

Chapter 16 Both hot and cold

Catherine's expression soured,a look of distress crossing her face as she turned to Rocco and Grace.

"Mom,dad..."She whispered, her voice laced with dismay.

The praises being lavished on Renee felt like a slap on Catherine's face.

She only wanted people to slander Renee.

For the Hudsons,the idea of an adopted daughter outshining their biological was simply forbidden!

An abomination.

Rocco,keen to defend his daughter,adjusted his tone.

"Catherine is a prodigy.My daughter makes me proud with her so many talents.As for Renee,well, her musical abilities have waned over time,nowhere near Catherine's level."

Grace joined in,a tinge of regret in her tone.

"Yeah,Renee only liked to do irrelevant things growing up no matter how hard we tried to give her the best of all education."

Their words stirred a wave of sympathy among the audience.

Meanwhile,in a secluded spot upstairs,Jason who was holding a glass of champagne had a smirk on his lips.

He nudged the man who had just joined him:

"Marcelo,didn't you say that you weren't coming?!'ve never seen you go back on your word before.This is a first."

MARCELO

I eyed Jason and he quickly changed the topic.

"Look at the Hudsons. They're painting your wife as an irresponsible woman. It's quite a spectacle, isn't it?"

I frowned.

"Is this what you meant by she's planning something?"

It seemed like Catherine and her family were the ones playing games.

My eyes found Renee in the crowd, her black dress and composed demeanor masked a sense of isolation.

I felt a pang of discomfort.

Even if she was a wife I never asked for, seeing her in such a predicament bothered me so much.

"Earlier, it was your wife who cleverly put Catherine in a tight spot. Catherine seemed to have stolen Renee's necklace and she got embarrassed. But it seemed Catherine had sort help from her parents to redeem her honor."

I scoffed.

The Hudsons had turned a simply business event into their person stage.

"Do you plan to step in for your wife?" Jason asked me.

"No." I retorted.

He stared at me, puzzled but I ignored him.

"Oh there you are, Renee. Since mom and dad got to the banquet, you haven't greeted them. I have no idea how you could hate the people who took good care of you." As Catherine pointed her out, the guests' attention turned to a striking woman clad in a subtle black evening dress.

I watched as Grace call out to Renee.

"Renee, come over here, my dear."

It seemed they were determined to humiliate her even further.

What kind of family were they?

At the very least I only had issues with my extended family.

Renee had absolutely no one on her side.

Catherine felt so happy today. This day wasn't just about her shining, it was about unveiling Renee's real background to the high-profile circles of entertainment and fashion.

A person lacking a wealthy background was one thing, but masquerading as a refined lady was quite another!

Renee, though not close to Hudson, felt compelled to uphold a certain decorum.

Gracefully lifting her gown, she walked over to them.

Grace, with a friendly demeanor suggested, "They say you're quite talented with the violin. Would you grace us with a performance?"

Renee was now in a tough spot.

Outperforming Catherine could imply she exploited Catherine's resources.

Because the Hudsons felt that every talent she had, every good thing she has, should belong to Catherine.

The Hudsons had the most insane mindset.

If she chooses to perform poorly, she would only elevate Catherine's reputation and make everyone see her as the good-for-nothing that the Hudson claimed she was.

At the end, Renee decided not to play at all.

"I'm sorry, I'm not in the mood to play."

Grace felt a mix of satisfaction and disappointment, she shook her head.

"Not in the mood? Or you have forgotten how to play? Such a waste of our years of nurturing you! Such a disgrace."

They could call Renee so many words but not a disgrace.

She had wanted peace but since the Hudsons kept asking for trouble, she'd give it to them.

"Could you find me a banjo?" Renee abruptly asked a nearby waiter.

For Renee, the banjo was the perfect instrument to settle this quietly simmering rivalry.

Her intent was clear, to overshadow Catherine completely.

It was obvious that the Hudsons won't stop trying to trample over her.

So she had to start actively fighting back.

Before the waiter could reply, Catherine interjected with a laugh. "A banjo?" "There's a special one at the banquet hall entrance but it's not for playing. It's an antique."

"I'm fine with any banjo." Renee replied, maintaining her calm mood.

Walking to the side, the waiter called Jason to inform him of the situation.

"Renee can play the banjo?" Jason asked, Marcelo, surprised.

"Do you need to know everything about her?" Marcelo snapped.

Jason grimaced.

He just couldn't understand Marcelo when it comes to this woman.

He was both hot and cold towards her.

Chapter Comments

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