

Chapter 232 Just Won't Give In

Both women stood side by side, radiating beauty, but all eyes seemed magnetically drawn to Bettie.

Without makeup, their beauty might have been evenly matched. However, Bettie's expertise as a makeup artist allowed her to highlight her best features, making her stand out even more.

Bettie's gaze met Elora's briefly, her smile not quite reaching her eyes. "You've goaded me a lot in the group chat. Had I not shown up, wouldn't it seem like I'm running scared?"

This candid remark left many around them slightly taken aback.

Few remembered Bettie being this aggressive after all this time.

Back then, the class saw Lance and Elora as the ideal pair; the top student and the runner-up.

Yet, surprisingly, it was Bettie who caught Lance's eye.

One of them ranked at the top of the class, while the other was nearly at the bottom.

He was reserved and academic; she was bold and outspoken.

No one could ever win an argument against Bettie, who had a sharp tongue

However, around Lance, she became surprisingly docile.

Elora remarked with a smirk, "It's been ages since you've seen Lance, hasn't it? Lance, there's Bettie. Weren't you two lovers once? Won't you greet her?"

Lance's unwavering gaze settled on Bettie as he approached her with

deliberate steps.

The boy she remembered had grown into a poised man, with gold-framed glasses lending him an air of sophistication.

Bettie glanced at Lance and their eyes locked.

Behind his glasses, his eyes held a hint of meaning.

Bettie said with a cool edge, "Couldn't make it overseas, so you've come crawling back?"

Without missing a beat, Lance retorted, "All these years and still single, are you?"

The room was thick with tension as the former lovers exchanged sharp words and even sharper glances.

Elora chuckled and said, "Oh Bettie, always with her jokes. Lance, failing abroad? He's practically royalty in the venture capital realm. Even though you've been broken up for many years, do you still have those old angry feelings towards him? Listen to me. Don't be so narrow-minded."

Sabrina countered, "This is Lance, right? Funny, isn't it? Bettie's had her fair share of admirers over the years. Are you implying nobody's wanted her? It's been years since your breakup. Can't get over her, can you? Funny, in all our years of friendship, Bettie's never once brought up someone named Lance."

Lance squinted his eyes and gave Bettie a silent, intense look.

She never once mentioned him to her friends over the years.

Elora's expression clouded as she addressed Sabrina with displeasure. "And who might you be?"

"Me? Just a friend of Bettie's. Sabrina Chavez." With a calm expression, Sabrina glanced at her. "Is something wrong?"

Elora looked at her up and down and remarked with disdain, "Ah, Tyrone

Blakely's ex-wife. He chose to cheat on you. No surprise you and Bettie get along."

"You making fun of Sabrina over this issue? It's quite the joke." Bettie shot back.

"It's amusing how my ex-husband's actions become a way to mock me, which is the first time I have heard such a statement. I guess you're too busy chasing wealth and status to think straight."

The crowd shifted uncomfortably, their gazes settling on Elora in disapproval.

Most of them had simple values, and to them, the one having an affair was in the wrong.

A distinct divide existed between them and Tyrone. They couldn't possibly speak on behalf of Tyrone.

Elora tried to retort, but Lance cut in, "Enough."

Someone quickly added, "Let's keep the peace. We're reuniting after a long time. Let's not ruin it."

"I'd love to keep the peace, but some seem too keen on showing off. How can I stay quiet?" Bettie replied sarcastically.

"Some people just can't swallow their pride and admit defeat, can they? They just won't give in!" Elora was not willing to show weakness.

"Enough of this! I think it's about time. Why don't you come over and take a seat? I'll call the waiter to bring the food," the class representative mediated.

Heeding the advice of her classmates, Bettie settled down beside Sabrina without further comment.

With a huff, Elora gave Bettie a disdainful glance. Then, turning to Lance, her demeanor transformed into a bright smile and said, "Come,

Lance. Let's sit here."

The rest of the seats were filled, save for the one next to Elora, which had been intentionally kept vacant by the others.

Lance's lips tightened, and a hint of annoyance flickered in his eyes behind those glasses. Silently, he took the seat next to Elora.

The waiter started to lay out the food on the table.

"If any of these dishes aren't to your liking, let me know and we can order more," Elora said to Lance.

But before Lance could reply, a playful voice piped up, "I'm not a fan of these. Can I order more?"

"Go away!" Elora chuckled in response.

Throughout dinner, Elora continuously dropped hints about her proximity to Lance, occasionally sending challenging glances Bettie's way.

Bettie, unfazed, engaged in light banter with her old schoolmates.

To the average eye, Bettie seemed to be more popular.

Many single guys in attendance were drawn to Bettie for various reasons.

One reason was that, back in their high school days, she was known for her consistently low grades, which frequently exasperated her teacher and had her relegated to the back of the classroom.

In that last row, she was the only girl, and with her bubbly nature, she naturally meshed well with the guys.

Plus, there was the male competitive spirit. Elora's overt attempts to win over Lance didn't sit well with many.

Roland, Bettie's old desk buddy, particularly stood out with his attentiveness. He'd serve her food and refill her drink, and their conversation revealed his genuine interest in her daily life.

Bettie teased, "What? Why the sudden interest in my life? Do you want to chase after me?"

"Would you want me to?" Roland responded with a playful grin.

Lance's hold on his fork tightened, and a shadow seemed to creep into his expression.

Elora tried to engage him in conversation a couple of times, but to no avail. Watching Bettie become the center of attention, she had to stifle her rising irritation.

Then, an idea struck her. She signaled Arielle, pointing discreetly at the wine bottle.

Catching the hint, Arielle filled up two glasses with wine, holding one out to Bettie. "Bettie, it means a lot to see you here. Let's raise a glass in your honor."

Accepting the glass, Bettie paused briefly, then downed it in one go.

"Bettie, I also want to toast to you."

"Bettie, I would like to make a toast to you."

As more toasts came her way, Bettie felt compelled to drink.

Downing one glass after the next, her cheeks soon sported a rosy hue and her gaze became foggy.

"That's enough with the toast. She already had plenty." Sabrina stopped the glass with her hand before Arielle could reach it.

Arielle said, "It's a party, let's let loose. What's the big deal?"

Sabrina had already picked up on Arielle being egged on by Elora to ply Bettie with drinks. Thankfully, Bettie had the foresight to bring Sabrina along.

"Why don't you start the party with yourself?" Sabrina retorted coolly.

As time passed, the meal was nearly done.

Most of them had almost finished eating. Some stepped out to take calls, others for a smoke, leaving the table looking empty.

Bettie stood up and suddenly swayed, almost falling. "I'm going to the restroom."

"I'll go with you," Sabrina said.

"No need, I've got it," Bettie responded, letting out a hiccup, and staggered off to the restroom.

Lance, facing away from the bathroom door, was gazing out the window.

The sound of footsteps made him turn. The light reflecting off his glasses momentarily blinded. "Bettie."

"Enjoying the aroma here, are we?" Bettie mocked.

She had always been mean.

A touch of feeling helpless crossed Lance's eyes. He moved closer and remarked, "I was waiting for you."

"I'm not interested in catching up with you!" Bettie went straight ahead.

Lance grabbed her wrist, seeking clarity. "So, I'm just leftovers to you?"

It seemed that he had heard her words.

Pulling her wrist free, Bettie said, "Isn't that the truth?"

With that, she walked off briskly, giving him no chance to speak.

