

Nathan placed another mask into Rachel's hand.

"Don't forget, tonight, you're not my employee,

you're my date."

Unsure, Rachel took the mask that looked exactly the same as the one on her face. "Mr. Chapman, this is?"

Nathan placed a finger on Rachel's full lips as he smiled invitingly. 1

"Put it on me, please. And call me Nathan."

Nathan lowered his head to Rachel's height before he stopped.

Rachel felt as if her face was on fire while she cautiously slipped the mask onto Nathan's face.

Droves of rich people gathered in front of the hotel entrance like it was a holiday village as they awaited their turn to enter in their lavish outfits in pairs. 1

Standing beside Rachel, Nathan placed his arms by his side and shot her a hinting look. "My princess, it's our turn to enter."

It took Rachel a second before she held onto Nathan's arm.

Both of them waited for their turn at the entrance, where Anne handed over the invitation letter to the

greeter.

The greeter looked at Rachel and smiled at Nathan.  
"Mr. Chapman, your date looks really charming."

Nathan nodded. "Thank you for the compliment, I think so too."

In the massive ballroom, warm lights and beautiful music permeated every corner.

At the very front of the stage, there sat a pure white piano, where a pianist was tickling the ivories, drowning himself with the beautiful notes it created.

The moment she walked in, Rachel pressed her lips together as she saw the crowd with smiles plastered on their faces and luxurious dishes spread onto the many tables.

The Bennets were considered a rich family in the Orange Country, but her parents had never brought her to a ball like this.

Not even once...

No matter where they went, they would always take their far superior sister with them while she was at home, waiting for her family's return.

She waited for her sister's descriptions of the swanky events.

Though this time, she had arrived at one of the mysterious events of her childhood dreams.

However, for whatever reason, she felt it was not as wonderful as she had imagined it to be. 1

All the pairs were wearing identical masks from each other, yet different from those who were not their partner.

It was as though they would lose their date if they did not do so.

"Rachel, what are you thinking?"

Nathan looked at Rachel with worry in his eyes.

Being pulled out of her thoughts, Rachel apologized to Nathan and shook her head. "Sorry, Mr.

Chapman, I got lost in my thoughts."

Nathan smiled at Rachel. "Rachel, allow me to implore you once more to call me Nathan here. Please do not call me Mr. Chapman, it's very rude."

Rachel lowered her gaze and showed an uneasy expression. "Mi- Nathan."

Hearing Rachel's voice as soft as a mosquito,  
Nathan laughed.

He caressed her head. "That's more like it."

At that moment, the stage light slowly congregated  
onto a pair onstage.

Under the stage light, the man's gaze was as frigid  
as Antarctica. However, his air of opulence was  
charming, as was his shapely lips and porcelain-  
esque features. The black dress suit was fitted to  
him, contouring his slim waist.

On the other hand, the woman beside him wore a  
purplish-blue dress with dark swirling stripes. The  
shoulders were embroidered with complex patterns  
that lead down to the purple sash with butterflies  
embroidered onto it, outlining her tiny waist. Her  
hair was loosely tied up into a bun with locks of  
hair falling beside her face and a butterfly hairpin  
placed at the top. Her dark eyes were reminiscent  
of pools of water, and her lips curled up gracefully,  
reminding people of an angel.

They both wore black masks with a unique design.

"Please, have fun tonight."

The man raised his wine glass and clinked it with  
the woman next to him, after which they downed

the red wine in one gulp.

Off-stage, everyone followed suit by raising their glass and cheered.

Even though the pair onstage were wearing masks, everyone off-stage knew who they were.

That, except the scatterbrained Rachel. 2

For a brief moment, Rachel lost focus as the deep, dark voice of the man onstage overlapped with a certain someone's from her memory.

However, she could not remember who it was. It was familiar, but it left her subconsciously looking for a place to hide!

## Chapter 63 Reunion

The more she tried to remember, the more her head ached. It was as if her head was going to explode.

She held her head painfully.

"Rachel, are you alright?"

Nathan's worried voice caught her attention.

After recovering from the pain, Rachel stopped trying to recall the deep, dark secrets of her past life.

Holding onto her shoulders, Nathan asked, "Rachel, what happened to you?" 1

Rachel shook her head lightly. "It's nothing. So sorry I made you worry."

Nathan sighed in relief. "As long as you're okay."

Before Rachel could respond, a middle-aged pair approached them with their glasses of red wine.

"This is Mr. Chapman, isn't it?"

The middle-aged man gestured at Nathan with his

glass and smiled.

Hearing the middle-aged man's voice, Rachel froze in shock.

'Isn't that dad's voice? Then the woman beside him...'

The middle-aged woman spoke as she looked at Rachel, "This is your date for tonight, isn't it? She looks beautiful! This dress must have cost a tiny fortune on its own!"

Rachel slowly eased out of her initial stiffness. It was Mr. and Mrs. Bennet!

Nathan smiled and raised his own glass in response. "Of course, my date has to have a decent dress, shouldn't she?"

Mrs. Bennet nodded. "That's very true. I wonder where her family is from?"

Nathan shook his head, "I don't have an answer for that."

Mr. Bennet shot Mrs. Bennet a look and smiled at Nathan, saying, "We should enjoy ourselves at Edward Bluemel's ball tonight. But my wife is a little loose on the etiquette, I hope you don't mind, Mr. Chapman." 1



Nathan shook his head again. "It's nothing, I don't mind it."

Rachel's eyes widened upon hearing the conversation.

"This is Edward Bluemel's ball?"

'Isn't Edward Bluemel the man Rue married?'

When her mom had forced her away, did she not use the reason that Rachel's reputation had dragged Rue down and made her suffer in the Bluemel family?

From what she could see, this marriage probably made Rue very happy.

'Does that mean the woman onstage was Rue?'

Mrs. Bennet squinted as she constantly stared at Rachel. "Of course I know the etiquette, I just thought Mr. Chapman's date seemed familiar."

Nathan's smile dropped, but he did not speak up.

Sensing Nathan's displeasure, Mr. Bennet tugged at Mrs. Bennet's arm, warning her.

Mrs. Bennet smiled at Nathan awkwardly. "Don't mind me, Mr. Chapman. I just thought the lady seemed a little too quiet..."

Nathan pulled Rachel behind him and stood between the Bennets and Rachel.

"I apologize, but my date doesn't talk to strangers."

After he said that, Nathan held Rachel's hand and walked away.

Mr. Bennet looked at Mrs. Bennet furiously when Nathan and Rachel left.

"What are you doing?! How dare you offend Nathan Chapman in a ball like this? Not only is Nathan Chapman Edward Bluemel's good friend, but he's also the second richest man in the world, after Edward!"

Mrs. Bennet frowned. "I know, I just thought his date seemed a little familiar!"

Mr. Bennet scratched his head, having been pushed to the brink of exploding. "That's Nathan Chapman's date, what do you mean by 'familiar'? How would you know who she is?!"

Mrs. Bennet nodded. "You're right. I have no connection to Nathan Chapman, how would I know his date? I must be overthinking. Darling, please calm down, you shouldn't get angry in public places like this."

However, both Mr. and Mrs. Bennet were not aware of the fact that not only did they know Nathan's date, they knew her well!

She was the daughter they had rejected, Rachel Bennet!

Rachel almost clapped for Nathan as they walked away. His words were sharp and so very accurate!

Nathan stopped walking after a while. "Rachel, you won't be upset at me for not introducing you to people, will you?"

Rachel shook her head. "Of course not!"

She did not want to be recognized by either Mr. Bennet, Mrs. Bennet, or Rue.

"I think asking for people's identity in a masquerade is rude."

Rachel nodded quickly. "That's right, I think low-profile suits me better."

Moved, Nathan placed his hands on Rachel's hands.

"It's great that you understand."

Rachel laughed dryly but she could not slip her hands out of Nathan's grasp.

"Nathan, please let go of my..."

Before she could finish, a burst of gentle laughter rang beside her ears.

Nathan and Rachel turned around together to find Edward and Rue in their black masks.

Rue chuckled softly as she held onto Edward. "Isn't this Nathan? Why, are you and your date flirting here?" 1

Edward glanced at Rachel, but his gaze focused on her lively eyes.

This pair of eyes were almost identical with the pair of eyes on that fateful night. 3

Nathan held Rachel's hand tightly in his hand and smiled cordially at Rue.

"You must be making a fool out of me. We're not flirting. At most, it could count as showing affection." 1

Rue laughed softly and generously. "Is it? Oh Nathan, my husband here keeps telling me about you. He said you're his only friend! But I didn't know you had a girlfriend. When are you planning to tie the knot?"

Seeing Rue's pretense, Rachel's eyes were cold and full of disgust.

Rue would only put on this behavior in front of other people because when she was bullying her at home, Rue would never behave this tamely.

Nathan held tightly onto Rachel's hand and pulled her into his arms. "Don't worry, if we're going to tie the knot, I will personally make sure you and Edward are invited."

Seeing Rachel's disgust and coldness, Edward followed her gaze and looked at Rue at his side.

He squinted. "This woman is interesting."

Rue nodded. "My husband and I will definitely bring gifts when such an occasion happens. I wonder, which upper-class family does your date come from? Don't be shy to tell me, I might actually know her." 3

## Chapter 64 Beauty Draws First Blood

Rachel lowered her gaze.

'Hmph! Rue, I am more than just someone you know!'

Nathan grabbed Rachel's shoulder and smiled. "It's alright, she's even more low-profile than I am. I won't say who she is, but you'll meet again anyhow."

Without any particular reason, Rue felt a little rueful.

She was incredibly curious about the woman in front of her, who seemed to draw more attention than she did, and it made her envious at the same time!

'I should be the one in the spotlight tonight!'

'I am Mrs. Bluemel!'

'I married the man every woman wants!'

'Yet this woman took two-thirds of the attention away from me tonight!'

How would she be able to endure that disrespect?

This familiar-yet-foreign loss made her think of another person!

Rachel!

Rachel clenched her jaw. 'It could not be Rachel!' ①

'This is the highest class of social event, how would Rachel be able to come in?'

"Oh, what a shame that I can't find out who the lady is."

Rue sighed dramatically.

Rachel squinted and walked out from behind Nathan. She was staring at Rue for just a tad too long.

Due to that, Rue almost thought it really was Rachel.

However, Rachel pulled at Nathan's arm in feigned shyness immediately.

Following that was an even more startling fake high-pitched voice.

"Oh my God, Nathan, this woman is, like, so annoying! She kept asking about me. Is she, like, a lesbian? Does she have a crush on me? She's weird, I don't like women, you know!"

Nathan was startled for just a little before he showed a spoiling smile.

He caressed Rachel's head. "Don't worry, dear. She's just asking."

Rachel stomped deliberately. "I just don't like it! It's weird, I like, have chills running down my spine!"

Rue shivered with shock.

'What the hell is this?'

She began to smile awkwardly. "Oh, don't take it personally. I just thought you looked like a friend..."

Rachel did not want to let Rue off so easily. So, she kept on stomping until she was almost on the verge of crying.

"Just, you know, admit it if you like your friend. Like, why do you have to tell me about your friend? That's, you know, so weird! It's weirding me out!" 4

Rue backed up a few steps as if she was scared of Rachel.

"Edward, let's walk around there for a bit."

Edward did not intend to go with Rue. "You go



ahead. I have something to discuss with Nathan."

Since Edward was not leaving, Rue did not want to leave as well. It was as though leaving his side would give other women a chance to get between their marriage. 2

Noticing that, Rachel raised her fists and hammered it against Rue's chest.

"Oh, my, God! Why are you still here? Like, what are you getting at? I'm a completely normal cis het woman, you know! Stop bothering me!"

Rachel looked as if she had pulled her punches as they connected, but every pound was heavier than the last that Rue almost could not catch her breath.

Rue coughed uncontrollably and turned red in annoyance. "Why are you hitting me?"

Nathan replied coldly, "She's just being a little moody, don't take it personally."

Sensing Nathan's sudden irritation, Rue was taken aback.

Nathan and Edward were good friends for many years. If she were being calculative in front of Edward, it would show her immaturity and

pettiness. 1

Hence Rue could only swallow the humiliation.

She smiled at Nathan and Rachel. "Of course not. Nathan, your date is very unique, I haven't met someone like her for a long time."

Smiling, Rue snuggled up closer to Edward.

She had the impression that Rachel had acted snobbish because of Nathan's status, so she wanted Rachel to know.

She wanted Rachel to know that she was the wife of Edward Bluemel, who Nathan could not afford to offend!

That meant that even if she was Nathan's date, she should be more courteous to Rue!

Waiting for an opportune moment on the side, Mr. and Mrs. Bennet approached Edward with a smile.

"Our son-in-law, are you well?"

Edward's face dropped.

"I believe you understand better than I do about how my marriage with Rue came about, so I don't want to hear anything like that anymore. Our

marriage was all because of the child, nothing more. So there will be no calling each other in-laws, do you understand me?" 2

Mr. and Mrs. Bennet shared a look and nodded. "Yes, Mr. Bluemel. We weren't careful enough, I apologize." 2

Even though Mr. Bennet was not very happy, he could not afford to make a scene.

'Edward married my daughter, doesn't that mean he's my son-in-law? What does he mean by that?' 3

He knew, of course, that Rue was not the one who had the one-night stand with him, and neither was she the one who gave birth to his son, but he need not know that detail.

'Does he need to be so distant? Technically speaking, Edward does have to address us as his parents-in-law, right?!'

'He even wanted us to call him Mr. Bluemel...'

If the Bennet Group was not facing such a huge crisis, they would not have to lower themselves to that degree!

Again, Mr. Bennet tried to placate Edward. "Mr. Bluemel, the Bennet Group is proposing to..."

Before Mr. Bennet could finish, Rue pulled her parents away.

"Mom, dad, I have something to tell you."

Mr. Bennet brushed Rue's hand aside. "Let's talk about that later. I want to talk to Mr. Bluemel about the company."

Rue gritted her teeth. "Dad, this is about the company!"

With that, Mr. Bennet halted and left Edward alone to follow Rue,

The space around them immediately cleared up, leaving only Rachel, Nathan, and Edward.

Rachel sighed in relief as she massaged her neck.

"Oh, this is exhausting, she's finally gone."

Nathan giggled uncontrollably and patted Rachel's head. "What are you getting at, you're ridiculous!"

Rachel smiled back at him and responded with a straight face, "Beauty draws first blood!"

## Chapter 65 I Will Not Speak to Someone with Sexual Orientation Confusion

Nathan corrected her, "Isn't the saying 'Cheater draws first blood?' "

Rachel shot Nathan a glare of fake anger before she shrugged. "Well, that's for cheaters, and I'm not a cheater."

Nathan nodded with a grin. "Alright then, beauty draws first blood!"

After Edward studied Rachel for a little, he found familiarity in her voice.

It was so similar to the nymph that fateful night.

However, he would not conclude immediately that she was the nymph that night.

He had found many people who sounded similar to the voice, but none of them was the mysterious lady who had captured his heart.

Besides, having a similar voice profile would not explain anything.

"Nathan, aren't you going to introduce your partner to me?"

Nathan nodded to Edward's question. "This is Rachel, you know her, I've told you before. Her name is Rachel B..."

Rachel reached out and covered Nathan's mouth.

She looked a little dissatisfied. "That's alright. Simple introduction, remember? We talked about how I would like to be low-profile."

Nathan nodded. "Alright, alright, I'll stop."

Edward, on the other hand, began to narrow his eyes. "She's the one you talked about?"

Upon hearing Edward's unfriendly tone, Rachel frowned.

Nathan nodded quickly. "That's right. I told you, she's unlike the type you described, but you didn't believe me."

Edward grabbed onto Nathan's arm and pulled him roughly to his side.

He nodded too, but there was still a hint of coldness in his eyes. "Yes, she's interesting, but undeniably, her approaching you is purposeful."

After being accused by Edward, Rachel was livid.

It was not her intent to attend the ball at all. She would have chosen to miss it if she could help it.

Yet now that she was here, she was being accused of ulterior motive?

Rachel looked up, straight into Edward's eyes and pulled Nathan back to her side.

She smiled like a blooming flower. "Mr. Bluemel, if you lack a male date, you can always hire a gigolo. Don't hurt other people." 6

Everyone in their vicinity looked at her, shocked.

Edward's face froze for a split second before he showed any irritation.

If anyone else had seen his face, they would have apologized.

However, Rachel did not mind. She was not working for him, nor did she need to depend on him for business arbitration, so she was not worried about offending him.

"What did you say?"

Edward squeezed the words out between his teeth.

Standing between them both, Nathan attempted to negotiate with a smiling face.

"Edward, don't be mad, Rachel was just making a joke."

After Nathan's explanation, Edward seemed to have regained his composure.

However, Rachel did not take the hint. She pulled Nathan to her side and continued staring at Edward.

"If Mr. Bluemel is unsure of what I just said, I am happy to repeat. But I have to say, it's surprising that Mr. Bluemel has developed hearing loss at such a young age. Tsk tsk..." 5

Accompanying her words, Rachel stared tauntingly at Edward.

Nathan was slightly surprised at Rachel's nerves.

Rachel seemed to be the first person to speak to Edward in that tone!

Furthermore, she is a woman!

Nathan tugged at Rachel's arm. "Rachel, stop it."

It was only after Nathan's advice that Rachel kept



quiet.

At this point, Edward approached Rachel with a clear iciness in his tone. "Aren't you a spunky one? Why aren't you responding now?"

Rachel scoffed and looked at Nathan. "I will not speak to someone with sexual orientation confusion."

Once again, the ambiance of the space had dropped below the freezing point.

A storm was brewing on Edward's face. 1

Meanwhile, Ziggy tidied up his hair after arriving at the hotel entrance. 3

He pulled out a mask and wore it on his face.

'Luckily masks are gifted for buying a suit.' 1

He followed after a couple who entered the hotel, cheating the angle to look as if he was holding the woman's skirt.

The greeter did not suspect anything as he accepted the invitation letter from the man. He smiled. "Mr. Landgraab, you have a son that old? I couldn't tell!"

The man halted in confusion. "What son?"

The woman beside him looked around, but there

was no child in sight.

The greeter pointed beside the woman. "The child beside you right there..."

Before he could even finish his sentence, he looked around, shocked, as he could not find the child he saw.

He rubbed his eyes in disbelief.

'That's weird, I did see a child!'

He looked around, but the child was already gone.

He shook his head and looked at the couple apologetically.

"I'm sorry, I must have been mistaken."

The man was a little cross. "Be careful what you say next time. You almost ruined my reputation!"

The greeter nodded awkwardly. "Yes sir, I will keep that in mind."

Ziggy, who had already slipped into the crowd, walked unhurriedly.

He looked at the crowded hall and frowned.

'It's so full!'

'How am I supposed to look for mommy?!

The driver in front of the hotel shook his head and nodded as Ziggy slipped into the ballroom hall.

'This is certainly some maneuver!'

'I should try it next time!'

As Ziggy held a glass of apple juice, he scanned through the crowd, searching for Rachel in vain.

He pressed his lips together. 'If mommy is wearing the ensemble she wore this morning, I would've found her.'

'Looks like the stranger uncle might have given mommy an evening dress to change into!'

'No wonder I can't find her!'

'Everyone is wearing a mask, it's going to be difficult to find mommy!'

At this point, many pairs of eyes were focused on Ziggy.

Obviously, people would be hard-pressed to see a child in a social event like this.

Ziggy looked at Mr. and Mrs. Bennet who were whispering in front of him and squinted a little.

Slowly, he walked toward Rue, and upon recognizing the facial structure, he hugged Rue's leg.

## Chapter 66 Vengeance

The moment Rue looked down and saw Ziggy on her leg, her brows knitted together in irritation.

Ziggy was wearing a mask, so even though his figure was familiar to her, Rue did not have time to consider extraneous questions while talking about the Bennets' future.

Frustrated, she kicked aside Ziggy who was preparing to speak.

"Whose child is this? Don't randomly hug people!"

Ziggy immediately let go. 'Even though this woman looks like mommy, her voice and tone are completely different!' 1

'Mommy will never be that rude!'

'But why would this woman look like mommy?'

Ziggy stood calmly by the side, glancing at Rue, Mr. Bennet, and Mrs. Bennet alternatively.

He paused as he stared at Mrs. Bennet as though he had suddenly thought of something.

'This middle-aged lady looks familiar.'

His memory cycled quickly like a rapidly moving Powerpoint presentation and eventually stopped at the time when he was outside of the Comer manor.

'Oh, that's the grandmother who had bullied mommy for years.'

'So the man beside her is grandfather, then?'

'And this woman who looks like mommy would be her twin sister Rue?'

Ziggy scoffed. These few people who had consistently bullied his mommy had gathered, so it was time for him, as mommy's son, to enact his revenge! ①

Just like that, he turned around, walking past Rue deliberately, and waved at a male attendant.

"The Bennets and Mrs. Bluemel over there said that the music is too boring, they want something 'high octane'."

The male attendant frowned at Ziggy. "Why didn't Mrs. Bluemel tell me that herself and asked for you to do so?"

Ziggy looked at the attendant seriously. "What's

wrong with you? Mrs. Bluemel and her family are discussing things, so they asked me to relay the message. If you don't believe it, you can go ask them!"

"But if you interrupt their discussion, I don't know what would happen."

The attendant took a few tentative steps and stopped.

Mrs. Bluemel was rumored to be irritable and would only pretend to behave ladylike in front of Mr. Bluemel.

Though in front of other people, she had always been arrogant.

The attendant shook his head. 'Oh fine, why do I bother vexing Mrs. Bluemel for something this small?'

So, he nodded and walked to the area that was in charge of playing music.

Ziggy squinted and took a piece of something as small as a fingernail.

This was his invention, he called it Coccinelle!

Although it was only as large as a fingernail, its ability to destroy lives was not to be

underestimated!

Ziggy walked past Rue and when he was behind her, he threw Coccinelle onto Rue's dress.

The moment Coccinelle came in contact with Rue's skirt, it began to climb up until it arrived at the back of Rue's corset.

Squinting, Ziggy walked into an obscure corner.

Soon, the soothing classical music suitable for ballroom dance turned into disco-pop.

Everyone looked around in a state of confusion.

Exchanging glances with their neighbors, most people looked like they wanted to say something.

Even so, no one did complain.

After all, it was not a simple ball! It was Edward's! Even if they were dissatisfied, they could not bring themselves to say anything about it!

Hearing the change of music, Rachel laughed. "Oh dear, Mr. Bluemel, your taste in music is unique, it fits your sexual preference!" 5

Nathan tugged at Rachel's arm. "Rachel, please,



have decency in your speech."

Although he looked like he was admonishing Rachel, he was grinning.

"Edward, what's the issue? Is someone playing a prank on you in an event of your arrangement?"

Nathan looked like he was enjoying the commotion.

Edward's face darkened as he grabbed a male attendant passing by.

"What is going on?"

Seeing Edward's umbrage, the attendant's face paled.

"Mr. Bluemel, oh, this, i-i-i-it's, Mrs. Bluemel wanted us to change it. We're just carrying out her order!" 1

Edward looked even more irate after hearing that.

'Rue wanted it changed? What is wrong with that woman?!

Rachel twitched her lips. Rue's fondness for club music and its environment was not lost on Rachel.

However, Rue would never let anyone know, so

what was different in this event?

In a classy event like this, she had ordered to play this kind of music!

On the other hand, Rue was a little startled as she heard the change in music, but she immediately began swaying to it.

Mrs. Bennet tugged at Rue's arm, hinting her to notice the gaze that she had began to amass.

Taking the hint, Rue stood up straight immediately.

She looked around in confusion, 'When did the music change?'

The only people allowed to change the music in this ball were Edward and her. As she had been standing there the whole time, was it Edward who wanted it changed?

Rue shook her head in bewilderment.

She thought Edward did not like music like this.

She shook her head and continued to say to her father, "Dad, I really tried my best about the company. I've asked Edward for help, but he said unless we found out who was trying to sabotage us,

he won't help us!"

Mr. Bennet was getting angry. "If he won't help, can't you influence his son Josh? Everyone can see that Edward cares for him a lot! If Josh made the request, he will absolutely help!"

Rue's temper flared at the mention of Josh.

"Josh is exactly the same as Edward! Both of them are closed-minded boulder heads, he said he wouldn't have helped either!" 4

Mr. Bennet was about to retort.

However, Rue was grabbed by a hand and was immediately dragged away.

Rue immediately lost her temper as she was being pulled away. "Who the hell, why are you dragging me!"

Then, she turned around and saw Edward's icy eyes, quelling her temper completely.

She smiled gently at Edward. "What's wrong? Are you looking for me?" 5

## Chapter 67 Embarrassment at the Ball

Edward looked at Rue coldly as he tightened his grip on her wrist. "You're asking me? What have you done?!"

Rue looked at Edward in confusion. "What are you talking about, Edward? I don't understand."

Edward pointed at the loudspeakers. "You're polluting the ball into a night club."

Rue was stunned with disbelief. "What? Didn't you change the music?"

"Am I that tasteless?"

Edward brushed Rue's hands aside.

However, Rue held onto his arm tightly. "Edward, I didn't change the music. I have been talking with my parents, where do I have the time to change it?" ①

Edward looked at Rue coldly. "Only you and I can change the music. So who else, in your wise opinions, can do that aside from us? Do you mean to say that I asked for this kind of music?" ②

Rue twitched her lips. Their argument seemed to have garnered quite a bit of attention.

Chapter 07: Embodiment of the Sun

"There's no point for us to argue like this. Let's just change it back!"

Edward flung Rue's hand away and walked toward the stage. Clenching her jaw, Rue began to chase after him.

With a glass of orange juice in his hand, Ziggy smiled and took a sip of the citrus nectar. 2

"The show has only just begun." 3

Suddenly, the music turned back to the mellow-yet-beautiful tune.

Edward and Rue stood onstage as spotlights focused on both of them.

The light fell gently onto both Edward and Rue, highlighting their fair skin and sharp features. 1

At that moment, Ziggy placed a tiny ring onto his index finger and smiled mischievously.

"Coccinelle, disco party lights."

Immediately, the spotlight on Rue turned into a rainbow-colored, neon light like the ones in night clubs.

The spotlights were supposed to be evenly distributed between both Edward and Rue.

However, because the disco lights were on Rue, the attention was immediately taken away from Edward.

Everyone could only see Rue showered in rainbow-colored lights.

In that instant, all eyes were on Rue.

People began to applaud as if they were watching a jester perform.

Edward had always hated that high-profile behavior. So, he looked at Rue – who was astounded – before he turned to walk off-stage without any words.

Rue looked at the colorful lights sparkling on her body and noticed the attention she was receiving.

As the applause began, she slowly broke into a smile.

She liked this feeling of being in the center of attention, especially when everyone present was fully focusing on her.

Rue looked at Edward who had already left the stage. Was this a surprise Edward had prepared for her? What a happy surprise! 3

She thought Edward only had disgust and apathy toward her, but it seemed like she was wrong!

She was moved at Edward's willingness to put on a spectacle just to honor her! 3

She should have gotten off the stage after Edward, but seeing the jealousy on other women's faces, she could not bring herself to move.

Tonight, not only was she the wife of the man who was at the top of the world, but she was also the center of attention.

So, she boastfully accepted all the gaze of jealousy and greed!

Rue narrowed her eyes as she enjoyed the light that was cast on her.

Slowly, she opened her arms, receiving the baptism of light like a queen. 1

Somewhere offstage, Ziggy sat with a smirk on his face. He had his legs crossed on the chair, shaking them lightly before he slowly lowered his glass onto the table.

His gaze stayed on Rue's face that brimmed with enjoyment, and he whispered, "Coccinelle, it's time."

In the next second, the lights on Rue blacked out.

Rue was so stunned, she could not respond.

Shrek shrek— a tiny sound came from behind her.

Rue cocked her head, not understanding where the sound came from. 2

Hidden from everyone's sight, a mechanical beetle the size of a fingernail was rotating at high speed on Rue's dress as if it was grinding it.

Unseen to naked eyes, sharp microscopic shards were around the beetle's legs as it rotated.

Ziggy picked up a glass of milk from the table and narrowed his spirited eyes.

"Three, two, one."

He counted soundlessly. When the final number was uttered, a cacophony of surprised yelp broke out from the crowd.

Following that were waves of screaming with whispers and mockeries.

Rue was still holding the pose of stretching her arms out onstage. After Edward had left the stage, all the spotlights were focused on her alone.



However, the brightness made everything easily visible.

Now, Rue's purple evening dress had slid off her while her arms were still outstretched, leaving only her knickers and her conspicuous black-laced brassieres. 5

Her snow-white skin was very noticeable under the spotlight.

"Oh my God, what a shameless woman!"

"What is she still doing enjoying being onstage?!"

"She's brought shame to Edward Bluemel!"

"I don't understand why Edward would marry her in the first place!"

...

Feeling a breeze, Rue looked down at her very exposed body. 1

"Aaaaaaah!"

Rue shrieked and ducked, hugging herself.

She bit her lower lip shamefully.

'What-what happened?! My dress! Why has it fallen off?!

She picked up her dress, trying to slip into it quickly, but immediately noticed that the back of the dress was completely shredded!

'I can't even put it on! What happened?!'

Rue stayed in the same position on the stage, too scared to stand, and too embarrassed to charge off-stage. 1

Discussions continued after a brief interlude of silence.

"What is she doing?"

"Maybe she isn't satisfied with the attention!"

"She's being baptized by stage lights completely nude onstage!"

"Isn't it? Didn't she take off her dress herself?!"

"Could be, it's too bright, I'm not sure..."

couldn't help it."

Edward looked at her with his signature cold gaze. "Go on and explain to me what is so astonishing. If you can't explain it to me, you're done for."

Nathan held Rachel's hand in an attempt to plead on her behalf. "Edward, don't be upset, Rachel did not mean to do it."

Rachel's head swayed as her willowy hand shot up, pointing at a mostly-nude Rue in the spotlight. ①

"Mr. Bluemel, is that astonishing enough?" ②

Both Edward and Nathan looked toward the direction Rachel was pointing.

Seeing that, Nathan was dumbfounded while Edward was irritated.

Edward's gaze toward Rue looked like it could slice Rue into thousands of pieces!

Rachel stood behind the men, trying her best to hold back. She really wanted to ask Edward if it was astonishing enough for him.

In reality, she said it, even though it was not as direct.

"So, Mr. Bluemel, am I done for?"

Nathan tapped the back of Rachel's hand as a warning.

'Why does Rachel like to mock Edward? Doesn't she know who Edward Bluemel is?!

Edward slowly moved his attention back from the stage. "If you wish, I can still satisfy your desire."

Rachel looked at Rue who was utterly embarrassed onstage.

"Mr. Bluemel, are you going to let your wife be displayed onstage in her state... and not rescue her?"

She had to admit, she was happy to see that – it felt cathartic.

However, Edward's indifference was not something she had expected.

Edward swirled the wine glass in his hand and replied, "She made a fool of herself, should I involve myself in such tomfoolery?" 1

Everyone else was taking in the spectacle without moving to help her.

All except one person, who moved through the crowd rapidly.

A blue-masked man brushed aside another blue-masked lady who had been holding onto his arm and stepped onto the stage.

He kneeled beside Rue affectionately.

"Rue, don't worry. I'm here."

With tears streaming down her face, Rue looked up at the man with a blue mask. "Ian? Is that you?"

Ian nodded without hesitation. He took off his jacket and pulled the dress that was on the ground onto Rue's torso.

Due to the condition of the dress, Ian kept his hand on it, preventing it from falling off again.

He threw his jacket over Rue's body and carried her in his arms off-stage.

It was then that the spotlight operators reacted and switched off the spotlight.

The lady with the same blue mask off-stage was wearing a sky-blue evening gown. She looked down in an attempt to hide the very pronounced sadness in her eyes.

Rachel put down the glass of orange juice and smiled. "Mr. Bluemel, you don't want to get

involved, but there are plenty of men who would love to get involved in your stead. Look, your wife is being carried away in his arms."

Edward did not even look at them. He was focused on his glass of wine and had paid no attention to any other things.

Rachel's eyes closed slightly. 'At a time like this, who else would go and save Rue?'

'There's someone who would rescue Rue while ditching his date?'

'Someone might have known Rue personally, and the only person who would be that attentive to Rue is...'

'Ian?!'

'So the date who got ditched is...'

'Jodie?!'

When she understood the situation, Rachel stood up and scanned the crowd for a single woman with a blue mask.

Seeing Rachel's action, Nathan pulled at her arm.

"Rachel, where are you going?"

Rachel clicked her heels worriedly. "I'm looking for someone."

Nathan looked at Rachel, baffled. "Who are you looking for? Tell me, I'll look for them with you."

Rachel waved her hand dismissively. "No, there's no need for that. I'll look for her myself."

Immediately after, her waving hand was seized by another cold hand.

"Why, you were so pushy just a second ago, how did you become such a damsel in such a short time?" ①

Edward set down his wine glass and smirked evilly.

Rachel looked back at Edward coldly. "Let go of me!"

Not relenting, Edward held onto Rachel, but he was deep in thought.

He had always been repulsed by women's bodies.

That was the reason he had managed to avoid being in the newspaper for any romantic gossips all these years.

If he did not meet the little kitty from five years ago, his virginity would have been intact.

Oddly, he did not feel the same repulsion from the woman in front of him, nor did he feel nauseated.

'Could she be the little kitty from five years ago?' ①

Edward looked at Rachel's cold eyes and immediately rejected his own hypothesis. ①

'No, she is not her.'

'That night, the little kitty's eyes were spirited,' he remembered clearly. 'Not dogged and persistent like this one.'

'Although, their eyes do look similar...' ①

While Edward was spacing out, Rachel flung his hand aside cruelly.

"Edward Bluemel, in times like this, not only did you not rescue your wife, but you also tried to harass another woman. Just what kind of perverse individual are you?"

Decided, Rachel turned around in disgust.

She did dislike Rue, but as someone with morals, Edward's behavior was something she hated.

Quickly, she searched for Jodie among the crowd. She had to find her immediately, she must be upset



now that she was alone... 1

## Chapter 69 Edward, Are You Seriously Looting from Me?

When Rachel turned around, she immediately felt that her hands were grabbed by two different people.

Different hands, and different warmth.

On one hand, it was a piercing chill, and on the other hand, it was a warming affection.

Nathan and Edward looked at each other awkwardly. <sup>1</sup>

After a second contact with Rachel, Edward was sure about one thing. <sup>3</sup>

His body did not reject the woman in front of him.

Strangely, if he did sleep with Rue that night, why would his body reject Rue?

Rachel glared at both of the men with dismay as she pulled both her hands out.

Nathan smiled stiffly. "Rachel, it's not as safe as you think. Don't go alone."

Rachel shook her head. "Don't worry, I'm just looking for someone I know."

Leaving the words behind, Rachel turned around and disappeared into the crowd.

Nathan took a step forward in pursuit but was held back by Edward.

"Edward, don't hold me back. It's not safe for her to go alone."

Edward did not let go of Nathan's arm. "What is her name?"

Nathan was a little startled and then he looked at Edward cautiously. "Edward, what are you doing? Don't you remember what you said about Rachel the other day? Are you telling me that you're interested now?"

Nodding, Edward replied bluntly, "Yes, I am." ①

A swathe of anger colored Nathan's face red as he pulled his arm from Edward's hand.

"You're interested?! Edward, you were the one who said she approached me with a specific purpose! Also, don't forget you have a family!"

Edward looked at him darkly. "A family? I only recognize my child. As for the woman, I think you know how I feel about her."

Nathan scoffed coldly. "So what about it? Let me tell

you, no matter how interested you are, stop it. I will not tell you her name."

Seeing Nathan's persistence, Edward smiled wickedly. "You have always listened to my opinions since young. And now you're going against me because of a woman?" 2

"So what? I will not let go of Rachel! She's unbelievably talented in designing, I need her in my company."

Nathan responded firmly.

Edward shrugged. "You know saying that will only reaffirm my desire to hire her in my company, right?"

Nathan rolled his eyes at Edward. "Hire her? Your company deals with technological products, and her specialty is fashion design! Those are two very different industries!"

Edward shrugged callously. "That's alright. I can have her design the products' appearance. It's not that big of a difference really."

Nathan roared, "Edward, are you seriously looting talent from me?"

Edward blinked coolly. "She's not yours. It's her freedom to choose as she likes."

Nathan was not confident.

His company was the second-largest firm in the Orange Country, and plenty of people would love the opportunity to work in his company. However, being in the second place would also mean that there would always be someone better than him.

At the top was Edward's, who was his close friend since they were kids.

Presented with a choice like that, most people would likely choose to enter Edward's company without hesitation, right?

'So what will Rachel do...'

Sensing Edward's confidence, Nathan gritted his teeth sorely.

Though when everyone saw Rue leaving the venue with a masked man, the discussions in the hall intensified.

"Mrs. Bluemel is such a shameless person!"

"Isn't it? She's leaving with a man she doesn't know!" ①

"Won't this directly bring shame to Edward Bluemel?"

"I don't understand what Mr. Bluemel sees in her!"

"I think I'm the best fit for someone like Edward Bluemel!"

...

Ziggy smiled at the sight of the man who dared to help Rue in her situation.

'He must be someone who had always liked Rue, which would be the man who almost married mommy and that is Aunt Jodie's brother, Ian.'

'Since Ian did attend the ball, he should have come with a date judging by his mask.'

'Ian only has Rue in his heart, so he would never look for another woman to be his date.'

'So Ian's date must be...'

'Aunt Jodie?!'

'Ian ditched Aunt Jodie to leave with Rue?!'

'What the heck is this?'

Ziggy squinted. 'Who doesn't know about Aunt Jodie's obsession?'

'She likes Ian, so she must be hiding and crying somewhere!'

Ziggy sat in his chair and threw his mechanical beetle into the air.

"Coccinelle, find the other one with the blue mask."

Bzzt bzzt— After getting the instruction, Coccinelle slowly rose in altitude.

Ziggy took his phone out, in which the lock screen was a picture of him and Rachel.

Unlocking it, Ziggy tapped on an app that has access to the AKK site.

Soon after, he was able to see the entire ballroom with a bird's eye view.

His phone was showing the image transmitted from Coccinelle.

Quickly, Ziggy scanned the crowd on his phone but was unable to see Jodie.

Just as he was feeling a little disappointed, a streak of blue caught his attention.

He whispered into the ring. "Coccinelle, go back two hundred meters."

As he had guessed, he saw Jodie drinking herself silly in the corner.

He quickly skittered toward Jodie's location as he saw a pretty woman in a white mask heading the same way.

Ziggy stopped quickly. The familiar figure instantly brightened his mood.

'Mommy!'

He hid behind the curtains of the ballroom window and frowned.

He could not let his mother find out that he had come to the ball, or she would be worried.

However, seeing Jodie and Rachel together, the excitement in Ziggy's eyes eventually faded.

'Aunt Jodie drank a lot, so mommy probably wouldn't stay in here for long either.'

'I have to get home before mommy, or it would be difficult to explain everything.'

Ziggy pressed his lips tightly as he saw Jodie drinking her heart out,

'Aunt Jodie, don't worry. I will avenge you!' 2



## Chapter 70 The First Encounter Between Josh and Ziggy

As Ziggy turned around and began to leave, he murmured to his ring, "Coccinelle, come back."

However, several attempts to recall Coccinelle failed.

Ziggy was not sure what had happened.

So, he took his phone out and stared blankly at the immobile camera view.

The place it was showing did not seem to be in the ballroom.

Ziggy swiped across the phone screen quickly, and a location map replaced the camera screen. The red dot on the map was Coccinelle's current location.

He looked stoic as he walked along the long corridor.

Decisively, he entered the lift and pressed the button for the highest floor. As the door of the lift narrowed slowly, Ziggy's eyes mimicked that motion.

'How would anyone be on the top floor of a

hotel?'

'Furthermore, how did they get Coccinelle up there in such a short time?'

When the lift stopped at the top floor of the hotel, Ziggy walked out of the lift without any doubts or second guesses.

The wind was blowing comfortably on the rooftop lounge of the hotel. Tables and chairs were arranged neatly on the clean floor among the curated selection of greenery.

Beside a wall, a tiny figure with an expensive suit stood on the terrace as the wind whooshed past his short hair.

Ziggy stopped behind the boy and asked coldly, "You took my Coccinelle, didn't you?"

The figure turned around. He had a black kid-sized mask on his face, so Ziggy could not see his face.

The boy handed Coccinelle over to Ziggy, confused. "You mean this beetle?"

Ziggy snatched Coccinelle from the boy and scoffed coldly, "It's not a beetle, its name is Coccinelle!"

After that, Ziggy immediately turned around and

prepared to leave.

Seeing Ziggy's action, the boy spoke up, "I'm sorry I took your Coccinelle with a magnet fishing rod."

Ziggy stopped and turned back. He looked straight at the boy. "You didn't do it on purpose, it's alright."

The boy clasped his fingers together. "So... is the ball fun?"

Ziggy did not know how to react. "Aren't you here for the ball? Why are you asking me this?"

The boy sighed. "I am here for the ball, but my parents made me wait here and forbade me from joining the actual ball itself."

Hearing the boy's story, Ziggy shrugged. "It's nothing fun. It's mostly some old women, and the food isn't that great. The people inside are old enough to live through the disco era, it's not our thing." ①

The boy laughed explosively after hearing Ziggy's description.

Ziggy joined in with a chuckle. ①

Just like that, the hostility on their faces

disappeared.

Ziggy did not know what happened. Usually, he would not have conversed with a stranger for that long.

However, the boy in front of him gave him a very familiar feeling that he could not shake off.

Ziggy waved his hand. "It's late and the ball is ending soon, so I'll head back. You should too, don't stand in the wind. If you catch a cold, the nurses will not be soft with their needles."

The boy smiled. "Let's be friends! I don't have any friends!"

Ziggy's eyes were bright and spirited. "My name is Ziggy Bennet."

"I'm Josh Bluemel!"

Ziggy waved goodbye and walked into the lift once more.

Josh took his black mask off as he muttered, "Ziggy, Josh..."

Aside from the difference in their surnames, their names were hauntingly similar. ①

In the lift, Ziggy was thinking of the same question; their names were extraordinarily reminiscent of

each other.

'Speaking of friends, do I have any?'

After leaving the ball, Ziggy hailed a cab. With his back facing the hotel, he took the white mask off his face.

Ziggy and Josh looked shockingly identical!

Josh stood at the rooftop lounge and looked down at Ziggy, who was being driven away from him. 2

"My friend, Ziggy Bennet..." 1

In the ballroom, Rachel found Jodie and immediately took her wineglass away from her with an aggressive force.

Having her wineglass taken away, Jodie became unhappy as she furrowed her eyebrows. "Just who do you think you are? Give it back, I wanna drink!"

Rachel set the wineglass aside and looked at Jodie's drunken stupor with worry. "Jodie, stop drinking. This is nothing, I'm here!"

Jodie looked at Rachel in her gorgeous gown and blinked blankly. "Rachel?"

Rachel nodded and immediately brought Jodie into her arms. "Yes, I am! Jodie, stop drinking, I'll send

you home!"

Jodie shook her head and pushed Rachel aside. She refilled her glass fully with red wine.

Before anyone could react, she had downed the glass of alcohol.

"Rachel, you don't know. I didn't want to come to the ball because I knew Rue would be here. 1

"But he insisted to come and that I will be his date. He asked, so I didn't know how to say no to this. I was thinking, as long as I can be his date for just one night, I will be satisfied." 2

Rachel hugged Jodie. "It's okay, it's alright. He will eventually realize how good you are and will regret it."

Jodie jerked her head from side to side as tears streamed down her face.

"No, no he won't! He only has Rue in his heart! Only her! He has never given me a space in his heart to stand on, and I just need a tiny corner to feel satisfied!" 2

She was gesturing as she cried.

Unable to find words to comfort her, Rachel hugged Jodie tightly.

Jodie placed her head on Rachel's shoulder as her tears dripped, droplet by droplet, onto Rachel's shoulder and her dress.

"You don't know, but when he saw her in that state, he didn't even think twice. It didn't matter if I tried to stop him or tell him she was Edward's wife, it didn't help, I'm helpless! He just ran without considering the implications!" 2

"You know, Rachel, I can tell that there is only space in his eyes and his heart for Rue..." 2