

Love beyond the mask (Whitney) Chapter 100

Chapter 100

At that moment, Simon appeared from nowhere, grabbing Scarlett by the arm while she coldly glared at Whitney. "That crazy woman hit me! Simon!"

'Scarlett, cut it out. Everyone's watching, Simon said awkwardly, glancing at Whitney before pulling Scarlett

away.

Whitney caught the look on his face as he held Scarlett's hand, realizing something. She had heard rumors about Simon dating high-profile socialites recently.

The commotion was swiftly halted by Bryce's call for the security guards. As the younger Lutz heir, his status was undeniable, and not even Hannah dared to cross him.

Whitney, feeling disheveled, did not even notice Bryce's suit jacket draped over her shoulders as she hastily touched the wound at the corner of her mouth. Looking up defiantly through the crowd, she searched for L's figure, wondering if he intended to protect her.

But she saw L standing close to Elaine, their proximity suggesting intimacy as he held a wine glass with an air of elegance and aloofness, schmoozing with a company executive.

He had not spared her a single glance, as if his earlier gesture of turning around had been just Whitney's imagination.

Her heart sank more than just a little.

A bitter smile tugged at the corner of Whitney's eyes. Even if they were in a cold war, seeing her hassled by Hannah's crowd and knowing she would be humiliated, he should at least have the decency to step in as her 'husband. But his indifferent disregard was more than she could bear.

She shivered slightly, and Bryce, noticing the pale face beneath his suit, asked, "What's wrong? Are you cold?"

“No... Mr. Lutz?” Whitney finally recognized him, a bit surprised, “What brings you to the Joyful Manor party?”

“I’m a businessman, too,” Bryce said with a raised eyebrow. Recalling her feisty exchange with those women, he could not help but smirk at her. “You sure have a sharp tongue!”

Lost in thought, Whitney managed a weak smile. “Thank you for earlier, Mr. Lutz.”

Their exchanged glances caught Ludwik’s attention, a chill spreading through his gaze.

Bryce. It was him again! And Simon.

He had almost gone to her rescue earlier, but it turned out Whitney had no shortage of knights in shining armor – she really could not stay out of trouble!

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Clearly, he was not even needed!

Ludwik’s jaw clenched like frost, his presence bringing an icy chill to the surroundings, prompting the executive conversing with him to find an excuse to leave.

Elaine watched with a concealed smile.

The man adjusted his Windsor knot/feeling stifled, and with a cold expression, he stepped away to light a cigarette in a corner.

Whitney saw him leave the crowd from the corner of her eye.

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Clutching her hands, she lowered her gaze, the weight of her grievances a heavy burden, yet she was determined to seek a moment, to clear the air.

Otherwise, she would just be watching Elaine cozy up to him. A sharp resolve flashed in Whitney’s eyes. She could settle scores with L later, but she could not let Elaine win. Thus, she quickly excused herself from Bryce and followed L down the corridor.

She saw him enter a lounge, the door slightly ajar.

Whitney quietly pushed **the door** open, the scent of heavy smoke greeting her as she entered. L's tall, imposing figure stood before her, his frustration evident as he smoked.

She watched him silently, her heart aching. Remembering Tiana's advice to s often up, she walked over and wrapped her arms around his narrow waist. "L ..."

Her sudden embrace caught Ludwik off guard. The darkness in his eyes swirled with ink as he recognized her scent and the softness of her body.

He turned around, his icy gaze not yet resting on her face, when he noticed the man's suit on her shoulder.

Ludwik's expression darkened considerably.

Whitney looked up, her eyes pleading softly, "L..."

Was this her tactic to draw men in? With her soft, water-like allure and fair charm, thinking of how she used **those** same eyes on Bryce, a surge of anger rose in Ludwik's chest.

He pulled her hands away harshly, his eyes mocking. "Who said you could touch me? Don't you know I have a thing about cleanliness?"

Whitney froze, her embarrassment evident. Did his eyes hold disgust for her? She had humbled herself after his cold indifference in the hall, hoping for reconciliation.

Was he insinuating that she was dirty?

Suddenly tired, Whitney withdrew, her eyes misting with confusion. "L, what's wrong with you? We were fine just a while ago, and then you changed. Why are you angry for no reason? You're leaving me at a loss..."

"For no reason?" His lips curled into a cold smile, terrifying in its expressionless mirth as he loomed closer. In one swift motion, he flung off the suit from her body, his voice rising in anger, "You think I wouldn't

find out about your secret liaisons and lies? Whitney, you're the first to play me, and you really think I won't crush you?" Whitney stood frozen, fear creeping in as the pieces clicked together.

He must have misunderstood that phone call from noon!

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With a mix of regret and exasperation, she explained, "If you mean that phone call, I wasn't intentionally lying. I did meet with a male boss, but your tone was so hostile. After what happened with Simon, I was scared and didn't want to cause more trouble, so I hid it from you."

If he had not seen for himself how unfaithful she was, he might have believed her story.

Ludwik's lips twisted into a cold sneer as he gripped her chin. "You weren't meeting with just any boss; it was Bryce, the man you've been throwing yourself at. Rejecting the suppliers I recommended, not needing your husband's help, and seeking out other men instead – are you proud of yourself?!"

What?

He recommended suppliers to her?

Whitney's mind went blank, then cleared suddenly, recalling Elaine's smug smile from the other day. A chill spread through her as she grasped the truth.

She looked up at him, her lips cold and firm, understanding dawning on her, "Those female suppliers were your recommendation? Elaine didn't say that. She told me she wanted to help me privately. I had no idea it was you. **Did** you ask her to help me?"

Clenching her fists, she retorted with icy detachment, "I had no clue! I don't like Elaine. She was so pushy about hooking me up with a supplier – I'd be cautious with anyone so eager. Of course, I turned her down. Little did it know that was her plan all along. Ha!"

Ludwik paused, furrowing his brow.

Yet the mocking sneer in her eyes quickly turned his expression stone-cold.

“I sent Elaine to see you on my behalf. You should’ve guessed she was acting for me even if she didn’t spell it out! Is this your excuse for playing coy behind my back? Besides, why are you so hostile towards her? She’s been nothing but friendly, bending over backward for you, and this is how you repay her kindness—

with humiliation? Whitney, have I spoiled you too much? A little jealousy was cute at first, but now it’s getting tiresome—it makes you seem petty!”

Ludwik’s displeasure was palpable as he scrutinized her. Elaine had already made it clear she saw him only as a brother, and yet why could Whitney not just play nice and tolerate Elaine?

His words hit Whitney hard, leaving her feeling utterly powerless and deeply wounded.