

Love Amidst the Shadow Chapter 2

Chapter 2

The call cut off the moment he finished. Anna approached me, her gaze falling upon my phone. She frowned then. "Who was that?" "Emil!" Her expression suddenly turned fearful. "Did you do that on purpose, Vivian?" She glared at me, her face turning green from anger. "Do what on purpose?" I asked weakly as I looked at her. "You!" She wanted to lash out at me, but she put a lid on her anger in the end. Emil was quick. My mind went blank when I saw him rushing into the room and panting. "Listen to me, Emil. I'm just doing it for your own good as my son." Anna had already begun to explain herself before Emil could catch his breath. He didn't spare her a glance as his inky black eyes bore into me. "How many months?" he asked, his tone a little low. I knew that he was asking about the baby. "8 weeks!" It was June, but the room was so cold that it could freeze one to death. I lowered my head. The heavy atmosphere was so suffocating that I couldn't quite breathe. Seeing that the situation wasn't right, Anna grabbed the hem of Emil's shirt. Her eyes were teary as she tried to talk to him. "Emil, I..." Emil didn't wait for her to finish. Instead, he looked at me. "Did you do this of your own volition?" he asked, his tone low and chilly. My body tensed up. I raised my head to look at him. Anna was nervous as she stared at me with narrowed, threatening eyes filled with warning. I pressed my lips together and took a shallow breath. Closing my eyes, I nodded. "Yes!" The fruit that Anna had brought in was swept to the ground by Emil as they scattered everywhere. He was silent as his black eyes stared right at me. And all I could do was bear with the excruciating pain and lower my head to avoid his gaze. "Don't get yourself worked up, Emil. There are plenty of women who will bear a child for the Penrose Family. Vivian Lovelace won't be missed. You and Miss Turing can have as many children as you want in the future. We shouldn't get angry all over a woman like this!" Anna soothed Emil, her voice softening as she crooned into his ear. Somehow, it was like I became a heartless mother who aborted her own child. "Wonderful!" Emil's voice rang out again, low and steady. I couldn't hear any emotion in it. It was as though he had just accidentally knocked over the fruit basket earlier. My heart ached. I couldn't stop myself from looking up at him. I opened my mouth to speak, but he didn't seem to want to waste another moment talking to me as his slender figure left the room. It had been just a few minutes, but it was like he had never come to this room filled with antiseptic. As I watched Emil leave, Anna's expression darkened completely. She reached out and grabbed my arm hard, her nails digging into my flesh. It hurt so much that it made my scalp crawl. "Vivian, you best behave yourself. Don't forget that your younger brother's life is in my hands." I sucked in a breath from the pain, but I endured the agony and nodded. "It hurts!" "Hmph!" She withdrew her hand. As she was still furious, she shoved me. Before I could react, the back of my head knocked against the wall. My mind spun from the agony. I gritted my teeth through it and looked up at her. "What about my brother, Mrs. Penrose?" I carefully probed her. She glanced at me through the corner of her eyes. "Relax, he's just a half-dead kid. I have no interest in his life. As long as you don't meddle around, I won't interfere with his treatments!" she said in disdain. I couldn't help but let out a breath of relief when I heard those words. My heart was finally at ease. "You better not count your lucky stars yet!" Anna said as she swept me over with a scornful gaze. "Now that Emil and Miss Turing are already engaged, do you still plan to cling to him?" I knew what she was implying. I lowered my head and took a breath before speaking. "Rest assured, I will leave as soon as possible." Anna gave a cold scoff. The displeasure on her face was apparent. "You better. Here, a reward for you!" As she spoke, she flung a bank card onto the blanket. "Watch your mouth from now on!" she warned. I watched as she exited the room in her high heels. My face was pale. The longer I stared at the card on the blanket, the more my heart was weighed down with sadness. Being rich was so nice. One could just trample on others' pride with impunity.