

A Relentless Pursuit for Love Chapter 7

“Jace, what do you think of this? Does it look nice on me?”

Sienna, in a wedding gown, stood in front of Jace in the bridal boutique. She was beaming. She was the perfect definition of someone who was about to get married to the love of their life.

Her once pale face looked especially radiant today.

For the sake of gaining favor with her future mother-in-law, Sienna had her curly long hair straightened. For a brief moment, Jace saw traces of Sage Luz in Sienna.

Jace remembered that Sage was always smiling when they first got together. However, after long periods of being ignored and treated coldly, her smiles seemed to have faded away.

Jace found his thoughts drifting. It was as if a vault in his mind had suddenly been opened, and all the things that he had never thought about came rushing out. For example, he suddenly recalled that he and Sage had never had a wedding.

Jace had simply treated Sage as inconsequential since she was just someone he had randomly chosen to be his wife. At that moment in his life, he had been bound to his bed. He was unable to move as his arms and legs were encased in casts. He had not even been there to receive his marriage certificate, let alone have a wedding.

Jace did not understand why Sage Luz would choose to marry him. Did she do it for his wealth or was it for the status and prestige that came with being Mrs. Yuriel?”

“Jace?”

Seeing Jace’s mind elsewhere, Sienna walked over to him and repeated her question. “What do you think of this dress?”

Only then did Jace come back to his senses. A smile tugged at the corners of his mouth, and he answered, “It looks amazing on you.”

Feeling pleased, Sienna grinned as she adjusted the gown around her waist and said to the designer, “It’s still a bit loose here, and it doesn’t bring out the shape of my waist. Is it possible to tighten this part?”

Looking as if she was put in a difficult spot, the designer answered carefully, “My apologies, Miss. Since our gowns are custom made, and you purchased a gown from a customer who is a size bigger than you, I’m afraid that we might not be able to deliver the dress in time for your wedding...”

Upon hearing the designer's explanation, Sienna's expression darkened. "So you're saying that it's my fault?" she said gloomily.

"Absolutely not! I'm afraid you've misunderstood..."

The designer was taken aback. She was puzzled by how such a sweet and gentle lady could have changed so quickly. The designer apologized as she did not wish to offend someone as influential as Sienna.

Sienna had no intention of changing her decision and continued arguing with the designer. It was Jace who stepped in. "Why not try another gown? Pick one that suits your size," he calmly suggested.

The designer quickly added, "We do have a gown that is in Miss Sienna's size..."

"I've had a look at the dress. I don't like it. It's too old-fashioned."

Sienna coldly rejected the designer's suggestion and proceeded to stare coldly at her before adding, "Also, address me as Mrs. Yuriel, not Miss Sienna."

The designer was rendered speechless.

There was a sudden tension in the air of the bridal shop.

Jace furrowed his brow and said lightly to the designer, "You can leave us. We'll take another look around the shop on our own."

The designer, who had enough of Sienna's attitude, walked out of the dressing room. "Is she out of her mind or what?!" she ranted to her colleagues. "All the complaints and pretentious acting! I bet she's his mistress!"

Sienna and Jace overheard what the designer had said.

Sienna's expression darkened, and she yelled furiously, "What did you just say? Who is his mistress? You better explain yourself!"

Sienna flew into a rage and was ready to fight the designer, but Jace held her back. "There now, you're still unwell. She's not worth your time and energy."

"How could she say such things about me? How am I your mistress when I was the one who knew you first?! It is Sage Luz who is the mistress!"

Sienna felt injured, and she began wailing and tugging at Jace's shirt. "I don't care anymore! Jace, you have to kick this designer out of Nadeem City! I don't ever want to see her again!"

Jace thought that such measures were rather unnecessary, but upon seeing Sienna all worked up, he was worried that she might hurt herself. "Alright, alright, I'll do as you say," he murmured reassuringly.

Sienna was extremely pleased and decided to push for more. "You should tell people that I'm your first and only love and that it was Sage Luz who was the outsider that came between us!"

Jace furrowed his brows tightly together. Rationally, he knew that he should do what his lover told him to.

But for some reason, her name, and what Sienna asked of him, made him feel uncomfortable.

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Sage had politely rejected Luther's offer of throwing her a welcome-back party as all she wanted was to have a good rest at home.

She did not realize that she would not be able to catch a good night's sleep.

A few moments after settling down in her bed, Sage heard loud and deafening music coming from the room next to hers. The music was boisterous.

With her fingers, Sage tried to ease the tightness she felt in her temples. She remembered that her house had poor soundproofing and that she had complained about this to her parents for a long time. However, her parents had explained to her that the reason they had never fixed the issue was because they were worried for her safety.

However, the staff of Rosa Garden knew that Sage was a light sleeper, and therefore, they had made sure to keep their movements and sounds to a minimum at night.

Sage made a mental note that she had to make a new set of rules.

Yeva had to stay in the guest room after being kicked out of Sage's room. Looking at the not-so-fancy guest room and the scratches on her luxury bags, Yeva was once again boiling with rage.

It was unfair that she was being treated this way while Sage was sleeping comfortably in her room.

Yeva was determined to not let Sage sleep in peace.

"BOOMSHAKALAKU ,BOOMSHAKALAKU....."

Yeva made sure to max out the volume of her music. She jumped up and down on her bed. It was almost as if she had turned the guest room into a karaoke studio. With the mic in her hand, she started having fun all by herself. “Everyone, let’s get this party started— ahh!” she screamed into the mic.

The door to the guest room suddenly slammed open, and in the blink of an eye, a bucket of ice-cold water drenched Yeva from her head to her toes.