

Chapter 17 Miss Dew

The club was very lively at night. The flashing lights and the smell of liquor stimulated all the guests as they danced and drank to their hearts' content. Just then, a black Bentley pulled to a stop in front of the club, its noble reserved aura making for a stark contrast against the liveliness of the club.

As soon as Russell stepped inside the club, he saw a smiling Belinda amidst the crowd.

He had always known that she was pretty, but her present beauty was much more dazzling, rendering her aloof and difficult to approach.

Russell chose a seat at random and sat down. He wasn't in the mood to drink and only ordered some water. The whole time, his eyes were glued to the beautiful woman in the crowd, and he was unable to tear his gaze away from her.

Betty raised her glass and cheered, "Hear, hear! Let's toast to Belinda's comeback!"

Don't forget us when you're rich and successful, okay?"

The twinkling sound of wine glasses clinking echoed in the club. Despite the deafening music, Belinda clearly heard everyone's praises and blessings. She was so caught up in the lively atmosphere that she forgot about how much wine she had been drinking.

She drank one glass after another, making Russell frown as he watched her from afar.

When did Belinda get so good at drinking?

Was she always like this? Or had she built a tolerance to the alcohol in the year after their divorce?

Only then did Russell realize that he knew very little about his ex-wife.

They had been married for three years, yet he seemed to know next to nothing about her.

Suddenly, he felt a hand on his shoulder.

Russell knew who it was, so he didn't bother to look up.

"Dude, since when did you become such a creepy stalker? You're already here. You might as well go say hi to her. After all, you two used to be married!"

"Shut up!"

Russell swatted Mike's hand away, finished his glass of water, and then stood up to leave.

Even he had to admit that he felt inexplicably angry when he heard that Belinda had a new boyfriend, but what Mike said just now reminded him that he had no right to interfere. After all, he and Belinda were divorced.

Clearly, Belinda wanted to forget about their marriage, and so did he.

She wasn't even willing to talk business with him.

Mike pursed his lips when he saw that Russell was about to leave. He reached out again and grabbed Russell by the shoulder, saying, "What're you doing? Leaving after only a glass of water? Since when did you become so shy?"

"Fuck off. Stop worrying about me and just mind your own business,"

Russell grunted, pushing Mike away.

But Mike was born rebellious, and he knew his friend well. He wasn't going to let Russell walk away from an opportunity.

Without scruples, Mike dragged Russell over to Belinda and her friends.

Calvin had noticed the presence of these two uninvited guests long before they made a move. When he saw them walking towards their booth, he sneered inwardly and subtly inched closer to Belinda.

"Isn't that Mr. Kameron?" Betty asked suddenly.

Hearing this, Belinda raised her head and met Russell's eyes. She immediately frowned and opened her mouth, intending to say something. However, when she thought about what had happened earlier that day, she chose to keep silent.

No wonder Mike acted like he knew her. It turned out that he was actually Russell's friend.

Because nobody said anything for a while, Mike seized this as an opportunity to crash their party.

He pulled Russell and they squeezed into the booth together. "Do you mind if we join you?"

Belinda's frown deepened. "I..."

Leaning on Belinda's shoulder, Calvin's charming eyes formed two crescent moons as he grinned cheekily. "Of course we don't mind. The more, the merrier. This is a party after all. What do you say, Belle?"

"If you say so," Belinda replied with a faint smile.

Calvin was the host of tonight's party. If he had no problem with the two uninvited guests staying, then she had no say. And she knew that Calvin wouldn't do anything to hurt her.

"Belinda, you're so kind," Betty suddenly said, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

Only the two of them knew what was going on, so nobody else at the table chimed in.

Unexpectedly, Russell said nothing. He just sat in his seat as stiffly as an ice sculpture. He didn't say anything, and his eyes were dim, as though his mind was elsewhere. No one knew what he was thinking about.

Noticing that Belinda was looking at Russell, Calvin pursed his lips and called her name abruptly. "Belle."

Belinda snapped out of her trance and turned around. "Yeah?"

"I'm kinda sleepy," Calvin deliberately made his eyelids droop, as though he was actually sleepy.

"Oh. Let me drive you home."

Just then, a thought occurred to Calvin. "Hey, I haven't heard you sing in a while. Why don't you sing for us here?"

Flustered, Belinda bit her lip hesitantly.

Ryan's eyes lit up and he chimed in excitedly, "What? Belinda can sing?"

"She's a great singer," Betty immediately started to praise Belinda. As she spoke, she deliberately glanced at Russell.

"Come on, Belinda!"

Belinda clenched her fists quietly. She wanted more than ever to throw Calvin into the trash can.

Why'd Calvin have to bring this up? Belinda looked around helplessly, only to meet the expectant gazes of the crowd. In the end, there really was no way for her to refuse.

And what could she do if not refuse?

She had to bite the bullet and come onstage.

The club's professional singer was forced to get off the stage as Belinda made her way to the front. All of a sudden, the spotlight was focused on Belinda, blinding her temporarily. She couldn't see anything but the flecks of dust floating in the lights.

It was almost as though she was the last person on earth.

The music started to play, and she opened her mouth automatically to sing. As she sang, it was as though she had returned to her younger self. All the pain and suffering seemed to vanish. She was pulled back to reality only when the song came to an end. With a wistful smile, she walked off the stage.

She was met with endless praise and thundering applause. Then, someone suddenly shouted, "I know her! She's Miss Dew on YouTube! Their voices are exactly the same!"

"Who's Miss Dew?"

Commented [Ma1]:

Commented [Ma2R1]:

"You don't know Miss Dew?! Do you live under a rock or something?"

Belinda was a little surprised. But before she could react, somebody asked if they could take a photo with her, and she was instantly blinded with flashing cameras.

Seeing this scene, Mike shook his head helplessly.

He said to Russell in a low voice, "I don't want to make you feel bad, bro, but she's a real catch. She's gorgeous, she sings well, and she was obedient when she was with you. How the hell did you manage to piss her off?"

"Shut up." Russell shot Mike an icy-cold glance.

If Russell had known these sooner, he wouldn't have let things come to this point.

With a long face, Russell strode over to Belinda. Russell was over six feet tall and stood a head above the crowd. With his hands in his pockets, he eyed Belinda quietly, who was the center of the crowd's attention.

"Sorry, I have to go now."

After rejecting her fans' requests for photos and autographs, Belinda managed to squeeze past the crowd. Just then, a cold voice stopped her in her tracks. "Why don't you ask your knight in shining armor to help you?"

Her knight in shining armor?

Belinda turned her head to look back at Russell coldly. "Do you know how jealous you sound? Of course, I don't mind having another pursuer. Keep the compliments coming."

"Hah."

Russell chuckled dryly.

While logic dictated he should feel annoyed, he inexplicably felt that her taunts made her look extremely cute.