

Chapter 2 The Unavoidable Engagement

As Verena followed Richard outside, she noticed a man commanding attention in the middle of a crowd.

Towering at 6.2 feet, he stood out in the crowd, his handsome face carrying a hint of coldness and impatience.

From a distance, Verena recognized his familiar features.

After all, they had shared the previous night together. How could she possibly forget him so quickly?

Last night, his body had glistened with sweat, highlighting his face, collarbone, chest, and abs. Today, he was impeccably dressed in a suit, radiating an icy, distant demeanor, like a king beyond reach, his aura intensified by the dark beaded bracelet on his wrist, adding to his indifference.

When Verena saw him again, there was no surprise in her eyes.

What occurred last night was no accident; it had been her deliberate move.

Feeling Verena's stare, the man raised his eyebrows and cast a glance her way.

His piercing gaze seemed to see right through her, meeting her eyes only momentarily.

Overwhelmed by his intense look, Verena disappeared into the crowd.

"Darren, it's been some time. You should consider extending your visit in Fledo," William Briggs, the current head of the Briggs family, suggested respectfully.

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"Darren, it's been some time. You should consider extending your visit in Fledo," William Briggs, the current head of the Briggs family, suggested respectfully.

"Okay," Darren responded in a detached tone before he was led to the table.

Richard eagerly sought Darren's acquaintance and followed suit.

"When does the engagement start?" Darren asked casually, checking his luxurious watch.

With Eric still missing, William felt embarrassed and said, "I'm afraid we'll have to delay a bit."

"Delay for what?" Darren's question was brief but carried an undertone of demand.

Despite his efforts, William had failed to locate Eric. It was almost noon, and Eric still hadn't appeared.

"We're waiting for Eric," a calm female voice said. "He didn't want to be engaged to me, so he escaped our engagement party."

As Darren surveyed the crowd, he spotted Verena, not particularly stunning but rather plain.

Yet, her voice carried a compelling presence that enveloped her.

This was the girl who had left two hundred dollars beside him after their night together.

He ran his slender fingers over the beaded bracelet on his wrist, his deep eyes shimmering with unspoken intensity.

Verena's words had stirred up tension in the room.

The engagement had been arranged since Verena was a child, a decision made by Darren himself.

Darren would face embarrassment if Eric failed to show up for the wedding.

William hurried to reassure, "Please don't get the wrong idea. Eric will be here any moment."

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Verena's tone turned cold as she said, "You haven't found him yet, have you? Shall I give you an address?"

She then revealed the location of an apartment, which was actually her best friend's place.

William's complexion drained of color. He promptly dispatched someone to fetch Eric. Shortly thereafter, Eric appeared before everyone, looking worn out.

"Bastard! Go get dressed, the engagement ceremony is starting!" William snapped.

"Dad, I've told you, I won't marry Verena. She's so ugly, it disgusts me. My friends would laugh at me if I married someone so plain."

Eric scowled at Verena, holding her responsible for his predicament.

"Take Eric to get changed. The engagement with Verena is going ahead today!" William ordered.

Regardless of Eric's protests, William was adamant.

Verena was also instructed to get ready. In the dressing room, she wrestled with a stuck zipper, but her attempts were futile.

Suddenly, the door opened.

Without checking who it was, Verena brushed her hair aside, revealing her delicate neck. "Could you help with the zipper?"

A large hand gently touched her back and quickly pulled the zipper up.

"Thank you," Verena said gratefully, turning around. When she saw the man's attractive face, she was surprised and flustered.

Wasn't he supposed to be among the guests in the banquet hall, encircled by people? How did he manage to slip in

Chapter 2 The Unavoidable Engagemen 📺 +120 Points at most unnoticed?

"How did you get in here?" she asked.

"Why wouldn't I be able to come in?"

The man moved closer, his presence so commanding it took Verena's breath away.

He extended his hand and firmly grasped Verena's neck. "How dare you set me up?"

With his grip tightening, Verena felt like she could be choked at any moment.

The night before, Darren had been unrestrained, leaving multiple kiss marks on Verena's neck, now hidden beneath layers of makeup.

"Darren, there must be some misunderstanding. I only found out recently that you're Eric's uncle," Verena responded calmly, locking eyes with Darren.

Her face was plain, but her eyes were mesmerizing.

"Anyone who tricks me will pay the price," Darren warned, his hold growing firmer.

Verena gasped for air. This man was merciless.

Although she had orchestrated the previous night's events, she couldn't admit to it now.

"I owe no loyalty to Eric. He's been with other women; why should I be the only faithful one? He was with someone else just this morning, and he's betrayed me countless times," Verena said, her voice tinged with pain.

Darren loosened his grip slightly, moved by her words.

It was well known that Eric slept around. Such behavior was typical among the affluent young men. Darren was aware that last night had been Verena's first time.

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"I don't care what you're up to. You can't call off your engagement with Eric."

A fleeting look of defiance crossed Verena's eyes. She blinked and retorted with a mocking smile, "You acknowledge our engagement is unbreakable, yet you meet me here in secret. Aren't you worried about getting caught?"

Without looking at her, Darren issued a stern warning. "I trust you understand what should and shouldn't be said, or else..."

He left his threat hanging in the air, yet it was clearly felt.

"I've never seen you before today. What are you implying?" Verena tilted her head, pretending to be clueless but subtly signaling that she wouldn't reveal their prior encounter.

Darren snorted. "I'm glad you understand."

He then let go of her neck and moved toward the dressing room door, preparing to leave.

Just as he was about to open it, a woman's voice from the other side called out, "Verena, are you there? I need to speak with you. I'm coming in." The insistence in the voice meant the woman wasn't going anywhere soon.

If the door opened now, the woman outside would see them together.