

Chapter 350 Who Is Addion

After lunch, Blayze chauffeured Sabrina to the hotel arranged by the event organizers, where they would have their afternoon rehearsal.

At seven o'clock in the evening, Sabrina made her way to the award ceremony.

Several winners had already arrived, engaged in casual conversations as they occupied their seats, filling the room with an air of anticipation.

Sabrina settled into her chair, retrieving her speech notes from her memo, readying herself for her upcoming address.

On her right, a young photographer shot a fleeting glance at Sabrina before returning to his conversation with those around him.

Seated beside the young photographer was a bespectacled man who leaned forward to discreetly observe Sabrina. He whispered, "Hey, is the person next to you the first prize winner? I only found out she's the former wife of the CEO of the Blakely Group when I checked her Twitter that day."

The young photographer cast another sidelong glance at Sabrina and replied, "Yes, I believe so."

The bespectacled man curled his lips in disdain. "I have a feeling that her award must have been secured with connections. What do you think? Well, that poor Addion. Her work is exceptional, and she's managed to secure the top prize. However, she has to publicly apologize to that woman."

The young photographer contested, "Well, I can't tell whether she earned the award with her connections. But that Addion? She isn't as innocent as she appears. Addion was only an alias she used. She won

second place with some excellent photos last time, and I happened to know the real photographer behind those photos. We both attended a photography event before. When he discovered his work was stolen, he tried to expose it in the media, but it was hushed up. I thought it was pointless to reveal the truth to the public. This time, Addion may have messed with the wrong person."

The bespectacled man expressed his astonishment, "Really?"

"Why would I lie to you?" the young photographer retorted, retrieving his phone and opening his Moments feed. "He posted about it two days ago. It's a real shame. He was so disheartened last time because of the plagiarism that he didn't participate in the competition this year. If he had entered, he might have also claimed a prize."

"It's indeed unfortunate that he failed to protect his work. That being the case, Addion is no ordinary individual. Or how else could she wield so much influence?"

"When the incident occurred, the online community demanded that Addion's real identity be disclosed to prevent her from plagiarizing other people's work. But the sponsor disregarded it. The fact that they never uncovered that individual implies it's no ordinary situation," the young photographer explained and sighed.

"I know who Addion is," a middle-aged man seated in the front row suddenly stated, his voice lowered as he glanced around cautiously.

The young photographer and the bespectacled man leaned in, their curiosity piqued. In unison, they asked, "Who is it?"

"Apparently, she's the cousin of a judge," the middle-aged man stated, his tone carrying a significant weight. "That's why the photographer you've mentioned couldn't defend himself, it also explained why the event organizers never disclosed Addion's true identity."

The middle-aged man continued, "If it weren't for the fact that the

person she targeted this time had significant clout, it might have never come to light."

The young photographer and the bespectacled man exchanged glances, finding the revelation quite believable.

Meanwhile, Sabrina kept her head down, focusing on her typing. She couldn't help but find their conversation somewhat amusing.

While her connection with Blayze did play a part in her circumstances, their assumptions hinted at something different.

Most people believed her influence stemmed from her ties with the Blakely family and Tyrone.

She had divorced Tyrone, but it would be a challenge to sever their connections completely.

Despite her declaration that she didn't want Tyrone's assistance, she had unconsciously come to rely on it.

Intrigued, the bespectacled man inquired with hushed curiosity, "Which judge is it?"

"Keep it to yourself if I tell you," the middle-aged man replied in a low voice.

Soon, the middle-aged man cautioned, "Those people are not to be underestimated."

The bespectacled man swiftly assured him, "Rest assured, we won't breathe a word of it to anyone."

Looking around to ensure no one was eavesdropping, the middle-aged man leaned in and whispered, "It's Blayze."

"What? Are you sure?" the young photographer exclaimed in surprise. "I've always thought he's a good person. Is he really like that?"

Sabrina lowered her head and ceased typing, deep in thought.

Blayze being connected with Addion caught her off guard.

She couldn't quite believe it.

Over their long acquaintance, she'd come to believe that Blayze wasn't the sort to condone his family members mistreating the vulnerable.

Furthermore, when she'd handed over evidence to Blayze, he'd appeared unaware of the situation.

The middle-aged man remarked, "Rich people are all like that."

"I did some digging just now, and it's possible that Addion is his cousin. What's more, it seems Addion likes Blayze," the bespectacled man said with a knowing smile.

The young photographer shook his head. "Really? How could she have feelings for her own cousin?"

The middle-aged man chimed in, "Well, Addion happens to be Blayze's stepmother's niece."

As Sabrina pondered Blayze's stepmother's irrational actions, the middle-aged man's words suddenly seemed somewhat believable.

It could be that Blayze's cousin was involved, and Blayze remained unaware of the truth.

Curious, the bespectacled man asked, "So, what's Addion's real name?"

"Sierra Rivera," the middle-aged man replied.

Before the young photographer and the bespectacled man could react, Sabrina gave a slight cough at the mention of Sierra.

The three of them turned to look at Sabrina and instantly steered the conversation toward the competition.

Sabrina's coughing fit subsided, and she cleared her throat, shifting to the seat to her right.

The trio fell silent and turned their attention to her, their expressions reflecting curiosity.

Sabrina smiled and inquired, "Is Sierra really Blayze's cousin?"

The middle-aged man raised an eyebrow, responding, "Why would I lie to you?"

Intrigued, Sabrina pressed further, "How did you find this out?"

"One of my relatives has business dealings with the Fowler family," the middle-aged man explained. "You're aware of Blayze's occupation, right?"

While the bespectacled man and the young photographer only knew Blayze as a photographer and a competition judge, the middle-aged man seemed to know much more about Blayze.

His words lent credibility to the claim that Sierra was both Blayze's cousin and the niece of Blayze's stepmother.

With this new information, Sabrina began to piece together the puzzle.

She considered that if Sierra was Blayze's cousin, then Blayze's stepmother must be...

She was struck with a sense of foreboding.

She remained seated for an extended period, mulling over her thoughts. Then, she retrieved her phone and sent a message to Blayze, saying, "Blayze, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I won't be able to attend the award ceremony. I have an urgent matter to attend to. Please find someone to accept the award on my behalf. Thank you."

After sending the message, Sabrina powered off her phone, collected her bag, and rose from her seat.

She began to walk aimlessly along the streets.

Although it was early spring and the weather was warm, she felt an unrelenting chill that seemed to permeate her very being.

The coldness wasn't merely a result of the weather. It emanated from deep within her heart. She couldn't help but reflect on her childhood when some insensitive adults had questioned her about her mother's departure.

They had implied that her father might not be her biological parent.

She also remembered the occasions when, during New Year gatherings, some relatives had attempted to persuade her father to remarry, suggesting that she might not be his child.

She had overheard these conversations, fearing that her father might abandon her, but she could only pretend not to hear them.

Her primary school years were no easier, as her classmates, aware that her mother had left her, had shunned her. She had formed a close bond with a boy next to her, but when her peers found out, they had bullied that boy. Eventually, he distanced himself from her as well.

Even when Sabrina stood up for the boy when he was bullied, the outcome remained unchanged.

She recalled the sympathy in her primary school teacher's gaze when learning her family situation.

She had lowered her head and remained silent, growing accustomed to her solitude as she grew older.

