

Chapter 19 Dating

David cast a glance at his wife and advised, "Why must you do this? Xavier is a responsible and capable man, aware of what needs to be done. There's no need to intervene in his life plan."

"You just don't understand!" Adeline shook his head, sighing deeply. "As long as he can't forget that bitch Grace, he won't entertain the idea of a relationship or even consider marriage."

"So, are you afraid that he's using Miss Sterling as a mere delaying tactic, just to put your mind at ease?"

"If not, why do you think he readily agreed?" Adeline retorted, frustration evident in her tone. She suddenly pulled out her phone from her pocket, her face filled with excitement. "I must quickly call Bella and arrange for her to meet Xavier."

David observed his wife's revived spirit and couldn't help but shake his head.

At the collaborative concert between an Australian and domestic symphony orchestra.

Bella appeared before Xavier, exuding elegance and confidence. She gracefully linked her arm with his, as if she's his wife.

Xavier furrowed his brows, not only due to her touch, but also because of a gust of strong perfume lingering around her.

His memory went back to the time when he saw that woman, in the night club, turning her head with a seductive smile aimed at him.

"Xavier, it's a pleasure to meet you!" Bella lifted her gaze for a moment, taking in the sight of the good-looking and refined man beside her, before shyly lowering her head.

Standing before such an outstanding man, she felt her heart pounding in nervousness.

A tinge of mockery flashed through Xavier's deep eyes, yet he

did not shrug off her hand. "Thank you."

As the performance commenced, the entire audience held their breath, completely absorbed in the orchestra's enchanting melodies. However, sulk clouded over Xavier's face as if an impending storm.

He could sense the woman beside him subtly inching closer. The seating arrangement provided here were large. It was evident what was going through Miss Sterling's mind.

Xavier's gaze turned frigid, and a menacing aura radiated from him. Even Bella couldn't help but perceive it.

"Xavier, you don't look well. Are you okay? Maybe we should leave now?" Carefully, she lifted her gaze to steal a glimpse of his profile, feigning concern.

"Miss Sterling, indeed, I feel uneasy, but it has nothing to do with my physical well-being." Xavier's gaze remained fixed ahead, his voice aloof.

Bella blinked her eyes as she instantly caught the implied meaning under his words, but she pretended ignorance, not moving an inch from him.

The concert came to an end, and Xavier was the first to stand up. Bella was about to raise from her seat when suddenly she stumbled and fell sideward.

It turned out that she had seized the opportunity, patiently waiting for the chaos of the concert's conclusion and the departure of the crowd, aiming to take this chance to throw herself in his arms.

However, it was clear that her strategy was futile in the face of Xavier.

"Ah... it hurts..." Bella revealed a delicate and touching face, softly whimpering in pain.

"Miss Sterling, do you need my assistance?" Despite his words,

his hands remained in his pockets, completely showing no tendency to help.

Bella seethed with inner resentment, but being a self-proclaimed refined lady, she couldn't vent her anger in public and had to swallow the profanities that rose to her lips.

Forcing herself to rise from the ground, she put on a fake smile and said, "Mr. Brooks, I have something to attend to. I have to leave."

Through this encounter, she came to a deep realization that this feelingless, arrogant man was beyond her reach. Rather than wasting time and energy on him, she should seek someone new.

At her words, Xavier's lips curled into a faint smile, and he responded, "I was planning to drive you home, Miss Sterling. But since that's the case, I won't trouble you any longer. Take care." With that, he turned around and walked toward the exit.

Behind him, Bella's gaze burned with fury, her tightly clenched teeth and trembling body revealing her intense hatred.

Chapter 20 Miss Her to The Core

Night descended, and the moon cast the surroundings a cool, silver glow. A luxurious car raced down the highway, its engine roaring.

Xavier's hands lightly gripped the steering wheel as his gaze remained fixed ahead. Yet, against his will, a familiar figure crept into his mind. On a restless night, a bewitching and delicate woman came into his vision.

His widened eyes proved his shock, his right hand reaching out in an attempt to capture her. But as he regained his senses, he found his hand empty, having grasped nothing but air.

Damn it all!

A storm was brewing inside his eyes, yet his heart losing its vitality, its once resounding beats now turning into feeble whispers.

Grace, why did you forsake me?

Xavier steered his car toward that night club loaded with memories.

The nightclub is a haven of indulgence and delight, beckoning to men with its siren's song. Especially in the night, it transforms into a playground where men seek pleasure and merriment.

In this moment, the outside world resonated with vibrant chuckles and singing. Yet, within a private room, an eerie silence pervaded.

A man sat alone, with his head down, drowning his sorrows in alcohol.

Suddenly, the door cracked open, revealing a sliver of light. A woman motioned for other girls behind her to remain quiet, her gaze fixated through the crack.

Xavier had been here for over an hour, downing bottle after bottle of beer. The table and floor were strewn with empty bottles,

enough to prove his intoxicated state.

"Hey, who among you dares to venture inside?" The woman turned back, her voice hushed as she posed the question to her companions.

The girls all shook their heads in fear.

The past actions of the man inside the room were well known to these girls. Thus, they would never willingly walk into the trap set before them.

"Lily, you are the most suitable one to do this. We trust you can do it." They unanimously agreed with this suggestion.

"You... huh!" The woman called Lily, let out a disdainful snort, wearing an indifferent expression as she pushed the door open.

Stepping into the room, a strong aroma of alcohol wafted, assaulting Lily's senses. Even she, who were adept at drinking battles, couldn't help but shudder involuntarily.

Her gaze then fell upon a pile of beer bottles, prompting her to shake her head. God! How much had he drunk? It wouldn't be surprising if this man drank himself into death here.

With a sigh, she couldn't help think of Grace.

After a moment's hesitation, she took cautious steps forward, as if traversing a treacherous path. Suddenly, Xavier raised his hand to prop himself up, attempting to rise.

Overwhelmed by dizziness and suffering from a pounding headache, he then found himself in a soft and comforting embrace of someone.

A dense fragrance of makeup permeated his senses, stirring his soul. He recognized the scent.

"Grace, Grace..." Xavier murmured, whispering the name as agony pierced his heart.

He struggled to open his eyes to catch a glimpse of the person in front of him, yet he felt his eyelids growing increasingly heavy, as if

fused together, refusing to part.

Lily mustered her strength to carefully lay him down on the sofa. Despite the short distance she had traveled, beads of fragrant sweat adorned her skin, like glistening pearls.

She lifted her hand to wipe the sweat, but her movements halted as she heard the man's mutters.

"No, don't leave me... don't..." "Grace... where are you... I miss you..."

Grace!

Lily's hand froze momentarily on her forehead. Indeed, she and other girls in this club had long discerned that this man's heart was deeply occupied by Grace. They understood the profound love shared between them.

Yet, despite their profound affection, the two still wounded each other, like two hedgehog trying to hug each other. Was this a test given by the harsh reality?