

Chapter 77 The Drama

In the distance, a woman was crying, her face buried in her trembling hands.

Across from her stood a man and another woman, their presence looming like shadows.

The trio wore starkly contrasting colors. The man, who had lashed out just now, was clad in sharp blue, his cold demeanor as harsh as his actions. Beside him, the woman in pink clung to his arm, her posture timid yet deliberate. Meanwhile, the woman in white, the one who had been struck, clutched her stinging cheek, her tear-streaked face revealing both pain and disbelief.

Through her choked sobs, she cried out, "You hit me... for a homewrecker!"

The crowd gasped in collective shock, like a ripple across still water.

They hadn't been paying attention until now, but the scene was too compelling to ignore.

Eyes widened, whispers surged—the tension in the air thickened with every second.

Yet, the trio seemed oblivious, lost in their heated turmoil.

The man in blue, his face twisted with anger, barked back, "So what if I hit you? Know your place!"

The woman in pink nestled closer to him, her voice soft, dripping with false guilt.

"Darling, it's my fault. I never should have asked you to buy me anything. You shouldn't have hit her."

The crowd buzzed louder, shock and intrigue written all over their faces.

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This spectacle was uncannily similar to the scandal involving Randolph earlier.

The audience glanced at Randolph, who stood nearby, his expression unreadable.

His "first love", standing behind him, instinctively shrank into the safety of his shadow as countless pairs of eyes shifted to her.

The onlookers' disdain was palpable.

The man in blue wrapped his arm protectively around the woman in pink, his voice taking on that of a classic scoundrel, "She deserved it. Why shouldn't I spend a little money on you? What's her problem, being so damn petty?"

The woman in white—his wife, by the looks of it—was trembling with fury. "A little money? Tens of thousands of dollars is a little money to you?" Her voice rose, filled with righteous indignation. "We're married! That's our joint property, and you can't just throw it away on her without my consent. That money must be returned!"

"What on earth are you going on about?" the man sneered, rolling his eyes. "I work my ass off every single day while you sit pretty at home, and now, you want to tell me how to spend my money? Dream on!"

The woman in white shot back, "Who do you think you are? Once we're married, the law states that what's yours is mine. Whether you like it or not, you have no right to waste our money like this! Return the money at once!"

Suddenly, a sharp crack echoed—he had struck her again.

The woman staggered back as he roared, "Shut up! I've let you get away with too much already!"

Beside him, the woman in pink whimpered, her voice drenched in feigned remorse. "Darling, I told you not to buy it. Look at how upset she is now!"

Just then, a security guard stormed through the crowd, his voice booming with authority.

"Who the hell gave you the right to hit her?" He marched over and pulled



the woman in white into his protective embrace. His eyes flared with anger as he addressed the man in blue. "I've already called the police. You can't just assault someone in broad daylight and expect to get away with it." ①

The woman in white broke down completely, sobbing into the security guard's chest as he held her firmly, his gaze daring the man in blue to try anything else.

The man in the blue suit stood defiantly, his voice sharp as he demanded, "Who the hell are you? And who said you could touch my wife?"

The guard's eyes narrowed, his voice heavy with contempt. "So, you remember she's your wife? After beating her for the sake of some homewrecker? How dare you call yourself a man?!"

Clinging tightly to the man in blue, a woman in a soft pink dress whimpered. "Darling, I'm scared... Don't leave me..."

But the woman in white, her expression filled with resolve, held onto the guard. "I'm not his wife anymore," she whispered with finality. "I'm filing for divorce. Please, just take me away... I never want to see him again."

The guard gently cupped her bruised face, his expression softening.

Despite the purpling marks, her beauty shone through—tragically delicate, far surpassing that of the mistress still clutching to her husband's arm.

Without another word, he lifted her effortlessly into his arms and turned away.

"You had such a beautiful wife," the guard called over his shoulder. "But you threw her away. Shame on you! If you can't protect her, someone else will."

Rage flared in the man in blue's eyes. He shoved the woman in pink aside, lunging at the guard in a fit of jealousy. The two men locked in a fierce struggle as onlookers whispered in shock.

Murmurs passed through the crowd.

"This is exactly like Mr. Gray's affair," someone murmured.

"Isn't it? Everyone in town knows about Randolph and his shameless ex. That woman's been clinging to him for years—what a slut," another added with a snort.

"And Randolph's no better! Didn't you see how he bought his first love those expensive bottles of wine? He even tried to slap his wife in the process!"

"Disgraceful," a woman spat. "Randolph and that woman are a match made in hell if you ask me. But poor Rachel... Such a refined beauty. She deserves better than that asshole. She'll leave him soon enough!"

The murmurs reached Randolph's ears, his face darkening with each word.

He grabbed Rachel roughly by the wrist, dragging her away from the scene.

"Randolph..." His first love's voice trembled as she called out to him, stunned by his sudden departure.

She reached out as if to stop him, but Randolph, caught in the weight of public scorn, ignored her. He quickened his pace, forcing Rachel to keep up as the crowd's whispers chased after them.

His first love bit her lip in humiliation, the crowd's judgmental stares cutting into her. She hurried away, hiding her face behind her bag.

Alicia stood among the spectators, silently watching the scene unfold with barely concealed amusement.

Just then, a deep voice broke through her thoughts. "Miss Bennett, you're quick on your feet, aren't you?"

She spun around, startled, to find Caden standing behind her, his gaze sharp as ever.

Feigning innocence, she blinked up at him. "I have no idea what you're talking about."

Caden's lips quirked up in a knowing smirk. "Don't play coy. Aren't you the one who hired those actors?"

Alicia's expression faltered for just a moment.

So, Caden had seen right through her scheme.

She tilted her head, sizing him up with her big, doe-like eyes.

Caden didn't flinch under her scrutiny. He let her circle him as if waiting for her next move.

Finally, Alicia paused and asked, "Do you have something on you? How else could you know everything I do?"

Caden's eyes glimmered with amusement. "It's not me... It's something on you."

"What do you mean?" Alicia instinctively felt for her bag. "Where?"

