

Chapter 76 Old Flame

The place was high-end, and the drinks here weren't cheap.

Randolph wasn't the type of person to just lend money to an old flame.

Chances were, he was paying for her.

By paying now, he would create a favor that she'd eventually return, keeping them in constant contact.

When Randolph noticed Rachel approaching, his expression turned sour. "What's the problem?" he asked.

Rachel stepped forward, blocking the cashier from completing the transaction.

She asked softly, "Have you made your choice?"

Clearly annoyed, Randolph responded, "Yes, I'm about to pay. Why are you interfering?"

He signaled to the cashier to go ahead with the transaction.

The woman flashed a smug smile.

Alicia noticed everything, but she didn't want to get involved in someone else's relationship issues, so she quickly scanned the room.

She then quietly made her way toward the back door.

Not far off, Caden followed her with his gaze, curious as to what she was up to.

He watched as she pulled a few waiters aside, whispering something to them.

At first, they shook their heads in reluctance.



Then, Alicia pulled out her phone and showed them something.

Their faces lit up immediately, nodding eagerly.

Caden smirked.

Something intriguing was definitely unfolding.

Rachel was always passive at home and never dared to go against Randolph. Thus, she couldn't find the courage to speak up about him spending money on his ex-girlfriend.

Not wanting to appear uncomfortable, Rachel forced a smile and asked, "Have you picked out the wine?"

Randolph felt her interruption was poorly timed and responded in a cold tone, "If I hadn't chosen one, why would I be paying?"

Rachel shot a glance at his ex-girlfriend.

The woman gave her a polite smile.

On the surface, she appeared considerate, staying silent through the exchange.

However, only another woman would understand how cutting that smile really was.

Rachel wasn't concerned about the money. She simply didn't want to give the woman any leverage.

She wrapped her arm around Randolph's. "Let's hold off for a moment. I want a bottle too."

Randolph frowned and asked, "Why didn't you say so earlier?"

"I just decided now," she said, tightening her grip around his arm. "Can you help me choose, honey?"

Without much thought, Randolph grabbed a bottle.

Rachel wanted to speak up but she ultimately decided against it.

The woman noticed her reluctance and seized the moment to provoke her further.

She approached Randolph and suddenly said, "Wait a moment, Randolph."

His expression softened as he turned to her. "What's wrong? Did you see another wine you like?"

With a feigned look of concern, she replied, "Maybe we shouldn't buy the wine. It's too expensive."

To a man like Randolph, comments like that felt insulting. "It's not expensive at all," he retorted.

"It's tens of thousands of dollars," she said, sounding thoughtful. "I feel like Mrs. Gray cares about this. I'll just buy it next time."

Randolph immediately turned his attention to Rachel.

Caught off guard, Rachel stammered, "I don't mind..."

The second the words left her mouth, she immediately felt regret.

This could have been her chance to say what she really felt.

The woman's voice quivered as she spoke. "When Mrs. Gray came by, she stared straight at me. She didn't say anything, but I knew exactly what she meant. Randolph, I was wrong. I shouldn't have asked you to cover the bill. She must've misunderstood something between us."

Randolph's expression hardened as he turned to Rachel. "Did you glare at her?"

Rachel looked up with sadness. "No, I didn't."

"Then why would she make that up? Why would she lie for no reason?" In a stern voice, he asked, "How many times do I have to explain myself? We're just friends now. There's nothing else happening. Why can't you let go of this jealousy?"

He waved dramatically before buying several more bottles for his ex-girlfriend, finalizing the purchase.

Rachel no longer cared about the cost. All she wanted was to clear her name.

Thus, she quickly approached the woman.

"I didn't do anything. Why did you accuse me of something like that?"

The moment she asked, the woman's expression changed, and suddenly she let out a cry and collapsed to the ground.

Rachel stood still, unable to move.

Randolph came running and shouted, "Why did you shove her?"

Rachel's face grew pale, and she struggled to find any words. "I didn't..."

Her silence only deepened Randolph's frustration.

Thereafter, he reached down and helped the woman to her feet.

Tears ran down the woman's cheeks. "Mrs. Gray, I already told Randolph he didn't need to buy the wine. Why are you still treating me like this?"

Randolph was furious, feeling humiliated by the scene Rachel had caused in front of everyone.

His anger took over, and he lifted his hand, ready to strike her.

Rachel raised her arms, bracing herself to avoid the hit.

All of a sudden, a loud sound resonated in the area.

Someone had been struck.

Everyone who heard it was shocked.

All eyes turned toward the source of the sound.

Even Randolph looked confused.

He had already stopped himself and decided not to strike Rachel in front of everyone.

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He didn't hit her.

In that case, where did that sound come from?



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