

Chapter 13

Sherlyn grabbed the jacket in a hurry and asked, "Be honest, Corinne. Where did you get this suit jacket? How did you even get to know a man who could wear something so expensive?"

Corinne glanced disapprovingly at the clothes. "Is it expensive? Some uncle 'kindly' lent me the clothes. It's not like I know him well, though."

Sherlyn could tell that Corinne was probably telling the truth since Corinne never saw much of the world before. Sherlyn then made a snide remark, saying, "Someone like you can't be acquainted with a man who could wear such high-end clothes! You'd better return them after you have them washed."

"Don't think too highly of yourself and try to associate yourself with him. Men with decent taste will never take a liking to countryside girls like you!"

Corinne chuckled nonchalantly. "By the way, you haven't answered my earlier question. Where's your husband?"

Sherlyn's face soured in an instant. Seeing as Corinne appeared to be in the dark over the details, she put on a haughty demeanor and said, "Ahem! I changed my mind at the last minute yesterday and decided not to get married anymore. I want to remain a single upper-class woman, no husband necessary!"

"You decided not to get married?" Corinne cocked an eyebrow out of curiosity. "Why? The Holdens are a first-tier family. Do you look down on a family like theirs?"

Sherlyn snorted disdainfully. "Who cares if they're a first-tier family? I can choose to marry any man I want. All I have to do is this." She made a come-hither movement with her index finger. "Jeremy has never had a girlfriend, even though he's already 30 years old, so it's pretty clear that he has some sort of health issue there. He might not even be able to do it! I sure as hell ain't gonna marry someone just to have a dull marriage. It doesn't matter how obsessed he is with me or how hard he begs to marry me!"

Corinne nearly laughed out loud as she nodded. "You sure did put a lot of thought into it. You dodged a big one there, so congratulations!"

After packing her luggage, Corinne brought it with her and left the home after briefly saying goodbye to Marvin. Sherlyn, on the other hand, secretly began driving to catch up with Corinne's taxi. She wanted to find out who it was that lent Corinne the jacket.

After all, someone who could commission such high-end bespoke clothes almost certainly had a net worth of billions.

The failed wedding had been nothing short of a sheer embarrassment. If she could use that opportunity to get together with a tall, rich, and handsome man, she could finally regain her pride in front of all her relatives and friends!

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The taxi drove toward Old Town Street and stopped there. Corinne got out, dragged her luggage bag to a small dingy restaurant, and sat by herself to eat.

In the distance, Sherlyn sat in the car and sneered. She thought that Corinne had finally managed to achieve something in life after being able to borrow such expensive clothes, but poor Corinne still ate at some run-down restaurant. Perhaps it was difficult for Corinne to shake off her poor habits!

Sherlyn was snickering when someone knocked on her car window. She lowered it and saw none other than a stern-looking traffic officer.

"You can't park here. This is a violation of the traffic rules. I need your driving license, please. You'll be given a demerit for your offense."

Sherlyn snorted and said unhappily, "What's wrong with parking here when there's no one around? I'm a famous public figure, and I'm only parking here because I'm worried about causing traffic if my fans recognize me and surround me when I get out of the car."

"This is for your benefit too, you know. I'm helping you reduce your burden!"

The traffic officer was unmoved. "Your status is irrelevant. This is a pedestrian street, and no one is allowed to park here. What you're doing is a violation of the law, and if you insist on refusing to cooperate, I'll uphold the law and tow your car away."

"What? How dare you!" Sherlyn took down her sunglasses. "Take a good look at who I am! Don't you know how many millions of fans I have on the internet? You'd better be careful or I'll get all my fans to sue you!"

The traffic officer did not even look at her as he picked up the walkie-talkie and called a tow truck to come over.

Sherlyn flew into a rage and jumped out of the car to quarrel with the traffic officer, with the ensuing commotion attracting the attention of a group of passers-by.

Few recognized her though, and everyone accused her of being indecorous.

Humiliated, Sherlyn did not let her arrogance loose anymore.

She could only watch helplessly as her little car was towed away by the tow truck, and she later happened to see Corinne come out of the dingy restaurant after finishing her meal.

Sherlyn was instantly reminded of her purpose there and no longer cared that her car was being towed away. She slipped away from the crowd at once and tailed behind Corinne.

Corinne walked into a large shopping mall on Old Town Street and went straight to a luxury brand's flagship store, where she began choosing clothes without hiding from view. Sherlyn's eyeballs were nearly popping out of their sockets as she glared and observed everything from the dark.

Sherlyn concluded that Corinne had clearly been up to something. There was no explanation for how she could get the money to shop in luxury stores and even choose from the most expensive section.

As soon as Corinne picked the clothes, she went out through the door on the other side of the luxury store.

Sherlyn was still hot on Corinne's heels when the store manager greeted her cordially and stopped her. "We've packaged all the clothes you chose, Miss Sherlyn. Are you paying by cash or credit card?"

A confused look appeared on Sherlyn's face. "You must've made a mistake. I just walked into your store!"

The store manager smiled and said, "Aren't you the famous actress Sherlyn Carew? Your assistant came in here earlier and picked them for you according to your size. We've already packed them for you, so you just need to pay up."

Sherlyn could only frown. "What in the world is going on? I came here alone without bringing any assistants. I never planned on buying any clothes from your store either!"

Some of the store's salespeople gathered together and whispered among themselves.

"Are the clothes too expensive for her?"

"Look at what she's wearing. That style is so two years ago!"

"The other actresses were very generous when they came to our store. Sherlyn seems to be a little poor, though. I heard that she quit the industry a few days ago, so I'm guessing money is tight for her..."

Sherlyn stared at her and said, "Who told you I couldn't afford it? I just don't like your style of clothes!"

The store manager said shrewdly, "Don't worry, Miss Sherlyn. These are this season's latest styles, and the fashion guru Raufoy personally designed them. They are the epitome of fashion. It'd be such a shame if you couldn't afford them..."

"Who said I couldn't afford them? I have lots of money! Take my card!" Sherlyn valued her reputation more than anything else, and she could not stand to hear the snide remarks that all the store's salespeople were whispering among themselves. She gritted her teeth, gave her card, and watched as several thousand dollars disappeared from her account with a swipe.

She finally realized that Corinne was the one who engineered the entire situation after noticing she was tailing her. The traffic officer that came to tow the car away earlier was probably Corinne's doing, too!

'Curse you, Corinne!'

When Sherlyn came out of the luxury store with her shopping bag, she ran like the wind to chase after Corinne. She wanted Corinne to return the car and compensate for all the money she spent.

Alas, she was a step too late, for Corinne had gotten into another taxi as soon as Sherlyn reached the entrance of the shopping mall. Sherlyn hailed a taxi and ordered the driver to follow her.

Corinne's taxi eventually brought her to the city center, where she got out, and dragged her luggage bag into a very grand house with a somewhat dated design.

A look of disbelief unfolded across Sherlyn's face, because every inch of land in the city center was super expensive, and only the richest of the rich could afford to build a private residence there!

'How could that b*tch Corinne just strut in that kind of place? Did she really succeed in establishing some sort of connection with a very important person?'

At this time, a black car drove over and stopped at the gate of the residence. Francine got out of the car with the help of several maids, having just been discharged from the hospital after being put on an intravenous drip. She did not seem to be in a very good mood.

Upon spotting the people, Sherlyn went over and asked, "Excuse me, may I ask who's the owner of this house?"

Francine had a disgusted look on her face as she glanced at Sherlyn's outdated clothes from top to bottom. "What are you doing here? How dare you poke your nose around our place!"

Sherlyn's mind went blank. She was severely lacking in confidence as she stood in front of Francine, as the latter was wearing several limited-edition luxury items. She merely smiled awkwardly and said, "Uh... I... I'm here to look for my sister. I just saw her walk in here..."

Francine was starting to get a little impatient. "Your sister? What's her name?"