

Chapter 2

"Ryan, what do we do now? There are so many guests outside!"

Lorelei blinked her large, innocent eyes, looking every bit the pure angel she pretended to be.

"It's all my fault! I'm sure Alexis didn't show up because she's mad at me! I'm so sorry, Ryan!"

As her eyes began to well up with tears, Ryan immediately softened, his anger fading away.

He gently pulled her into his arms, running his fingers through her long, dark hair. "It's not your fault. It's her fault for not showing up to the wedding and running off with some other man! She's the one to blame!"

Lorelei snuggled into him, sobbing as if she had suffered the greatest injustice.

"Hey, don't cry. I know you're upset about me, but a woman as wicked as Lorelei doesn't deserve to be my wife!"

He used nearly every insulting word in the book to describe me, while Lorelei would always be the pure, virtuous one in his eyes. But only I knew the darkness lurking beneath her sweet facade.

The day I tried on wedding dresses, Lorelei had begged Ryan to let her join me. I hadn't thought much of it at the time.

Yet, every time I chose a dress, she would fight me for it.

After the fifth time she grabbed at a gown, I finally snapped. "Lorelei, what do you want from me?"

She smirked while locking her gaze onto mine, her eyes filled with malice.

We stared at each other for what felt like an eternity until she finally released her grip. "Alexis, do you really think I'd let you marry Ryan just like that?"

Before I could grasp the meaning behind her words, she smashed a huge full-length mirror over her own body.

"Ah!"

The glass shattered into a million pieces, and Lorelei shrieked, clutching her arm.

The sales assistant rushed over, only to stumble back in shock at the sight of Lorelei's glaring blood.

"Blood! There's so much blood!"

I instinctively reached out to help Lorelei, but she cried out dramatically, "Alexis, I told you you could have the dress I chose! Why did you push me?"

In the next instant, I was knocked to the ground by a sudden force.

Dizziness washed over me.

When I regained my senses, I found myself staring into Ryan's cold eyes.

"Ryan, it hurts! Help me!"

"Don't worry; I'll get you to the hospital! You'll be okay!"

He held her tightly, panic etched across his face. He even stepped on my hand in his haste. I yelped in pain, but he didn't even glance in my direction.

At that moment, I understood the stark difference between love and indifference.

I had to admit that I had been fooling myself all along.

She had a miscarriage and a broken arm, and now Ryan felt justified in slicing my arm and locking me away in a pitch-black basement to torture me.

He didn't care about the truth; he only cared that I had harmed Lorelei, and he needed to avenge her.

In his eyes, I was nothing.

"But... what about the wedding? I don't want them to see you make a fool of yourself!"

Lorelei looked at Ryan with tear-filled eyes, her voice choked with emotion.

"Mr. Wolfe, maybe I should—"

Ryan's assistant started to speak up, but his phone rang urgently, cutting him off.

"Any updates? What?!"

The assistant's face went pale as he ended the call, hesitantly starting to speak.

"Mr. Wolfe, Ms. Harding has been found. But..."

"But what? Stop dragging this on and just spit it out! Is Alexis really dead?"

Ryan urged impatiently, his eyes cold.

Finally, the assistant stammered out the truth.

"M-Ms. Harding... she's dead. Our men found her body!"

At the words, a flicker of doubt crossed Ryan's face but quickly vanished.

He scoffed, unconcerned. "She could've picked a better excuse! Lorelei saw her out gallivanting with that other guy. Now you tell me she's dead? Do you think I'm an idiot?"

"No! Mr. Wolfe, Ms. Harding is really dead!"

His assistant insisted desperately, but no one paid him any mind.

Ryan had already taken Lorelei's hand, leading her into the event hall.