

The Kiss That Sparked it All Chapter 5

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Theo tilted his head slightly, his narrow eyes staring at the empty balcony.

After two seconds of silence, he casually ordered, "You guys go in first!"

Collin looked surprised but didn't dare to question Mr. Blanchet's orders. He could only signal the groomsmen behind him with a wave of his hand.

**Come on, follow me in!"*

After everyone entered the villa, Theo quietly slipped away. At this time, no one noticed that he had made his way to the back door of the Mendoza Manor...

A girl came out from the back door of the Mendoza family, her steps firm, humming the wedding march.

Just a few steps in, her neck was suddenly yanked back. She was lifted off the ground, her feet dangling in the air, like a lamb caught in the act...

**Trying to escape?"*

The man's deep voice was hair-raising; his icy tone sent shivers down her spine.

Ellinor turned her head towards the man who sneak-attacked her, but she quickly recognized the man's voice. It was Theo!

Just a glance from afar and Theo had identified her!

But that's okay, she had a backup plan.

Ellinor turned to look at Theo, her voice trembling, stuttering, "Why... why did you catch me?"

Seeing the woman's face turn towards him, Theo froze and immediately let go of his grip.

The woman in front of him had a face full of freckles, her eyebrows met in the middle, her lips thick, and her eyes adorned with colorful eyeshadow. She looked peculiar, even more exaggerated than the characters in the movies.

Ellinor saw Theo startled by her appearance and could not help but gloat. Playing dumb, she asked, "Are you here to pick up the bride? You've got the wrong way! Your bride is waiting for you in the villa next door!"

Theo narrowed his eyes, staring coldly at the ugly woman in front of him, almost believing her words.

A smirk appeared on the corner of his mouth, "Is that so? Then why does your hand have the Blanchet family's engagement ring?"

With that, Theo snatched her hand, lifted it up, and coldly glanced at the diamond ring on her ring finger!

Ellinor had forgotten to take off the ring!

Not that she forgot, but the ring seemed to have grown into her hand, even washing her hands wouldn't get it off!

Theo's gaze was meaningful, as if penetrating her disguise and seeing her true self. He answered her doubts. "No need to struggle. The ring is made from platinum blended with special materials, and it needs a special oil to come off."

Ellinor thought, what a cunning trick! Alright, since she couldn't run away, she would have to accept it!

"Let's be honest now. I know you don't really want to marry me. You just need a wife in name because of some special reasons, right?"

Theo didn't respond, thinking her quite clever.

Ellinor smirked, “In fact, my sister – Sheila, is eager to be your wife. She’s prettier than me, and has a better figure. You won’t regret marrying her.”

Theo squinted his eyes slightly. So, this little girl didn’t want to marry him? Even desperately trying to escape? That was unusual!

In the past, the women he met would try by all means to catch his attention, hoping to be his woman. What he wanted, however, was a woman who wouldn’t pester him.

Theo said indifferently, “Whoever wears the ring, I will marry.”

Ellinor frowned slightly, “That’s easy. Give me the special oil you mentioned, I’ll take off this ring right away and give it back to you. Then you can put it on Sheila.”

Theo responded, “I don’t have any.”

“Then go and buy some.”

“That oil has been discontinued. It’s not available.”

“Oh, I see....” Ellinor gently bit her teeth, smiled, and suddenly pointed behind Theo, “Sir, look fast! There’s a seven-colored pig!”

Theo remained expressionless, a hint of a smile on the corner of his mouth.

...So childish.

The next second, Ellinor, who was about to run away, was again caught by Theo, lifted up, and casually taken away. Ellinor struggled in

the air, but to no avail.

Meanwhile, Collin had just led a group of handsome groomsmen into the Mendoza family’s living room when his phone rang. It was Mr. Blanchet calling. Collin paused, respectfully ended the call, and led the groomsmen to turn around and leave.

Seeing this, the smug Tracy was stunned, and quickly rushed up to ask, "Collin, the bride is still waiting inside, why are you guys leaving?"

Collin looked at Tracy and said, "Mr. Blanchet has gone to pick up the bride himself."

Tracy was dumbfounded, "Pick up the bride? Impossible! Sheila is clearly still in the house!"

Collin frowned, "Sheila? Ma'am, you might be mistaken, the Ms. Mendoza our young master is marrying is not named Sheila!"

With that, Collin coldly sidestepped Tracy and walked away with his men.

Tracy stood frozen in place, her face white as a sheet. What? They got the bride's identity wrong?!

Everyone started to whisper...

Arnold, who was just being complimented by relatives, was now the butt of everyone's jokes!

Arnold's face was as he turned and vented his anger on Tracy. "Tracy! What the hell is going on! Didn't you say Mr. Blanchet is marrying Sheila?"

Tracy looked innocent, "I... I didn't know this would happen! When the Blanchet family came to propose, they said they wanted to marry our daughter, even the betrothal gifts were sent to our house... Arnold, didn't you see it too?"

Arnold, furious, slapped Tracy.

"How could you arrange it without clarifying things first? You've made our Mendoza family lose face!"

Sheila was waiting for her groom to rock up, but it was a no-show. Hearing the kerfuffle outside, she dragged her wedding dress from the room and asked,

“Dad, mom! What’s going on out there? Where’s my groom, Mr. Blanchet?”

“Sheila, Mr. Blanchet’s butler just said there’s been some kind of mix-up. They’ve gone to fetch the real bride!”

Sheila was gobsmacked. “What? Mom! How can there be a mix-up in something like this? Wasn’t Mr. Blanchet supposed to marry me?”

Tracy clutched her face, swollen from Arnold’s punch. “Sheila, don’t blame your mom, I’m just as flummoxed...”

The relatives, who had long been irked by the arrogance of the Mendoza family mother and daughter, began to rib them.

“Sheila, quit kidding yourself! You should realize, a man of Mr. Blanchet’s stature. He wouldn’t marry an actress like you, with all your scandals!”

“I always wondered how you managed to hook up with the Blanchets. Guess it was all a big misunderstanding!”

“Sheila, just go back to your acting! After all, it’s only in the soap operas that you get to marry your dreamy rich men! Hahaha...”

Sheila couldn’t stomach the relatives’ mockery any longer; she shot Tracy a resentful look then dashed back to her room.

She was infuriated, and felt like she could never show her face again!

But how could there be a mix-up? Wasn’t Mr. Blanchet the one who gave her the ring?

No! She wouldn’t believe it. Mr. Blanchet...who on earth did he go to pick up?

Who was that woman? Did she live nearby too?