

## Chapter 231 He Is The Only One In Her Eyes

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The weather had recently turned chilly. Karen's grandson fell ill with a cold and fever, prompting her to take a few days off.

Even though Tyrone had stepped down as Blakely Group's CEO, he oversaw multiple businesses. His hectic schedule kept him from being there for Jennie.

Jennie comfortably stayed with Sabrina. Their days consisted of fun outings and sharing nights in the same bed. Their joy-filled moments were beyond words.

Bettie had a get-together coming up on Thursday. Sabrina sent Jennie to Wanda's place, assuring her she'd pick her up later that evening.

The gathering place was chosen in a five-star hotel.

Bettie, wanting to look her best, meticulously applied her makeup.

Once done, she studied her reflection in the mirror, then turned to Sabrina lounging on the sofa, and asked, "How do I look, Sabrina?"

The makeup was tidy, the eyebrows were precisely shaped, and the slightly lifted brow gave off a touch of confident sharpness.

The eyeliner subtly winged out, complemented by earthy tones and precise mascara strokes, brought out the allure in Bettie's eyes.

The lips were adorned with bright red lipstick, creating a striking contrast against the fair skin, akin to a red plum blossom in the snow, captivatingly standing out.

As long as Bettie refrained from playfulness, she exuded the aura of a queen.

"It looks good," Sabrina remarked with a smile. "Considering you did it yourself, Bettie, how could it be anything less?"

Bettie began to brush her hair. "Elora thinks she can rival me? She'll be grounded before she knows it if I have anything to do with it!"

Once her hair was done, Bettie rummaged through her wardrobe, selecting her most lavish outfit, and paired it with a handbag valued over a hundred thousand.

After she dressed up, Sabrina signaled her approval with a thumbs up.

Admiring her reflection in the mirror, Bettie couldn't help but beam with satisfaction.

She nudged Sabrina toward the mirror, insisting, "Your turn now. We've got to dazzle them tonight!"

As evening settled, there was already a buzz in the room as old friends gathered.

Years had passed since their last reunion. Some bragged about their latest achievements, while others flaunted their stunning significant others. A few had even brought their partners for introductions.

With confidence, Bettie led the way. She double-checked her room number, gave her appearance one last glance, and made her entrance with all the grace and poise of a proud queen.

Sabrina, with matching elegance, trailed closely behind.

The room went silent for a beat as they took in the newcomers. Eyes of varying emotions—astonishment, curiosity, and some judgment—landed on the two women.

"Wow! Is that Bettie? Damn it! I could hardly recognize her!" a man sitting on the sofa at the door exclaimed.

Bettie's eyes darted around the room, locking onto him. "Roland

Wagner? Still clever, I see!"

As her name settled, recognition dawned on many faces. "Bettie? Is that really you? You've become so beautiful!"

"Bettie, join us over here!"

"Got yourself a boyfriend yet, Bettie?" a man asked in a loud voice, laughing.

Her classmates all greeted her.

Bettie responded, grinning, "Boyfriend? Now, that's a secret!"

"Speaking of wonders, who's the stunner with you, Bettie?" Roland inquired.

With pride, Bettie said, "Everyone, meet my dear friend, Sabrina."

Sabrina acknowledged with a gracious nod and smile.

"Mind if we exchange our numbers?"

Amid the laughter and playful banter, the two women settled into seats.

Bettie, always the life of the party, reveled in catching up with her old classmates.

Suddenly, Arielle Sampson chimed in, "Oh, speaking of familiar faces, did you hear? Lance is back in town. Heard he might drop by tonight."

Hearing that name, Sabrina turned her gaze towards Bettie.

Lance was undoubtedly the man both Bettie and Elora were interested in.

Caught off guard, Bettie responded coolly, "Oh really? I don't give a damn."

She found herself staring into the distance, her thoughts adrift. Memories of his gentle and subdued demeanor emerged in her mind.

Some memories were not gradually blurred with time but became more

and more profound.

Arielle chimed in, "It's been ages since you two seen each other, hasn't it? I remember the intense rivalry you had with Elora over him. It seemed like you and Lance might've had something lasting. But then, after he moved abroad, I heard Elora followed. She's the one who set up this reunion, and mentioned Lance might attend."

"For real? Are they together now?" another classmate queried.

Arielle shot Bettie a glance, then speculated, "Possibly. They've both been abroad for so long, and Elora's been single all this while. Maybe she was holding out for Lance. Hosting a reunion right after returning? Sounds a bit like they're sharing some news."

In silence, Bettie's eyes flickered with annoyance, her fingers involuntarily gripping the fabric of her dress.

Another classmate hinted, "We shouldn't celebrate too soon. The final laugh might belong to someone unexpected!"

Bettie's face clouded over. She retorted sarcastically, "Is finding joy in leftovers I've discarded considered a victory?"

The classmate appeared taken aback, clearly not anticipating such a frank retort from Bettie.

Suddenly, the room's door swung open.

A young man, around 25 and towering above 1.8 meters, stood framed in the doorway. Clad in a chic turtleneck and tailored trousers, he draped his jacket over one arm.

With a handsome face framed by gold-rimmed glasses, he scanned the room. His gaze briefly settled on Bettie as he inquired, "What were you discussing moments ago?"

Upon spotting the figure by the doorway, Bettie's eyes widened, and her body tensed up.

For a moment, her thoughts evaporated; he was the only one in her eyes.

Sabrina nudged Bettie gently.

Being astute, she picked up on the unspoken tension between Bettie and Lance.

Bettie snapped back to reality, quickly averting her eyes, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

She hadn't anticipated that even after all this time, he could still unsettle her so effortlessly.

How she wished she could wipe away every memory of their shared past, pretending as though he were a stranger to her.

There was a moment of silence in the room.

Finally, someone broke the silence, exclaiming, "Lance, you truly returned? I thought it was just a rumor!"

"Lance! When did you get back?"

"Grab a seat over here!"

A woman's voice echoed from the doorway. "What's all the chatter about? I invited Lance. Naturally, he'll sit beside me, right, Lance?"

The lady emerged next to Lance, gazing up at him affectionately.

Her makeup was impeccable, her ears adorned with oversized hoops, a glitzy necklace draped around her neck, and cascading wavy hair. Draped in a lavish mink coat, she radiated affluence.

Everyone looked at the two of them, and someone whistled.

Some shot mischievous glances Bettie's way.

Elora Kelly, without waiting for Lance's response, scanned the room. Her gaze settled on Bettie as she greeted, "Bettie, you actually made it? I expected you to skip out!"