Chapter Eight

**Scene: S Group Tower. Lobby. Night.**

Emerging from the revolving doors of S Group Tower, we are greeted by a round of applause.

The emcee announces our arrival.

Emcee

“Ladies and gentlemen, the winners of the 3rd S Group Urban Scavenger Hunt! Team [namae]!”

(I can’t believe we won!)

In my excitement, I give Bullet a hug.

MC

“Oh, my god!”

Bullet

“This is awesome!”

Bullet then leads me through the crowd to join Stefan onstage, Zachary is nowhere to be seen.

MC

“Stefan, we won!”

I give Stefan a hug as well.

Stefan

“I’m so happy for you. You’re going to help those kids at the orphanage.”

MC

“Oh, I can’t wait!”

Stefan informs me that Kendra’s team didn’t win because Nigel lost to Julien Ducard in a poker match.

But at the time, it didn’t matter.

(This is mostly about helping the children at the orphanage.)

(Winning against Kendra is just icing on the cake.)

(After all she’s put me through, it’s nice to win for a change.)

There is a brief awarding ceremony that follows.

Emcee

“Congratulations, [namae]! I’m sure that the children at Angel Wings Orphanage will be quite delighted!”

The emcee hands me the microphone.

(?!?)

I am reluctant to accept it.

(I don’t know what to say!)

Bullet and Stefan give me an encouraging smile.

MC

“Well, uh, thank you. Thank you everyone!”

MC

“I also would like to announce that I will be supporting Kendra’s charity as well. Everyone deserves to be happy, that’s all.”

MC

“Thank you.”

The crowd cheers as I give the microphone back to the emcee.

Emcee

“That is simply amazing! [namae], bless your heart. Ladies and gentlemen, let’s give Team [namae] a big hand!”

I move to join Bullet and Stefan.

Stefan

“What you just did there, that’s wonderful!”

Bullet

“Yeah, little miss, you’re totally awesome!”

MC

“Thank you, guys. You deserve all the credit, too!”

Bullet

“What do you say to celebratory drinks at the estate?”

Stefan

“I’m in!”

MC

“Let’s go!”

**Scene: MC’s suite. Night.**

We left the party and return to my suite at the estate, where Bullet pops the champagne and pours them out onto flutes.

Bullet

“To Lady [namae].”

I clink glasses with Bullet.

MC

“Cheers!”

Bullet

“We actually don’t clink glasses, little miss.”

(?!?)

**Choice: What should I say?**

1. *“I’m sorry. My bad.”*

*2. “Well, we should get to that part of the lesson soon.”*

**1.**

MC

“I’m sorry. My bad.”

Bullet

“I’m just kidding!”

MC

“Ha-ha. You are so funny, Bullet.”

I roll my eyes.

Bullet

“But seriously we need to teach you how to properly drink wine and the proper way to make a toast.”

Stefan

“Zachary, might want to sit that one out.”

We all laugh.

**Recombine with main dialogue**

**2.**

MC

“Well, we should get to that part of the lesson soon.”

Stefan

“That’s one lesson Bullet is an expert at.”

Bullet

“I have a feeling Zachary won’t be too enthusiastic about that one.”

Our laughter fills the room.

**Recombine with main dialogue**

**BACK TO MAIN DIALOGUE**

(So this is what winning feels like.)

(It does feel good to win against Kendra for a change.)

As I look at Stefan and Bullet, I remember what transpired tonight.

All three of them are starting develop some sort of feelings for me and I’m afraid that it might be the same in my case.

(The attraction is there, that much is obvious.)

Stefan looks at me with those seductive eyes, and my insides start to melt.

(This is going to be hard.)

(I am here to prove myself to my grandfather.)

(To help my grandmother.)

(These feelings are only going to get in the way.)

Bullet flashes me that dangerous smile of his, and my heart starts to flutter.

(But will I be able to resist?)

(Just look at them!)

They stand there, doing nothing. Yet at the same time they do all sorts of things to me internally.

(I mean, can you blame me?)

(I sure hope I can get through my lessons in the coming days.)

(It’s going to be hard to focus from this point on.)

**Scene: Main Mansion. Grand Ballroom. Day.**

The next day we have dance lessons.

I have two left feet, so this should be interesting.

Zachary, who’s still embarrassed with what happened the night before, is wearing sunglasses indoors and being awkward.

(It’s kind of cute.)

**Choice: What should I say?**

1. *“Nice shades, Zachary.”*
2. *“Zachary, how’s your hangover?”*

**1.**

MC

“Nice shades, Zachary.”

Zachary

“I apologize for wearing this. My eyes hurt, I can practically hear the light.”

I laugh.

MC

“Tequila isn’t that much fun to wake up to the next day.”

Zachary

“I’ll be sure to keep that in mind for next time.”

**Recombine with main dialogue**

**2.**

MC

“Zachary, how’s your hangover?”

Zachary winces.

Zachary

“Please, my lady, not so loud. I can practically taste your voice from here.”

I laugh.

MC

“Sorry.”

**Recombine with main dialogue**

**BACK TO MAIN DIALOGUE**

Stefan

“So shall we begin?”

Stefan shows me the basic steps of the waltz which is the box step.

(I didn’t know dancing can be this complicated!)

(During my high school prom, slow dancing involves just swaying around to the music.)

When it’s time to partner up with Stefan, my hands become all clammy as I once again get to hold Stefan’s hand.

Stefan

“Don’t be nervous. I got you.”

The music plays and we begin to dance.

It’s catastrophic!

I step on Stefan’s foot multiple times.

MC

“I’m so sorry, Stefan!”

Stefan

“It’s all right, my lady. I think we need a break.”

Bullet

“I think you need a medic.”

Bullet

“I’ll take it from here, Stefan.”

Bullet bravely partners up with me as Stefan steps out of the ballroom. Zachary silently observes from the side.

Bullet

“Just follow my lead, little miss.”

And I did. But to even more mortifying results.

I accidentally give Bullet a head-butt to the chin!

MC

“Oh, my god! I’m sorry!”

Bullet

“I’m okay. I’m okay.”

Bullet

“Let me just head to the infirmary for a while.”

Bullet

“Zachary, it’s your turn.”

Bullet leaves the ballroom, nursing his chin.

Zachary takes off his glasses, plays the music and moves across the floor toward me.

There’s something about him that’s changed.

Zachary

“Now that we’re alone. I need to talk to you about last night. I have something to tell you.”

**Premium Choice: What should I say?**

1. *“Forget about it, Zachary. It’s no big deal.”*
2. *“I have something to tell you, too.”*

**1.**

MC

“Forget about it Zachary.”

MC

“It’s no big deal.”

Zachary stops in his tracks.

Zachary

“That’s the thing. I want to forget, but I can’t.”

Zachary

“I can’t unsaid what I said, because even though I was intoxicated at that time, it was the truth.”

Zachary

“I like you, [namae].”

MC

“I like you, too. There I said it.”

MC

“I’m not going to pretend that I don’t. Because I do.”

MC

“But right now, my life is complicated. I want to focus on becoming a lady.”

MC

“So let’s take things slow for now and see where it leads us.”

Zachary

“Certainly. That’s exactly what I want to do.”

Zachary

“I’m glad we both got to say what we want to say.”

**Recombine with main dialogue**

**2.**

MC

“I have something to tell you, too.”

Zachary takes my hand.

Zachary

“First, dance with me, my lady.”

Under Zachary’s guidance, we start to waltz around the floor.

Zachary

“Now, the key is to look into your partner’s eyes and not your feet. You can do this, my lady.”

I look into his eyes as we do each step. Somehow, looking into Zachary’s eyes make me feel like I can do anything.

(Maybe that’s because he believes so much in me.)

Before I knew it, we completed the steps without a mishap.

It was perfect!

Zachary

“You’re perfect.”

MC

“I can’t believe it.”

Zachary leads me into a twirl and I end up so close to him that I could smell his scent.

Zachary

“About last night, I was—”

I pull away from Zachary.

MC

“So drunk that you said some things you now regret?”

Zachary

“No!”

Zachary

“I mean, I don’t regret saying that I like you. It’s the truth.”

Zachary

“I really like you, [namae]. I do.”

Hearing him say that out loud, it colors everything. There’s something about him that I can’t resist.

MC

“I am flattered.”

(This is it.)

(If I say what I’m about to say, it will change everything.)

(There’s no turning back.)

MC

“Zachary, I have to say that I like you, too.”

MC

“I’m not going to deny that.”

Zachary

“Why do I feel like there’s a ‘but’ coming on?”

MC

“Well, my life is complicated right now. I want to prove myself to my grandfather and become a lady.”

MC

“Let’s just see where all this will lead us.”

Zachary takes my hand again and pulls me closer to him.

We begin to slow dance to the music.

His touch is electrifying.

Zachary

“I want to kiss you right now, [namae].”

I start to melt under his gaze, breaking down my defenses.

I want him to kiss me now.

MC

“What’s stopping you?”

Without another word, he presses his lips against mine.

The kiss is short and tender, but it sent butterflies to my stomach nonetheless.

MC

“You’ve been breaking a lot of rules lately.”

MC

“Who are you? And what did you do with the real Zachary?”

Zachary chuckles.

Zachary

“I’ll break all the rules in the world for you.”

MC

“Spoken like a true delinquent.”

We continue to dance. In that moment, I didn’t want the music to stop.

**Recombine with main dialogue**

**BACK TO MAIN DIALOGUE**

**Scene: Seymour Estate. Grand ballroom. Night.**

After a couple of weeks perfecting my social etiquette, the day that we’ve all been waiting for has arrived.

The 75th Annual S Group Gala.

Bullet

“This is it, little miss. Game day!”

Bullet is trying to hype me up. He probably noticed that I’m a nervous wreck.

As the VIP’s mingle all around us, a middle-aged woman approaches me.

Speaking under his breath, Stefan informs me that her name is Callista Meyer, wife of the owner of Meyer Steel.

Callista Meyer

“Good evening, I’m Callista Meyer. May I know your name?”

MC

“I’m [namae] Bennett Seymour. Pleased to meet you.”

Callista Meyer

“So you’re a Seymour. Whose child are you then?”

MC

“I’m Errol Seymour’s daughter.”

Callista Meyer

“I didn’t know Errol had a daughter.”

**Choice: What should I say?**

1. *“He didn’t know either.”*
2. *“I am his child out of wedlock.”*

**1.**

MC

“He didn’t know either.”

Callista Meyer

“What do you mean?”

MC

“He never knew that he got my mother pregnant as she kept it a secret from him.”

Callista Meyer

“Oh, I see. I’m sorry to hear that.”

**Recombine with main dialogue**

**2.**

MC

“I am his child out of wedlock.”

Callista Meyer

“Oh, that’s quite normal around.”

Callista Meyer

“You’d be surprised to know how many bastards are in this room.”

Callista Meyer

“Oh, I do apologize for the term.”

She laughs awkwardly.

**Recombine with dialogue**

**BACK TO MAIN DIALOGUE**

Callista Meyer

“Wait, didn’t you say you’re a Bennett? As in Bennett Telecom?”

MC

“Oh, no, we don’t own a telecom company. We just own the Breadmaker.”

Callista Meyer

“Ah, so you’re the Bennetts of Bennett Biscuit Corporation.”

MC

“No, I mean, my grandmother owns this little bakery called the Breadmaker. It’s on Baker Street.”

Callista Meyer

“Oh. Excuse me, I have to go find my husband.”

Callista Meyer walks away and makes a beeline for a group of VIP wives.

As the soiree continues, I can’t help but notice that people are beginning to stare at me and speak in whispers.

(Are they whispering about me?)

I start to get uncomfortable.

Things only get worse as my grandfather takes the stage and gives his speech behind a podium.

Brandon

“Tonight is not just about celebrating 75 years of S Group.

Brandon

“Tonight I would like to formally introduce my long-lost granddaughter, [namae] Seymour.”

I join my grandfather on the stage, escorted by Stefan.

I wave at the crowd as photographers snap pictures.

Brandon

“I want you all to raise your glass for my granddaughter.”

Brandon

“[namae], welcome to the family.”

It’s an overwhelming moment that I had to blink back tears.

It feels like all my hard work is starting to pay off.

For a moment I am happy.

But only for a moment.

I was on my way to our table when I overhear Kendra talking to a gathered group of VIP wives.

She’s talking about my mom.

Kendra

“Her mother’s name is Amanda Bennett. A poor baker’s daughter.”

Kendra

“And I know for a fact that she only wanted to be with Uncle Errol because she’s after his money!”

MC

“How dare you talk about my mother like that?”

Kendra

“Oh, look, the little commoner is here.”

MC

“Stop spreading lies about my mother, Kendra.”

Kendra

“We all know it’s true.”

MC

“I’ve put up with a lot your shit, Kendra. But I will not allow you to desecrate the memory of my mother.”

Kendra

“We both know that the only reason you’re here is because your little bakery is neck deep in debt. And you need the money.”

Kendra

“You’re nothing but a gold-digging bitch. Just like your mother.”

That’s when I’ve had enough.

The next thing I know I am throwing my drink in her face.

Kendra screams as Nigel holds her back.

Kendra

“You don’t deserve the Seymour name! Commoner!”

**Scene: MC’s bedroom. Night.**

We left the party in a hurry. I did not speak one word to anyone on our way back. My butlers were silent, too.

They knew better than to talk to me after I lost my temper back there.

When I reached my bedroom and I was alone with my thoughts, I started to cry.

After an hour of bawling my eyes out, there’s a soft knock on my door.

Bullet

“Little miss—”

Bullet

“[namae], I’m coming in.”

Bullet enters my bedroom.

**Premium Choice: What should I do?**

1. *Tell him to go away.*
2. *Hug him and seek comfort.*

**1.**

MC

“Bullet, please leave. I want to be alone right now.”

Bullet

“You shouldn’t be alone at a time like this.”

MC

“Maybe I shouldn’t but it’s what I want.”

Bullet

“Then I just want you to know that I’m always here for you if you need me.”

Bullet turns around to leave the room but stops midway. He turns back to me and gives me a warm embrace.

Then, without a word, he leaves the room.

**Recombine with main dialogue**

**2.**

I wrap my arms around Bullet the moment I saw him.

I don’t know what came over me. Perhaps I didn’t want to be alone with my thoughts anymore.

Bullet

“I’m here now, [namae].”

He holds me close to him. And for a long moment, we stay that way, entwined in a silent embrace.

Bullet

“I’ll always be here for you, [namae].”

I pull away from his arms.

MC

“I’m okay now. I guess I just needed a hug.”

Bullet

“It’s okay not be okay, [namae].”

Bullet

“This world you live in now, it’s beautiful, it’s glamorous. But it can also get ugly sometimes.”

Bullet

“You will be judged, you will be belittled, because you are different from them.”

MC

“I never wanted this. I never asked to be part of their world. I just want to help my grandmother.”

Bullet

“And that’s the most beautiful thing about you. You have a good heart.”

Bullet

“You have a purpose and that is to help not just your grandmother, but others as well.”

Bullet

“Look at what you’ve accomplished so far. You helped those orphans. You even helped Kendra’s charity.”

Bullet

“That’s the reason why I’ll always root for you.”

I smile in spite of myself.

MC

“How come you always know what to say in every situation?”

Bullet

“Because I’m Bullet.”

MC

“But seriously, you always seem to get me.”

Bullet

“I do.”

Bullet holds my hand.

MC

“You always know how and when to make me laugh.”

Bullet

“And I always will.”

He lifts my hand and kisses it.

MC

“I really wanted to be alone but you knew better. You always know what I need.”

Bullet

“Yes.”

Bullet pulls me closer to his body.

MC

“And you’re the one who’s here.”

Bullet

“I am.”

Our lips are so close that they almost touch. I close my eyes, anticipating the kiss.

Bullet kisses me and I quiver like a little girl.

When he pulls away, the taste of his lips linger.

Bullet

“I’ll see you in the morning. Good night, little miss.”

MC

“Good night.”

I bit my lip as Bullet leaves the room.

(I guess I needed that kiss, too.)

**Recombine with main dialogue**

**BACK TO MAIN DIALOGUE**

Scene: MC’s Suite. Dining area. Day.

The next morning, I was having breakfast when Nigel arrives, carrying a flat package tied neatly with a bow.

Stefan

“You can stop right there.”

Nigel

“I come bearing gifts and good tidings.”

Bullet

“No, thank you. We don’t want any gifts from Kendra.”

Nigel

“Oh, it wasn’t the Mistress who sent me here. It was the Chairman.”

Nigel

“And if you want to hear his message, I suggest you open the package.”

I grab the package from Nigel’s hand and rips open the package.

I am shocked to see what’s inside.

*Read more to find out…*