

Chapter 4

After that, I never contacted Leon again. Likewise, he stopped contacting me as well. That was when I met Luke Goldberg, a blind date my mother had gotten for me.

Luke's parents were urging him to get married, while I was recovering from a heartbreak. However, we clicked immediately and talked about getting married right away.

As the wedding date drew closer, I got busier with the wedding preparation. One day, the designer called and told me to try on a customized wedding gown, so I went to the studio during my lunch break.

I had just stepped out of the fitting room after changing into the wedding gown when, coincidentally, Charlotte stepped in.

The moment she saw me, she remarked with a disdainful sneer, "You don't even have a spouse, but here you are, trying on wedding gowns!"

I ignored her and checked out the dress in the mirror. From the reflection in the mirror, I spotted Charlotte's expression drop.

"Annabelle! Are you getting a wedding gown to crash my wedding?"

She immediately charged at me with a pair of scissors she somehow swiped and proceeded to cut my wedding gown into pieces. The clerk tried to stop her, but it was no use. Throughout the frantic scramble, I focused on protecting my undergarments.

At one point, Charlotte, in her rabid state, lost her balance and tumbled to the floor. She hit her head against the edge of the stairs. There was no blood, but a spot on her head became swollen.

She sat on the floor and groaned from the pain. Meanwhile, I pulled the tattered fabric to cover myself while glaring at her.

The moment I was about to say something, the door swung open. Leon charged in angrily and shoved me to the floor.

"Annabelle! You are more evil than I thought!"

Then, he picked up Charlotte from the floor, his eyes red and heartbroken.

Charlotte sobbed in his arms. "Leon, she didn't push me down on purpose. Please don't blame her. Ow... My head hurts."

Leon glared at me, furious. "She better not have done it on purpose! Annabelle, if something happens to Charlotte, I won't let you get away with it!"

With that, he marched off with Charlotte in his arms.

The clerk tried to console me and offered to explain the situation to Leon, but I turned down the offer. If Leon cared at all, he would've noticed that I was the one with my dress all torn up.

In fact, if he bothered to check the surveillance footage, he would know what happened. However, he did not care, so what was the point of getting the clerk to talk to him anyway?

It worked out just fine for me too, for that severed the final bit of affection we had toward each other.

Time passed in the blink of an eye, and it was the day of the wedding. Luke was clad in a black suit that made him look more handsome than ever.

He was a man of a higher class than Leon. He looked poised and aristocratic, but the moment he saw me, his features softened.

I, however, was a little overwhelmed. My confusion and uneasiness about the future made me very nervous.

As if he had read my mind, Luke took my hand and comforted me, "Don't worry, I'm with you."

He held my hand the entire time, and the wedding went smoothly. Eventually, I no longer felt as restless anymore.

Meanwhile, Leon was at his wedding. He was very restless and could not shake off the bad feeling in his guts.

He knew me well and found it suspicious that I had been completely silent on such a big day. I hadn't sent him any texts lately either.

His anxiety was at an all-time high. Before the ceremony began, he even made a point of telling his friends to be on the lookout so I wouldn't ruin the wedding.

That was when a mutual friend of ours went up to him and patted his shoulder to assure him. "Annabelle is getting married today too. I don't think she'll show up here."

With that, he took out his phone and showed Leon the wedding invitation I sent him.