

Chapter 456 Gorgeous

With a perplexed look, Jennie fluttered her eyelashes.

"But they're battling over you, aren't they? That's an indication of your allure and popularity, right?"

Lorraine cast a helpless glance at her confidante, exhaled a sigh, and patiently clarified the situation.

"But to them, I'm just a prize. They've disregarded the basic decency that every woman deserves. Their fight is centered around their absurd masculine rivalry, it's not about me."

Jennie's brows furrowed in continued confusion.

Born into wealth, Jennie was used to being fawned over by men. Pondering the deeper implications was unfamiliar territory.

With a shake of her head, Lorraine uttered in a soft voice, "If they truly loved me, they would honor my sentiments instead of indulging in their fight and neglecting my wishes."

Jennie began to vaguely comprehend Lorraine's emotional state. In earnest agreement, she nodded, saying, "I don't quite get it, but I know you are always right! I believe in you!"

At this, Lorraine broke into chuckles. Claspng Lorraine's hand, Jennie haughtily asserted, "Those men are certainly lacking in intellect. Comparing you to an inanimate object? You're more like an invaluable, radiant sapphire of at least 180 carats!"

"Wow, you've really nailed it with your explanation!"

Jennie's fervor and sincerity effectively swept away Loraine's unease.

They continued their conversation amid laughter. Then, resting her chin on her palm, Jennie's gaze fell on Loraine's neck and her eyes sparkled. "Lorrie, your dress is breathtaking. It's just missing some adornment!"

Above all, the elegant curvature of her best friend's neck, a perfect example of aesthetic proportion, would be further enhanced by a piece of jewelry.

Suddenly, an idea struck Jennie. She scampered over, pulled a necklace from her bag, and clasped it around Loraine's neck.

With the necklace, Loraine's outfit was complete. Overwhelmed, Jennie sighed, "Lorrie, if not for your high status, I'd employ you as my model. You elevate the stature of this jewelry!"

Initially, she thought the necklace might not be a perfect match for Loraine, but the piece appeared even more luxurious against Loraine's fair, elegant neck.

Loraine brushed her fingers lightly over the necklace that adorned her neck and casually remarked, "The ball is about to commence, isn't it? I'll borrow your necklace for now, since it adds such a nice touch. Let's head out."

Jennie expressed her confidence with a firm nod and exclaimed, "Let's get moving! I'm eager to see you transform into the star of the night!"

The door swung open. Loraine, dressed in a stunning red gown, walked gracefully out of the room. The two men stationed outside were in awe, their jaws dropping in amazement.

Her red dress lent an ethereal paleness to Loraine's skin, reminiscent of untrodden snow. Draped around her graceful and slender neck, a string of emeralds cast a radiant glow.

She seemed to embody the essence of a noble member of royalty depicted in an ancient painting, radiating elegance and nobility, yet remaining beyond reach.

Casting a disinterested glance at Cayson and Marco, Loraine paid them no heed as she strolled hand in hand with Jennie, exuding the commanding air of an unapproachable queen.

Jennie asked in a whisper, "Why haven't they left?"

Loraine's elongated eyelashes fluttered subtly in response, but she neither answered nor glanced back.

Behind them, Marco and Cayson were entranced in their musings. Coming to their senses too late, they attempted to tail Loraine, resulting in an inevitable collision between the two men.

Cayson shot a hostile glance at Marco, barely managing a smile as he stated, "Mr. Bryant, tonight's ball is an exclusive event. Lorrie and I stepped out for some leisure time. Surely you can spare us the inconvenience of your company?"

Marco's gaze hardened, "Cayson, let me remind you that this venue belongs to the Bryant Group. You don't have the authority to stop me from attending the ball."

Cayson responded calmly, "Lorrie was invited by me. I'm her date. If you wish to be a part of the ball, I'd recommend you find a lady to accompany you. Perhaps the young lady named Paige would be an ideal fit for you."

A shadow crossed Marco's face.


With a smug grin, Cayson left Marco behind and hurried to catch up with Loraine.

Marco watched them walk off and engage in a joyful banter, his fists clenched in silent fury.

Perhaps Cayson had managed to sneak Jennie away. Jennie was seen animatedly conversing with a waiter, while Loraine and Cayson were the first to enter the lounge.

Upon noticing Jennie alone, Marco promptly extracted his phone and dialed Jimmie's number.



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Chapter 457 Attending the Masked Ball

In the lounge off the entrance to the ballroom, Loraine slipped on the fox mask Jennie had given her earlier, unveiling just a hint of her soft features and enchanting eyes.

The fox mask she wore was a perfect compliment to her evening dress, making her an alluring spectacle in the room. With her ivory complexion and elegant stature, she resembled a striking fox once the mask was set in place.

The sight of her caused Cayson's heart to miss a beat. He complimented her quietly, "Lorrie, tonight's dress truly complements you."

Loraine, still perturbed by the recent incident, struggled to spot Marco amidst the bustling crowd, but failed. A growing wave of irritation swelled within her, leaving her momentarily speechless. However, she managed to offer a simple smile and responded, "Thank you."

Just as an awkward silence was about to settle, Jennie appeared wearing a delightful pink butterfly mask. As she approached Loraine, she slyly handed her a piece of candy.

"Lorrie, I noticed you didn't eat. If hunger strikes later, this should help."

Apparently, she had snuck off to the waiter to procure some candies.

Grinning, Loraine linked arms with Jennie and they both made their way further into the venue.

Looking somber, Cayson donned a golden mask and silently trailed behind them.

What they didn't notice was that Paige tried to sneak into the venue right after them.

Dressed in an elegant gown and a carefully chosen peacock mask, Paige attempted to follow them in unnoticed, only to be halted by a member of the staff.

"Excuse me, may I see your invitation, please?"

A wave of panic rushed over Paige. She had come tonight, anticipating a grand masquerade filled with wealthy and influential attendees. Her objective? To find a suitable boyfriend to appease her disappointed family.

Initially, things seemed to go according to plan, until she unexpectedly crossed paths with Loraine. Her best friend was supposed to guide her into the venue, but now, left to her own devices, she had to figure out a way in herself.

She gestured towards Loraine, offering a vague explanation, "I was accompanying them."

Unexpectedly, the staff was not convinced and firmly replied, "Apologies, Miss. Tonight's event is strictly private. You cannot enter without an invitation."

Frustration building within her, Paige stomped her foot in annoyance, but mindful not to draw Loraine's attention, she bit her lip and stepped aside.

Out of nowhere, Paige spotted a plump elderly man

making his way towards her, tenderly holding a woman in his arms.

Paige straightened herself, tugged her dress down to her shoulders and sauntered towards them, hips swaying.

Meanwhile, inside the ballroom, lights sparkled brilliantly. Masked men and women clustered on the dance floor, seeking potential dance partners and admirers without a care.

Loraine donned the voice changer provided by the organizers and positioned herself at the entrance of the private room to observe.

Only upon her arrival did Loraine realize that the partners for the ball were not predetermined. Instead, they were drawn to each other based on their individual charm and dancing ability, prompting spontaneous invitations.

Those who secured an invite would receive a brooch from their partner and the most sought-after duo would be declared king and queen of the evening.

Then, the dance floor's focal point burst into vibrant motion. A woman, bold in her revealing dress and peacock mask, started swaying seductively. She swiftly became the center of attention, captivating the gazes of many who eagerly prepared to approach her.

Yet, the peacock-masked woman beat them to the chase, striding up to the most refined gentleman present, his face hidden behind a golden knight's mask. With a drink in hand, the man spun around and moved off to a corner, the audience's gaze trailing him.

The figure in the corner took everyone's breath away.

She was a night-blooming rose, radiant yet distant, exuding a chilling elegance. Her fox mask accentuated her captivating eyes, eliciting a desire in onlookers to bow in reverence before her enchanting presence.

"Here you are, Lorrie," said the man in the knight's mask, handing her a drink.

The voice was distorted by a voice modifier, but Loraine knew it belonged to Cayson. She accepted the drink reluctantly, "Thanks Cayson, but I'm not parched. Perhaps you should offer it to Jennie."

Not far away, Paige, under her peacock mask, witnessed the exchange and gnashed her teeth in fury. Despite her captivating performance, all eyes were drawn to a woman who remained still. Envy surged within her.

She'd charmed an older man to exchange his date and secure an entrance to the ball. She had discarded him as soon as she entered; she wouldn't let anyone else steal her spotlight!

Recognizing Loraine's evening dress fueled Paige's animosity.

It was Loraine again!

With a determined grimace, Paige exited the dance floor, swiped a drink from a waiter and marched towards Loraine.

Meanwhile, Loraine politely declined Cayson, relieved to see him head towards Jennie with the drink. She was unaware of the incoming threat.

The peacock-masked woman surreptitiously neared

Chapter 457 Attending the Masquerade E 🎁 +120 Points at most

Loraine. Just a few steps from her target, she feigned a stumble and an exaggerated yelp. The wine in her glass tipped precariously towards Loraine.

Just as the red wine was on the verge of spilling onto Loraine, a figure appeared out of nowhere and swiftly embraced her, preventing any harm from befalling her.

The dark wine stained the man's silvery-grey outfit. Loraine looked up into the deep gaze hidden behind a silver fox mask, her surprise freezing her in place.

The man was impeccably dressed, his attire screaming luxury. His cufflinks boasted a gem worth a fortune. He seemed a prince from a fairy tale.

With his dramatic entrance and heroic save, he stole the limelight even from the golden knight. The sight was enough to make many of the women present hold their hearts and squeal with delight.

Chapter 458 Behind The Mask

Upon observing the man's luxurious attire, Paige instantly deduced his affluent status, a realization she quickly lamented.

Despite this, her determination was unwavering. With her attire transformed and a voice distorter at her disposal, she held the belief that she would remain unrecognized. With a dash of sarcasm and an odd voice modulation, she retorted, "Seems like our lady here is quite the men's favorite. She probably has a whole troop of them around her. She's a flighty damsel, isn't she?"

In response to this, Loraine, who was nestled in the man's arms, wrinkled her brows and detached herself. Her gaze was riddled with suspicion as she scanned the woman hidden behind the peacock mask.

Could this woman possibly know her? It appeared as though she was intentionally causing trouble.

And the man who had come to her rescue... An oddly familiar sensation made Loraine's heart throb.

The man towered over her, his silhouette casting a shadow that vaguely reminded her of someone.

A gruff voice echoed from beneath the silver fox mask, "Don't presume hiding behind a mask gives you the right to malign others. The hotel has all guests' details."

Paige, jolted by this, fell silent. Her inability to respond left her feeling powerless and frustrated.

The man then pivoted to face Loraine, proceeding to bow courteously before offering her a rose brooch.

"May I have the pleasure of inviting you to dance, my lady?"

In the sea of people, Cayson located Jennie. He requested her aid to pair him with Loraine, hoping that she would consent to a dance. However, upon his return, he stumbled upon this spectacle.

Being a bystander, Jennie prompted Cayson, "Cayson! Hurry up! Lorrie's about to be swept off her feet by a stranger!"

With a frosty look on his face, Cayson extended his brooch while locking eyes with the man in the silver fox mask, not backing down in the slightest.

"I apologize, but she is my acquaintance and also my dancing partner."

The man snorted, "The rules of the ballroom are clear. The selection of partners is a fair game. Are you blatantly disregarding the rules?"

Even before the ball officially commenced, these two strikingly tall and regal men were vying for a lady.

The excitement of the crowd escalated, gathering around the scene.

Paige was left with no other choice but to observe Loraine bask in the limelight, leaving her in the shadows. Her face, obscured by the mask, flushed crimson with envy.

The silver-fox-masked man and the golden-knight-masked man were locked in a standoff. Meanwhile,

Paige tried to wedge herself in between them. "What's the point of squabbling over a lady companion like this? She seems swamped. Perhaps you could consider me..."

She thrust her chest forward with a sense of self-importance, seeking recognition, but her efforts were blatantly overlooked by the two men.

One of the onlookers openly scoffed at Paige's theatrics. "Quit making a spectacle of yourself. It's pitiful how you scramble for notice!"

Paige, steaming with anger, clenched her fists tightly. She felt a pang of embarrassment. She was terrified that she'd be left out from the dance floor that night.

Such an embarrassment!

The sting of this humiliation was too much for Paige. She bit her lip. Would she really have to endure being overlooked, ridiculed, and see Loraine soak up all the attention?

Suddenly, the room dimmed, a sign that the ball was about to commence.

Paige's eyes sparkled with anticipation.

Her moment was near!

As the ball began, the room would darken. To draw attention, she had cleverly incorporated luminous material into her gown!

The instant the room turned pitch black, it would be her time to dazzle!

Regaining her assurance, Paige anxiously awaited.

Finally, the room darkened, and her dress shone with a soft glow from the luminescent material, just as she had hoped.

With her eyes closed in joy, she eagerly awaited the forthcoming compliments.

A wave of admiration washed over the crowd, but not for her.

Confused, Paige opened her eyes and followed everyone's line of sight. Then, her eyes bulged in astonishment.

Glistening golden threads on Loraine's gown started to emit a chilly radiance. On closer examination, she realized they were studded with numerous tiny diamonds and pearls.

The natural brilliance of diamonds and pearls starkly overshadowed her gown. Her fluorescent materials now appeared cheap and subpar. Embarrassment etched itself onto Paige's face.

Bathed in a radiant aura, Loraine looked like a divine being amongst mortals.

Everyone was taken aback. Suddenly, a knowledgeable onlooker exclaimed, "Hold on a moment! Isn't this the dress that was showcased during the fashion week recently? Cynthia, the designer, is behind this creation. It's not even on sale yet. How did she manage to get it?"

While the crowd admired her, Loraine was dealing with another predicament.

Faced with the determined stance of the two men before her, she contemplated her next move.