

Love Coming from the Least Expected

Chapter 1 All This For A Hookup

I had never once thought that I would one day be hooking up with someone. As a conservative woman, I dated my husband for two years before finally losing my virginity to him on the night of our wedding.

Am I really doing this? The guy in front of me was extremely handsome even though he was in a drunken stupor. He was my husband's best friend with whom he had grown up together.

I had given up something as precious as my virginity to my husband, and what did the asshole do?

He cheated on me! To make matters worse, he did it with his friend's young admirer, of all people! It would only be fair for me to have an affair with someone else behind his back as well.

So, while he was out chatting up other women, I was here seducing his best friend. An eye for an eye.

Christopher was so drunk that he barely recognized me, taking me as one of his impressionable fans. Unable to pass up such an easy chance, he took my hand and led me to his hotel room.

He pressed his warm body against mine as soon as he had shut the door, the smell of his cologne invading my senses.

Christopher had the type of charming appearance that made him look like a mischievous playboy but had the personality of a strong, domineering man hidden underneath his good looks.

"You here alone?" he whispered in a deep and husky voice.

"I'm with you now, aren't I?" I glanced up at him, meeting his half-lidded stare. I noticed how his eyes curved into the shape of a crescent moon when he smiled and how pretty his eyelashes were.

Actually, this isn't too bad.

As he let out a chuckle, his fingers brushed against my face and eventually wandered down to my collarbones, sending a shiver down my spine. There was a valid reason why he had so many girls falling head over heels for him.

"Nope. Not completely."

"What are you talking about?" I knew that this wasn't the point, but I was curious. At the same time, I was worried that he would lose interest in me after I asked him the question.

Fortunately, he didn't seem to mind my curiosity. He bent down and grabbed ahold of my legs to effortlessly lift me up in a bridal carry. "I'm not with you until I'm inside of you," he said with a grin.

"Huh?" I blinked owlishly for a few seconds before finally getting it, his bright laughter ringing in my ears as he placed me atop the bed. I wasn't sure if I was blushing because I felt embarrassed for falling for that joke or because I was shy.

He leaned over me, rubbing his face against my skin and leaving absentminded kisses on my ear. A little sensitive, I flinched and ducked my head.

“Uncomfortable?”

“Would you let go of me if I was?”

“Nope.”

“Then why did you ask?” I retaliated in irritation.

His fingers tapped on my lips lightly before tracing down my neck, slowly unbuttoning my shirt. Before long, my breasts were exposed to him.

I saw his hands falter and his breath quicken at the sight before him. The movements of his chest rising and falling were so rapid that his shirt was on the verge of bursting open.

“Because I respect your feelings,” he tossed out nonchalantly.

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. If you respect my feelings, then why won't you let go of me? “Pleasure is a feeling, but whether or not I let go of you is my choice to make.”

“So?” I didn't understand his logic. If I hadn't known him before tonight, I would have thought that I had accidentally hooked up with a psychopath.

Right then, he took off his shirt to reveal a firm upper body with a toned six-pack.

His skin was fair, but his body reminded me of those hot, beefy Hollywood actors. Abruptly, my breath hitched in my throat.

“So, I'll take note of your reactions to see if you feel good and go with the flow from there on out.”

Chapter 2 Way Too Intense

I was rendered speechless.

Then I felt Christopher's hand slowly move up my leg, lifting my skirt up and touching the inside of my thighs.

I instinctively tried to close my legs, but his knee slid in between them before I could do so. He proceeded to kiss me fiercely, starting with my lips and moving all the way down my neck.

My breathing quickened, flames licking at me from the inside.

“Did you just take a shower?” he asked all of a sudden. “You smell like milk soap. Don't shower next time; I'd prefer your natural scent.”

“I have body odor. I doubt you'd like me if I didn't shower.” Of course, it was a joke, and I merely wanted to see his reaction.

He immediately froze, his lips still pressed to my stomach in the middle of a kiss.

I thought that he was going to kick me out the very next second. Instead, he lifted his head to give me another disarmingly charming smile.

Then, he gripped my waist and pulled me toward him in one swift movement. In the blink of an eye, I felt the sharp pain of his length filling me up, and my arms grabbed onto him reflexively.

He seemed happy with my reaction, gazing at me warmly as he firmly held the back of my head in place so that he could kiss me.

The repetitive movements of his hips were hurting me, and I must have accidentally scratched his back out of sheer pain. Despite that, he didn't even flinch, merely lowering me back onto the bed and pausing briefly to ask, "Are you nervous?"

When I replied "no," he nibbled at my lips. "Then loosen up."

"I feel quite loose already, though."

He let out a bark of laughter. "Then I must be too big for you."

While I was rolling my eyes in exasperation, he added, "Right?" However, before I could ask what he was talking about, he suddenly picked up his pace. I cried out in pain, my vision growing blurry with tears.

I was grateful that we were in a five-star hotel with soundproof walls.

The realization that this a**hole was asking me whether or not I thought his length was too big dawned upon me.

Nevertheless, I had to admit that he was good at this.

"Ah!" The pain I felt down there made me yelp out once more. His thrusts had abruptly increased in speed and depth as if he was venting his frustration.

"Wait, stop..." I tried to push him away. "You didn't put on a condom..."

"I can't stop..." He bit down on my neck, his movements growing even more powerful and desperate than before.

After what seemed like an eternity, I finally collapsed onto his sweaty body, completely drained of all energy.

Just like that, I drifted off to sleep.

When I finally came to, the sun hadn't risen yet. He was lying next to me with his face buried in my hair and his arm thrown over my shoulder, sleeping soundly as he used my body as a human pillow.

I should probably tell him that I also shampooed my hair.

But instead of doing so, I carefully pushed his arm off of me, trying to get out of bed and put my clothes back on without waking him. To my chagrin, I fell back into bed with a simple tug of his arm, finding myself trapped in his embrace once more.

I turned to meet his sleepy, half-lidded gaze. "Yvonne," he mumbled out calmly.

For some reason, I was the one suddenly overcome with nervousness. "I..."

"You?" He blinked at me with his long lashes, opening his mouth as if to continue although no words came out. For some unknown reason, I squirmed uncomfortably.

After a beat of hesitation, I reached forward and looped an arm around his neck, pulling him in for a kiss. "What a coincidence," I smiled at him. "I was just in the mood for some fun last night. I didn't think I'd bump into you."

Chapter 3 Next Time

I was trying my best to appear calm, desperately hoping that he would believe my lie. But my heart was pounding in my chest, and my palms were sweaty.

I was pretending to act like I was used to doing this sort of thing so that he wouldn't feel as guilty, but he seemed unperturbed, even smiling brightly at me.

Why do I feel like our roles are reversed?

"I should leave," I told him, climbing out of bed.

"Want me to send you?" He sat up and got down from the other side of the bed, turning his back to me. Right then, I saw the long red marks on his back.

He noticed me staring and turned to glance at me in amusement. "You're the first person to ever scratch me."

"I didn't mean to scratch you," I argued.

"Then what was it?"

"You were hurting me, so I did it in self-defense."

He laughed. "You're the one who was too tight."

"I thought you were saying that you're too big?" The words escaped me before I thought any better of it, my cheeks instantly flushing after saying so.

"Lyle must have really hurt you, huh." And just like that, he chalked up all of my actions to be the result of his best friend's extramarital affairs.

So he knew all along that Lyle was cheating on me. I should have seen this coming. After all, birds of a feather flock together. I'm such an idiot.

“Why didn't you tell me?” I demanded agitatedly.

He shrugged as he buttoned up his shirt. “Tell you what? That Lyle hooked up with one of my friends? Or should I have brought you to catch them in the act?”

I was rendered speechless.

He reached out for my hand. “Let's go.”

“I don't need you to send me home,” I snapped, slapping his hand away and standing up to leave. The truth was, I wasn't actually angry with him. I just thought the gesture was unnecessary since I merely had a one-night stand with him to get back at my husband, and nothing more than that.

He didn't follow me out the door.

Upon leaving the hotel, I hurried to a pharmacy to buy some morning-after pills and gulped them down, feeling slightly more at ease than before.

Lyle was already asleep when I arrived home. He must have really trusted me as he didn't even text me to ask where I was when I didn't come back home last night.

I closed the curtains and got ready for bed when my phone buzzed with a notification. To my surprise, it was a text message from Christopher: What are you closing the curtains for? I've already seen everything.

I jumped in shock and quickly drew back the curtains to reveal a car parked downstairs.

Christopher? Did he follow me home?

My phone buzzed again: Don't take any pills next time. I'll wear a condom. The corner of my mouth twitched. He wanted a “next time”?

Right then, I heard the sound of Christopher's car revving its engine downstairs.

My fingers hovered over the screen of my phone for a moment. Instead of replying to his messages, I deleted our entire chat history.

This will do for now.

It was during breakfast the next day that Lyle asked me, “Where'd you go last night?”

I froze up, nearly dropping my fork onto the floor.

When I snuck a nervous glance at him, I saw that he was absentmindedly flipping through the newspaper and paying me absolutely no mind.

I swallowed the bitter taste in my mouth. Even my one-night stand followed me all the way home because he was concerned for my safety. Yet, my darling husband was asking about my whereabouts without any hint of worry.

I smiled wryly. "I went to the beauty salon with my friends."

He accepted my flimsy excuse, making a simple sound of acknowledgment to signal the end of the conversation.

Sadly, I had grown used to this silence after being married to him for two years.

I was about to get up to put the dishes in the sink when I felt something press down on my shoulder, forcing me back into my seat.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a figure dressed in white sit down in the chair next to mine.

Chapter 4 A Free Meal

"I'm here for a free breakfast meal. You don't mind, right, Yvonne?" It was Christopher. Lyle didn't have any other close friends besides him, and only Christopher would dare to act so casually around both of us.

Without waiting for a response, he took my utensils from me and started helping himself to the dishes set out on the table.

Lyle gave him a sidelong glance. "Those are hers."

"Wait, really? Here you go, Yvonne." Christopher casually handed them back to me. However, I couldn't just resume eating breakfast using these utensils after he had used them, could I?

When I didn't take the utensils from him, Lyle spoke up with a slightly sour expression, "It's fine. Just take them and be more careful next time. People will run their mouths if they see this."

"You're right! I'll make sure to be more careful in the future." Christopher grinned brightly. "You have to be careful too, Yvonne. If he eats another woman's food, that would mean he's cheating on you."

He then gave me playful wink.

Meanwhile, Lyle had stiffened, his hand frozen mid-air in the midst of flipping a newspaper page.

His reaction satisfied me greatly, but I kept quiet.

After forcing out an awkward cough, Lyle changed the topic to focus back on Christopher. "I haven't seen you recently. Where've you been hanging out?"

"Ugh, don't bring it up. My friend's boyfriend cheated on her, so I had to accompany her while she caught him in the act," Christopher replied casually. "You should have been there to see it! She and an entire group of girls stripped the guy and the homewrecker down to their underwear and paraded them around in the streets. It was a sight."

Lyle coughed again, turning around to grab a glass of water for his suddenly dry throat.

"Yvonne, if you ever want to go catch him cheating on you, remember to bring along a reporter,"

Christopher pressed on. "He absolutely detests reporters."

As soon as he said that, Lyle accidentally knocked over the glass of water, spilling it all over himself and the counter. I could almost sense the anxiety emanating from him.

"I... I'm going to get changed. You guys can continue chatting." With that, he ran off with his tail between his legs.

Christopher kicked back and crossed his arms behind his head, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

When I turned to stare at him gratefully, he wrapped an arm around my waist and pulled me over to sit on his lap.

My face instantly reddened at the sudden intimacy, and I pressed my hands against his chest as my blood pounded in my ears. "What are you doing? He's right there."

He let go of me but remembered to peck my cheek before doing so. "You still have some fighting spirit left in you? Looks like I wasn't rough enough last night."

His words left me feeling flustered and shy.

When Lyle came back out, Christopher grinned at him. "You're done? Let's get going."

Instead of leaving, Lyle walked over to me and lifted his chin slightly, gesturing for me to knot his tie for him.

I hadn't done so in such a long time, and the last time I had, he called my knot messy and ugly, so I wasn't sure why he wanted me to do it now of all times.

After I was done, he pressed a kiss to my forehead out of nowhere. "Wait up for me tonight," he said stiffly. "I'll come back to have dinner with you."

I hummed in response and took a peek at Christopher's cheery, mischievous expression, watching as he swiftly chucked something into the trash bin.

Not long after the two men walked out the door, I heard Lyle say, "Where's my flight ticket? I thought I had it on me..."

"Maybe you lost it," Christopher replied. I couldn't see his face, but I could hear the proud tone in his voice as he added, "I'll ask someone to buy one for you later."

I picked up the crumpled piece of paper from the trash bin. As I had expected, it was Lyle's flight ticket. I smiled to myself and sent Christopher a text message: You're so childish

Chapter 5 Day And Night

When I received no reply, I decided to go back to minding my own business.

Keeping Lyle's promise of coming back for dinner in mind, I went to the market to buy the ingredients for

his favorite food. After returning home, I habitually checked my phone, but there were no message notifications.

Why am I waiting for a message from Christopher? This realization made me frustrated and disappointed in myself. With that, I chucked my phone onto the sofa.

The phone rang as I was busying myself in the kitchen. For some reason, my heart skipped a beat.

I scrambled out of the kitchen to pick up the phone, but all the excitement instantly disappeared when I saw that it was Lyle calling. "Hello?"

"Hey, dear. I have a meeting tonight, so you don't have to wait up for me. Remember to sleep early after dinner, alright? Good girl." With that, he hung up the call without even giving me a chance to respond.

I scoffed. A meeting? Like a hands-on, private meeting in a hotel room somewhere? His employees are so lucky to have such a caring boss.

To my surprise, I didn't feel upset at this news. I checked my phone again, but there were still no new messages.

I couldn't help but start wondering if I had acted too harshly toward Christopher this morning and pissed him off. Did my text message cause some sort of misunderstanding?

Just as I was debating over whether I should call him to clear things up, the doorbell rang.

My mind blanked. Didn't Lyle say that he'd be busy tonight? Why is he suddenly back home?

When I opened the door, an unexpected guest leaned against the doorway. The golden rays of the sunset highlighted his handsome features, making him look like a Prince Charming who had come right out of a fairytale.

My attention was drawn to the multiple red marks on his neck. "Sorry. Looks like I've grown addicted to the smell of your milk soap and couldn't bear to let you go," he teased.

Are those... the hickeys that I left behind? I felt my face grow warm.

He tried to slip past me into the house, but my arm shot out to block his way. "He's not at home," I told him in a warning tone, but what I really meant to say was, "Please leave."

Pretending not to catch my drift, he insisted, "It's fine. I'll just wait for him."

"Then wait outside." I pushed him back, but he took the chance to grab hold of my wrist and pull me closer toward him.

I found myself almost face to face with him with barely a hair's breadth of distance between us. Startled, I stumbled backward into the house.

However, he seized this chance and dashed into the house, catching me before I could lose my footing and closing the front door behind him.

As an uneasy feeling settled in my gut, I tried to open it. He then proceeded to corner me against the door with his front pressed to my back.

“You like this position?” I asked, not budging an inch.

He leaned down, his warm breath tickling my neck as he muttered, “No, this kind of position is reserved for immature, dumb girls. That’s not what you are.”

“Then what am I?” My interest piqued, I turned around to face him.

“Kiss me, and I’ll tell you,” he said with a smirk. He held his cheek out and tapped it with a finger.

I tried to push him away, but I was no match for his strength. It felt like I was pushing against a wall made out of steel. “You need to go. He’s coming back soon.”

That was a lie. There was no way that Lyle was coming home this early tonight. I just wanted to prevent this spark between us from developing into something much more dangerous.

However, Christopher seemed unbothered, leaning in to kiss me. When I turned my face away, he naturally moved to kiss my cheeks, slowly moving down to my neck. “He hasn’t even started on his ‘dinner’ yet. There’s no way he would be coming home so soon.”

So he knows.

Chapter 6 Little Calf

In a playful mood, I held his face in my hands and made him look up at me. “Who do you think is prettier? Lyle’s ‘dinner’ or me?”

“You,” he answered instantly with an innocent smile on his face. If I weren’t familiar with his personality, I might have mistaken him for a pure, excitable virgin.

To be completely honest, my heart did race at his sweet words. But I also knew that anything a man said was not to be trusted, especially not when he wanted to get you in his bed.

“You say that as if you’ve slept with her too.”

“You say that as if I’ve never slept with her before.”

I was rendered speechless. “But why?”

Instead of replying, he hoisted me off the floor and carried me all the way to the living room couch.

“Hey!” I panicked, struggling to close my legs firmly and get away from him.

As if having expected my reaction, he wasted no time squeezing in between my legs and hooking them around his waist.

If Lyle saw us in such a compromising position, he might just explode with rage.

That idea cheered me up greatly.

Christopher started to undo my shirt. "I know you've been thinking of me. I kept sneezing all day."

"You must have caught a cold," I retorted, trying to pull his hands away.

Taking advantage of my brief distraction, he gave up trying to take my shirt off and skipped right to slipping his hands under my shirt.

"Liar."

I couldn't deny that.

He took my silence as an affirmative answer, chuckling before pressing his warm lips to mine. Trapped under the heavy weight of his body combined with his fierce kisses, I could barely breathe properly.

"W-Wait..." I stammered out in between kisses. "I'm hungry... I want to have dinner first—"

"I'll make sure to stuff you full."

"I'm being serious."

"I'm hungry too, little calf," he replied with a sincere look. "Let me drink from you, please?"

Little calf?

I caved and lay there motionless, letting him do whatever he wanted to me.

Seemingly content with my response, he grinned up at me sweetly.

After he was done, I shoved him off of me to get up and cook dinner. As if knowing that I would make caramelized pork, he nuzzled his face into my neck. "I want caramelized pork."

If I was a "little calf," then he had to be the castle's spoilt cat.

He watched as I moved around the kitchen, instantly approaching me and wrapping his arms around me from behind as soon as I had settled down in one spot.

"Are you going to use sugar?" he asked, his chin resting atop my head.

"Yes. Why?"

I was cooking caramelized pork; of course, I was going to use sugar. He replied casually, "Nothing. I just don't like eating sweet stuff."

"Then why do you want caramelized pork?"

"I'd love anything you cook." He shrugged.

Upon hearing that, my initial exasperation turned into amusement, and I let out a chuckle. With his

preference in mind, I made sure to add as little sugar as possible when cooking the caramelized pork.

However, the pork turned out to taste worse than I had imagined, and I couldn't bring myself to eat more than one helping. Meanwhile, Christopher was gobbling the food up heartily.

For a split second, I wondered if there was something wrong with his taste buds.

"I think I still prefer the taste of my little calf," he told me as soon as he had wiped his mouth after dinner.

I rolled my eyes.

"Why didn't you eat? I thought you said you were hungry."

"I was too busy admiring your pretty face," I came up with an excuse, forcing a dry smile.

He laughed at that. "Little minx."

I instinctively retreated when he leaned in and tried to kiss me, but I hadn't realized that one of his hands was already holding the back of my head, allowing him to deepen the kiss.

His flexible tongue that had the lingering taste of the caramelized pork pushed past my lips and slipped into my mouth.

Chapter 7 Addicted To You

When I had finally awoken from my feverish daze, I was completely naked and pinned to the couch.

Christopher's shirt was nowhere to be seen, and the sight of his firm torso above me took my breath away once more. "Christopher..."

He hummed slightly, lifting his gaze to meet mine. "What's wrong? Does it hurt?"

Such a handsome face. Too bad we're just friends with benefits.

"We won't go any further than this, okay?"

Since I was going to divorce Lyle, I didn't want to drag Christopher into this.

Furrowing his brows, he pressed his face so close to mine that I could feel his breath on my lips.

I thought that he was going to tell me off, but he merely stuck his tongue out and licked at the corner of my mouth. "Greedy little kitten. You didn't clean yourself up properly after eating," he teased.

I wasn't sure how to respond to that.

So, I resorted to teasing him back while looping my arms around his neck. "So do you prefer greedy kittens or minxes?"

He brushed his thumb across my lips as he chuckled. "You could be a kitten by day and a minx by night."

Is that a compliment?

I knew that he was used to sweet-talking people like this, yet I couldn't stop myself from falling for it each and every time.

Without waiting for me to respond, he continued his actions swiftly.

I had to admit that not only was he aggressive, but he was also very skillful. His hands didn't stay still for a single second, dipping in between my legs and nearly making me see stars.

Then, he entered me without warning, and the sudden fullness caused me to wince and dig my nails into his arm.

He was still focused on my breasts when he heard my cries, letting out a short bark of laughter. "Sorry. I was a little hasty."

"Are you saying that I didn't satisfy you enough last night?"

"Well, would you believe me if I told you that you were a drug and I was addicted?"

Right then, I felt another deep thrust and gasped.

I was getting way too caught up in the atmosphere that he had created and started to flirt back. "Does it matter whether I believe it or not?"

He kissed my chin and nibbled at it gently. "If you believe it, then I'll go harder."

"If I don't believe it, will you get up and leave?"

Upon hearing that, he paused his motions. I was worried that he might just get up and leave. After all, we had already gotten started, so we might as well go all the way.

He stared at me with narrowed eyes for a long while before his lips quirked up into a smirk. Then he grabbed my waist and held me in place. Suddenly, he snapped his hips forward in a deep thrust.

It hurt like hell. "Slow down! You're hurting me."

He grinned and continued just as roughly. "You wanted to know what I'd do if you didn't believe me, right?"

I nodded.

He pinched my chin using his forefinger and thumb. "I'm going to make you cry from pleasure."

Oh my god.

It was half-past ten at night when we were finally done; we had gone at it for more than three hours straight. That man had way too much stamina in him. As a result, I barely had the strength to keep my eyes open as I lay on the couch.

Meanwhile, Christopher got up as if nothing had happened and put his clothes back on. I figured that he was probably heading home after getting what he wanted.

Keeping my eyes shut, I pretended to be asleep. My heart raced in anticipation, although I didn't know what it was.

I heard his footsteps slowly grow farther and farther away. Suddenly, he came to a stop before walking back to the living room. Did he forget something?

Chapter 8 Here Comes The Witch

A warm, fluffy blanket was draped over me. The next moment, I felt a soft kiss on my cheek.

Afterward, I could hear him shuffling around the room, eventually realizing that he was cleaning up the mess we had made. My heart clenched inside my chest with a strange, foreign emotion that I couldn't place my finger on.

When he finished cleaning, he carried me to my bedroom and tucked me in, even remembering to pour a glass of water and set it out on my nightstand. What a good... friend.

Absolutely worn out, I drifted off to sleep not long after he left the house.

I vaguely registered someone lying down next to me in my sleep. When I jerked awake, I saw Lyle sprawling on the bed, reeking of alcohol.

So he hadn't gone to seek comfort in another woman but in alcohol instead?

I pinched my nose as disgust welled up inside me. Even so, I got out of bed to draw a bath for him. Then I helped him out of his clothes and into the tub before going downstairs to prepare some pain relief pills for his oncoming hangover.

I used to do this regularly for him in the past as I pitied him for staying out so late to attend business dinners and meetings, but looking back on it now, I wanted to laugh at my own stupidity. He hadn't deserved my pity at all.

After downing the pain relief pills, Lyle caught me off guard by pressing me onto the bed and trying to kiss me, the aftertaste of alcohol still in his mouth.

As he sat on top of me like a king sitting atop a throne, I knew that he had to either still be drunk or be mistaking me for another girl.

I turned my head to one side to avoid his mouth. Sex between us had never been a common occurrence. Moreover, I had grown an aversion to it after finding out that he was cheating on me.

However, he didn't take the hint, hovering over me and kissing my ear as his hands slipped under my pajamas. "Dear..."

Christopher had done this exact same thing to me before, but it felt gross when Lyle was the one doing

it.

I briefly wondered if I had gotten addicted to Christopher as well. Is the saying that the best way to a girl's heart is through their body true after all?

"It's late. We should get some sleep," I told Lyle with my hands pressed against his chest in an attempt to push him away. "Besides, you have work tomorrow morning."

Without another word, I turned my back to him and pulled the covers all the way up to my chin.

He didn't say anything, flipping over and quickly dozing off.

Was he hoping for this? For me to not return his affections?

Lyle continued to come home late for the next few days. Although he no longer smelled of alcohol, he didn't dare look me in the eye, just like before.

My love for him had died out a long time ago, and I was getting ready to divorce him.

Christopher, on the other hand, kept making frequent trips to the house, calling me "Yvonne" in public and "minx" in bed.

"Did you miss me, little minx?" He appeared in my living room out of nowhere once again.

Before I even had the time to react, he had already pulled me into his embrace.

I turned my head slightly to squint at him. "Did you secretly steal a set of my house keys?" I was sure that I had locked the front door.

"What do you mean by 'steal'?" He held his key up in the air, waving it around with an innocent smile. "I've always had one."

Oh. I had forgotten that when the locks in our house were broken about half a year ago, Lyle had done nothing to fix the problem. Instead, Christopher had been the one to go out and find a locksmith for us.

Does that mean he's had our house key for half a year now? What does he plan to do with it?

"Have you planned on sleeping with me for six months straight?" I inquired curiously.

His smile faded, replaced by a completely serious expression. "You were always mine, to begin with."

I was moved by the statement. However, there was a small voice in the back of my head, reminding me that men's serenades and praises were not to be fully trusted. In fact, Lyle served as a good example.

He started laughing like an idiot when I didn't reply. "I'm hungry. What are we eating today?"

"Caramelized pork."

Instantly, his expression soured as if recalling the taste of the awful caramelized pork from before.

“Can we eat something else? Please, Eve?” he whined, nuzzling his face against the crook of my neck.

Holding back my laughter, I asked, “Why? Did you not like it when I cooked for you last time?”

He raised an eyebrow. “I loved it,” he forced out.

This time, I couldn't stop my laughter from escaping me.

Chapter 9 Put On The Spot

Out of kindness, I decided not to cook caramelized pork anymore. Instead, I opted for trying my hand at pan-grilled fish in an attempt to show off my culinary skills.

Christopher laughed as he leaned against the sink, watching me roll my sleeves up dramatically.

I gave him a sidelong glance. “What are you laughing at?”

He shook his head, but his eyes were still sparkling with mirth. “Let me clean the fish. You might get hurt.”

He took off his coat as he said so, draping it over my head and using me as a human coat hanger. The faint, intoxicating smell of tobacco enveloped me, and I almost couldn't bear to take the coat off.

In no time, he was done and promptly took over the rest of the preparation process; pouring oil into the pan, frying up some chopped onions and garlic, and finally putting the fish in the pan. Unfortunately, he had put it down a little too quickly, and drops of boiling hot oil splashed out of the pan as soon as he did.

Thanks to Christopher's quick reflexes, the oil didn't splash onto me but onto his outstretched arm protectively covering mine. I noticed his skin instantly start to become an angry shade of red in certain spots.

“Are you okay? I'm going to go grab the first-aid kit,” I fretted, holding his hand up close to inspect it. For some inexplicable reason, I felt my heart clench at the sight of his reddened hand.

“I'm fine.” He pulled me into his arms as he patted my head comfortingly. “I've dealt with worse before.”

I raised my gaze to meet his. “You're used to cooking for yourself?”

Lyle could never cook or do anything useful in the kitchen, so I had naturally assumed that Christopher couldn't either, completely forgetting the fact that just because they were friends didn't mean that they were the exact same person.

Christopher shrugged and silently turned back around to focus on the fish in the pan.

At that moment, I had the sudden urge to hug him from behind and comfort him. It must have been hard living by himself all this while.

But I didn't do so for two reasons; the first being that I couldn't muster up the courage, and the second reason was that the doorbell rang.

I was about to go and open the door when he suddenly said, "I swear, I'm going to remove the doorbell one day."

"Why?" What had it done to offend him?

He reached out to hold my chin while replying playfully, "I don't want it to keep interrupting us in the middle of our sessions."

The doorbell rang once more, and I didn't dare keep the mystery guest waiting.

I opened the door to see Lyle's mother, Wendy standing there with a gloomy expression on her face.

"Why did you take so long? What were you doing? Needed some time to hide away your boy toy, huh?"

I was aware that she was never particularly fond of me, but her words caught me off guard and caused my palms to grow clammy.

Fortunately, she was just picking on me and spouting nonsense like usual before squeezing past me to conduct a cleanliness check on the house.

She brushed her finger against one of the decorations on display, squinting at it in disdain. "This is dusty."

Of course, there's dust. We're on earth, after all. There's dust everywhere.

Despite my thoughts, I kept mum, not wanting to provoke her even further. I merely followed behind her as she walked around.

It was apparent that she was here to find faults with me, so talking back to her would be falling right into her trap. Besides, I didn't have the energy to deal with it right now.

"What is this?" She picked up a sock from the ground while I was silently praying for her to leave as soon as possible.

"That's Lyle's sock. I must have dropped it after washing it this morning."

Her eyebrows were knitted together. "Washed? This is clearly still grey with dirt!"

But that's... the color of the sock. It's a grey-colored sock.

She must have quickly realized her mistake, but instead of apologizing to me, she chucked the sock into a nearby rubbish bin. "You need to buy white socks for him from now on. And remember to dry them out in the sun after washing them so that the germs are all properly killed..."

Yes, yes. I nodded along. Whatever you say goes, oh great mother-in-law.

Wendy seemed disappointed at how quickly I admitted to my mistakes as she was now unable to find fault with me.

Then, she turned to focus her attention on Christopher, who was sitting at the dining table. "Why are

you here, Christopher?"

Nearly every muscle in my body tensed up from sheer nervousness.

Chapter 10 The Older The Wiser

Christopher didn't even lift his head to look at her as he cut up a small piece of the fish and ate it before drawling out, "I'm here to help Lyle retrieve a document. Yvonne just happened to be cooking, so I stuck around for a free meal."

His mouth curved into a mocking smirk. "Is there a rule that outsiders can't come into the house, or..."

That took her aback, and she whipped around huffily to glare at me. "What kind of dish is this? It has too many bones, and it's way too raw. What if Lyle chokes on a fishbone?"

What is he? A child who can't pick bones out from his own food?

What a load of crap.

She continued to nitpick by adding, "Look at this lunchbox! It's ugly, and you used way too much oil! How is Lyle supposed to eat this? Are you trying to make him starve?"

Anger flared up within me. How could there be such a vile and wicked woman? Wait... Lunchbox?

I glanced at Christopher, who winked at me. No wonder the lunchbox was so ugly. Lyle was lucky that Christopher hadn't hidden some fishbones inside it on purpose.

"Look at me when I'm talking to you!" Wendy screeched.

Yes, yes. Sorry for getting distracted and not acknowledging your godly presence.

"I'll make a new one." Picking up the lunchbox from the table, I tried to use it as an excuse to make my escape.

"Where are you going? I'm not done with you yet!" she interrupted. "Oh, you're upset because I gave you some constructive criticism, aren't you? Starting to grow sick of me already?"

I exhaled deeply through my nostrils. "I wouldn't dare think of such a thing."

She scoffed. "Is there anything on earth that you wouldn't dare do? You would have hit me if it weren't for my position as your mother-in-law, wouldn't you?"

Well, she's not wrong.

She was about to go on when Christopher suddenly slammed his hand down on the table, startling both of us.

When we turned to look at him with wide eyes, he gave us a sunny smile. "This fish tastes amazing, Yvonne! It's much better than anything my housekeeper makes. Lyle is a lucky guy to have married such

a sweet and diligent wife. Oh, I do wonder where I'll be able to find a woman like you."

Wendy froze in place, her expression immediately souring. Without another word, she turned around and went upstairs to continue her inspection.

I snuck a glance at him as I followed her up the stairs. Meanwhile, he raised an eyebrow at me, mouthing the words, "Pay me back with your body later."

My cheeks flushed. He's way too good at that.

Of course, she wasn't satisfied with the rest of the rooms either but didn't say a word in Christopher's presence. She merely sat down on the couch, seemingly waiting for him to leave before she could finally blow up at me.

Christopher tried to hang around for as long as he could, but apparently, something urgent that he needed to attend to came up. He even whispered to me, "Want me to find a reason for us to leave together?"

I contemplated the idea for a moment before shaking my head. After all, I would only be delaying the inevitable if I left now.

There was nothing else he could do, so he just reminded me to call him if I needed anything and left.

As I had expected, her face fell as soon as Christopher walked out the door. "You've grown quite the nerve now that there's someone standing up for you."

I forced a polite smile. All thanks to you.

"What? Are you really not going to say anything?" Her glare grew sharp, and she started to throw a tantrum. "Who are you going to play the victim for now that he's gone? Do you think I don't understand what goes through your mind? You wanted to act all innocent and timid in front of other people so that they would think your mother-in-law was being cruel to you, didn't you?"

She's quite an imaginative one, isn't she?

I knew that she would refuse to listen to my explanation. Thus, I didn't answer.

Frustrated, she pressed on, "What are you standing around for? Go and serve me dinner! Are you not going to serve me even a glass of water while I'm here?"

You didn't even give me the chance to do so, but okay.

Chapter 11 What Goes Around Comes Around

"I'll do it now." Stay calm, stay calm. I won't have to see her nor Lyle ever again very soon.

I could still hear her mumbling as I turned around to head to the kitchen, "Like a lifeless doll. I honestly don't know what my son saw in you."

To be honest, I didn't know either. Perhaps he liked my stupidity, or maybe he liked the fact that he could get away with having an affair without me finding out.

I wanted to tell her that what was left on the table—the pan-grilled fish—was lunch but was scared that I would provoke her if I did.

So, I swiftly prepared a simple salad as well as an omelet to go on the side.

“What is all this?”

“Lunch.”

The half-eaten pan-grilled fish that Christopher had been picking at looked out of place among the other dishes on the dining table.

“Do you think I'm blind? I know it's lunch,” she snapped. “I'm asking you what you cooked. Don't try to change the subject.”

“Um... This is a pan-grilled fish, a salad, and an omelet.”

Wendy huffed. “My son is working to the bone. Not only does he have to manage the company, but he also has to be the breadwinner of the family. And this is all you're feeding him?”

Yeah, right. I'm sure he's working just as hard to get into some other woman's pants.

I took a seat at the dining table, hanging my head as I let her words go in one ear and out the other.

My stomach was already grumbling out loud, and my patience was wearing thin. Are you done?

“You need to make a nutritionally balanced, full course meal next time with all sorts of options for him to choose from. Don't you know how tired my son is after returning home from work every day?”

No, but I bet he must be tired from his daily hookups. “All right. I'll make beef stew for him tonight.”

“How shameless.” She rolled her eyes at me.

Shameless enough to cheat on him. “You can go ahead and eat if you'd like. You said that you were hungry, right?” I offered, maintaining my polite smile despite feeling furious.

After all, I needed to keep up this act of a good wife before I brought up the topic of divorce to Lyle. This way, I would have more time to myself to settle my own affairs. I refused to be like other divorcees, who didn't even have somewhere to stay after leaving their ex-husband's house.

I seriously doubted that Lyle would pay any sort of alimony if we did get divorced.

Meanwhile, Wendy appeared at a loss for what to do, reluctantly taking the plate I was holding out to her.

She had barely taken a bite of the pan-grilled fish when her face suddenly flushed red, spitting out the

contents in her mouth.

I stared at her as she dramatically clapped a hand to her mouth and fumbled around for a glass of water, then glanced back at the pan-grilled fish in confusion. Does it really taste that bad?

I cut off a tiny piece and slowly savored it in my mouth, nearly letting out a bark of laughter.

On the other hand, Wendy was desperately gulping down several mouthfuls of water. "What did you put in there?" she screamed at me.

I resisted the urge to grin. "Wasabi."

All the blood drained from her face. "Why would you use wasabi while cooking pan-grilled fish?"

Um... How am I supposed to explain this? "I was going to make a sashimi dish, but I changed my mind halfway and accidentally ended up cooking pan-grilled fish."

After all, I couldn't possibly tell her that this had been Christopher's doing.

Although she was furious, she didn't dare eat another bite of the fish. She picked at the other dishes for a while before quickly making an excuse to leave as if she was scared that I would ask her to stay for dinner.

What goes around comes around!

A minute after Wendy left, Christopher sent me a message: How did she like my culinary skills?

I giggled to myself, quickly typing out a reply: It was alright. Although, the taste of the wasabi may have been a little too overpowering.

He texted back and added a cheeky grinning emoticon at the end of his message: I'll keep that in mind.

Chapter 12 The Pot Calling The Kettle Black

He then texted: You really suck at cooking.

I replied: So, will you cook for me again next time?

He did not reply for a long time. Just when I thought that I had been a bit too rude, he finally texted: If you eat my food, I'll have to eat you.

Rendered speechless, I replied: Haven't you already done that many times?

He then messaged: I have, but it's still not enough.

Not enough...

I laughed and texted back: You're the incapable one, but you're blaming it on me?

He immediately replied: I was just afraid that you would get tired. Otherwise, I can guarantee that you

won't be able to get out of bed for three days.

This guy and his dirty talk. Merely reading his messages caused my face to heat up.

For the next few days, we continued to maintain such conversations via text. Every time we finished texting, I would always delete the chat records in case Lyle saw them.

However, Christopher never came again, and I assumed it was because he was busy.

Two days later, he suddenly sent me a location and texted: Come out.

After clicking it open, I realized that the location was the park near my home. Why did he go there? To take a stroll?

Just as I was hesitating whether or not to go, a new WhatsApp message came in. It read: Hurry up. It's hot.

Hot? It's winter now...

I replied: What's hot?

He messaged back: My heart.

A little confused, I then texted back: Huh?

He replied: I want you. There was a pitiful-looking emoticon at the end of the message.

I had to admit that he was really good at flirting.

Without hesitation, I put on a random coat and headed out. After all, Lyle would not be back that early.

When I got there, he was sitting at a pavilion in the park. Dressed in a black suit and a white shirt, he looked a bit tired with ruffled hair and his tie casually pulled aside.

As soon as he saw me, he broke into a smile and stood up. Stretching his hands out, he said warmly, "Come here, Eve."

Eve!

I was stunned for a moment, feeling touched. Other than my parents, he was the only one who called me that. Even Lyle only called me Yvonne.

As though I was possessed, I obediently walked over and put my hand in his.

His palms were large, while his fingers were pale and thin. Gently but firmly, he then pulled me into his arms.

He seemed to have had a bit to drink but still appeared to be sober. "I missed you so much, Eve."

Upon hearing his slightly hoarse voice, my heart skipped a beat. "What's wrong? Did something

happen?"

Without even realizing it myself, I was overcome by a strong urge to care for him.

He hugged me tightly, his chin resting on my head as he replied softly, "I'm fine. Just a little tired."

I was slightly relieved at that. "If you're tired, then go back, take a bath, and sleep well. Why'd you come over here?"

He suddenly smiled and asked, "Are you reprimanding me? Feeling sorry for me?"

I was taken aback by his question. Indeed, I felt sorry for him, although I did not even notice when I started to have such feelings.

I knew that we were playing with fire. I haven't even gotten myself out of the situation with Lyle, so how can I get involved with Christopher too?

Conflicted, I pushed him away, trying to keep a distance from him while not making it too obvious.

However, he pulled me back again and pressed his lips against mine. The kiss was so passionate that I almost melted in his arms.

I noticed that it was different from his previous kisses. Although it was just as intense as before, this one was a little more desperate. It was as though he found a bottle of water when he was dying of thirst.

He held me tightly in his arms as we made out, and soon, I was out of breath. With the remaining strength left in me, I reached out to push him away.

It was slightly embarrassing that I was defeated by a mere kiss when we finally met up.

A long while later, Christopher let go of me reluctantly and licked my lips. He then shot me a charming smile.

Meanwhile, I slumped in his arms, gasping for breath weakly.

He carried me and sat back on the bench. "I said you wouldn't be able to get out of bed for three days, didn't I?"

Tsk, he really holds grudges.

Just as he leaned in for another kiss, I raised my hand to block him. "Don't. Others will see."

Pulling my hand away, he said, "Who would come here so late at night? I wouldn't either if it weren't to eat you."

I was speechless at his words.

Chapter 13 A Meeting

However, he had a point. No one would go out so late at night, except those with ulterior motives. For

instance, the man and woman turning the corner about ten meters ahead.

I patted him and gestured at them with my chin. "Your friend's here."

He glanced over indifferently, then kissed me on the cheek when I was not paying attention. Only then did he reluctantly let go of me. "Definitely not mine."

The pair arrived just as we stood up.

The moment Lyle saw me, his expression darkened. "You, you..."

He stuttered for some time but did not manage to finish his sentence.

Yet, although he was inarticulate, his eyesight was good. Almost immediately, he noticed that Christopher was beside me. With that, his face fell even more.

Initially, I thought that he would just lash out at me right there and then. However, instead of doing so, he stepped forward and gave me a tight slap.

Stunned, I was overwhelmed with indignation. But you were the one who cheated on me first!

It was apparent that Lyle had completely forgotten that his mistress was still beside him. Just then, Christopher pulled me behind him before he questioned in a disdainful tone, "Lyle, don't you think it's unseemly for you to slap Eve when you brought another woman to the park at this hour?"

Lyle froze for a moment. Then, he discreetly shook off the woman's hand. "This is my family matter. You don't need to worry about it. Also, you're not in the place to call her Eve. You'd better take care of your other dalliances first."

As soon as he was done speaking, he came over and grabbed my hand. However, I flung his hand away. It was the same one that he used to hold that woman just now. "Don't touch me after you have touched another woman."

He had probably not expected that I would go against him. As a result, he stood rooted to the spot with an unfathomable expression.

However, no thief would admit to stealing. He merely froze for a moment before immediately disguising his guilt with rage. "Great. I've suspected you two for a long time now. Previously, for some reason, you two shared the same bowl. When Mom told me that you two were being fishy, I even made up excuses for you."

Well, he was not wrong. After all, I did cheat on him by getting involved in a love affair with Christopher. Thus, I had nothing to say about that.

However, I was infuriated that he had the audacity to accuse me of being unfaithful when he was the one who cheated first. How bold and thick-skinned.

Christopher sneered as he retorted, "What a shame. We only shared a bowl, unlike both of you who've

already slept in the same bed.”

“You!” Lyle said furiously. Knowing that he could not win the argument, he decided to take action instead.

Seeing that the situation was gradually getting out of hand, I was afraid that they would actually get into a fight, intending to pull them apart. However, before I could do anything, I suddenly felt dizzy, and my legs went weak, causing me to slump onto the ground.

I've taken my meal just now, so why's my blood sugar so low?

Christopher wanted to help me up, but Lyle pushed him away.

As my head was spinning, I could only let Lyle leave with me in his arms.

Once we were home, he acted unusually caring toward me. “How do you feel, dear? Are you still dizzy? I'll go get you a glass of warm water.”

At first, I was a little moved by his kind gesture. However, as soon as I heard the words “warm water,” those feelings faded away instantly.

It seems that warm water is the cure to everything. Whenever I have cramps or I'm down with a cold, he would ask me to drink it. But I'm dizzy now, so what's the use of drinking warm water? You might as well make a cup of sugared water.

Nevertheless, I couldn't be bothered to correct him as I knew that it would be pointless.

Seeing as I did not speak, he assumed that I had agreed and dashed out of the room.

Meanwhile, I lay back on the bed and rested. Although my world no longer spun, I was still a little dizzy. Moreover, I felt nauseous and had a strong urge to vomit.

Nausea, vomit...

At that moment, an ominous thought flashed across my mind. Have I missed my period for two months? What are the early symptoms of pregnancy?

I quickly picked up my phone. Right then, a notification popped up. It was a message from Christopher: You okay? I'm outside the door.

Ignoring him, I hastily typed out a few words and began to search for answers while a shiver ran down my spine.

How is it possible...

I felt like the world was coming to an end.

Chapter 14 Explanation

I had been married to Lyle for two years, which was also the amount of time I waited to carry a child. However, I had not gotten pregnant at all during the past two years. So how did I get pregnant all of a sudden? Moreover, it happened during the period in which I had slept with Christopher.

I was overcome with anxiety, for I was not sure who the child belonged to.

Furthermore, regardless of whether the child was Christopher's or Lyle's, the outcome was not what I had hoped for.

After all, I was already planning to get a divorce, so having a child would only be an extra burden to me.

Just then, Lyle came back with a glass of water. He carefully helped me up and said, "Here's your water, dear. Drink it slowly. It's a bit hot."

Afterward, he gently blew on the water to cool it down before slowly bringing it close to my mouth. As though he was worried that I would burn myself, he watched me like a hawk.

Calm down, Yvonne. You have to calm down.

Although I was so nervous that my entire back was drenched with sweat, I still pretended to be calm as I took the cup. "I can do it myself."

In the past, a single greeting from him used to make me happy for two days. However, his actions only made me feel awkward at that moment.

Without saying a word, he sat by the bedside and stared at me until I felt a little uneasy.

I was so worried that he would notice something amiss, and my palms started sweating. Although I could have finished the glass in two gulps, I sipped on it for half an hour instead.

Initially, I thought he would lose patience and leave soon. However, he was in a good mood that day and waited until I finished drinking.

Since I had no other choice, I could only finish the water and hand him the cup. After that, I muttered, "I'm a little tired. I'm going to sleep."

He then grabbed onto me and said, "Wait a minute. I have something to ask you."

Can you not?

Unbeknownst to me, I was gripping my phone tightly in the midst of my panic, and the screen was displaying Christopher's contact.

He pulled me into an upright position, and his hands suddenly reached out to hold my shoulders.

Thinking that he was going to hit me again, I trembled and tried to retreat.

However, there was no room for me to move, for the bed and wall were directly behind me.

To my surprise, he apologized, "I'm sorry, dear."

"Huh?" Am I hearing things?

He then repeated himself, "Dear, it was my fault. Please forgive me."

Finally, I heard it clearly that time. He really is apologizing to me.

However, I did not understand why he was doing so. Because he misunderstood the situation and hit me? Although, it wasn't a misunderstanding. Or is he going to admit to his cheating? He'd better not. Otherwise, it would become my fault instead if I don't forgive him.

However, I had clearly overthought things. As an explanation for his cheating, he said, "I had a social gathering today and drank a little too much. I was afraid I'd smother you with the smell if I came back, so I went to take a walk with Bianca to help me sober up."

Bianca? Oh right, his mistress. I almost forgot that her name is Bianca.

I merely replied with an "Oh."

Unable to figure out what I was thinking, he said, "I won't do it again in the future, dear. Please forgive me."

Yeah, right. However, I kept my thoughts to myself, merely humming in reply.

He then said, "If there's anywhere you want to go next time, remember to tell me. I'll make time to accompany you."

The implication in his words was that he still doubted Christopher and me, and he wanted me to keep a distance from Christopher.

Although I was a little disheartened, I knew that it was for the best. After all, it was time to put an end to our ambiguous relationship. "I won't meet him alone next time."

With my assurance, he immediately smiled. "That's my girl."

Having said that, he pulled me into a hug, wanting to get intimate with me. However, I wriggled out of his arms. In truth, I wasn't angry at him. I merely felt awkward and no longer wanted to have any physical contact with him.

However, he seemed upset about it. Seeing as he was about to throw a tantrum, I quickly changed the subject. "I still feel a little dizzy, Darling. Please help me make a cup of brown sugar tea."

Chapter 15 Pregnancy Test

Upon hearing my words, he forgot about his displeasure moments ago and pressed his hand to my forehead nervously, testing whether or not I had a fever. "Okay, wait a minute. I'll make it right now."

The moment he left the room, I hopped off the bed and hurriedly took out a pregnancy test kit from the

drawer. I then hid in the bathroom and locked the door in a panic.

In fact, I had bought that pregnancy test kit two years ago. Never did I expect that I would use it in such a difficult situation.

Now that I think about it, has it expired?

Taking advantage of the fact that Lyle was not there, I quickly took the test and waited for the result nervously. Deep down, I prayed hard, begging for it to be negative.

However, the test result showed two lines. Perhaps it is my retribution for cheating.

At that moment, I felt as though I was struck by lightning. My legs gave way, and I almost fell to the ground.

I was not panicking because I was pregnant but because I did not know whose child it was.

While my mind was in disarray, my phone kept ringing. Christopher's name appeared on the screen, causing me to become even more upset, and I hung up the call directly.

Yet, within a second, he called again.

After hanging up again, I sent him a text: ?

He replied almost immediately: Are you okay?

The next second, he messaged me again: Did he make things difficult for you? I'm coming in now.

The moment I saw that message, I was scared out of my wits, and I hurriedly replied: Don't!

He hesitated for a while before he asked: Why? You're just gonna push me away after having your way with me?

He had probably realized that I was fine, thus beginning his idle chatter again.

However, I was not in the mood for that. Oh gosh, I feel like dying now, and you're teasing me?

Just then, I heard rapid footsteps from outside; Lyle must have come back. Hence, I tidied myself and hid the pregnancy test kit, then regained my composure before I walked out.

He put down the cup of brown sugar tea and came to help me. "Why didn't you ask me to help you to the toilet? Weren't you feeling dizzy? What if you fall?"

Before I exited the bathroom, I had already decided to conceal my pregnancy and get a divorce as soon as possible. I was adamant about raising the child by myself.

Lyle seemed to behave differently after the incident at the park. Once he got off work, he immediately went home.

Occasionally, he would even spoil me with candlelight dinners, roses, or chocolates.

If he had done that in the past, I would have been overjoyed. However, I felt nothing when he showered me with surprises now.

I was already familiar with his temperament after being married to him for two years. After all, the harder it was to get something, the more they wanted it.

In the past, he only thought of me as a housewife who had no saying in the family. But now that Christopher came into the picture, he was panic-stricken all of a sudden.

Although I accepted Lyle's kind gestures, I would later discuss divorce matters with a lawyer in secret.

What I did might be a little unscrupulous, but the Smiths were no ordinary family; they were affluent and powerful. Hence, if I did not make full preparations, I would not even be able to step out of their front door.

For the past few days, Lyle had been spending all his time with me. Thus, I slowly counted the days to see how long Bianca could tolerate before she took action.

Sure enough, I only had peace for less than a week before she finally came over to have a showdown.

The moment the doorbell rang, I already had a gut feeling that it was her.

Lyle had his own keys, so there was no need for him to ring the doorbell. Moreover, I had not seen Christopher for many days, and it was unlikely that he would visit so suddenly. As for Wendy, she was probably still too angry to turn up.

I cracked open the door and gave the visitor a once-over, starting from the bottom. What greeted my eyes first were a pair of fair, slender legs. With a pink scarf tied around her neck, she wore a figure-hugging mini skirt and a backless halter top, looking sexy and glamorous.

At that moment, she stood at the door with her arms crossed and her chin slightly raised, proud as a peacock.

She gave me a sidelong glance with a disdainful expression.

Indeed, that was exactly how a mistress was looking at the wife of her lover. She must not have had the spouse of a lover strip her and had her nudes taken before.