

Chapter 101 Ms. Bennett Is So Special

Rachel had meticulously planned a garden party.

Most of the guests were women from Rachel's elite social circles. Though laughter and casual chatter filled the air, an undercurrent of subtle power plays and veiled negotiations ran beneath the polished surface.

The women, who were all smiles, all knew one another—at least, on the surface. No one truly let their guard down, each interaction carefully measured.

Rachel graciously handed a sleek velvet box to Mrs. Reyes.

"I couldn't make it to your birthday last time, so here's a belated gift. I hope you don't mind."

Mrs. Reyes accepted the box with a practiced smile, her fingers gliding over the soft fabric. "Oh, Rachel, you really shouldn't have," she said, a light laugh escaping her lips.

She opened the box, and inside lay a delicate necklace—its diamond centerpiece catching the afternoon sun, sending shimmering sparks of light in every direction.

"My goodness," Mrs. Reyes gasped, her eyes widening with genuine surprise. "This must have cost a fortune, Rachel. You're far too generous!" Mrs. Reyes admired the piece, slipping it back into the box with a pleased expression.

Then Rachel turned her attention to Mrs. Reyes's young son, gently patting him on the head.

She pulled out a limited-edition toy from behind her, its glossy packaging catching the boy's attention.

The child barely glanced up from the game on his tablet as he snatched the toy from Rachel's hand.

Mrs. Reyes's smile faltered for a moment before she turned to her son, her tone now firm. "Ted, what do you say to Mrs. Gray?"

But the little boy didn't answer. Clutching his new prize, he dashed off without so much as a glance back.

Mrs. Reyes forced a light chuckle, her smile now slightly strained. "I've spoiled him terribly. Sorry about that."

Rachel's smile remained polite. "No worries."

She glanced again at the gate, a sliver of concern creeping into her otherwise calm demeanor.

Where on earth was Alicia?

When Alicia finally arrived, she thought about sending Caden a message, advising him to keep his distance today—appearances, after all, were everything in their world, and misunderstandings could spread like wildfire.

But to her surprise, Caden wasn't there yet.

She looked around, but there was no sign of him. After a moment's hesitation, she shrugged it off and made her way into the party.

Inside, a group of women were huddled together, their conversation lively, with bursts of laughter echoing across the garden.

Rachel had casually mentioned Alicia would be coming, and naturally, the conversation turned toward her.

"I only found out she was married when Joshua proposed! Can you believe they'd been married for two years? He kept that under wraps pretty well."

"What makes that Miss Bennett so irresistible to men, anyway?" another woman mused, her voice dripping with disdain.

"I can't tell if Joshua hid her because she's such a precious treasure or

a humiliating disgrace!" Mrs. Reyes chuckled, a sharp sound cutting through the air. "Every man loves to flaunt what he's got. If his wife is beautiful and talented, why wouldn't he show her off to the world? Just look at Lilliana—can you even compare her to Alicia?"

The earlier remarks had been biting, but Mrs. Reyes's words were the cherry on top.

The others shared her sentiment, their snickers bubbling up with a cruel sort of amusement.

"Poor thing," someone murmured between giggles. "Dumped, brokenhearted, and now she's scrambling to make a name for herself in showbiz. Just when she tries to move on, her past gets dragged out, and the netizens tear her apart."

Another chimed in, "I saw her a while back—her face and figure were alright, I suppose. So, why isn't she attracting any men?"

"If she were that gorgeous, she'd have been snatched up by now. These days, it's all about filters and special effects. Who knows what she looks like without makeup?"

They tittered into their hands, delighting in their spite.

Only Rachel stayed quiet, eyes darting around nervously.

She had spotted Alicia not too far away, hovering just within earshot.

Truth be told, Alicia had heard every word.

As the laughter died down, Alicia made her move. With a graceful step, she approached the group, a glass of wine held elegantly in her hand.

She stopped beside Mrs. Reyes and, with a quiet clink, tapped her glass against Mrs. Reyes's.

Mrs. Reyes turned slowly, her smug smile faltering when she saw Alicia standing right next to her.

Alicia wore a champagne-colored silk gown, its delicate straps framing her smooth shoulders. Her skin glowed under the soft lighting, and her lightly made-up face held a serene, almost mysterious smile.

There was a captivating elegance about her, like a rare flower in full bloom amid a garden of thorns.

To put it simply, Alicia was nothing short of stunning.

Mrs. Reyes blinked, her surprise evident.

Part of her wondered if Alicia had overheard their cruel banter, while another part couldn't help but admire how flawless Alicia looked—even up close.

Far from the picture they'd painted just now, Alicia was beautiful.

She was even more stunning than in the videos!

"Pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Reyes." Alicia's smile was warm and radiant, enough to light up any room. "And what, may I ask, had you all laughing so heartily?" Her tone was gentle, but there was an undeniable edge beneath it.

Mrs. Reyes, momentarily lost in her own thoughts, blinked as Alicia's question snapped her back to the present.

For a split second, a trace of worry flickered in her mind, but it vanished just as quickly. After all, Alicia was a woman grappling with her own burdens, with barely any support to lean on. What did she have to fear?

A slow, deliberate smile crept across her face as she replied, "Oh, Ms. Bennett, were we being too loud? Surely you must've overheard our little conversation?"

The words dripped with condescension, a clear attempt to dismiss Alicia as insignificant.

Alicia's smile didn't falter. "I'm afraid not," she said lightly. "Perhaps your voice has grown softer with age, making it difficult to hear. Would you mind repeating it for me?"

A sharp silence fell over the room as onlookers turned their attention to the brewing confrontation.

Alicia's voice was as smooth as ever, not a hint of hostility showing on her face.

Yet, Mrs. Reyes's expression darkened.

Women who married rich tended to rely on their looks, and Mrs. Reyes was no different. Her biggest insecurity was in her fading beauty. At her age, not even the finest cosmetic procedures could fully mask the passage of time.

She loathed being reminded of it. To be called old in front of so many—especially by a younger woman—was an insult she simply couldn't bear.

Fury flashed across her face as she slammed the table, rattling the dishes. "Alicia Bennett, do you know who I am?" she snarled.

The outburst didn't so much as ruffle Alicia's composure, but it did draw the attention of Mrs. Reyes's son.

His eyes locked onto Alicia, and without thinking, he lunged forward like an enraged bull.

"Don't you dare bully my mom!" he bellowed, charging at her with reckless speed.




Alicia blinked, her expression almost amused as she calmly lifted the hem of her gown and sidestepped. The motion was graceful, fluid—almost like a dance.

However, the wine glass quivered in her hand, its contents swirling precariously, as if it had a mind of its own.

Then, with a cruel twist of fate, the wine leaped from the glass, splashing directly onto Mrs. Reyes's face.

Meanwhile, the boy, unable to stop his momentum, skidded onto the grass, crashing face-first with a resounding thud.



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