

## Meeting Her 23

Chapter 23 Ruth D\*mn it! Where did this group of dumb reporters come from? How do they know about that b\*tch, Rachelle? "Of course not!" Pamela denied it loudly. Then, with a sorrowful look on her face, she wiped off the non-existent tear from her eye and said angrily, "Today is my daughter Joanie's birthday. It's a day for celebration! I hope that you won't pour salt into my wound as Rach's mother.

She's not with us anymore..." Ruth was an expert in formulating perfumes. She was everyone's muse in the perfume industry, and she had many connections. However, Fiona and Rachelle's birthdays were very close to each other. For the sake of the former's future, the Cloudington family put on an act and made people think that Fiona was Ruth's biological daughter. It was why Fiona had been able to enjoy the benefits Ruth had left behind while working in the perfume industry. Pamela had no choice but to suffer for the sake of her daughter's future as she temporarily took the deaf and mute girl in as her daughter. The reporter furrowed his brows and asked, "So you're saying that Rachelle is your daughter, and she's dead?" That b\*tch already married that sickly man from the Hawk family. There's no way she'll be leaving that place anymore. "Yes!" Pamela said. The moment she said that, the lights in the banquet hall dimmed without any warning. Before the guests could even react to it, the huge doors to the hall suddenly opened. Then, a loud voice rang out clearly. "Ms. Cloudington is here!" What? Pamela looked over in shock, and the guests glanced over in unison. All they saw was a thin figure slowly walking in. Pamela widened her eyes upon recognizing who it was. It's that b\*tch, Rachelle! Rachelle was wearing an old-fashioned dress.

With her unhealthy complexion and scraggly hair, she looked as though she was malnourished. It was a pitiful sight. She didn't look like that when she got married two days ago. Sam Withwicker, the manager of the hotel, hurried over and flashed Pamela a simpering smile. "Mrs. Cloudington, I've invited Ms. Cloudington over just like you've ordered." My order? How can that be? In an instant, Pamela's expression turned ugly. The guests around were all staring at her. Of course, the reporters would never miss out on such a great opportunity. They scrambled to get to her to ask her questions. "Mrs. Cloudington, didn't you say that your daughter is dead?" "Please give us a response, Mr. Cloudington." It was as though the group of reporters, whom Casey was glad to have around earlier, had turned into a bunch of surveillance cameras watching his every move.

The man cared about his public image a lot. Hence, he had no choice but to force a smile even when he didn't welcome Rachelle. "Rach was born deaf and mute. She has very poor health, so she's been resting and recuperating back home," he explained stiffly. Then, he turned to look at Pamela. Though he had a smile on his face, fury was clearly burning in his eyes. "Darling, you've really prepared a great surprise for me!" Pamela could tell that he was being sarcastic, but she didn't dare to retort when there was such a huge crowd around them. She felt wronged but could not explain herself in such a situation. Rachelle

had been standing outside for quite some time earlier, so she had clearly heard the shameless statements the Cloudington family spewed. Not only had they taken over the Giniger family's assets, but they were also trying to take her identity away from her. Hah! Shameless people can really do anything. Everyone's attention was on her, so no one noticed that a man in black had walked in from the side door. Jensen stood in the most inconspicuous corner of the hall.

Narrowing his eyes, he kept his gaze on the petite and "malnourished" woman, an amused smirk on his lips. Meanwhile, Pamela kept shooting looks at Joanie. "Are you feeling better now, Rachie? That's great!" The latter had no choice but to walk over unwillingly, trying to act as if she loved her sister dearly in front of everyone. I suffered so much because of Rachelle's emerald pendant. Once I manage to fool these reporters, I'm going to get my revenge on her. Rachelle was more than happy to play along as well. She wanted to get into the same frame as Joanie. Otherwise, all the effort she had put into her makeup would have been a waste. As expected, the guests' expressions instantly changed. "They're both daughters of the Cloudington family. Yet, Joanie has fair and flawless skin, while Rachelle is so scrawny and has such an unhealthy complexion. How pitiable!" "They threw such a huge party for Joanie's birthday. She's dressed in haute couture that costs hundreds of thousands, but take a look at what Rachelle is wearing. Is that a rag?" "It seems like Rachelle is Ruth's biological daughter, doesn't it? Otherwise, how could Pamela be so willing to let her daughter suffer like this?" "Not only is she deaf and mute, but her parents don't love her either. How pitiful. The Cloudingtons are horrible!" Casey was livid when he heard that and clenched his fists tightly. He originally planned to establish his image as a loving father in front of the media, but he didn't expect things to backfire. Turning his head, he glared at Pamela, wanting so much to strangle her.

The woman's heart skipped a beat at her husband's furious expression. She felt so aggrieved at the situation. Who would have thought that Rachelle would appear suddenly? However, she knew that if she didn't handle Rachelle today, she would lose her hard-earned affection from Casey. Pamela quickly came up with a plan. She leaned in and whispered in Casey's ear. The man's scrunched-up brows loosened at her words. "All right. We'll do as you say!"