

Chapter 6 I'm Now Married

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The elite of Cheson appeared to have gathered here.

Despite her preparations, the sight of Terry and Stacey's intimate photos caught her off guard.

During her second year of college, Terry became her boyfriend.

Their relationship spanned four years, stretching from academia to their professional lives. However, Helena's struggle with panic disorder persisted, making it impossible for her to fulfill Terry's expectations of a partner. In the end, he proposed they go their separate ways.

"Helena, you made it! I was afraid you'd be upset with me and skip the event," a sweet voice called from behind.

Turning, Helena faced the bride, glowing in her gown, clinging affectionately to Terry as they approached.

"Stacey, Terry." Helena greeted them with a calm demeanor, even managing a smile.

Terry appeared uneasy, unable to meet Helena's eyes directly.

Helena's beauty was the reason he dated her, but she always kept her distance—and on top of that, she had a father in a vegetative state.

The thought of building a life with someone like her never felt right to him.

On the other hand, Stacey's family business had been doing well in recent years, giving his career a strong boost.

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Sensing Terry's hesitance, Stacey became irritated.

She playfully said to Helena, "Helena, you promised to be my bridesmaid. You're not thinking of backing out, are you?"

With a soft smile, Helena raised her left hand, allowing the

Sensing Terry's hesitance, Stacey became irritated.

She playfully said to Helena, "Helena, you promised to be my bridesmaid. You're not thinking of backing out, are you?"

With a soft smile, Helena raised her left hand, allowing the diamond on her ring finger to catch the light, conspicuously visible to all.

"I won't. By the way, I'm married. Sorry for not telling you about the news earlier."

Stacey's expression briefly registered shock.

She couldn't help but notice the costly appearance of the wedding ring adorning Helena's finger, clearly beyond the reach of the average person.

Curious, Stacey asked, "Helena, who did you marry? And where is he today?"

Helena paused, recalling her vow to Alden to keep their marriage private.

With a casual air, she explained, "My husband couldn't make it today."

To Stacey, it was laughable. She was sure Helena had made up the excuse just to save face. After all, Helena was nothing more than a weather anchor with a comatose father—a weight she could never truly leave behind.

What kind of wealthy man would ever want someone like her?

"Okay, Helena, time to get dressed," Stacey said as she passed a bag to Helena. "You'll have to manage your own makeup; my artist is unavailable. Just make sure you don't make a spectacle of yourself."

Helena inspected the contents of the bag.

As expected, it contained a cheaply made, overly flashy champagne tulle dress that screamed bad taste and matching high heels.

She couldn't help but laugh at Stacey's petty attempt at humiliation.

A few minutes later, when Stacey was waiting to witness Helena's discomfort, she noticed that the room's attention had shifted.

Turning to follow the guests' stares, Stacey was astonished to find Helena reentering the room, now dressed in a fitted off-shoulder evening gown, with her hair stylishly pinned up. Her tall figure and striking looks captivated everyone.

At the sight of her, Stacey's irritation grew. She briskly approached Helena.

"Why aren't you wearing the bridesmaid dress I gave you?" she demanded heatedly.

With a calm smile, Helena responded, "I am wearing it. It just didn't fit well, so I tweaked it a bit. I couldn't let you be embarrassed, could I?"

Thanks to her experience at Nexus TV, where she often had to alter sponsored outfits, Helena had become quite skilled at tweaking outfits to enhance their fit and elegance.

Stacey suddenly noticed that Helena had indeed worn the tulle dress she had provided, but had cleverly altered it into an elegant off-shoulder ensemble. Helena's makeup was understated, expertly done by herself; her hair was simply styled up, and she chose to forego any jewelry.

Despite these minimalistic choices, Helena looked stunning, effortlessly eclipsing Stacey in her designer wedding dress and elaborate accessories.

Terry found himself overwhelmed with regret as he observed Helena's transformation.

He opened his mouth to speak, but just then, the wedding festivities began.

Terry could only stand by, as Stacey and Helena moved through the room, raising their glasses to friends and colleagues.

Over their four years together, Helena and Terry had built a shared network of friends from their university days.

Helena had always been regarded as a generous and supportive friend, often assisting her peers. This garnered her much respect, particularly among the women, who now viewed Terry's actions with disdain.

"You look absolutely gorgeous, Helena. One might mistake this for your wedding," a friend remarked.

"Honestly, Stacey and Terry suit each other better. One's a thief, the other just takes whatever they can, and both love attention," another said jokingly.

These biting remarks caused Stacey's polite smile to waver.

Even Terry's parents displayed exceptional warmth towards Helena. Carol Marshall, Terry's mother, took Helena's hand with tears in her eyes. "Sweetheart, Terry let you down. I'm so sorry."

Helena had cared for Carol during a severe health crisis two years ago, spending a month at her bedside in the hospital.

Helena shook her head gently, knowing it was not Carol's fault.

Terry's parents had always been genuine and kind, which was partly why Helena had felt comfortable in her relationship with Terry for as long as she did.

As Helena continued to engage warmly with Terry's relatives and friends, Stacey grew increasingly irate and envious.

It seemed as though Helena had stolen the limelight, relegating her to a mere afterthought at her own wedding.

With mounting irritation, Stacey snapped, "Helena, you can leave now. We don't need you here."

Helena responded with a light laugh, "But I haven't given you and Terry my gift yet."



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