

Chapter 51 Our Marriage is Because of the Pregnancy

"Ziggy-boy, I've found a dressmaker to rush the product, I'll definitely get it finished by noon."

Ziggy nodded. "Great. Don't forget to pick me up with the dress at noon."

Jodie asked with nervousness and confusion, "Ziggy-boy, tell me honestly, what is this for? You didn't tell me anything and it's making me palpitate so hard!"

Ziggy smiled. "It's not anything illegal, and you'll know by noon."

He then passed Jane the phone.

"Ms. Jane, my godmother is looking for you."

Jane picked up the phone, confused. "Hello?"

Jodie was suddenly in a state of euphoria because Ziggy had finally called her his godmother! 1

"Hi, Ms. Jane, I will come and pick Ziggy up at noon. We've met before, I'm Jodie."

Hearing Jane's voice, Jodie's employed a more serious tone even though her voice still sounded joyful.

Jane nodded and looked at Ziggy. "I understand, thank you for telling me."

Returning the phone to Ziggy, Jane stared at him with questions in her eyes.

Ziggy had always struck her as mysterious and she could never figure out what he was thinking. 1

Meanwhile, on the other side of town, the Bennets were in chaos.

Mr. Bennet slammed the newspaper on the table. "How did our contracts leak out?! Everyone we've worked with has called to cancel our partnership!"

Mrs. Bennet frowned in deep bewilderment. "How would that happen?"

Mr. Bennet hurled the teacup in his hand onto the ground. "How?! I want to know how myself! All I know is we're facing a diabolical amount of compensation claims, do you understand?!" 1

Mrs. Bennet tried to rub Mr. Bennet's back. "Don't worry, as long as we can find the person who leaked the contracts, there might still be a turning point for us!"

Mr. Bennet pushed her aside. "Turning point?! Everyone now knows our contract down to every

detail! They no longer need to work with us to know how we work! Everyone in the world has it!"

He held his forehead helplessly. "Why is this happening?! Why would we be subjected to this ordeal? We didn't offend anyone, and we have the Bluemels behind us, why would anyone want to touch the Bennets?" 1

Rachel immediately crossed Mrs. Bennet's mind, but she quickly dismissed it. 1

Rachel's specialization was fashion design, which had nothing to do with electronics and IT, hence it could not be her. 1

'So, who was it?'

Rue's mouth twitched. "Is there really no turning point for us?"

Mr. Bennet looked at her. "There is one. If only Edward would help us to draw up a more complete document. Honestly speaking, ours is not flawless, but if Edward has a hand in perfecting it, I believe it would be a contract that everyone wants a piece of!"

Mrs. Bennet was also looking at Rue hopefully.

"That's right, Rue. It's time for you to contribute to the Bennets."

Rue bit her lower lip upon hearing both her parents' plea. "Mom, dad. I will try to bring it up with Edward but don't place too much hope in it. I believe you understand him better than I do."

Mr. Bennet sighed at Rue's words. "If Edward really wouldn't help us, us Bennets will be done for!"

Rue's eyes narrowed bit by bit. "Mom, dad! Isn't the AKK website run by some IT prodigy?! If we can work with them, they can definitely help us with perfecting the documents. That way, the Bennets will rise from the ashes!"

Mr. Bennet was silent at Rue's suggestion.

How would he not understand what she said? He had already thought of the idea and sent the message to the AKK website, asking to cooperate, but... 1

The message elicited no response like a stone dropped into the sea.

"I'll follow up on AKK, but you should try your luck with Edward too! The Bennets cannot go down like this, understand?"

Mr. Bennet shot Rue a threatening glare.

Rue was taken aback as she stared at the threat in Mr. Bennet's eyes.

"Don't worry, mom, dad, I will try my best with Edward."

Seeing that Rue preparing to leave, Mr. Bennet switched the topic. "Right now, I don't have time to deal with Rachel. You're gonna have to wait until the Bennet Group is more stable." 2

Rue slowed her pace to a stop. "I know."

After rushing back to the Bluemel mansion, Rue was surprised to find both Edward and Josh on the sofa, reading books about business and commerce.

She took off her heels and walked toward them, her face gentle and smiling.

Rue rubbed Josh's head gently. "Josh, are you reading books about commerce with daddy?"

Josh looked at Rue disinterestedly with his signature cold gaze. "Mm."

Sensing Josh's coldness, Rue felt self-conscious and pulled her hand back.

So, she went up to Edward gingerly and wrapped her arms around his. "Honey, I want to talk to you about something."

Edward, too, pulled back from her coldly. "No need

to call me 'honey' when we're not in public. Our marriage is because of the pregnancy with Josh, it doesn't mean we have a relationship."

Rue flinched and immediately withdrew her hands awkwardly.

"Edward, I need a favor."

Edward slowly set his book on his lap as he turned his icy gaze to Rue. "Tell me."

Rue pressed her lips together. "It's about the Bennets. Can you help have a look at the contracts? Maybe do some amendments so it can be competitive? It would help us turn..."

The moment she started speaking, Edward continued to read without care. 3

"I don't want to get involved with the Bennets' blunder. If the leadership of the Bennet Group cannot deal with it adequately, there will be more issues in the future." 4

Chapter 52 Public and Private Interests Should Not Mix

Rue was startled and grabbed one of Edward's sleeves.

"Edward, only you can save the Bennet Group now! What would people think if Bluemel Inc. watched as the Bennet Group sank?"

Rue's obvious hint caused Edward's brows to furrow.

"This is obviously a targeted operation. If you can't find the party behind it, so what if I helped you once? What about the next attack, and the attack after that? Do I need to clean your mess up every time?"

Hearing Edward's say that matter-of-factly made Rue tremble uncontrollably.

"Edward, you really have made up your mind about not interfering?"

Edward reached out to Josh with his big, cold hand.

Without any pause in between, Josh took his hand.

Although Edward did not show any emotion, his heart sang.

He held Josh's hand as they walked into Josh's bedroom. "If you cannot find the person who set the Bennet Group up, I won't interfere."

After they had left, Rue's hands balled up tightly into a fist.

To marry Edward, she had to step down as the general manager of the Bennet Group!

It had been three years, three years! Not only have Edward not touched her at all, but he had also been cold and distant from her this entire time. 8

In the Bluemel household, she was more like a stranger to him.

Rue let herself fall onto the sofa with a mocking smile.

What did she get after snatching Rachel's future from her? Only the title of Mrs. Bluemel and the jealousy of outsiders! 2

The outsiders did not know the life she was living as Mrs. Bluemel!

Three years of separation with her in her bedroom every night! 1

This was all Rachel's fault! 2

Even after she had taken Rachel's place, Edward was still suspicious of her.

He would space out every day, staring into the handmade bracelet Rachel had left behind.

'If it weren't for Rachel, Edward would already have fallen in love with me!' 4

In Josh's bedroom, Edward asked Josh as he saw his silence.

"Are you not going to ask me why I'm not helping your mom?"

Josh set down his book, his expression almost the same as Edward's.

"Father, you're not wrong. The enemy the Bennet's has made this time is not easy to deal with. If they can't even figure out who they have offended, they will have more things on their plates in the future; could be from one attacker, could be multiple."

He looked at Edward seriously. "But if the Bennets don't look hard enough, they wouldn't even know who is hitting them. Following this, they will only invite plenty of problems. If you help them this time, you'll be sucked into their endless strife."

Edward nodded at Josh's analysis.

He reached out to rub Josh's head. "My son is as excellent as I thought."

Edward began to walk out of the room. "I'm going back to the office, remember to study after your tutor is here."

Josh immediately stood up and nodded at Edward. "Yes, father. I will."

Edward then strode out of the Bluemel mansion, smiling.

His son was much better at administrative thinking than other people in those positions.

In fact, he had the thought pattern of a president.

The moment Edward left, Josh – who up until then had stiffened his face like an adult – smiled.

He touched his head where Edward had rubbed, still with a face full of smile.

Bang— Josh's bedroom door was kicked open.

He removed his hand with a frown on his face.

"Mother, do you need something?"

Rue sat in front of Josh's study with a sour face.

Looking at his face, a combination of Edward's and Rachel's, unhappiness and fury began to show on her face.

She raised her hand. She had the impulse to tear Josh's nearly-perfect face off right there and then.

As twins, Rachel and Rue looked identical from far. Since Josh's face was an amalgamation of both Edward and Rachel, he looked like Rue too.

However, Rue knew they were not similar.

This child was definitely not hers!

Rue's long fingernails stopped on Josh's face, but she did not scratch him.

Josh stood without moving. Even though Rue's expression scared him a little, he did not try to evade it.

Instead, Rue pressed down on Josh's shoulder as she squeezed a stiff smile out.

"Josh, tell me. Did you think of me as your mom?"

Josh was caught off guard. "Mother, what are you talking about? You are of course my mother, and since that is the case, why would I not think of you

as my mother?"

Rue took a deep breath and let go of Josh's shoulder. "If that's the case, help me talk to your father. Ask him to help the Bennets to get through this ordeal, alright?"

"The Bennets are your family too!" Rue emphasized.

Josh took a few steps back. He knew what was important.

His and his father's lines of thought were the same. If the Bennets do not clean up their act, it would be a muddy stain that would besmirch their names forever.

"Mother, I'm sorry. My view is the same as father's. If you can find the perpetrator who throws the Bennet Group to the wolves, it would resolve naturally. If you can't find them, not even father would be able to help, let alone a child like me.

Slap— a clear slap landed on Josh's face.

Josh's face was slightly turned to the side and a trace of redness was left on his fair face.

Rue withdrew her hand, feeling a certain relief.

She had wanted to hit Rachel's child for so long.

"Josh, I gave birth to you after ten laborious months of pregnancy! I'm disappointed at you for not standing by me."

The sentence was worded in a disappointed tone, but coming from Rue, it sounded flippant, or even joyful.

Josh looked down and nodded at Rue. "Public and private interests should not mix. I'm sorry, mother."

He was polite, but Josh had an air of rejection to him. 1

With that, Rue shook her head and slammed the door as she left.

Chapter 53 800 Lifetime's Worth of Misfortune

Josh sighed as he sat in his chair after Rue left.

He opened up his drawer and retrieved a bottle of pain reliever for the slap, then took some ice from the freezer.

If father came home and saw that, it would trigger another fight at home.

In the morning, Melissa and a few women gathered with their faces full of panic. 1

They seemed to be discussing something with shock on their faces.

Melissa whispered, "I don't know how, but after I woke up, I saw the messages, saying all the money I've been saving up in my bank had vanished! It's like they'd been transferred away!"

The other women nodded. "Exactly, mine too!"

"And mine! My bank account is empty!"

"Not even a single penny was left!"

"I called them earlier, but they said there was no record of the transference!"

...

Melissa shook her head as her face paled. "I've already called the police! It's the money I've been saving for years, how can it just disappear like that?!"

The other nodded. "We called the police too."

Melissa's attention eventually focused on Rachel; she was suspicious of the calm lady.

"Do you notice something else that's strange?"

The others looked at her, not getting what she meant. "What else is strange?"

Melissa squinted at Rachel. "Didn't you notice? Only a few of us had this problem, no one else seems to be having it. It was the same few of us who locked Rachel in the restroom..."

After giving it a thought, they covered their mouths in shock. "Melissa, did you mean it was Rachel who did the transfer?!"

Melissa placed her finger on her lips. "Shh, I'm not entirely sure, but I suspect it was her. Even if she didn't do it herself, she'd find someone else to do it!"

They surrounded Melissa. "What should we do

next?"

Melissa paused and slowly narrowed her eyes.

"What we need to do is to not broadcast it. When the police trace her and arrest her, she won't have any excuses prepared!" ①

The others praised Melissa with smiles all around.

"Melissa, your idea is the best!"

...

Noon arrived without much issue as Jodie appeared in front of the Minnow Nursery School on time.

Jane brought Ziggy out of the nursery and was prepared to carry him to the backseat of Jodie's car.

However, Ziggy shook her head at Jane and climbed up the navigator's seat himself. ①

In a move that surprised Jane, he buckled himself with the seat belt.

Jodie smiled at Jane. "Ms. Jane, don't be surprised. Our Ziggy-boy here will not sit in the back seat if his mommy is not here. We'll make a move now if there's nothing else."

Jane nodded. "Be careful, Ms. Comer."

Jodie nodded and stepped on the accelerator.

She looked aside at Ziggy like he was a juvenile adult. "Alright. Can you tell me everything now?"

Ziggy looked at Jodie with a mysterious smile as he shook his head.

"Nope, there won't be any surprise otherwise."

Jodie was about to explode with anticipation and frustration, so she knocked on Ziggy's head lightly.

"Mysterious? I didn't get a good sleep and was busy since then because of you, and you say it's a mystery?"

Ziggy cupped his chin seriously. "Aunt Jodie, are you hungry? Let's have lunch first."

Jodie was not expecting that. "What are we having?"

Ziggy's eyes narrowed deviously. "The more expensive it is, the better."

...

Jodie was unsure whether to jump in anger or to cry. "Yes sir, my big spender godson, I've probably accumulated eight hundred lifetime's worth of

misfortune to have met you!"

In the restaurant, Ziggy gracefully cut the fine-dining Kobe beef into chewable cubes, and occasionally picked up the napkin on his chest to wipe his mouth.

Unable to hold it in, Jodie asked, "Ziggy-boy, you were urging me just before, saying it has something to do with your mommy. How can you still have lunch so leisurely?"

Ziggy looked at the clock on the wall and pulled down the napkin, waving his hand in the air.

A moment after, a server approached their table.

"Yes, sir, is there anything you need?"

Ziggy asked, "Is the food I ordered for takeout ready?" 1

The server nodded and placed a box of takeout on the table.

Ziggy took the classy takeout box and looked at Jodie. "Aunt Jodie, we can leave now."

Jodie stared at Ziggy blankly. "Now?"

"Now." Ziggy nodded.

Jodie looked at her plate and her untouched food. "I haven't eaten..."

Yet Ziggy tugged at her hand. "Let's go, I've arranged for yours in here as well."

Jodie was stunned. "Ziggy-boy, how are you so kind?"

Ziggy did not answer Jodie's question and instead, he was thinking about Rachel who was still in her office.

After reviewing the surveillance video from the day before, he concluded that Rachel must be skipping lunch. The surveillance video showed that Rachel was having lunch only after other people were almost gone, but she told him that she had already eaten in their call...

The deadline for the design competition was in the afternoon, and it was almost 1 p.m. at this point.

That would mean the submission would be starting soon.

A hint of determination flashed through Ziggy's eyes. 'Mommy, keep it up, I'm almost there!'

The car moved speedily on the road, but Jodie sped it up even further as she saw Ziggy's expression.

Lunchtime was almost over, but Rachel was still

sitting at her station without the intention of leaving for her lunch.

As everyone in the office stood up and shuffled toward the team leader, she was still sitting at her station.

Anne stopped by Rachel's station in her clicking heels and her face full of questions. "Rachel, the deadline is this afternoon, how have I not receive your design draft and final dress yet?" 1

Rachel stood up and nodded at Anne. "Sorry Anne, I might not make it this time."

Chapter 54 Saving the Day

Anne looked at Rachel, confused. "What do you mean?"

The office suddenly fell silent while a huge stage was being set up in front of the Chapman Group's entrance.

There was a multitude of design dresses on them with the designers standing next to their product.

The office was as quiet as a moonbeam.

Rachel clutched her palms together tightly. "I'm sorry, Anne, I couldn't finish the design in time."

Anne sighed. "You should apologize to the president, he had high hopes for you."

She then left after leaving those words behind.

Rachel left the office and stood off-stage to look at the dresses as a spectator.

Melissa, who was standing on stage, immediately spotted Rachel.

So, she held her head high proudly.

The event onstage was well underway. There was a row of judges with Nathan being at the center.

He scanned the stage but could not see the person he wanted to see.

It was not until he saw Rachel off-stage that he paused with a startle.

'Didn't she sign up for the competition? Why is she off-stage?'

One after another, the design dresses were wheeled forward with a machine while their designers stepped up to their clothes and followed after it.

As the host called out the name of a designer, their work would be presented to the judges, and the designers themselves would follow.

The judges would then give them their scores, and they would leave the stage for the next designer.

The designers moved one after another like a well-oiled machine until the host picked up the microphone once again.

"The next designer is...Rachel Bennet."

There was only silence.

The host smiled awkwardly and called Rachel's name a few times.

Pressing her lips together, Rachel slowly walked up onto the stage.

The host was slightly taken aback by Rachel's empty-handedness. "Are you Ms. Rachel Bennet?"

Rachel nodded. "Yes, I am Rachel Bennet."

The host paused and asked, "Do you have your design and final product?"

Rachel's gaze slowly landed onto Melissa's product. Most of the features of her previous design had appeared on Melissa's dress. 2

Not only that, but there were also plenty of designers with the exact features that Melissa had implemented on her dress.

"I..."

Before Rachel could speak, a female voice rang from the audience.

"Rachel Bennet's design and its final product are here!"

Within a split second, all the visual and recording focus moved away from the stage and toward the

back of the audience.

Jodie rushed onstage with a wrapped dress and a design artwork.

With Anne's instruction, the stage crew quickly carried a mannequin onstage.

Seeing Jodie fumbling with the dress on the mannequin, Rachel was confused. "Jodie, why are you here?"

Jodie made a shushing gesture at Rachel and handed her the artwork, pointing at the embroidery on the dress.

"Don't ask me, I don't know anything! Ziggy-boy arranged everything. He said you will know what to do as soon as you looked at the doodling notes on the artwork."

Rachel was confused. "Ziggy is here, too?"

She looked at the crowd and immediately saw the tiny figure that was standing still.

She could not explain it, but she felt a sudden burst of energy inside her.

Ziggy gestured at Rachel from where he stood and pointed at her artwork.

The hinting was obvious. At last, Ziggy even

signaled a thumbs-up to show his support.

'Mommy is the best!'

Rachel nodded sincerely before she quickly scanned the notes on the design draft, specifically regarding the embroidery.

Her eyebrows began to knit together as her pretty eyes betrayed a sense of surprise.

'Youthfulness, the future, and hope! Everything points to a child! How could I not think of that?'

The draft was a little different from the final product, but when she examined the seams, her eyes lit up.

'That's what it is!'

Seeing that Rachel was, in fact, presenting her design and the dress, Melissa and the others were stunned.

'How could that be?! We've destroyed her draft, and we didn't even see her redesign!'

'How did she do it?! How did she manage to complete a new design and its product in such short notice?'

Jodie exited the stage after delivering the product.

She rubbed Ziggy's head excitedly. "Ziggy-boy, how did you know Rachel has a competition?"

Ziggy kept his gaze fixed on Rachel. "I saw it by chance."

The shock on Jodie's face did not fade. "Seeing how shocked Rachel is, this design is not from her but you, am I right?"

Ziggy looked at Jodie. "Let's just say we made it together." 1

Jodie yelped and covered her mouth. Then, she lifted Ziggy onto her arms. "You're such a genius, Ziggy!"

It did not take much for Ziggy to impress Jodie, for her to believe that was a genius. If she had known that Ziggy was the owner of the famously mysterious AKK website, her jaw would have dropped. 1

The AKK website's browsing traffic could reach tens of millions click per day! Furthermore, only the rich and the powerful were allowed access. This complicatedly-coded website with millions of daily clicks was all developed by a five-year-old.

No one would believe it even if it was exposed,

would they?

As the mannequin stopped in front of the judges, Rachel followed after it, presenting the design artwork to the judges. 1

An elderly judge picked up Rachel's draft and began to peruse it until he heard Nathan's fake cough.

The elderly judge paused and immediately handed the draft to Nathan.

Nathan's smiled gently as he received the draft and looked at the dress on the mannequin.

There was nary a hint of surprise in his face but there was a hint of confusion instead.

"What can you tell me about the dress? How do you think your work fits in the theme?"

Rachel nodded politely after hearing Nathan's questions. She answered slowly, "The theme for the competition is youthfulness, the future, and hope."

"Children fits the theme, don't they? They are the icon of youthfulness, and they are a nation's future and hope!"

The judges nodded upon hearing Rachel's

explanation. This might have been the most personal, as well as the most fitting explanation for the theme.

Chapter 55 The Stunning Reveal

Even though the judges seemed satisfied, Nathan was not.

He frowned. In his understanding, Rachel's talent was more than that! 1

"The design seems kinda messy, isn't it? It looks like a scrawled doodle made by a child."

A younger judge frowned while making that comment on the dress.

With that comment, snickers and whispers fade in and out on- and off-stage.

Rachel did not mind the commotion as she smiled at the judges.

"It does look kinda plain, doesn't it? But it depends on how you look at it."

The judges were intrigued.

"Oh, you mean to say we've been looking at it wrong?"

"No matter how we look at it, it's still very childish and patchy even if it fits the theme!"

"That's right, is there any other tricks it can

show?"

...

Even with the influx of criticism from the judges, Rachel was not nervous.

Nathan squinted in anticipation.

'No! This dress is not as cheap and patchy as the other judges are saying!'

'This dress is designed by a genius! The fabric used is of the highest grade!'

'These tasteless nincompoops!'

Rachel placed a hand lightly on the mannequin's head and smiled confidently.

The smile was so effortless that the judges could not help but pay attention to what she was about to do to the dress.

Rachel's hand glided softly on the mannequin, and suddenly, she spun it clockwise with her might.

The mannequin immediately began to do a 360° in front of everyone.

Not understanding its significance, the judges frowned.

Eventually, they became impatient.

"What is this nonsense!"

"That's right! I was expecting something magnificent!"

"It's just a gimmick, there's no skill in that!"

"Stop it, I'm gonna give her a big fat zero!"

...

Nathan did not speak, but he slowly eyed the presentation.

Suddenly, his frowns loosened.

He stood up from his seat and raised his hands to applaud Rachel's presentation.

The judges were utterly confused, but since Nathan had already stood up, they did so too.

"Rachel, you didn't disappoint."

It was a simple sentence and barely a compliment, but Rachel felt like she had received the greatest award.

The judges were completely perplexed. 'What happened?'

The dress in front of them was only a simple dress,

it was not even one of the best-looking ones! So why would the president say that?!

The elderly judge stared at the dress that was slowing down from its turn before shock took over his face.

He pointed at the dress. "Look! What is that?!"

As the dress on the spinning mannequin slowed, the doodles and embroidery linked together to show a collage of pictures that told a story.

The first picture was of a child smiling after learning to walk. The next picture was a child going to pre-school, studying happily, then to high school... before the child graduated with a degree and started contributing to the society and the country.

It was a simple dress, but it showed the theme of the competition in living colors.

At this point, the judges who had ridiculed Rachel on her dress lowered their heads in awkwardness, ashamed to voice up again.

It was undeniably the most flawless product they had seen in their years of being a judge!

Everyone began to applaud with smiles all around.

Rachel nodded respectfully, not minding what they said about her before.

Seeing Rachel's magnanimity, the judges went red in the face.

Nathan raised his scorecard first – it was ten points!

The rest of the judges followed suit, raising ten-point cards too!

It was the first dress in history to receive a perfect score!

Rachel nodded. "Thank you."

Melissa looked at her own dress with resentment.

Initially, her score was the highest so she would have been the champion!

However, Rachel's sudden entrance was too unexpected, too mysterious, too eerie!

Rachel had snatched her title away from her!

How could she be resigned to that fate?!

Just as the host was about to announce the winner, Melissa stomped on her high heels and grabbed the microphone from him.

"The winner shouldn't be Rachel!"

Everyone's focus immediately congregated onto Melissa.

Nathan's face stiffened, unhappy that Melissa was causing a scene.

Melissa stared at Rachel resentfully. "As far as I know, Rachel hasn't drawn anything in the past few days after starting in the company! How would she be able to complete the draft and the product? It was all done by the woman who delivered the product just now! This isn't Rachel's work!" 5

Jodie was startled at the sudden attention she was given. 'What does this have to do with me? I can't draw!'

She peered at Ziggy on her side. "Ziggy-boy, how am I supposed to respond to this?"

To her surprise, Ziggy had already disappeared from her side.

The people quickly cleared a path in front of Jodie as Melissa pointed at her. "That's the woman! Just ask her to come up and draw, we would know if the draft came from her!"

Anne looked at Nathan just to see him nod, showing his agreement to Melissa's suggestion.

Now that Melissa had caused such a ruckus, it would be detrimental to Rachel's and the company's reputation.

However, he believed in Rachel.

Put in this situation, Jodie could not do anything but to comply and stepped onto the stage. 2

She looked at Melissa disgustedly. "Miss, that's not a bad implant, but I think that's a little too much Botox on your face. Are your tits fake too?"

Hearing the discussion and laughter that arose after that comment, Melissa handed her a blank canvas and a pencil. "Shut up and draw!"

Chapter 56 Old Hag

Jodie shot a red-faced Melissa a dirty look and took the pencil in her hand. "What are you so mean for? I'm not wrong. It's true, there's barely any part of you that's real, but you don't like people talking about it..."

Melissa held her hands together in an attempt to stop herself from an outburst. 1

Rachel shook her head helplessly at Jodie. Melissa was probably going crazy about what Jodie said of her.

However, after seeing Rachel's gaze, Jodie pouted and stopped taunting Melissa.

With the pencil in her hand, Jodie randomly drew something on the paper while being utterly confused.

"Rachel, is this how I should be holding the pencil? This is it, right?"

Rachel pressed her palm onto her face. "Jodie, how are you able to hold a pencil like a knife?!"

Jodie screamed at Rachel. "How many times have you seen me draw? Just the few times in art classes! I don't know any of this stuff!"

She then placed the pencil back at the canvas heavily and furiously.

All the judges nodded while they stroked their chins. They now understood what had transpired.

Melissa pressed her lips tightly. Noticing that the situation had turned out different from what she had thought, she stepped forward.

She grabbed Jodie's wrist angrily. "That's not the case, President Chapman! This woman must have drawn the draft and she's only pretending that she can't draw!"

Jodie flung Melissa's hand away. "Stop touching me! Who do you think you are? I already said I can't draw, why would I pretend to not know how to draw?!"

Nathan stood up and shot Melissa a cold glare.

"Melissa. We know exactly what happened, so we no longer need your explanations."

He slowly narrowed his eyes at her. "Also, why are you so sure that her artwork is fake?"

Melissa replied furiously, "She had no artwork! Her artwork was..." 4

Halfway into the sentence, she shut her lips tightly.

Naturally, Jodie knew from listening that there were things Melissa stopped herself from spewing.

So, she crossed her arms as she stood beside Melissa, and answered her with her eyebrows raised, "Well, go on, what's wrong with Rachel's artwork?"

Melissa glared at Jodie and turned around with a scoff.

"It's nothing."

Melissa backed down, but Rachel stayed silent for the entire confrontation.

She could have exposed Melissa, but she no longer wanted to do it. Firstly, it would be a hassle; secondly, nothing would have changed – she had successfully entered the contest.

Furthermore, it was more than just Melissa. Exposing one person would not have changed anything.

Nathan stepped down from his seat and took the microphone from the host's hand.

He stood on the side and looked at Rachel, a gentle smile breaking out on his face. 1

"The winner for the Chapman Group's company-wide competition is Ms. Rachel Bennet!"

A while later, a model strutted up onstage with a certificate.

Nathan handed the certificate over to Rachel.

"Congratulations, Rachel."

Rachel nodded while she received her award.

"Thank you, Mr. Chapman."

The warm smile did not leave Nathan's expression.

"This award is yours now."

The photographers continuously clicked their shutters like paparazzi getting wind of a piece of exclusive news. 1

Someone who was valued by the Chapman Group's president had to be more than a simple nobody!

Melissa stomped her feet for awarded the runner-up, second place.

However, she was not happy!

She had spent so much time preparing for the competition!

Yet she was completely overshadowed by a newcomer who had only worked here for a few days!

How was she to reconcile with that?!

Slowly, Melissa turned her gaze to Nathan Chapman. 'It was the president who awarded the prize, no less!'

She has missed out on an opportunity like that!

After the event was wrapped up, Jodie dragged Rachel to look for Ziggy.

The reporters had crowded them, but Rachel politely refused their interview.

Nathan's gaze followed Rachel appreciatively.

"Anne, arrange for Rachel to be promoted."

Anne nodded enthusiastically. The president had been trying to look for an opportunity to promote Rachel; he was especially appreciative of people with talent but still kept a low profile.

Rachel had solid talent, but she still kept to her work quietly without creating melodrama at work and managed to surprise him greatly in this competition.

Her promotion was well-deserved!

"Alright, sir. Which position would you like Rachel to occupy?"

Nathan continued, "The award was enough proof that she's a qualified designer, so I believe she would gain some fame after this competition. Let's promote her to the Designer Office on the sixth floor."

Anne nodded. "Understand, sir. What about the runner-up and second runner-up?"

Nathan looked gently at Melissa behind him, but the disgust in his eyes was unmistakable.

"Substitute designer."

As Nathan left, Anne shook her head and jotted the notes down.

'What a death seeker.'

'Nathan did enjoy the runners-up's work, but Melissa disrupted the competition by causing a commotion on the live feed!'

'People who create drama without considering the company's reputation are the ones Nathan hates the most.' ①

'If they weren't one of the more talented ones, they

would've been fired.'

Originally, they were supposed to be promoted to the sixth floor as well, but because of Melissa's actions, they were given the position of substitute designer instead.

Unsatisfied, Melissa stomped off stage but the moment she stepped off, a child was in her way.

"Kiddo, don't stand in my way and waste my time, I don't have time to play with you."

There was only impatience on her face, even her tone of voice was unkind.

'I just lost to Rachel because of what she said about the theme – kids who are just like him!'

Ziggy kept his hands in his pockets as he opened his mouth, his lips thinned from anger.

"Old hag, if I notice you bullying my mom again, I will make you regret your life choices, capiche?" 5

Chapter 57 A Friend Who Throws You under the Bus Is Worse Than an Overpowering Foe!

Melissa stared at Ziggy in disbelief before she turned around to scan the area.

Confirming that there was no one else around her vicinity, she pointed at herself. "Twerp, who are you calling an old hag?"

Ziggy looked up at her. "You. Do you see anyone older than you here?"

Melissa's face turned so red, she wanted to give Ziggy a good beating.

'Where did this wild kid come from?'

"Bully your mommy? I bully your mommy? Kid, tell me, who is your mommy? Who in this company has a child that I don't know?"

Ziggy looked at Melissa coldly and threw a piece of printed artwork onto her face.

"I didn't expose you today because I didn't think you deserve to become my mommy's rival! Let me give you a piece of advice, stop playing office politics! Your capabilities are already destined, no amount of tricks and gimmicks can help you."

Melissa took a look at the paper that landed in her hand. Her eyes suddenly widened in fear.

"You, you! How do you have this design?!"

'It should've been completely erased from the office computer!'

'Not even Rachel managed to find it!'

Ziggy kept his hands in his pockets while sending icy glares at Melissa.

The woman's IT skills were not even in the same league as Ziggy's, let alone being compared to him.

"You don't need to know how I recovered it. All you need to know is that if you do things like that again, this draft will appear in the president's office. Do you understand?"

Melissa dared not say anything in the face of Ziggy's overwhelming aura, so she stood there in silence with her head lowered.

'This design is Rachel's! This twerp warned me not to bully his mommy! Does that mean that this twerp is Rachel's child?!'

She looked mockingly at Ziggy. "So your mommy is Rachel, what a shameful lady to have given birth

before a marriage..."

Before she could even finish her sentence, Ziggy was nowhere to be found.

Melissa looked around for a bit and wandered off.

After countless phone calls from Rachel, Ziggy picked up.

"Mommy, I'm at the canteen."

When Rachel and Jodie ran to the canteen in a hurry, they noticed Ziggy with the takeaway food spread nicely on a table.

Ziggy passed Rachel and Jodie their utensils.

"Mommy, Aunt Jodie, let's eat. You must be hungry."

Jodie nodded quickly. "Of course, I haven't even had breakfast."

Ziggy shot Jodie a look. "I didn't ask you."

His final sentence was obviously directed at Rachel.

Jodie almost choked to death. 6

With a flushed face, she beat her chest.

Ziggy handed her a glass of water. "You should eat

slowly..." 8

As the water washed down the food, Jodie immediately felt better.

"It's all your fault!"

Rachel looked at the duo with her food in front of her. "Who finished the design for me?"

As Rachel questioned them, Ziggy did not stop with giving her some of the meatier pieces. His movement was smooth and uninterrupted.

Jodie, on the other hand, choked again.

So Ziggy silently handed her another glass of water.

While Jodie downed the glass of water, she glared at Ziggy for a long time, questioning him with her gaze.

'Isn't this design done by Rachel alone?!

When Ziggy asked her to rush the product, the artwork he had sent her was complete!

She thought it was because Rachel had finished the design but could not get the product done in time, so Ziggy looked for her.

Now that Rachel was asking, Jodie realized that it

was not the case!

She stared intently at Ziggy. 'Just how many secrets does this kid have?!' 1

Ziggy shook his head and immediately threw the responsibility to Jodie. "Mommy, I don't know, I can't draw. It was Aunt Jodie who delivered your design artwork and product to you!"

Rachel turned her attention to Jodie.

Her brows slowly crinkled up with puzzlement. "But Jodie doesn't draw, I know that."

Jodie shook her head and mumbled through the food in her mouth, unable to form a complete sentence.

"No no no, Rachel! Nop me eiber, I befimitewy bibm'p boo ip (Not me either, I definitely didn't do it)!" 2

Ziggy shook his head while reaching under the table and pinched Jodie's thigh lightly.

Jodie mumbled for a while and whipped around to shoot a glare at Ziggy.

Ziggy looked at Rachel sincerely. "Aunt Jodie can't draw, did she look for someone else to draw it for you?" 1

Rachel cocked her head. "Is that so? But I couldn't even find this draft yesterday, how did it appear in Jodie's hands today?"

Ziggy continued to add food onto Rachel's plate as he smiled purely. "It's alright mommy, as long as it turned out okay, right? Don't think about it too much, just eat."

Rachel furrowed her brows again. "Baby, why did you run out of class at noon? Do you not want to go to school today?"

Once again, Ziggy threw the responsibility to Jodie.

He pointed at Jodie with his tiny finger. "You have to ask Aunt Jodie! She signed me out and said that she wanted to bring me along to watch your competition."

Jodie cocked her head, not understanding the situation. "Uh, what?"

Ziggy smiled brightly at Jodie and pinched her thigh again.

Jodie nodded. "That's right! Today's your competition day, both of us have to be your supporters!"

Seeing Ziggy's and Jodie's banter, Rachel set down

her utensils.

"Jodie, how did you know I have a competition today? I didn't tell anyone!"

Jodie paused and looked at Ziggy for answers.

"Ziggy-boy, how should I answer your mommy to be absolutely correct?" 1

Ziggy sat properly without looking at Jodie. His face showed no signs of anxiousness from being caught in a lie. 1

'A friend who throws you under the bus is worse than an overpowering foe!'

Chapter 58 A Date to the Ball

It was not until Rachel turned to Ziggy that he said, "Aunt Jodie, didn't you say you found out through your dad's company?"

Getting Ziggy's hint, Jodie looked at Rachel. "That's right, I found out from my dad's company." 3

Rachel's gaze alternated between Ziggy and Jodie. She was full of suspicion. 2

Once again, Ziggy kept putting food onto Rachel's plate. "Mommy, please eat. If you don't eat now, all the nice pieces of meat will be finished by Aunt Jodie alone."

Jodie glared at Ziggy with her plateful of meat chunks. "Nonsense! Am I that kind of person?!"

At this moment, Jodie's words were as reliable as the weather forecast, as her mouth was filled with meat.

Rachel rubbed Ziggy's head with a smile. "Alright, I'm done here after the competition. I don't think I have anything else to do in the evening, so I'll get out of work as soon as possible to accompany my baby at home."

Ziggy hugged Rachel and grinned. "Yay! Mommy is

the best!"

Jodie pressed her lips together and set down the utensils. "Rachel, I can't come with you today. I have to go home to take care of my brother. His mood swings are pretty bad lately."

Rachel patted Jodie's hand. "I know. Go, Jodie, thank you for showing up every time I needed help."

Jodie pinched Rachel's face and chuckled. "You silly girl, we're besties!"

Rachel then placed Ziggy in Jodie's arms. "Can you bring Ziggy back on the way?"

Jodie made an 'OK' gesture at Rachel. "Don't worry, leave that to me!"

With every few steps, Ziggy turned back to look at Rachel. "Mommy, you promised, be there soon!"

Rachel nodded and smiled. "I will. Whatever I promised my baby, I will make it happen."

After Jodie and Ziggy left, Rachel cleaned up the table.

Cluck cluck cluck— The sounds of leather shoes' heels hitting the ground approached.

The moment Rachel lifted her chin, Nathan appeared in front of her.

"Mr. Chapman?"

Nathan sat opposite of Rachel, grinning.

Seeing as Nathan sat down, Rachel followed suit.

"Mr. Chapman, is there anything I can help you with?"

Nathan nodded. "Tonight, I will be attending a friend's ball, but I don't have a date. Rachel, may I have the honor of inviting you to be my date tonight?"

Rachel refused without giving it a second thought.

"Mr. Chapman, I believe there are plenty of ladies who would love the chance to be your date tonight. I have another prior engagement to attend, so I'm afraid I can't go with you."

After Rachel said that, she quickly stood up before Nathan could process her rejection.

Anne stopped Rachel. "Wait, Mr. Chapman hasn't finished."

"I don't think you remember, but part of the reward

for winning this competition was to be his date tonight to attend the ball."

Anne explained, seeing the confusion in Rachel's eyes.

Rachel paused. 'There's a clause like that in the competition? How did I not see it?'

She felt a figurative cold sweat run down her spine. It was no wonder the other contestants were so proactive on winning and were staring down at her as if they were going to kill her when she had won.

'That's the main reason!'

Rachel nodded at Anne and Nathan. "So sorry, Mr. Chapman. I was given a chance to enter the competition immediately after I was hired, so everything had been a rush for me. I apologize for not reading the reward clause properly, but I really can't go tonight."

She continued, "If it's possible, I would like to give this opportunity to another deserving designer."

Second rejection!

This was Nathan's first time being rejected twice in a row!

However, Nathan kept his gentlemanly smile. "You have rejected me twice in a row, do you really have something on?" ①

Rachel nodded. "Uh-huh, I promised my son to return home earlier to spend time with him."

...

'Giving up the chance to get closer to the president so that she can spend time with her son? Refusing a chance to mingle with the upper-class society?'

Nathan squinted. 'This woman is not like what Edward thinks she is. She's not the conceited sort who likes to manipulate people...'

He stood up from his seat slowly. "Rachel, if you're worried about your child, you can bring him along, but you can't refuse this opportunity. This is the reward of the competition. If you refused this, it would affect my reputation, I hope you understand."

Nathan turned and left.

Anne said to Rachel genuinely, "After work, please stay back a little, we will arrange for someone to send you home."

Rachel had barely thought about saying no before

Nathan left the scene with his entourage.

Rachel's lips were slightly ajar as she sighed helplessly.

'Looks like I have to coax my baby after this, I'm going to have to stand him up this time.' 2

Her hands balled up tightly. 'But it's all for work!'

After returning to her station, her team leader greeted her joyfully.

She grabbed Rachel's hands with a smiley face. "Oh my, Rachel's back!"

As she noticed that her workstation had been cleaned up, Rachel frowned in confusion.

"Where are my things?"

The team leader patted Rachel's hands as if they were old friends.

This woman who was disgusted by her just a day before this...

"You're now a designer of the Chapman Group! Your things have been moved to the sixth floor, you don't need any workstation anymore! That's a huge office with only a couple of designers, it's spacious and cozy!"

Slowly, Rachel slipped her hands out of the team leader's. "Oh, I understand. Thank you, team leader."

Even with Rachel's conscious effort to distance herself, the team leader was unfazed.

"I'm really happy that you're still willing to treat me as your team leader. I hear you're going to that ball. Maybe you can whisper some good comments about me in front of the president..."

She got close to Rachel. "You didn't hear this from me, but I've been in this position for too long, maybe a promotion is in order..."

Rachel took a few steps back coldly. "Team leader, it's not my place to decide the human resource management of the company. I believe the president himself is very clear who deserved a promotion."

Melissa gripped her fists tightly. She took second place, but Rachel's first place was supposed to be hers!

The certificate was supposed to be hers! The person who was going to the ball was supposed to be her!

Chapter 59 A Spotty Private Life

The reward said those who placed first, second, and third were supposed to be promoted to designers!

Why was Rachel the only one who was promoted to a designer? While Melissa and the third place were still in the crowded first floor.

In name, she had been promoted to a substitute designer, but in reality, her position was not changed. She would still be doing the work as a design staff!

In this industry, there were significant differences between being a designer and a design staff!

For this competition, she had exhausted her resources and energy. ①

She thought she had the crown within her reach, but Rachel's sudden emergence with the stupid dress won everyone's attention and praise.

Melissa was so pissed, she interlocked her fingers tightly!

She had even prepared her gown to attend the ball!

She wanted to be the president's date, to attend an upper-class social event for once!

However, Rachel had taken all these opportunities away from her!

Melissa walked with her fist tightly knit but slowed to a stop after a few steps.

Ziggy's threatening words echoed in her mind.

'Old hag, if you bully my mom again, this design will appear in the president's office...'

Melissa closed her fist. Even though she was still working on the first floor, she should be slightly more influential as a substitute designer than as a design staff, right?

'There will be a day then I teach this arrogant Rachel a lesson!'

Anne strolled to Rachel's side. "Rachel, what are you still waiting here? Follow me."

Rachel immediately followed behind Anne and left the office.

The moment Rachel and Anne left, the team leader shook her head with annoyance.

"President Chapman sent his assistant to bring Rachel upstairs! Looks like Rachel has caught his

attention! I should have gotten closer to her earlier!"

The design staff members were all jealous and envious.

A discussion broke out—

"Did you hear? President Chapman went to the canteen himself to ask Rachel to be his date!"

"Oh goodness! The president did that?" 1

"Was he already under that wicked witch's spell?"

"Yeah, I heard he likes competent people, but don't you think he pays her too much attention?!"

"You didn't know! He went to the canteen to tell Rachel to get ready for the ball, but she refused him!"

"What?! Is it true?! This is a dream come true for so many ladies at work! She rejected him?"

"Not only that. I heard she rejected him twice! It was only after he gave an order that she agreed to go."

"I say, she's just pretending! Either that or she must be trying to trick him!"

"I think so too. If she really doesn't want to go, why would she agree?"

"Exactly..."

...

Hearing the discussion around her, Melissa did not hide being upset.

Standing beside Melissa, the person who won third-place sighed. "Melissa, we thought you would get the first place and go to the ball! This Rachel..."

Melissa sank into her seat with a scoff. "Rachel didn't even have a design ready, let alone the final product! Her submission is obviously done by someone else!"

"The time was too short for us to find any proof! And now, she's playing hide-and-seek with President Chapman, this kind of woman will not make it to the end!"

Everyone around her nodded in agreement. "That's right! We also think the winner should be you!"

Melissa's eyes narrowed. "Not only that! Did you know Rachel was the type to play around? She had a child who's yea-high!"

Melissa gestured while smirking.

A gossip circle broke out among the people near her.

"Oh gosh, is that true?! Rachel looks young though! If she has a child that tall, at what age do you think she had him?!"

"Wouldn't it be about 19 or 20 years old?"

"Tsk ts, this woman is so salacious!"

"Whores are always like that! I think she's aiming for the president's bed this time!"

...

Melissa felt a little better hearing everyone gossiping about Rachel's misdeeds.

However, the feeling lasted only until the end of office hours.

Nathan was leading as Rachel and Anne followed him out of the office building.

Everyone peered outside only to see a Lincoln stretch limousine stop outside as Nathan, together with Anne and Rachel, entered it.

The limousine slowly began to drive away.

Melissa thumped her fist on her desk heavily.

She mumbled through her gritted teeth, "Rachel, I will not let you off so easily!" 3

Since everyone else was looking at the commotion, they did not pay attention to Melissa behind them.

Feeling uncomfortable, Rachel looked at Nathan in a final attempt to get out of the ball.

"President, I'm really not used to social events like that. You should let Anne take my place."

Nathan looked at Rachel gently. "Rachel, rules are rules, there's no such thing as taking your place."

"Do you absolutely not want to attend the ball with me? Do you not want to be my date?"

Since young, Nathan had never been defeated by other people due to his upbringing. (Aside from Edward)

However, he realized that Rachel had consistently acted out of his expectation.

Rachel shook her head earnestly. "No, no. Mr. Chapman, you have given me a job when I needed help the most and allowed me to prove myself. But..."

Her eyes brightened as an excuse came to her.

"But I don't have anything to wear for tonight! Mr. Chapman, look, I can't attend the ball in canvas shoes and casual dress, can I? I don't want to embarrass you, so why don't you show up with Anne?"

Nathan chortled amiably. "That's alright. If you prefer to attend the ball with a casual dress and a pair of canvas shoes, I would love to have a date like you."

...

Rachel held her forehead helplessly. It seemed like she would not be able to escape the ball after all...

Chapter 60 No One Can Take Ziggy's Mommy Away from Him!

The Lincoln stretch limousine stopped in front of Rachel's apartment as she quickly alighted.

"Mr. Chapman, let me go explain to my son about tonight."

Nathan was slightly surprised, but he maintained his calm smile. "We can bring him along."

Rachel shook her head. "It's alright, Mr. Chapman. We can just come home earlier."

She did not want her son to enter the upper-class social circle. The more aristocratic a circle was, the messier it would eventually become.

She hoped her son could keep his naivete and live a simple life with occasional smarts.

Nathan followed Rachel upstairs after giving Anne an indicative nod.

After getting the hint, Anne left the apartment.

Knock knock— Rachel knocked on the door, grinning.

The door opened and Ziggy flew into Rachel's arms.

"Mommy, you're home! I've waited for you for so long!"

Rachel held Ziggy in her arms and laughed. "Baby, this is Uncle Nathan."

Ziggy looked at Nathan and grinned, his smile brightening up the entire room.

"Hello, Uncle Nathan."

Nathan nodded. Even though Ziggy was friendly and cordial, Nathan could sense something from him.

He sensed animosity!

Nathan rubbed Ziggy's head. "I have a close friend with a child who is as big you." 1

Ziggy did not respond to Nathan and rather, looked at Rachel instead. "Mommy, why did you bring uncle to our house?"

Rachel squat down beside Ziggy and rubbed his head. "Baby, this uncle is mommy's boss. I will be going to a ball with him for a short while. Can you wait for me at home? I will be home soon, alright?" 1

Ziggy was surprised. "Mommy is going to the ball with uncle? Why?"

Rachel answered lamentably. "Because mommy won the competition, and a reward for the competition is this."

Hearing Rachel's explanation, Ziggy was stupefied.

Now he regretted helping Rachel finish the design that sent her to the first place.

This is because sending her to the first place meant that he had to give his mommy away to a stranger.

He swallowed his aggrievement in silence.

"Must you go?" Ziggy looked at Rachel with a pitiful look.

Seeing Ziggy's expression, Rachel felt as if her heart had melted.

She rubbed Ziggy's head again and pointed her fingers up to the ceiling. "Okay, mommy promise Ziggy, I will be home really soon!"

Ziggy bit his lower lip and nodded. "Okay, mommy. You have to keep your promise to come home early."

"And be careful of strangers."

Ziggy turned toward Nathan during that last

sentence.

Rachel nodded quickly before she planted a quick kiss on Ziggy's forehead.

"Okay, mommy will remember that."

Rachel set down her stuff and left.

As the door closed slowly, Ziggy switched on his laptop and quickly typed something.

It did not take long for him to find the information about the ball, including the time and location.

He then scoffed and put on his cap and shades. Bringing along his phone, he retrieved the wooden box from under the bed.

When he had counted out a thousand pounds sterling, he stuffed them into his backpack and stood up straight. ①

'That uncle clearly has ulterior motives! I knew it since he was there on the stage!'

'And now he wants to abduct mommy to some kind of a ball!'

'No one can take my mommy away from me!'

"Mommy, wait for me!"

Ziggy kept his key safely and flagged down a cab.

"Take me to somewhere near that sells suits for children."

The driver looked at the 5-year-old who was sitting in the navigator seat and peered to the empty seats at the back of the cab.

The driver asked Ziggy in a confused tone, "Kid, just you? Where are your parents?"

Ziggy looked at the driver coldly. "Didn't you hear me? Take me to a formal wear boutique that sells children suits." 1

The driver shrugged. "You're far too young to be traveling alone! What if I was arrested and charged as a kidnapper?"

Ziggy looked at the driver and pulled out two twenty-pound bills before he threw them on the driver's lap.

"Are you driving or not?"

Just like that, the driver smiled placatingly and kept the money.

He turned and looked at Ziggy. "Kid, buckle up, we're gon..."

He did have to finish his sentence as he saw Ziggy had already done so.

Ziggy looked at the driver. "What are you waiting for? Drive! I'm rushing."

The driver nodded several times and stepped on the accelerator.

After the car stopped in front of an expensive-looking boutique shop, Ziggy unbuckled his seat belt.

"Wait here for a bit, you'll get five hundred quids."

The driver's eyes lit up at Ziggy's words.

Even though it was difficult to believe that statement, it would not hurt to wait for several minutes!

Seeing Ziggy waddle into the store, the driver shook his head.

'The kid feels important! Not only that, the kid's meticulousness even dwarfs my own as an adult.'

Inside the store, Ziggy scanned the selections they had. "Bring me your most expensive set of suit."

The lady who was following Ziggy looked around for his family. "Little boy, where is your family? We

do sell primarily kids' tuxedos and evening suits, but it doesn't mean they're free."

"If you're not here with your family, we can't serve you."

The moment the sales lady replied with that, Ziggy showed the diamond credit card in his pocket.

He said coldly, "Really, you're not serving me?"

The sales lady's eyes sparkled. Ziggy wore cheap clothes, so she would not have known he was a rich young master!

She nodded sycophantically. "Of course we do! You require the most expensive set in our store, don't you? I'll bring it to you immediately!" 1

She shot the lady not far away from her a hinting look.

Ziggy placed his hands in his pocket, keeping his aloof face, not affected by the change in attitude.