

The Invisible Heir

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A Night to remember

"Hello, is this Julian Blackwood?" a smooth, feminine voice inquired.

Furrowing his brows, Julian Blackwood replied, "Yes, it is." Standing just outside the mansion's front door, he paused and asked in a curious voice, "Who's this?"

The feminine and professional voice on the other end of the line, sounded relieved to hear his confirmation. "Hi, Master Julian, I'm Vera Turner. Our firm has been trying to reach you for a while now," the woman explained. "I'm calling to remind you that you don't have much time left to claim your inheritance. If you don't act soon, the government will step in and seize everything."

Julian frowned, realizing who was calling him. "Oh, it's you people again. I thought I made it clear the last time that I have no interest in inheriting anything. Let the government take it."

His frustration was understandable. He'd changed his number to avoid these persistent calls, yet they'd somehow managed to track him down again.

"Master Blackwood," Vera continued, her voice sounding very insistent, "You can't ignore your responsibilities forever. Surely you must reconsider..."

"I thought I made it clear numerous times before that, I'm not interested!" Julian cut her off, his voice rising in frustration. "Please don't call me again about this?" Without waiting for a response from her, he quickly jabbed at the screen to end the call, shoving the phone back in his pocket.

He couldn't understand why they found it so difficult to understand that he wanted nothing to do with his past.

Julian let out a deep breath, running a hand through his hair as he looked at the mansion's towering entrance in front of him.

The noise of the party grew louder as he stepped inside. The place was stunning, with shiny marble floors and bright chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. Everything about it screamed wealth and luxury, a world far from anything Julian was used to.

It was Julian's girlfriend's Birthday today, Claire.

The mansion was filled with people dressed in expensive suits and designer outfits, their polished appearances matching the luxurious surroundings. Carrying a small birthday gift in his hands, Julian couldn't help but feel out of place. Someone like him didn't belong here.

Unlike the well-dressed guests, he was wearing old clothes, a faded t-shirt with a peeling logo, black pants that looked worse than his shirt, and worn-out sneakers.

He looked like a beggar, his appearance shabby compared to the elegance around him. But Julian tried not to pay attention to that, since it was all he had. He had initially planned to buy himself a nice suit, however all his money went to his girlfriend's gift.

Julian walked further into the mansion, and the first thing he noticed was Sharon, one of Claire's friends, she was standing near a corner with a guy, whom Julian immediately recognized: Gabe, his supervisor at work.

Sharon immediately wrinkled her nose as she saw him pass by, raising her other hand to her mouth as she imitated throwing up. "Ugh, blegh! Oh dear I think this party just got ruined." She said, loud enough for others nearby to overhear her.

Gabe, standing beside her, laughed at her joke, and then he looked at Julian. "You look like you got lost on the way to a shelter. What are you even wearing? Did you pull those from a dumpster? Maybe you fought a homeless man for them, huh?"

Sharon, never one to miss an opportunity to cause drama, clapped her hands together, her voice too loud to not be heard throughout the mansion. "Ladies and gentlemen!" she announced in a sarcastic voice. "May I have your attention, please? It appears our entertainment for the evening has arrived!" She gestured towards Julian, her eyes lighting with malice. "The janitor, the clown, the pauper, whatever you want to call him, has graced us with his presence!"

A collective laugh echoed around the room, and everyone turned to stare at Julian, openly laughing at him.

Stopping on his tracks, Julian turned around and faced Sharon with a cold look. He could see everyone near him staring, some with surprise, and some with looks of disdain for his outfit. He knew Sharon was being over dramatic, he didn't actually smell. It was his shabby clothes that made him appear like a stinky homeless man. But Sharon and Gabe were all too happy to ridicule him.

However despite their remarks, Julian didn't respond to them, he decided to ignore them and let slide. It was nothing new, he had always been the target of jokes from Sharon and many others.

Sharon smirked as she gave him a dismissive look, "What a dirtbag. Do you have any class at all? Showing up to your girlfriend's Birthday party like this. I bet she is embarrassed and will dump you soon."

Julian's gaze turned icy, this time he had enough of her remarks already, and he was not going to stay quiet anymore and look weak.

Sharon was one of those who seemed to take pleasure in putting him down, always acting like he was beneath her. "Funny, you talk about class when you've spent all this time pretending to be someone you're not."

Sharon's smirk disappeared for a moment as she heard his comment. Of course the smirk was wiped from her smug face. After all, he was right about her. It felt like Julian had just exposed her for what she truly was.

Her face twisted into a frown. How dare a mere janitor like him speak to her like that? And in front of all these people?

However, Sharon's frown didn't last for long. She grinned arrogantly again, and without a second thought, she grabbed her glass, an exquisite wine goblet filled with red liquid, and suddenly she poured it over Julian's head. "Here's a reality check for you," she said coldly, her gaze never leaving him. "Now you're a real mess, just like your life." She then leaned over towards him, "You should be cleaning the floors, not messing with me."

The nearby crowd gasped in shock, followed by a burst of laughter again, watching as Sharon emptied her glass over Julian's head. His humiliation was now complete, and there was nothing he could do about it it seemed.

One of the onlookers, still chuckling, called out, "Oh my god, Sharon, that's rude. Take it easy on the poor janitor, will you?" Laughter filled the premises, growing louder as the comments continued.

Julian's hands formed into a fist. But not wanting to cause a scene and give people a reason to kick him out before he saw his fiancée, he took a deep breath, trying to calm the storm inside him. He then decided to walk off from Sharon and Gabe. If he listened to them any longer he might do something bad.

But before he could start leaving, he heard Gabe speaking from behind him, "Seriously, why would they even let a janitor into a party like this?" Gabe's voice cut through the laughter, loud and mocking. "Did you come to clean up after us? Don't tell me you actually think you belong here."

Julian heard Gabe's comment loud and clear. Instead of letting his anger take over, he turned, clenching his teeth as he locked eyes with Gabe. Struggling to hold back, Julian focused on the wine soaking into his clothes, the damp fabric sticking to his skin as he awkwardly wiped at it.

He knew if he said anything, Gabe would take offense and fire him, but the real reason he stayed quiet was Claire. She had asked him not to engage with Gabe, especially not over something as trivial as this, so he wouldn't risk losing his job.

Not seeing the reaction he was hoping for, Gabe smirked and took another step toward Julian. "Honestly, I'm surprised you even managed to scrape up enough for that cheap gift," he taunted, eyeing the small package in Julian's hand. "Are you hoping to impress your girlfriend with that?"

"Speaking of your girlfriend; you know, she's been pretty busy lately. I wonder who's keeping her... occupied?" Sharon joined in, standing behind Gabe. "Hmm... Must be someone who can actually afford to take her somewhere nice," she added, her voice dripping with mockery. "I think you should keep an eye on your girlfriend, Julian. She's been spending a lot of time with Brandon lately."

"Well, who can blame her for leaving such a bum. I bet it won't be long until she leaves you for him," Gabe added, his smirk widening.

Julian's stomach twisted as he heard their words. He knew exactly what Gabe and Sharon were insinuating. They were insinuating that his girlfriend was having an affair with Brandon.

The thought of Claire cheating on him sent a wave of emotions through Julian. Despite that, he refused to believe them. They were liars.

Sure, there had been rumors at work that Claire might be secretly involved with his boss but Julian had dismissed them as just rumors.

Claire was loyal, he told himself. She wouldn't betray him like that.

Julian convinced himself that the only reason there were even these rumors was because Gabe had started them a few months back. Julian fixed Gabe with an icy stare, ready to warn him once and for all against spreading these lies.

But just as he was about to speak, faint laughter reached his ears. He froze, recognizing the laugh. His eyes darted toward the sound, and he saw a couple disappearing into the hallway. Julian's gut twisted as he realized who one of them was: Claire, his girlfriend.