

Chapter 233 He Is Not My Boyfriend

Bettie's steps were unsteady, making her wobble occasionally.

Lance remained still, his gaze fixed intently on her behind his glasses, lost in memories.

His mind drifted back to their high school days when she cornered him in a hallway and confessed, "Lance, I'm really into you. Will you go out with me?"

Now, her essence remained unchanged, but she didn't love him anymore.

Bettie wasn't aware, but it was he who dropped the idea to Elora about arranging the class reunion, and he was the one who sparked Elora's competitive spirit. He understood that Elora's reaction would stir Bettie's determination. With Elora's provocation, Bettie would surely join the class gathering.

Upon arriving, he caught the sound of Bettie's voice near the room's entrance. It took all his willpower to maintain his composure.

Eventually, Bettie reached the door and nudged it open.

The chatter inside the room came to a halt, and all eyes turned to her.

Bettie didn't catch on until she noticed the empty space above the round table and realized there was nobody nearby.

Did the waiter take away the food already?

Where had Sabrina gone?

A middle-aged man on the couch cleared his throat, inquiring, "Miss, did you walk into the wrong room?"

Bettie glanced at the person speaking and scratched her head, looking

puzzled.

When had she shared a class with someone of such old age?

Could it be a surprise visit from a former teacher?

Bradley stood up, offering the middle-aged gentleman a sheepish grin. "My apologies. I'll escort her out."

He moved closer to Bettie, murmuring, "Come with me."

The gentleman turned out to be a TV show director. He had invited Bradley and his representative for lunch to discuss a potential show.

It was a surprise to everyone when Bettie suddenly broke in.

The moment he got closer, Bradley caught a whiff of the strong smell of alcohol emanating from Bettie. Her cheeks were all rosy, and it looked like she had quite a few drinks. That was why she seemed a bit goofy and not quite herself.

Bettie asked in surprise, "Bradley? Why are you at my school reunion?"

Bradley gripped her elbow, guiding her, saying, "Let's step outside."

A bit wobbly, Bettie trailed behind Bradley. "Hey! Why are you leading me out?"

Shutting the door behind him, Bradley questioned, "Which room were you in?"

Gazing hazily, Bettie gestured towards Bradley's back, muttering, "Isn't it right there?"

Bradley asked, "Who came with you?"

Before Bettie could answer, a man's voice interjected from behind. "Hand her over to me. I'm her boyfriend."

A neatly dressed figure stood there, donning a high-neck sweater, tailored pants, and sporting pristine golden glasses.

As soon as Lance noticed Bettie walked into the wrong room, he quickly

hurried after her.

Bradley sized him up, detecting a touch of animosity in Lance's demeanor. Squinting slightly, he probed, "Boyfriend?"

He recalled hearing that Bettie was single.

Bettie instinctively hid behind Bradley, gripping his sweater tightly. Peeking out, she blurted, "He's no boyfriend of mine! He's a bad person who wants to grab me and sell me off, like to the ravines or something!"

Lance addressed Bettie. "Bettie, enough. I get you're upset with me, but you can't just throw around accusations like that..."

Bradley stared at Lance with suspicion, retorting, "You've said enough. I'm not handing her over. Get out quickly, or I'll get security involved."

Given his polished look, Bradley doubted Lance was involved in any illicit activity. More likely, he was a disgruntled suitor resorting to dubious methods in his chase after Bettie.

A hint of fierceness gleamed in his eyes behind the glasses. Lance looked intently into Bradley's eyes and asked with intensity, "Who are you? Who gave you the right to choose if she should stay or go? Just so you know, I won't leave her in the company of an unfamiliar face like yours."

Could this guy be trying to take advantage of Bettie?

Tugging at Bradley's shirt, Bettie clarified, "Bradley isn't a stranger to me. He's my friend!"

Bradley shot Lance a smug look, remarking, "Did you hear that?"

Lance retorted, sizing up Bradley. "She's clearly drunk. She couldn't even find our room, let alone identify her friends."

The two exchanged tense glares, the air thick with tension.

Neither seemed ready to back down.

At that moment, guests were still in the private room. Bradley didn't want to be away for too long, so he turned to Bettie and inquired, "Who did you come with?"

"Sabrina. And where's she? Why didn't she stay with me?" Bettie questioned, her innocent eyes wide with curiosity.

"I know where to find Sabrina. Want me to lead the way?" Lance looked at Bettie.

Suspicious, Bradley quickly countered, "Which room's she in? I'll escort her there myself!"

He feared this stranger might attempt to whisk a drunken Bettie away.

With a nonchalant glance, Lance said, "Room 0307."

Turning his head, Bradley gazed at Bettie behind him. "How about I guide you to Sabrina?"

"Sure!" Bettie eagerly agreed, nodding with enthusiasm.

"Let's go."

Grasping Bradley's arm, Bettie followed him trustingly.

Clearly, between the two men, her allegiance tilted towards Bradley.

Lance trailed behind them, his eyes beneath the lenses tinged with annoyance as he followed in silence.

Lance opened the door to their private room, holding the door for Bradley with a sidelong glance.

Upon entering, Bradley's eyes quickly located Sabrina.

Spotting Bradley and Bettie together, Sabrina quickly approached them, asking, "Bradley?"

"Sabrina!" Bettie exclaimed. Her eyes lit up, she gleefully hugged Sabrina.

"How did you two end up together?" Sabrina asked, wrapping an arm

around Bettie for support.

Pushing his earlier standoff with Lance to the back of his mind, Bradley responded with a warm smile, "I was dining here when she mistakenly wandered into my room."

"Thank you," Sabrina expressed, playfully pinching Bettie's waist. "I did say I'd go with you, but you didn't want to."

Bettie, seemingly in her own world, leaned into Sabrina with a soft moan.

Murmurs spread through the room as someone recognized Bradley.

Bradley chuckled. "I have company waiting, so I'll head out. We should catch up over a meal soon."

"Sure, you can go on," Sabrina replied.

As Bradley turned to leave, he caught a glimpse of Lance at the doorway. Pausing, he leaned in and whispered a warning to Sabrina. "That guy by the door claims he's Bettie's boyfriend. I have a bad feeling about him. Be careful."

Sabrina glanced up and her eyes met Lance's gaze by chance.

She quickly averted her gaze and responded, "I get it."

With that, Bradley exited.

On his way out, Bradley's gaze met Lance's, a smug expression crossing his face as if he'd thwarted a potential threat.

Lance, maintaining a stoic face, simply clicked his tongue.

Then he came in and sat down on the sofa.

Gently guiding Bettie, Sabrina handed her a glass of water, instructing, "Take a sip of water first."

Bettie obediently drank, appearing as compliant as a child.

Then Sabrina asked, "Bettie, do you want to eat more?"

Before Bettie could reply, a classmate sitting next to Sabrina interjected, "Was that Bradley? You know him?"

