

CHOSEN 1041

Chapter 1041

Chloe chuckled, "Do you know why Seth suddenly bought a house here?"

Damon raised an eyebrow, "Do I even exist in your heart? You're already concerned about others as soon as Rose left?"

Chloe blinked, "Who am I concerned about?"

"Don't use your slyness to trap me into talking." Displeasure spread across Damon's face.

This man was too smart! Chloe couldn't deal with him anymore!

Cicely, clad in a white silk nightgown, descended the staircase. Her steps were agile and the hem of her gown swished beautifully with her movements. She wore no expression, but radiated an air of delicacy. Her gaze swept the living room without any visible emotion, her iciness contrasting with an indescribable allure.

The two servants in the living room immediately stepped forward to greet her.

"Ms. Cicely."

"I want some milk."

"Of course, please wait a moment." A servant left to prepare it.

Cicely lowered her gaze to her immaculately manicured nails and quietly asked, "Isn't he coming tonight?"

The servant promptly answered, "Mr. Diaz said you should rest early. He has been quite busy lately."

Cicely smiled faintly, "I am going out tomorrow."

The servant hesitated, "Ms. Cicely, Mr. Diaz has instructed..."

"You can call and ask him." She said calmly.

The servant glanced at her, acknowledged her request, but shook his head as he turned away. Even though she had Mr. Diaz's number on her phone, she never seemed to call it. She always had to go through them for everything.

There were rumors that Mr. Diaz had taken a lover behind Danielle's back, and while this lover was beautiful, but...was she truly a lover?

She never smiled at Mr. Diaz, barely spoke a word more than necessary, always wore the same few expressions of indifference, and seemed to

care less about Mr. Diaz's whereabouts.

Was she really his lover?

Perhaps Mr. Diaz found his life too tranquil and intentionally sought someone to stir up some trouble.

Upon connecting the call, the servant immediately said, "Mr. Diaz, Ms. Cicely would like to go out tomorrow."

There was silence on Seth's end for a few seconds before he asked, "Where to?"

"I'm not sure..."

“Let me do the talking.” Cicely’s voice sounded from behind him, and the servant promptly handed her the phone.

“It’s me.”

Seth hesitated, “Hmm.”

“I’m getting a bit bored. I want to get out for a bit.”

“Let’s go in a few days, I’ll go with you.”

Cicely’s hand lightly traced the surface of a cabinet, completely ignoring his patient tone, and continued,

“I am going out tomorrow.”

Seth’s tone didn’t waver. “I don’t have time.”

“I didn’t say I needed you to come with me.”

Seth fell silent for a moment, the atmosphere on the other end of the line chilling.

“If it worries you, have one of your men follow me. But I must go out tomorrow.”

“...Alright.”

Upon receiving his reply, Cicely hung up. She turned and entered the kitchen, drank the freshly heated milk, and then went upstairs. The two servants exchanged glances, then quietly cleaned up and left the kitchen.

The next morning, at the airport

A large crowd of fans and reporters gathered outside.

Today, most of the celebrities from P City were heading to Paris Fashion Week. Celebrities always garnered attention, so the presence of reporters was no surprise

Beverly was the first to appear at the airport, tucked under Jacob's arm. Ever since their engagement was publicized, they had been inseparable and openly affectionate.

Beverly was dressed in a smoky grey trench coat and black and white trousers, her long hair loose over her shoulders, and sunglasses hiding her eyes. Her outfit was simple, but her presence remained undiminished.

This time, the main stage for the fashion week was in Paris. If she was too flashy domestically, she might not have stood out as much abroad. She was also worried about audience fatigue.

And with Jacob by her side, dressing more conservatively could also provide the media with plenty of talking points.

A number of media outlets swarmed them, cameras flashing.

"Beverly, you're dressed so conservatively this time. Are you preparing to get pregnant? Or are you planning to have a baby right after the wedding?"

"Mr. Jacob, are you confident of winning the International Beauty Expo again soon?"

"RM's domestic reputation is not so great due to recent scandalous posts. What do you have to say about this?"

Upon hearing the last question, the reporters thought they would lose their composure. However, they both continued to smile, with Jacob looking particularly smug.

“Thank you all for your concern. Beverly is very passionate about her career, and we have no immediate plans to have a child. If we have any good news, you’ll be the first to know. I will do my best to prepare for the beauty contest, and I am very confident in myself!

“As for that post, it’s clear that someone is maliciously hyping it up, and there’s no proof that the post was made from RM’s official account. Please wait for an official response.”

And Beverly just stood demurely in Jacob’s arms, a happy smile on her face.

Behind them, Jeanette and others also began to appear.

Miles was the last to arrive because he had been helping Katie design clothes and create styles based on the designs. He looked a bit tired. The reporters who had been surrounding Beverly and Jacob swarmed Jeanette as soon as they saw he watching Jeanette and other Starlight International artists be surrounded by reporters. Although they were a bit displeased, they still kept her. The two of them stood in place, smiling.

“Jeanette, what brand did you choose this time?”

“Are you nervous about attending Fashion Week for the first time?”

“Is the brand you chose really not as good as RM?”

Jeanette stopped in her tracks, looking straight into the camera. She stood tall, a slight smile on her face, but her eyes were a bit cold. Her long hair flowed over her shoulders, giving off a confident and bold vibe.

“Inherent.”

The reporters fell silent for a moment, exchanging glances.

“What is Inherent?”

Jeanette chimed in again, “Even though this brand isn’t as famous as RM, I really dig it, and I believe it’s gonna blow up in the future. This is my first time hitting up fashion week, so I’m definitely gonna be a bundle of nerves, but mostly I’m just psyched.”

It finally clicked with the reporters, who all started asking, “What brand is Inherent? I’ve never heard of it, have you?”

“Nope.”

Jeanette cracked a smile, “It’s a brand spanking new brand...”

At that point, one of the reporters piped up, “I’ve been scouring the net, but can’t find any dirt on this brand.”

Hearing this, the rest of the reporters also whipped out their phones to look it up, but sure enough, there was zilch.

“So, this brand Jeanette’s raving about, it’s not even on the market yet?”

Just then, Jacob and Beverly sauntered over Jacob was the one who spoke. He wore a gentle smile on his face, but his eyes were practically dripping with scorn.

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Suddenly, it turned deathly quiet around.

The other two artists appearing with Jeanette also had looks of intense awkwardness on their faces.

Jeanette knew the true faces of these two very well. Her gaze swept over Miles behind her, and her face instantly became even colder.

“There’s no rule saying that you have to wear brand–name clothes on the market to attend Fashion Week, right?”

Jacob nodded with a smile, “You’re right, but what’s your purpose for attending Fashion Week? Isn’t it to grab more brand endorsements?”

Without any hesitation, Jeanette replied, “No. Fashion Week is a grand event in the fashion world. We’ll be there to pursue fashion, learn and exchange ideas with like–minded people, improve ourselves, and broaden our horizons. Endorsements are secondary. Mr. Jacob, you’re quite famous in the fashion world, don’t tell me you’re just attending Fashion Week to grab more endorsements for your fiancée. I believe that as a well–known expert in the fashion world, you wouldn’t have such a superficial mindset, right?”

Jacob’s face suddenly stiffened. He forced a smile and replied, “Ms. Randle, you sure have a sharp tongue. I see you’re a good student of Ms. Summers.”

“Mr. Jacob, I’m just telling it like it is. If you think I share some similarities with Ms. Summers, that just proves that whatever Ms. Summers says is always sincere and credible.”

Jacob narrowed his eyes, “...Of course, everyone in P City knows what kind of person Ms. Summers is. But, rejecting RM and choosing a brand no one’s ever heard of, is hard to understand. I wish you

guys... good luck at Fashion Week.”

Today’s society was filled with exaggerations and belittlements. Fashion Week was all about the world’s top brands. All the celebrities around the world took pride in wearing international top brands and luxury goods to any public place. Chanel, Louis Vuitton, Hermes, Armani, Givenchy, Montblanc, Gucci...

However, in this society, if you were not any of these brands, you were destined to be looked down upon.

When the time came for Fashion Week, the ridicule and criticism from the media all over the world would make one lose more than just personal dignity, and the media would be happy to see this happen.

A brand no one knows about was actually making its way into Fashion Week. No one could accept this.

In the eyes of Jeanette's fans, Jeanette deserved the best. The world's top brands should take the initiative to sponsor her.

For others, Starlight International's action was equivalent to seeking death. Fashion Week, and anyone can imagine what kind of embarrassment would occur.

In P City, there were actually not many A-list celebrities. Some stars would fly directly to Paris from other cities, and other stars arrived one after another. Their popularity was average, so the reporters were not so enthusiastic.

"I heard from my friend who works at the airport that someone chartered a plane today."

"Chartered a plane! That's big money, who is it?"

"I heard it's flying to R City."

"R City? Could it be for Rose's wedding with Morrison of R City?"

"Didn't Rose graduate from T University? Besides, her social circle is pretty much the most extravagant families in P City."

"She's best friends with Ms. Summers from Starlight International, Kane is her childhood friend, and Mr. Diaz was also her classmate, right?"

Meanwhile, several luxury cars were parked outside the airport. Because there were many “officials and gentry” attending, each house arranged many bodyguards. Several cars were surrounded by bodyguards.

Kane got out of the car first, felt the cold breeze, and couldn’t help but shiver.

“It’s so cold.”

Ollie got out of the car, wearing a cotton coat, making Kane envious. But seeing her cotton coat revealing half of her legs, he curled his lips. Kane didn’t know whether Ollie was pursuing fashion or keeping warm!

The door of another car was also opened, and Seth’s tall and straight figure came out of the car. He was wearing a black knee-length slim-fit trench coat, revealing a gray shirt collar at the neckline. His narrow eyes were motionless, deep as an abyss, restrained and profound. His emotions were hard to read from his expression, even when he was smiling, he gave people a sense of coldness and seriousness.

He walked to the other side of the car and opened the door himself.

A slender figure in gray came out of the car, her hair obviously curled into big waves, draped over her shoulders, looking grand and charming. Her face was also perfectly made up, and now she was smiling

lightly, her hand passing through the man’s arm, walking around the car to the front.

Kane looked Danielle up and down, her gray trench coat, black slim-fit leggings, and a pair of mid-calf boots. She didn’t dress like those stars, wearing summer clothes all year round. If anything, he really admired Danielle’s outfit. It looked simple and generous, very down-to-earth, but this outfit was not cheap. Simple, but luxurious.

Thinking about it, someone he knew before had such a unique and unchanging style.

“What’s going on, isn’t Ms. Danielle going to Paris today?”

Danielle smiled lightly, "Hmm. There are seven days anyway, I'll just go on the day my endorsement brand is launched. It's not quite right for Seth to appear alone at such an occasion today."

Kane chuckled, "Indeed, not quite right..."

In the passenger seat of the black Bentley waiting not far away for the car in front to move, Cicely smiled lightly as she watched the scene in front, taking a lollipop out of her trench coat pocket, unwrapping it and popping it into her mouth. Chloe was sitting in the back, her gaze moving from outside and fell on Cicely.

Her expression was unreadable, but she still looked carefree.

Kane looked up and saw Damon's car, his eyes lit up.

"Damon's here."

Seth and Danielle turned around to look at the same time.

Nate was the first one to hop out from the driver's seat, heading to the back to open the door. However, the person in the passenger seat beat him to the punch and opened the door themselves.

She was rocking black skinny jeans, her long hair parted down the middle, draped over a red, loose-fitting wool coat. Probably couldn't stand the cold, she tightened her coat and slightly shrunk her neck, her entire face instantly retreating into the roomy coat.

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At first, her clothes were so baggy that you couldn't tell much. But when she tightened them, you could see how slender she was.

When Seth saw her figure, he froze, his eyebrows furrowing in confusion.

Danielle stiffened, her eyes wide in shock as she looked at the woman not far away.

She was dressed in a bright red color. Surprisingly, the bold color didn't look out of place on her. The loose style accentuated her laid-back vibe.

Her face held an aloof coldness and arrogance, but also a flirtatious gentleness.

Cold yet passionate.

However, probably only the old Seth had truly experienced her passion.

Danielle, clutching Seth's arm, tightened her grip subconsciously and looked at him. As expected, his gaze was on the woman not far away. She couldn't read his thoughts.

Cicely's gaze idly swept over them. Her beautiful eyes seemed to take in Danielle's outfit before her lips curled up in what seemed like a cold smile.

Her outfit was indeed well put together.

The man was handsome, the woman beautiful. They did make a pleasing sight together..

What had the servant told her again yesterday?

Ah, that Mr. Diaz was very busy these days..

He had said himself on the phone that he was busy.

Indeed, with a beauty in his arms, busy showing off their love, he must have been really busy, huh?

She retracted her gaze, crunched up the lollipop in her mouth, walked over to the trashcan nearby, and threw the lollipop stick and wrapper into it.

Kane's eyes widened in surprise, staring at Cicely in disbelief.

This woman had actually shown up!

He glanced subconsciously at the two people next to him, blinking.

They seemed to have met before at No. 8 Mansion.

He recalled the scene and felt that these people had nothing to do with each other.

How could there have been any connection between them?

Once everyone had arrived, Kane waved his hand and the bodyguards cleared a path, escorting them towards the airport.

Ella, Ollie, Cicely, and Chloe walked together. Ella was pestering Chloe, asking about her relationship with Stanley. How did they meet? Could he wear a military uniform?

Chloe thought for a moment and said, "A real military uniform might not be possible. What about a camouflage one?"

Ella's eyes lit up. "Sure, sure. Camouflage can really bring out a wild coolness! Do you have a picture?"

Chloe shook her head. "I'll ask his men for one later."

"Okay, thanks!"

"Ella, you've seen my brother from head to toe, and now you're interested in another man? You're responsible for my brother!"

Ella's ears turned red. "I didn't mean to."

"Blushing again? If my brother saw, he'd definitely pinch your face."

Chloe glanced at Ella. Those pink ears looked soft and tender, indeed very cute.

Just as she thought this, Ollie's hand had already pinched her.

Ella dodged to the side. Ollie pinched the air, but still said, "Ah, it does feel good..."

Ella lowered her head, rubbing her ears, her face red as an apple.

A cold gaze shot over from their side. Cicely and Chloe looked over together, seeing Noah's gaze just leaving Ella.

The group had just entered the airport. Because they were surrounded by many bodyguards, they attracted quite a bit of attention.

Journalists came upon hearing the news. They held up their electronic devices, trying to get photos past the bodyguards.

However, the bodyguards were clearly professionals. They surrounded the group and walked forward, their tall and strong bodies blocking everything outside, causing no trouble for the people inside.

Who dared to push forward?

In the end, the journalists only knew roughly who was inside. Besides that, there was no other news.

It wasn't until the group entered the VIP waiting area that the outside journalists and onlookers were completely cut off.

The staff quickly led the group onto the plane. Damon immediately pulled Chloe, who was about to be taken by the girls, into his arms, pressing her onto the seat next to him. His warning gaze successfully deterred the girls.

The cabin was lively with the energetic Ollie and Ella. When they found out that Kane and the others had a group chat, Ollie loudly demanded to be added.

Kane was annoyed by her persistence and added her in. Then, he glanced at Cicely, who was sitting next to Ollie, and added her in as well.

Cicely's number was the one he had traded ten bottles of high-end wine for back at No. 8 Mansion.

Ollie greeted everyone in the chat, "Hey everyone."

Cicely's phone rang. She looked down and saw that she'd been added to the group.

The group name was "Noble Scumbags". Quite fitting.

"I'm neither noble nor a scumbag. Can I leave the group?" Cicely asked.

"No. Same plane, same group of scums," Kane replied.

"Hahaha, yes! From now on, let's call this plane 'Scum 001'," Ella sent a laughing emoji.

"Brilliant!" Ollie agreed.

Seth's phone kept vibrating. Danielle looked at the phone in his hand, pursing her lips slightly.

“You’re also in this group chat? How interesting. I want to join too. Can you invite me?”

Seth put away his phone, saying flatly, “There’s nothing important in the group.”

Seeing Seth’s cold expression and reluctance to talk, Danielle didn’t say anything more. She glanced at the woman sitting in front. She was talking to Ollie about something, her voice light, her tone delicate and smooth, her manner of speaking as sweet and charming as ever, casual yet captivating.

Chapter 1044

The plane took off right on schedule. The atmosphere inside the cabin was pretty lively. Kane and his buddies had already started planning some pranks for the wedding, and Chloe, hearing this, couldn’t help but feel a bit panicked inside.

What if Morrison thought the joke had gone too far and straight up left, leaving Rose Davis alone at the wedding?

This wasn’t just Chloe’s overthinking. In reality, Morrison’s temper and character weren’t all that great.

He was totally capable of doing something like that.

Even in the bustling aircraft cabin, Damon, who was usually quiet, would occasionally strike up a conversation because he was sitting with Chloe.

Cicely was sitting by the window. The clouds slowly drifted past the glass, reflecting a blinding white light, but this didn’t touch her at

all.

Seth was also looking out the window. From above, the thick white clouds were the most beautiful scenery on the plane.

They might have been looking at the same cloud, her at one end, him at the other, although they were connected, they seemed worlds

apart

Soon, perhaps a gust of wind blew, and the cloud dissipated.

His expression was cold and calm, without any fluctuations, giving off a distant and cold vibe.

Over two hours later, the plane arrived in R City.

The group got off the plane. At the airport, the Witt family had already arranged for people to pick them up.

They went by car to a hotel in R City owned by the Witt Co, where the wedding of Rose and Morrison would be held.

There were already reporters waiting outside the hotel.

When they saw several expensive cars stop, the reporters outside the security line started getting excited.

Danielle, as an A-list star, was naturally the center of attention in front of the cameras. She walked confidently with a graceful smile, arm in arm with Seth, showing off her absolute perfection to the cameras.

The other women following behind had agreed to go together to the bride's lounge to see the bride.

Seeing Rose in her white wedding dress, the women all praised her.

Rose was a rich girl with a beautiful appearance and an elegant demeanor.

Now she was in her wedding dress, with makeup on, sitting there, her eyes full of nervousness and insecurity.

When she saw Chloe and the others show up, her eyes instantly turned red.

“Rose, don’t cry,” the makeup artist gently reminded, “If you cry and your eyes become red and swollen, you’ll lose your natural beauty.”

Rose took a deep breath, her voice a bit nasal, “Don’t say cheesy things, because I can’t cry right now. I want to be the most beautiful

bride.”

Chloe smiled, “You’re the most beautiful in the world. Morrison is really lucky. I’m a bit reluctant to let you marry him.”

“You could try to kidnap me at the wedding,” Rose suggested to Chloe.

Chloe raised an eyebrow, “If I did that, would you go with me?”

Rose shook her head, “No. Mr. Harper is too cunning. I’m afraid that my child and I would suffer.”

Ella and Ollie immediately became interested, “Mr. Harper cunning? I think he’s really charming! If it wasn’t for his overpowering aura that keeps people at bay, I would definitely be enchanted by him.”

Rose looked at the two of them and quickly shook her head, “Don’t be fooled by his appearance! You have no idea how I felt when he kicked me out of the apartment when I was pregnant!”

“What?”

The two girls opened their eyes in surprise.

A pregnant woman was kicked out by Mr. Harper?

Were they talking about the same Mr. Harper?

Cicely had been quietly standing on the side, looking at Rose in the mirror, her expression somewhat absent.

The wedding dress?

So beautiful.

Getting married meant the wedding dress had to be perfect, right?

She had been married once, but never had the chance to wear a wedding dress.

She wasn't one for ceremonies.

Back then, all she wanted was to have one person. As long as she could be with that person legitimately, she was content. She didn't see the need to go through those time-consuming and meaningless procedures.

In the end, its imperfection was her ultimate retribution.

Rose looked at Cicely, feeling indescribable.

She instinctively wanted to sympathize with Cicely, but she knew that the last thing Cicely could accept was others' pity.

She was always so proud, so arrogant. Even now that she was down and out, her innate arrogance wouldn't allow people to look down on her easily.

She had seen at a glance that Rose liked Morrison.

At that time, the whole school knew that the cold-hearted Morrison had suddenly become close to Mona.

Even rumors exaggeratedly spread that the two were dating, and Morrison didn't choose to clarify.

When Mona had leg cramps during a school swimming competition, Rose was trying to pull her up from the poolside, but was pushed into the pool by Morrison, who rushed over.

At that time, Cicely said to Rose, "Aren't you giving up yet? Doesn't your heart hurt?"

Rose remembered that she was indeed upset at the time, but firmly shook her head.

"Everyone says that first love is unforgettable. I'm prepared for an unforgettable love, how can I give up just like that?"

Cicely smiled then, looking at her freshly done beautiful nails, saying lazily and softly,

"We're similar, both thinking we have a heart that can't be killed."

Her words sounded a bit creepy. Rose didn't say anything more to her.

Now it seemed...

Rose was on the path to "suicide",

and Cicely's heart seemed to be "dead".

The uneasiness in her heart suddenly surged.

She had never thought of suicide, just wanted to save herself, to free herself from the unreciprocated love of many years.

She would try again... if it still didn't work... then that would be a kind of release...

Cicely looked at Rose's face through the mirror, not knowing what she was thinking at the moment. Cicely smiled easily.

"You look beautiful today. Happy wedding."

"Thank you."

Cicely stepped forward, gently touching the diamond earrings on Rose's ears.

"Love yourself a bit more, including the baby in your belly. As for others... don't invest too much."

Rose's eyebrows twitched slightly. She looked up at the woman in the mirror, who was also smiling at her.

She knew Cicely was speaking the most truthful words in this world.

She was speaking from her own past experiences, giving her a heads up.

Rose nodded. Don't get too invested, so at least her heart wouldn't completely die....

The wedding went off without a hitch. Kane didn't pull any pranks.

Even though Morrison didn't crack a smile throughout the entire wedding, he still slipped the ring on Rose's finger.

Chapter 1045

Even though Morrison didn't crack a smile throughout the whole wedding, he still slipped the ring onto Rose's finger.

Chloe was sitting in the front row, watching as Rose shakily raised her hand and slowly slid the platinum ring onto Morrison's ring finger.

At that moment, Chloe saw a tear drop from Rose's eye and fall to the ground.

Joy and sadness filled Chloe's heart.

Congrats, Rose! You've finally got your wish.

But sadly, it looked like your days of trouble have just begun..

Someone took her slightly cold hand into their own, the broad palm giving off a warmth that comforted her.

She turned her head to look at the man next to her, a sense of ease spreading through her heart.

Soon, she would become this man's wife.

The salvation he offered her was something she longed for her whole life.

Just like how Rose was willing to give it all to Morrison.

At the wedding banquet, they were ushered into a private booth. Cicely was pulled by Chloe to sit next to her.

Seth and Danielle happened to be seated across from them.

Cicely didn't even glance at them. She leaned back in her chair, boredly playing a game on her phone.

Everyone else in the booth was chatting away, but she seemed to have no connection with them, instead lost in her own world.

The long hair she had let down during the wedding was now tied up into a loose bun. Shorter strands of hair framed her face, acting as a natural accessory.

The light in the booth shone on her, highlighting her forehead and the tip of her nose.

Her bright eyes reflected the colors of her phone screen. Under the light, they were a stunning sight.

Seth eyed the carefree woman across from him with a intense gaze.

Chloe turned her head to talk to her. Despite the noise in the booth, he clearly heard their conversation.

"Do we need to head back right away? Should we stay in R City for another day?"

She lifted her eyes from her phone screen to look at Chloe, "Sure, we rarely get the chance to go out together."

Chloe nodded, before turning her head to talk to Damon.

Cicely's attention returned to her phone.

Her voice, tone, and even her nonchalant, lazy smile stirred something within him.

Seth picked up the cup next to him and drained the drink in one gulp.

Waiters circled around the booths with trays of snacks. Everyone tasted the delicacies from time to time, but mostly they were just drinking and chatting.

The atmosphere was lively, as if they were the ones getting married.

Cicely tried a dessert first. She slightly furrowed her brows, forced the food in her mouth down, and left the rest on her plate, untouched. She sampled almost every dish but didn't eat much of any. Her plate was piled with food she took one bite of and then ignored.

She knew it was impolite and rude to leave food unfinished. If the host saw, they might be offended.

But Cicely was Cicely. From a young age, if she didn't want to or didn't like something, no one could force her to do it.

The concept of settling was nonexistent in her life philosophy.

She was picky, and she didn't deny that.

Seth's lips twitched upwards. She really was a spoiled one.

Her pampered upbringing and his indulgence had cultivated this deeply ingrained spoiled nature. Even if she wanted to escape her past, could she really change her nature?

Yet, in the end, she was coaxed into drinking several glasses of alcohol by Ella and Kane.

Alcohol was the kind of thing where if you didn't start drinking, you were fine. But once you started, people wouldn't let you stop easily.

After five or six glasses, she felt a bit dizzy. So she sat there quietly, staring at the leftovers on her plate, her thoughts unreadable.

Her gaze was empty, just like her heart. There was nothing or no one that she cared about.

Despite Danielle's status as a top-tier female artist in the outside world, in this booth, she wasn't as eye-catching.

From start to end, she quietly sat next to Seth, urging him to try some of the food she liked.

Seth vaguely remembered a woman who used to sit next to him at banquets, who clearly didn't like the smell of smoke in the room but still sat there, chin in hand, staring at his face. When he didn't move for a long time, she stubbornly shoved food into his mouth, as if determined to make him eat.

"Don't drink on an empty stomach, otherwise I'll have to take care of you later."

She said, her voice soft, her eyes smiling, she looked stubborn yet sweet.

He accepted the food she offered, then watched as she used the same fork to pick up more food and put it in her own mouth. She didn't seem to find anything wrong with it, but watching that fork move in and out of her lips, he felt as if the food she was feeding him was poisoned.

"Seth, eat something. Don't drink on an empty stomach, it might upset your stomach later."

Danielle's voice sounded next to him. Seth glanced at her. Danielle smiled gently, "Have a bite."

Seth looked down at the plate in front of him, which was already filled with various foods. He was silent for a few seconds, then finally picked up his fork and took a bite.

It was the first thing the woman across from him had tasted. If his guess was correct, this was supposed to be sweet.

After tasting it, he found it to be so.

He didn't like sweet food, but he still ate it, all because of the woman's influence.

She always only ate half of her food, the rest left for him to finish.

Seth's face became slightly serious.

After a while, the people at the table began to get drunk. Only Damon and his companions remained seated, their backs straight, their faces calm, showing none of the chaos and fatigue of drunkenness.

"Hey, I have a question for Mr. Diaz. Since our dear Danielle is so gentle and virtuous, shouldn't you consider marrying her?"

Chapter 1046

Ollie's face was as red as a beet. All the guys in the room were too damn good-looking.

There was beautiful Chloe next to Mr. Harper. She knew she was no match for her and didn't even dare to step into their relationship.

Ella's uncle was also quite a catch, but he just got engaged to someone else.

Then she kept her eyes on Seth for a bit. The guy was so handsome that it was almost unfair to the other men.

His aloofness, that elegance combined with a hint of playfulness, made him look like a mischievous gentleman, constantly drawing the attention of women.

Other men's aloofness was absolute, not giving women a chance to approach them. But Seth was different. Although he was aloof, he seemed to still harbor affection for women.

Although he currently had a universally acknowledged beauty by his side, there had been times when he openly dated other women, and his scandals kept emerging one after another.

He was always generous to women; even when he rejected them, it seemed to be done with a hint of gentleness.

He perfectly embodied the term 'playboy'. But the more other men tried to imitate him, the more women wanted to keep their distance. Seth was always gentle, but also always cruel.

He was ruthless, breaking up without a second thought, no matter how heartbroken or pained you were.

What a menace!

So, he'd better get married soon. Otherwise, one day, if she lost control and became one of the unfortunate women by his side, what then?

The room fell silent for a moment. Kane, who was drunk as a skunk, glanced at Cicely across the table.

Cicely was still propping up her cheek, poking at the food on her plate that was no longer recognizable. A hint of playfulness emerged on her slightly red face.

Feeling the silence in the room and the gazes of everyone around her, she slowly put down her fork, and looked around at everyone.

Everyone was filled with confusion and embarrassment. They were all at a loss, their complex gazes focused on her. Even Danielle across the table was looking at her nervously and warily. She giggled softly.

"It's these two who are getting married. Why are you all looking at me like that?"

Her tone left everyone in the room stunned for a moment. Kane chuckled.

“Exactly. I’m talking about Mr. Diaz and Danielle. What has this got to do with Cicely?” Ollie leaned on the table with her hands. Her face was flushed from the alcohol.

But no one was appreciating her state now. Ollie went on,

“Could it be that Cicely also had a crush on Mr. Diaz once and was one of the many beauties by his side?”

The room fell silent.

Cicely smiled lightly, “Pursuing beauty is a woman’s instinct.”

“Right, right, right! Danielle, you’d better keep a tight hold on Mr. Diaz. Don’t let us women who are easily swayed by good looks have a chance. Hurry up and marry him to prevent him from seducing other women! Cicely... am I right?”

Ollie sat next to Cicely, hooked her arm around her, leaning on her, staring at Seth.

He sat leisurely in his chair, holding a glass of wine in his hand. His eyes held a smile, making him look elegant, but there was also a

hint of coldness.

Cicely was feeling a bit dizzy from Ollie’s rocking, but still kept a smile on her face.

“Yes, yes, yes! You two hurry up and get married! We can’t wait!”

Everyone’s gaze was focused on Seth. The smile on his face grew, as did the coldness.

“Now all of P City... no, the whole country knows that Danielle is Mr. Diaz’s favorite. Since you spoil her so much, hurry up and marry her! So the guys in our school can finally give up, and we can have a chance to attract their attention.”

Danielle sat on the side, a blush spreading across her face.

Marrying Seth...

The thought was both reasonable and seemed so far away.

She turned her head to look at him. His handsome face still held a slight smile.

He was always like that. He was never stingy with his smiles, but not a single one was sincere.

Sometimes she would think, she’d rather see real anger on his face than this fake smile.

No one could easily see his true emotions.

She felt a chill creeping into her heart. She gave up her fantasies, sitting quietly by his side, creating a beautiful illusion, smiling shyly and happily.

Cicely was also all smiles. Her carefree laughter ignited a fire in Danielle’s heart.

Why?

Why was it that whatever she could never get, no matter how hard she tried, Cicely could get so easily?

Kane grabbed Ollie’s hand, pulling her away from Cicely.

“Really, after all the talk, it’s still about your own love life! Shut up!”

At a time like this!

Couldn’t you read the room?

Ollie turned her head to look at Kane next to her, “You hurt me! If I’m not dating the young hunks in school, should I be dating an old man like you?”

“Old man...” Kane’s face darkened, “You little rascal! Are you asking for a beating?”

“Rascal? You dare call me a rascal? I... I’m going to tell my dad! Let him come and teach you a lesson!”

The awkward atmosphere was slightly eased by Kane and soon returned to its previous liveliness.

Cicely propped herself up from the table, turning to Chloe, “I’m going to the restroom.”

Chloe reached out to hold her hand, pulling away the napkin in front of her, “I’ll go with you.”

“No need.” Cicely refused. Then, she leaned over, and whispered into Chloe’s ear with a smile,

“It’s a bit stuffy in here. I’m going to get some fresh air.”

Chloe noticed Cicely’s hand pressing hard on her shoulder.

She pursed her lips slightly, let go of her hand, “Be careful then.”

Cicely nodded, pushed her chair back, and walked towards the door.

Chapter 1047

To get out, she had to pass by Danielle and Seth's seats.

A unique and fresh scent mixed with alcohol hit Seth's nostrils. He smiled even more blatantly, but his eyes were filled with cold. harshness.

Chloe sat across from him, casting an indifferent look at Seth..

The room's door was opened and closed by Cicely. Seth leaned back in his chair, his fingers distinctly knuckled, continuously caressing the edge of his glass. His face held a smile, but his expression was gloomy and unfathomable.

She sighed softly and turned her head to look at Damon. He too, was teased into having a few drinks by Kane and others and was now sitting there quietly.

He radiated a dignified and dominant aura, covered with a layer of icy chill, making people hardly dare to look directly at him..

Chloe felt a moment of dizziness.

The way he drank was very different from what she usually saw.

At this moment, he seemed to be the most relaxed.

The aura he exuded at this moment didn't contain any rationality that he could control.

His posture was completely relaxed, just like when she first saw him.

Later, she got used to his gentleness and pampering, his dominance over her, so she overlooked his genuine demeanor.

She always got too immersed in the comfortable atmosphere he created for her, enjoying all his indulgences.

She had taken away too many rights that belonged to him.

Perhaps realizing Chloe's gaze, Damon glanced over, instantly locking onto her unprepared sight.

The aura on him immediately retreated a bit, a faint smile appeared on his thin lips. He reached out his hand and held Chloe's hand.

Chloe's heart trembled slightly. Damon's transition from indifferent to gentle only took a few seconds, but this instant change was the longest wait in others' eyes.

She obediently let him hold her hand.

Today was Rose's happiest day, but she felt she was the luckiest person in the world.

She felt somewhat smug.

Chloe lowered her head to check her watch. Jeanette and the others should be almost at the hotel by now.

Tomorrow, it would be Katie and Miles' first showdown.

Nearly half an hour passed, and Cicely hadn't returned.

Chloe turned to Damon and said she was going out to check. Damon slightly furrowed his eyebrows, showing a hint of grievance, but he still let go of her hand.

She couldn't be indifferent to Cicely. Maybe because of that poor child, or maybe because in her past life, Cicely could also be considered one of her friends.

Only at that time, she had used almost all of her emotions on Seth.

She couldn't help but look at Seth again. He was sitting there elegantly drinking his wine, and didn't seem to care about Cicely's departure.

She thought he would leave as well, but his thoughts were deep and inscrutable.

If he really didn't care, why did he place her in Emerald Valley Estates then?

Chloe opened the door of the booth. It was bustling outside. At the nearest seat next to the booth, a familiar figure sat there. She was chatting with the men next to her, looking very relaxed and happy.

"You are... Chloe, right?"

A few people sitting across from Chloe looked at each other. Seeing Chloe's arrival, they even stood up a bit excitedly.

Chloe casually surveyed them. They seemed to be schoolmates, but she wasn't familiar with them.

Cicely turned her head to look at Chloe, "Are you going to the restroom?"

She didn't seem to have any intention of leaving, as if she was supposed to be sitting here.

"I'm looking for you."

Cicely laughed, "Sit for a bit?"

Chloe didn't reply.

“We’re all classmates.”

“Yeah, yeah, come and sit... It’s a good thing that classmates are getting married. Isn’t this our class reunion?”

Chloe smiled indifferently.

This was Rose’s wedding banquet. As Rose’s friend, she naturally couldn’t spoil the atmosphere.

But she didn’t sit down.

With Cicely, the table seemed quite crowded already. She wasn’t familiar with these people, and there was no need to sit together and chat.

At this moment, the man sitting next to Rose stood up and gave up his seat.

“Chloe... come sit here.”

Chloe glanced at him, recognizing his handsome eyebrows and eyes. This man was always gentlemanly and elegant in school. His family background was very good, but he wasn’t ostentatious, always humble and polite.

She still remembered, that he always took good care of Cicely in school.

Her expression changed slightly. Ultimately, she walked over and stood next to him, nodding at him.

“Hello, Dewey.”

Dewey smiled warmly. Dressed in a black suit, he looked elegant and gentle.

“I’m glad you remember me.”

Chloe smiled, “How could I forget?”

“Please sit.” Dewey gestured to the empty seat.

Chloe pondered for a few seconds, then sat down.

The few people at the table who were initially ignored breathed a sigh of relief.

They didn’t go easy on Chloe in school because of Keira. Later, because of her bullying of Keira, plagiarism, and seduction of judges, they gossiped about her behind her back.

They never thought that since breaking off with Lance, she was like having superpowers. She was no longer accused of plagiarism but became the plagiarized victim. She was no longer suspected of seducing judges. And the instigator of all this involved not only her sister but even her own grandmother.

She clarified all misunderstandings, took down the Summers family, acquired the Olson family, and became a world–renowned top designer. Starlight International, which she now controlled, had developed at an astonishing speed.

Her life, with its ups and downs, was a turn beyond people’s expectations.

Afterwards, her mysterious fiancé sent out a sky–high wedding gift, refreshing their impressions of her time and time again.

If anyone was the biggest winner in life, it had to be Chloe.

Back in the day, they were all played like a fiddle by Keira. Now, getting in touch with Chloe probably wouldn’t be a walk in the park. But making friends with such a legendary classmate would definitely be a

game changer for their future. Not to mention... They were all dying to know who the mystery fiancé was, the one who splashed out on that crazy expensive wedding gift for her....

Chapter 1048

His existence had left people flabbergasted. They couldn't figure out who the heck this fiancé of hers was.

Particularly considering that this fiancé entered her life after she had just broken up with Lance after dating him for a long time...

Maybe she just wanted to rub it in Lance's face, and this fiancé didn't actually exist at all?

Or was he, as the media speculated, just another rich and clueless upstart?

"I knew I'd run into Chloe at Rose and Morrison's wedding! They were best buds back in school!"

"I would've never guessed that Rose and Morrison would end up together. I mean, remember when... Morrison and Mona..."

Chloe looked at the person across from her with a cold gaze that hinted danger. The speaker stopped abruptly.

"Anyway, compared to Mona, Rose and Morrison are a much better match."

"Hey Chloe, heard you're getting hitched? Did your husband-to-be come today?"

The question came from a sexy woman with a melodious voice.

She was gorgeous, her makeup flawless. Chloe didn't know who she was, but women like her could pose a threat to Damon... She worried she might make a move on him. It wasn't impossible!

Why would she invite trouble?

“He’s a busy man,” Chloe responded with a smile.

“Really? What does he do?”

Chloe didn’t answer, instead taking the glass of water that Dewey handed her.

She smiled at him. Everyone else was drinking alcohol, but he offered her water. It was a testament to his thoughtfulness.

“He had a business engagement today,” she answered nonchalantly.

A business engagement?

People’s expressions shifted subtly.

“Business engagement” usually referred to something you didn’t want to do but needed to for some reason.

People of status, like Morrison or even Dewey, didn’t have business engagements. People sought them out.

But Chloe’s famous fiancé had to attend a business engagement on the day of his future wife’s best friend’s wedding. This suggested that he might not have been of high status.

This made the extravagant wedding gift seem less credible.

A few people exchanged knowing smiles, feeling a bit better, especially the women present.

Who wanted to see another woman doing so much better than themselves?

It was one thing to be successful, but if she also had an extraordinary husband, wouldn't they die of envy?

The

sexy

woman's smile grew more charming. "What a pity, I was hoping to meet your mysterious fiancé today."

Chloe just smiled, not responding.

"That's okay, we'll see him at your engagement party. We'll just have to curb our curiosity for now."

"Yeah, yeah!"

Everyone agreed. Chloe nodded, her smile merely a polite one.

Cicely sat next to them, occasionally sipping the water that Dewey gave her.

"When are you leaving?"

Dewey asked gently, his voice soft.

"We're staying here to hang out tomorrow, and we'll leave the day after," Cicely replied calmly.

Dewey's face relaxed. "I was planning on staying too. I'm familiar with R City. Want me to show you around tomorrow?"

“Sure.”

Cicely nodded, agreeing without hesitation.

Chloe glanced at them, then picked up a glass of wine and returned to the private room.

The room was bustling, with only Damon, Seth, and Noah sitting gracefully in their seats, watching Ollie, Ella, and Kane fool around.

Even when Chloe entered, they didn’t react much.

Chloe poured a glass of water and handed it to Damon.

“Here, to sober up a bit,” she said softly.

Damon took the glass and had a sip, placing it back on the table. As he did, he accidentally knocked a phone onto the floor.

Chloe bent down to pick it up. As she held the phone, her chin was suddenly grabbed by a hand, and then a familiar scent enveloped her. His lips pressed against hers.

Her mind buzzed, and the laughter in the room turned into a blur. Her face was as red as a hot iron.

Kissing under the table in front of everyone was even more embarrassing than kissing openly.

She gently pushed Damon away. He let her go, his eyes playful and affectionate.

He straightened up and leaned back against the chair, as if nothing had happened.

Chloe also straightened up, placing the phone aside. Her face betrayed her embarrassment and guilt.

She kept her head down, afraid to meet anyone's eyes.

Soon, Ella sidled up to her.

"Where's Cicely... why's she... taking so long in the bathroom?"

Chloe helped her sit down and said,

"She's sitting outside with some classmates. Now eat, or your uncle will have a fit."

"It's Rose's wedding today. I'm so happy for her!"

"Being happy doesn't mean you only drink! Now eat something."

"I don't want to... I'll feel sick."

Seth took off his napkin and stood up.

"Seth, where are you going?"

Danielle clung to his hand nervously. Seth glanced at her.

His cold gaze sent a chill down Danielle's spine. She bit her lip in frustration. As soon as her grip loosened, Seth pulled his hand away.

"I need to use the restroom."

He pushed back his chair and left.

As he opened the door, amidst the noise, he distinctly picked out a certain voice.

Chapter 1049

He swung the door open to the private room, and amidst the chaos, he could still pick out one distinct voice.

He glanced sideways. Cicely was sitting lazily in her chair, facing away from him.

“I’m jobless and broke now. If you guys know of any good gigs, give me a heads up.”

“You’ve been pampered since you were a kid, there ain’t no job that suits you! And besides, you just got out of the slammer. Who’d dare to hire you?”

Cicely was spoiled rotten. Her demeanor and looks were enough to turn anyone green with envy.

In school, she was always one of a kind, full of herself, and didn’t give a damn about anyone. Now that she’d hit a rough patch, there were loads of folks having a good laugh at her expense behind her back..

Everyone had a few drinks tonight, so their tongues were let loose.

The idea of a woman going to prison was mind–boggling to everyone present.

There was an awkward silence that fell over the table.

Yet Cicely seemed unfazed, and nodded thoughtfully, “Hmm...you’re right.”

At this point, one of her classmates tried to break the ice, “Cicely, are you hinting at something? Dewey, this is your thing to handle.”

“Yeah, yeah, Dewey, your time to shine!”

“If Cicely marries Dewey, and becomes the high and mighty wife of his, she’ll be rolling in dough, right? Why bother finding a job?”

Dewey’s expression was a bit frosty, his voice dropping a notch.

“Quit messing around.”

Cicely turned to look at him, then suddenly leaned in close, grinning cheekily.

“Are you disgusted by me?”

Cicely was always stunning, no matter the time or place. When she smiled, her eyelids curved slightly forming a crescent shape, as if her eyes were brimming with laughter.

Dewey didn’t meet her gaze. His expression wavered slightly, then he murmured, “How could I be?”

“Then why did you get so pissed just now?”

“I wasn’t...”

Cicely straightened up, “Good then.”

Good then...

Was this some kind of approval, or a statement?

Approval of Dewey? A hint that she hoped he would pursue her, even willing to become his wife in the future?

Seth watched her slender figure, a cold light flickering in his eyes.

He turned and headed towards the restroom.

Cicely laughed carefreely, “Seems like my charm is still pretty strong, huh?”

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Dewey chuckled helplessly. He knew it would end up like this....

She was always full of surprises.

Everyone seized the opportunity to butter up to Dewey and toast him. Dewey was stuck, and Cicely got up and headed towards the

restroom.

Once she passed the security corridor, the noise from the hall gradually faded. With her departure, all sounds disappeared. She let out a soft sigh.

She came out of the restroom, washed her hands, then lightly massaged her temples with her cold fingers.

The cold water on her fingers brought some clarity to her muddled mind when they touched her skin. She rested one hand on the washbasin, staring at the water droplets scattered on it, lost in thought.

The restroom was very quiet, with only the sound of her clothes rustling as she massaged her temples.

After a while, she turned on the faucet again to rinse her hands. She didn't bother drying them with paper towels or a hand dryer, just lightly shook them dry before exiting the restroom.

A gust of wind blew outside. She felt a chill on her hands, and a shiver passed through her body, making her head clear a bit more.

The men's restroom had a smoking area. As Cicely passed it, Seth was leaning against the wall, a slim white cigarette between his fingers.

The smoke blurred his handsome face, but the gloom in his eyes was still clear.

The men's restroom was just as quiet, seemingly only inhabited by him.

Cicely saw others smoking in the banquet hall earlier that day. Probably to let the guests enjoy themselves, there were no strict restrictions on smoking areas today.

Cicely didn't expect to run into him here. She stopped momentarily when she spotted him.

Assured she wasn't seeing things, she quickly averted her gaze and continued forward.

All this happened in a blink of an eye.

Seth noticed someone nearby. When he saw that familiar figure, he narrowed his eyes, watching her slowly pass the restroom entrance.

He was sick and tired of her ignoring him tonight!

She wouldn't even look him in the eye.

Before, she always had her eyes glued to him.

He snorted, taking a deep drag from his cigarette.

The slim white cigarette was consumed in an instant, then he stubbed it out on the wall.

He stood up straight, exited the restroom, and abruptly grabbed Cicely's arm.

She had no time to react. It wasn't until her back collided with the cold wall she realized she was in the men's restroom.

What she saw was his face, up close and personal. Their breaths intermingled.

Ollie was right. This man was indeed trouble.

Cicely glanced at the exit, then looked up at him, beaming.

"What's up?"

Her nonchalance brought a barely noticeable smile to Seth's gloomy face.

He was seething, but he didn't want to show it in front of this woman.

He was pissed, while she couldn't care less. This rendered his anger worthless.

His slim fingers tightly held her smooth jaw. He couldn't control his strength, prying her tightly closed lips apart, revealing her shiny teeth.

His gaze lingered on her lips for a few seconds before slowly moving to her eyes. Those eyes were curved beautifully like crescent moons, but there was no laughter in them.

He tightened his grip fractionally.

“Dewey’s wife?”

His voice was low and husky, but held an alluring sexiness, causing Cicely’s eyes to tremble slightly.

Chapter 1050

It reminded her of a time long ago when he used to whisper sweet nothings into her ear, his thin lips pressed against her earlobe.

Words that were wicked, gentle, and those that could make you blush.

Cicely raised her eyebrows slightly and laughed, “Yeah... I guess they did say that.”

Seth squinted his eyes.

“But that’s just how it is! Everyone thinks it should be that way.”

“Everyone?”

Seth’s face, eyes, and tone were all dark and suppressed.

He looked at her, trying to figure out what he could say to stir the waves in her beautiful eyes.

But after much thought, he felt that whatever happened between them wouldn’t catch her attention anymore.

He moved closer to her, his muscular chest pressed against her body, and his hand holding her chin relaxed. There were a few red marks on her chin.

“Delicate.” He lowered his eyes to look at the red marks on her chin, gently touching them with his warm fingers. Suddenly, as if he thought of something, he squinted his eyes a bit more.

“What brand of clothes are you wearing?”

“Chanel.”

“What perfume are you wearing?”

“Firefly.”

“Do you like these earrings?”

“Not bad.”

“Did I make you go hungry?”

“No.”

Seth chuckled softly, “Every single thing you have eaten and worn, aren’t they all your favorites? Hmm?”

Cicely thought for a few seconds with a puzzled look on her face, “I guess they all are.”

“I feed you, I clothe you, I do everything according to your liking. Cicely, I pamper you like a goddess. Everything you own is given by me. How have I wronged you? Why do you cry poor in front of others?”

“Because I don’t want to.”

Cicely lifted her head slightly, her eyes twinkling with her usual smile. She let go of Seth's clothes which she was unconsciously gripping and leaned against the wall behind her.

"I like these things, but they're not necessarily what I want. Why should I show off what you give me? If I accidentally upset your Danielle, you'll have to go through the trouble of comforting her. And I really don't want to admit that I'm being kept by my ex-husband. If people found out, they'd look down on me. There are other men in the world besides you."

Seth looked at her charming smile, his eyes gradually deepening, and the smile on his lips gave a chilling feeling.

"You should know, there's no good end to angering me."

"I don't think my current situation is good either."

The bathroom fell silent for a moment.

Cicely's tense body now relaxed against the wall. She looked at his handsome face, smiling charmingly with her eyes squinted.

"If there's nothing else, I should get back. Don't you think it's harmful to your status to chat in a place like this, Mr. Diaz?"

"Are you worried about damaging my status, or are you worried that Dewey would come looking for you?"

Cicely didn't deny it, "Both. If he sees us together, he might find it inappropriate."

"Inappropriate?" Seth scoffed, "Are you worried about not becoming his wife?"

Cicely gently pushed Seth away, "I also fear that if your darling finds out, I'll be in trouble. I don't have anyone to rely on now. If she targets me, I would be bullied by her."

She leaned against the wall, avoiding Seth's embrace.

Seth took his arm off the wall.

His body was tall and straight, looking at her from the corner of his eye.

"Thank you for your care these past few days. To avoid future complications, I think I should leave that apartment."

Seth lit a cigarette, took a deep puff, then exhaled the smoke.

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He even made smoking look elegant.

A few seconds later, he suddenly scoffed, "Are you discussing this with me?"

"Obviously."

"Well, I disagree." He looked at her and repeated, "No."

Cicely curled her lips, "That's a bummer."

She muttered this and, at the same time, turned to leave the bathroom.

Carrying a bit of the bathroom's smoke smell, she frowned, returning to the ladies' room.

☐

When she came back, everyone at Dewey's table was drunk as a skunk, only Dewey seemed to be waiting for her.

Seeing her return, his tense expression relaxed a bit, "Are you okay?"

Cicely laughed, "I just went to the bathroom, what could happen?"

Meanwhile, the door to the adjacent private room opened, and Seth and Danielle came out side by side.

Dewey didn't notice them. He said, "I just... saw Seth... also coming from the direction of the bathroom."

Waving her wet hands around, Cicely found it amusing, "Really? I wasn't aware. If I'd entered the wrong bathroom, we might've bumped into each other and greeted each other nicely."

Dewey looked at her still wet hands, picked up a few napkins from the table, "Why didn't you wipe your hands?"

Cicely took the napkins and wiped casually.

Her fingers were slender and looked especially shiny under the light.

"Shaking them dry is more fun."

Dewey smiled gently, "You've always been the same."

Cicely smiled slightly without saying anything.

Seth seemed a bit dazed for a moment.

She had always been the same?

Was Dewey blind?

“Seth?” A soft voice rang out from the side. Although it was quiet, it was loud enough for the two nearby to hear.

Seth lowered his eyes, saying coldly, “Let’s go.”

Danielle bit her lip lightly, glanced at Cicely and Dewey, agreed, and then left.

Dewey also whispered to Cicely, “Let’s go downstairs and see, okay? There’s a show downstairs.”

“Sure.”

Cicely agreed immediately.

The two headed towards the elevator.

Over there, Seth and Danielle pressed the button to go up. Clearly, they were done for the day.

Dewey and Cicely followed closely, pressing the button to go down in another elevator.

Cicely threw the napkin she was holding into the trash can next to the elevator.

Dewey looked at her hand and laughed, “I remember you liked to have pretty nails since high school. You don’t do them anymore?”

Cicely paused for a moment, then quietly put her hand down.