

Chapter 133

Celeste's POV

Ugh, I had better things to do on a Saturday morning, but Johnson decided to put ideas in his daughter's head, and she pestered me to come to her wedding dress fitting. I was already there the day she chose that horrible tent she calls a dress.

I didn't understand why this idiot now thinks I was her secretary and kept bothering me about this wedding, calling me all the time saying she needed me to do something for her. And worst of all, Johnson thought I had to keep kissing up to this tacky girl.

I was only doing these things because he's paying me; otherwise, I would have told his ridiculous daughter and her disgusting mother to go to hell. They were both tasteless, badly dressed, and trashy.

I arrived at the store and waited about twenty minutes for those two dimwits. They thought it was classy to be late for everything. Can you believe it? When they arrived, the store manager said we'd have to wait because all the consultants were busy with brides who showed up on time.

Of course, that spoiled brat made a scene and screamed and threw a tantrum in the middle of the store, but the manager said she could refund their money and they could go to another store, which shut the idiot up only because she loved that hideous dress. The manager was dying for her to give up on the dress; it was written all over her face that she couldn't stand this stupid girl anymore.

We sat in a small waiting room adjacent to the store's reception. And that excited chatterbox wouldn't shut up for a second.

"I'm so happy my wedding is coming up!" Caroline started her litany. "I'm going to be the most wonderful bride in the whole world, aren't I, mommy?"

"Oh, sweetie, you certainly will be," Helena responded like a mother hen hovering over her eggs.

"Aaaah, Celeste, now everything's going perfectly. Alexander has no way to escape. Soon I'll be the owner of that company, his parents' mansion, everything," Caroline clapped her hands.

"Darling, don't count your chickens before they hatch. Until this wedding is done and dusted, you need to stay sharp," I said sweetly, knowing it would provoke her. But since I was here anyway, I might as well have some fun at this idiot's expense.

"Are you jinxing me, dear Celeste?" Caroline asked, getting pouty.

"Don't call me 'dear Celeste,' that's tacky," I replied immediately. Such an annoying habit of using diminutives for everything! "I'm not jinxing you, it's just advice."

"I don't need to worry, everything's all tied up nice and tight, now I just need to pull the knot around my kitty's foot, and he'll be all mine. Aaaah!"
"My god, this wasn't a woman, it was a Chihuahua with a purse! I was actually feeling sorry for Alexander."

"I'm just saying, dear Carol, that you need to be careful. First, he demanded a DNA test, then postponed the wedding, he can't stand to see you, won't let you get close, and you're not even really pregnant. Your situation is very delicate," I provoked a bit more, knowing she'd throw another tantrum any minute now.

"I've got it all planned out, Celeste. Do you think I'm stupid?" she asked, offended.

I didn't think she was stupid – I knew for sure she was – but I was going to give her enough rope to hang herself. So I asked:

"And what are you going to do, dear?"

"The wedding's coming up. After I get married, I'll pretend I had a miscarriage." She looked at me as if she were a genius.

"I see. But don't you think Alexander will leave you as soon as there's no baby?" I asked innocently.

"Yeah, you might be right. But I could pretend I'm pregnant and had a baby – I'll just adopt one," said the clever girl.

"But then Alexander could do a DNA test," I added.

"Shut up, Celeste!" Caroline screamed in my ear. "You're making me nervous!"

"Celeste, stop questioning my little girl," Helena scolded me as if I were her maid. "Sweetie, first you get married, then we'll figure out the rest."

Finally, a consultant came to call us so that little miss tacky could try on her tent. We went into one of the fitting rooms, and I sat next to Helena. The unbearable girl went behind the curtain to put on the dress. When she came out, I had to bite my tongue to keep from bursting into laughter.

It was a hideous dress with an extremely full skirt that looked like it had thousands of fans forming the skirt, and at the waist was what looked like curtain trim. The skirt was so puffed out it was square-shaped, literally looking like a tent. The style was strapless, but the bodice had so

many tulle ruffles it looked like someone had dumped mountains of whipped cream on it. To top it all off, the clueless girl chose an enormous crown that must have been about a foot tall and a pair of satin gloves with pink flower appliques at the wrists, as if she were wearing Hawaiian leis on her arms.

When she tried on the dress, she thought it was pretty but needed "adjustments." The dress was already ugly and got worse. The skirt wasn't puffy enough, and she wanted it enormous. The bodice didn't have ruffles, so she asked them to add some. The gloves didn't have flower decorations, but she insisted they'd only be perfect with them. And the crown had to be custom-ordered because none in the store were beautiful enough. I just agreed with everything she said - I wanted her to be a joke on her wedding day. I can't stand this spoiled brat.

I was trying not to laugh when I glanced to the side and saw Helena dissolving into tears, which made her face look distorted. I looked at Caroline, and she was also crying copiously, a perfect replica of her mother. I couldn't hold it anymore - I covered my mouth and immediately left the room. I could still hear Helena saying:

"Poor Celeste, she got so emotional she had to leave, she didn't want to cry in front of us. Sweetie, you look like a queen!"

"Oh, mommy, I look so beautiful!" Caroline responded, crying with her mouth wide open.

When I reached the reception area, I burst out laughing. I almost peed my pants from laughing so hard. How could those two be so ridiculous? I was almost out of breath, crying from laughter, when the consultant came to the reception and said:

"Ma'am, your sister and niece are calling for you."

"Sister and niece? God forbid! Thank goodness I'm not related to those two - I'm just doing someone a favor," I replied, composing myself before returning to the room.

"Celeste, I look amazing!" Caroline didn't even give anyone time to make fake compliments - she was praising herself.

"Oh yes, dear. Amazing. Alexander will be enchanted when he sees you walking down the aisle," I replied, having to summon all my willpower not to laugh.

"Celeste, you got emotional too," Helena said, taking my hand.

"Yes, Helena, very much. Our little girl is getting married! But I thought it better to give mother and daughter a moment. It's such a special time," I said, trying to be nice. The store consultant was rolling her eyes.

"You should hire me to redesign your models. See how much more beautiful this dress became," Caroline said while twirling back and forth in front of the mirror.

I took a photo without them noticing and sent it to Rick - I knew he'd make sure Alexander saw it. He would be horrified. I was enjoying his suffering. I sent the photo with the caption: "The most beautiful bride in the world. Dress successfully purchased."