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I leaned half of my body on the door frame and blocked the entrance by grabbing the doorknob with one hand. "What's up?"

I thought my actions made it very obvious that she was uninvited, but she chose to ignore it and continued to step forward haughtily in her high heels.

Now that I recalled, she gave me a contemptuous look that day at the park as well. If I had not fainted that day, I would have slapped her across her face. After all, Christopher was there to back me up at that time.

I quickly moved forward and blocked her path. "I'm sorry. I'm going to rest now. You'll have to come another day."

My message came through loud and clear.

She scoffed, "I have something to tell you."

"But I have nothing to say to you," I replied.

She shot back, "My time is precious. I'm afraid I may not have the time to come another day. Unlike you, I can't sit around at home all day."

She was a pretty girl, but she's clearly an idiot.

Not wanting to waste my breath on her, I turned to close the door.

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But she stuck her arm out to stop the door from closing. Caught off guard, I swung the door wide open, and she strutted in with her head held high.

Without waiting for an invitation from me, she walked into the living room and sat on my couch as if she owned the place.

I was fuming inside, but I forced out a smile.

"This is my home, and you're sitting on my couch," I said flippantly.

She sneered in reply. "It won't be your home soon, but don't worry. I'm not as petty as you. I couldn't care less if you take this tattered couch with you."

I nodded my head in agreement. "That's right. Scraps are not worthy for trashy people like you."

She instantly became angry at the insult. "Who's the trashy one now? I'm telling you, Lyle will kick you out soon. He has lost interest in you for a long time. All you do is cook and clean."

Is she taking me for a fool? If that's the case, then why is she throwing a fit in front of me now? Perhaps she was here because it had been a long time since Lyle had gone to her.

Suddenly, she smiled and asked, "Do you know

when was the first time that I got together with Lyle?"

I had no idea, and I didn't want to know, either. "I'm not interested."

However, the self-absorbed woman ignored me and continued, "At that time, I just started working, and I had no qualifications. I worked hard and did all the menial tasks. Most of the time, I had to work overtime until late in the night."

And then what? Is she playing the sympathy card? Well, I had it worse than her. When I was in college, I had to work and study at the same time. I was handing out flyers on the street, cleaning dishes, and putting up posters whenever I didn't have class.

I replied, "I feel for you. I really do. How about this, I'll give you some money for you to call a cab?"

Ignoring my jibe, she continued rambling, "I remember that night very clearly. It was raining heavily when I left the office at ten. I was walking in the rain for some time before I fainted. When I woke up, I was in Lyle's car, and he even gave me his coat to keep me warm."

Ten at night, rain, missing coat. I searched my memory with those clues, and finally, I knew which night she was talking about.

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It was my birthday last year. I bought a cake and waited for Lyle at home, but all I got was a phone call from him telling me not to wait up for him because he was having a meeting.

He didn't get home until three in the morning. His clothes were soaking wet, and his coat was missing.

At that time, I felt sorry for him for working so hard and even berated myself for expecting him to celebrate my birthday with me.



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Looking back now, I wanted to slap myself.

I was in no mood to listen to her anymore, but she kept on taunting me. "Do you know what Lyle said to me about you?"

No, I don't want to know.

But she continued, "He said that you're an old hag. Although he married you, you're just an unpaid housekeeper to him."

I became annoyed after hearing that hurtful remark. So, I picked up my phone and looked at her. "Why don't we call Lyle now and see what he has to say about it?"

Instantly, she panicked and pretended to be calm. "Don't be so smug. I'll kick you out sooner or later."

Great. That would save me the legal fees.

I walked over to the door and opened it. Then, I gave her a look that said, "It's time for you to leave now".

Only then did she pick up her bag in frustration and rattle toward me in her high heels.

Just when I thought she was about to walk out the door, she suddenly stopped in her tracks. And when I least expected it, she stretched out her hand and shoved my shoulder.

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I was caught off guard and stumbled backward before landing on my hip.

"Yvonne!" Lyle called out when he came back and saw the scene before him.

However, it was too late. There was a sharp pain in my stomach.

Before Lyle could rush over to break my fall, I had crashed to the ground.

All of a sudden, I felt a sharp and intense pain in my abdomen. I had a dreadful feeling that I was about to miscarry.

Tossing his bag aside, Lyle rushed toward me. He crouched next to me and tried to help me into a sitting position. "Are you alright, Yvonne? Are you hurt?"

He didn't even know that I was pregnant, and all he cared about was whether I hurt myself from the fall.

Before I could ask him to take me to the hospital, I was interrupted by Bianca, who was fuming away.

She pointed a finger right at me and said connivingly, "Quit the act. Wasn't it only a fall? It can't be that serious as to cause internal bleeding."

If I wasn't in so much pain, I would have gotten

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up and slapped her across her face.

But now was not the time to quarrel with her. I tugged at Lyle's arm and said anxiously, "Quick! Get me to the hospital."

Even though I felt that this was not the right time to carry a child and that I had no intention to keep this pregnancy, I was still frightened at the thought of miscarrying.

Lyle got into position and was about to lift me up in his arms.

However, Bianca dragged him to his feet to stop him from helping me up and began to whine at him, "Look at this, Lyle. She broke my nail."

This was the first time I felt like killing someone. *Who cares about your broken nail! I'm about to lose my baby!*

"Lyle!" I shouted at him to bring his attention back to me. It was the first time that I raised my voice at him.

Lyle was not the only one who was taken aback. Bianca was equally shocked as she stared at me blankly for a moment.

However, I was in no mood to pay attention to their expressions because I was in such excruciating pain. I wanted to get myself to the hospital quickly, but I couldn't move without any

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help.

This was my first child, and I couldn't bear to lose this baby.

In my state of panic and fear, Christopher popped into my mind, and I quickly took out my phone to call him.

Suddenly, Lyle got anxious as though he saw something disturbing. He shoved Bianca out of his way and rushed over to my side. Very quickly, he held me tightly in his arms, and his eyes were transfixed on my lower body.

I followed his gaze and saw that a pool of blood had gathered between my legs. The sight of it caused me to choke back a sob.

Distressed, Lyle quickly picked me up and ran out of the door. As he did, he tried his best to comfort me, "Dear, don't be afraid. I'll take you to the hospital now. It's going to be okay. It'll be okay..."

He was trying to console me, but in fact, he was suffering a panic attack himself.

Fortunately, the hospital was not far from home, and it was only a ten-minute drive away. Even so, the car seat was soaked with the blood pouring out of me.

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Once we arrived at the hospital, Lyle ran into the hospital with me in his arms and shouted, "Help! Quick! My wife has lost a lot of blood..."

A group of doctors and nurses came rushing out and swiftly helped me onto an empty surgical bed before pushing me into an operating room.

I was actually afraid to go under anesthesia. Once we were in the operating room, I grasped the doctor's hand and said, "Doctor, I'm pregnant. I think I'm having a miscarriage."

I couldn't see the doctor's expression as he was wearing a surgical mask, but I was sure that he glanced at my lower body for a moment. Nodding, he said to a nurse, "Let's get her into the delivery room. Send an obstetrician in there too."

After that, they pushed my surgical bed out of the operating room. Immediately, I heaved a sigh of relief.

I felt dizzy from fatigue and blood loss, and because of that, I fell asleep unknowingly.

When I woke up, I was in a single-bedded ward, and my bed was surrounded by pink curtains. It was very quiet, and I could hear Lyle talking to someone.

"Good thing you guys came in the nick of time, so we managed to save the fetus. Since this is

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her first pregnancy and it's still in the early stage, there is an increased risk of miscarriage. Hence, extra care is needed for her to have a safe pregnancy."

Then came Lyle's voice. "Thank you, doctor. We'll be extra careful from now on."

As I lay on the hospital bed, I stared at the ceiling that was decorated like a starry sky. Now that he was aware of the pregnancy, I wonder what he thought of it.

Soon, the doctor opened the door and left the ward. Lyle pulled open the curtain to peep at me, and when he saw that I was awake, he instantly smiled and asked cautiously, "You're up, dear. Do you want some water? Are you hungry?"

I opened my mouth to speak but didn't know what to say.

He brought my hand to his lips and asked in an almost inaudible voice, "Dear, can I ask you something?"

Sensing from his expression that something was amiss, my heart began to race. I had a gut feeling that Lyle was going to ask about the baby.

Sure enough, he lifted his head and looked me straight in the eye with a somber look.

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I felt terribly guilty and held my breath before stammering, "G-Go ahead."

His eyes were still fixated on me, and the atmosphere was rather tense.

Instead of throwing questions at me immediately, he pulled the blanket halfway up to my chest. I was frightened by this action as I was expecting him to burst into anger.

After tucking me in, he shifted his gaze back to me and asked calmly, "Did you sleep with Christopher?"

I was speechless.

He looked me in the eye, and there wasn't a hint of anger in his gaze. His calmness chilled my blood.

I answered, "No, I did not."

It was the first time I knew that I was good at lying. I was aware that I should not admit my relationship with Christopher before using my trump card.

Lyle knew that I was not someone who would lie, but he didn't seem to believe me at that moment. He asked again, "I'll ask you another question. Who's the father of this baby?"

Upon hearing that, I could feel breathing quicken, and my heart was pounding like a

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drum.

"I asked you a question." Suddenly, he raised his voice at me, causing me to stiffen with fright.

Instead of answering the question, I said, "I'm your wife."

Clearly annoyed, his brows furrowed instantly. "Tell me. Whose child is it?"

I was so frightened that I couldn't breathe.

Lyle was terrifying whenever he flew into a rage. If this were to continue, I would surrender in no time.

Thinking fast, I changed the subject. "I should be the one asking. What's up with Bianca? Didn't you say you have nothing to do with her? Then why did she come knocking on our door today?"

I had to admit that I sounded senseless. Even if he really was in an affair with Bianca, they did not conceive a child nonetheless, so I was clearly in the wrong here.

The moment I brought up Bianca, Lyle's temper subsided somewhat. But he persisted in asking, "Tell me who the father of this child is. Only then will I tell you everything about Bianca and me."

It was a pathetic deal. Hence, I rejected it, "He's

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your friend. What can he do?"


Lyle's temper flared, and he jumped up with a roar. "Don't think you can talk yourself out of this. This child is his, isn't it?"


For some reason, I was glad to see his face contorted in anger. "If it makes you happier that the child is his, then we'll just let it be."

Right after saying that, Lyle raised his hand and slapped me across the face. The impact was so strong that I almost fell off the bed.

Just then, there was a sharp pain in my stomach. When I looked down, I saw that I was bleeding again, and the blood had stained the sheets.

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Not only was my body hurting, but my heart was aching too. When I first got married, I thought I was the luckiest woman in the world. On my wedding night, Lyle hugged me and told me he would make me happy for the rest of my life.

But this was what we had become after only two years of marriage. In fact, it didn't take two years. He started to cheat one year ago, yet he had the audacity to hit me while I was lying in the hospital bed covered in blood.

Tears began rolling down my cheeks. I poured out my grievances and dissatisfaction, but Lyle was not willing to let me off. He held me by my throat as his face contorted in anger. By then, the hospital bedsheet was soaked with blood.

"So you really had an affair with Christopher! I'm going to kill you, Yvonne."

That's men. They don't allow their women to be close to the opposite sex even when they themselves have cheated and committed adultery.

My vision began to blur as air rushed out of my lungs, and my firm grip on Lyle's hand loosened. I gazed up at his handsome face, but somehow, it looked malicious and repulsive to me.

We had been friends since childhood before we became romantically involved. At that time, I was very fond of Lyle and loved to look at him

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my neck and tried their best to treat me. After all, it was my private matter, and they weren't going to intervene.

Lyle was shocked when he saw the large amount of blood that had pooled on the white bedsheet, standing rooted to his spot behind the nurses and doctors. After a while, he came forward to ask if I was in any pain. I shifted my gaze away from him and ignored him entirely.

He seemed to be more horrified than guilty. It was obvious that he was afraid of killing me accidentally and becoming the talk of the town. Instantly, the sense of guilt that I had when we were talking about my affair with Christopher disappeared into thin air.

I asked the doctor, "What about the baby that I miscarried?"

The doctor replied sympathetically, "The fetus was only two months old, so it's an early pregnancy loss. Give yourself half a year to recover before you try to get pregnant again."


I let out a scornful laugh, then pointed in Lyle's direction and said, "If the fetal tissue has not been disposed of, then please collect some tissue sample and arrange for a paternity test with my husband."


Although I wasn't sure who the father of the unborn child was, I knew that Lyle would never agree to such a ridiculous request in front of so


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many strangers. If he were to agree to the paternity test, that would indicate that he had been cuckolded.

Sure enough, his face smoothed out as he leaned forward and said in a soft tone, "Let's stop fighting, Eve. I only said those things in a moment of anger. Let's not talk about that anymore. You should rest well and focus on recuperating."

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Although I managed to cover up the truth about my pregnancy, I ended up in a feeble state, lying frailly on the bed. Meanwhile, Lyle acted like a thoughtful husband in the doctor's presence, but he left me without hesitation after answering a phone call.

Lyle said he had to deal with some company matters and told me to get some rest. Nonetheless, judging from his worried expression as he talked over the phone, I knew instantly that it was a call from Bianca.

With much difficulty, I got up and walked to the window. Soon, I saw Lyle hugging a lady at the hospital entrance as they left. Although she wasn't Bianca, she seemed familiar to me, and I couldn't help but recall some unpleasant memories. *But that woman is still in Anglandur. How can she be here?*

I shook my head to dismiss those thoughts. Back then, Crystal had left the country resolutely. As such, it was quite unlikely that she would be willing to be a homewrecker, knowing that Lyle and I hadn't divorced. Moreover, Bianca that b*tch was still pestering Lyle.

I stayed under the blanket and curled myself up, hoping to get some warmth. Nonetheless, my attempt was to no avail. Although it was summer, I felt cold as a shiver ran down my spine.

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I tried to get some sleep as the heavy rain pitter-pattered on the window. After quite some time, I felt a tinge of humidity permeating in the air while I was half-asleep. As the coldness overwhelmed me, I shivered and pulled the blanket up to cover my body.

Shortly afterward, I somehow felt a warm object that resembled a heater come up to me. I couldn't help but wrap myself around it like an octopus. After heaving a sigh of satisfaction, I finally had a sound sleep.

I dreamed that I was in a white hall, and Lyle was standing right in front of me. With a ring in his hand, he proposed to me solemnly. At that moment, tears began to roll down my face. Only when my neck started to prickle did I wake up from the dream.

Assuming that there was a mosquito on my neck, I smacked it while my eyes remained shut. The next moment, I felt that something was off and immediately opened my eyes. Under the dim light, I saw Christopher applying some ointment on the bruises on my neck.

There was a mixture of worry and guilt in his obsidian black eyes. Seeing that I had woken up, he applied the ointment gently and said, "Didn't I ask you to call me at once whenever you are in trouble? Why did you hide it from me?"

Although Christopher was reprimanding me, I

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couldn't help but feel touched. I had a miscarriage due to Lyle's mistress. However, the man who accompanied me wasn't Lyle but someone with whom I had a one-night stand to retaliate against Lyle.

"Why are you crying? I didn't mean to growl at you. I was just irritated because you didn't protect yourself." He heaved a sigh and wiped away my tears. The moment his fingers swept across my eyelashes, my tears rolled down even more.

"If you keep crying, don't blame me for being harsh to you. I'd love to see you cry when I get inside you!" Christopher suddenly made a crude joke, for he realized that his words had failed to comfort me earlier on.


At that moment, I did not know how to react to his remark. On the one hand, I wanted to continue crying, but on the other hand, I felt that the lewd joke was surprisingly amusing. In the end, I chose to make him suffer with me by biting his arm.


Instead of pushing me away, he let me bite him. After I released him, he suddenly took me into his arms and placed my hand on his sturdy chest, which sent a sense of warmth traveling through my heart and made me feel much better.


Feeling touched, I expressed my gratitude to him. Since he was hugging me too tightly, I

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wriggled to switch to a more comfortable position. The next moment, my face darkened, for I realized that he was lying naked beside me. Moreover, he even put my hand in between his legs!

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"Christopher, I'm a patient who just had a miscarriage!" I gnashed my teeth and bellowed. *This man is despicable!*

"I'm not going to devour you. Why are you so nervous? You look pale and disheveled. Besides, there are still some eye boogers in your eyes. It appears that I'll be the one on the losing end for sleeping with you," Christopher argued cunningly as he squinted.

Eye boogers? Immediately, I rubbed my eyes to realize that there were no eye boogers. Knowing that he played a prank on me, I blushed and dared not gaze at him. Although I only intended to use him for my revenge, I couldn't help but care about his feelings toward me.

As such, I began to think that something was wrong with me. Christopher, who was a handsome playboy, had many women fighting for his attention, some of whom were more beautiful than me. There were even celebrities who wished to get close to him.

Suddenly, I felt like a fool for liking him merely because he was nice to me. Unknowingly, I became irritated and said coldly, "You're right. There are many women lining up to sleep with a handsome man like you, so a married woman like me is certainly out of your league."

"But I prefer my little calf." Shrugging, he tapped on my forehead and hugged me tighter.

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I blurted out in frustration, "Who needs your love, Christopher? Do all men behave just like this? When courting a woman, a man will whisper sweet nothings to her non-stop. But once he is bored of her, he will abandon her like some rubbish and trample on her as he pleases. Do you guys think men are emperors who can choose among concubines? What gives you the right to do so? Get out. I said, get out!"

Nevertheless, I began to sob when I was talking. Admittedly, I was venting out my frustration on Christopher, for I dared not say such things to Lyle. I knew that Christopher would only make fun of me with some lewd jokes but wouldn't actually break my heart.

On the other hand, Lyle had hurt me deeply. I still hadn't moved on ever since I found out about his affair. After all, only those I cared about could ever hurt me. However, I had to admit that I deserved it for loving him. Although our relationship was in a precarious state, I couldn't let go of what we used to have.

Meanwhile, Christopher didn't move an inch but merely gazed at me. I mustered up my energy to push him away and kick him. Unexpectedly, I ended up hurting my wound instead of him. Instantly, I covered my stomach and wailed in pain.

My kick sent him falling from the bed onto the floor. Assuming that he would feel insulted, I

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expected him to slam the door and leave me like what Lyle did.

As I continued sobbing, my vision became blurry. Deep down, I blamed myself for chasing away someone who cared about me. I couldn't help but think that Lyle was irritated by me due to the same reason. All of a sudden, I was pulled into a warm embrace.

"Cry all you want. I'll lend you my chest." Although Christopher was teasing me, I was deeply touched by his words nonetheless. I leaned against his chest and cried my heart out.


"If he doesn't love me, why did he marry me? Why did he have to hurt me like this? Is it wrong for me to love him wholeheartedly?"


When I recalled the past, I realized that there were already some signs back then. When Lyle confessed his love to me, he didn't bring any flowers nor prepare a romantic setting. Instead, he merely held my hand in the company's corridor, said perfunctorily that he loved me, and asked if I agreed to be with him.


But I was so immersed in his superficial affection that I overlooked the fact that he had just broken up with Crystal at that time. On top of that, I had also forgotten the way he gazed at me in disdain once he knew I had a crush on him.

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"Of course you didn't do anything wrong. Lyle is the one who's missing out. How about changing your husband to someone who loves you entirely like me? Get a divorce tomorrow, and we can apply for a marriage certificate right away."

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Needless to say, I didn't believe Christopher's sweet-nothings. Although we overstepped the boundary of friends, I was well aware that I was only using him to take revenge on Lyle. Besides, I had only done it because he was drunk and didn't give me a chance to say no that night.

Moreover, I dared not think about the prospect of getting a divorce and marrying Christopher. After giving all my love and affection to Lyle, I was now left with nothing. Although I had feelings for Christopher, I knew it was merely due to the overwhelming loneliness and sorrow.

Given that I didn't respond, Christopher didn't dwell on it and continued to hug me on the bed. He took off my clothes against my will, saying that sleeping naked was good for my health. Knowing that he wouldn't harm me, I let him have his way. As I was exhausted after crying for a long time, I eventually fell asleep in his arms.

I had never imagined that I would sleep naked alongside a man who wasn't my husband. It felt surreal because we didn't actually do anything else other than sleeping.

I had a sound sleep without any dreams. The moment I woke up, I heard a doctor and a nurse talking. Startled, I opened my eyes to realize that Christopher had already left. When I looked down and saw that I was fully dressed, I heaved a sigh of relief.

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Deep down, my impression of Christopher improved a lot. Not only was he thoughtful enough to consider things from all aspects, but he was also aware of my reservations about certain things.

The doctor and nurse looked at me sympathetically when they noticed the bruises on my neck. I was unsure what they discussed, but I knew that I had become the talk of the hospital.

I had stayed in the ward for almost a day, but Lyle was nowhere to be seen, and there wasn't even a single call from him. By then, I had given up on Lyle completely. When he finally visited me at night, I pulled a long face.

"Eve, I'm so sorry for overreacting yesterday. Can you forgive me? By the way, I've brought your favorite cake here." Lyle put the cake on the table and wore a warm smile as usual.

I almost burst into laughter. *You hit your wife and caused her to suffer severe blood loss, yet you have the cheek to say that you merely overreacted?* Whenever he said such words in the past, I would feel moved. But now, all I felt was disgust.

Since when did Lyle become so hypocritical? Well, perhaps I was blinded by love back then.

"Come and try this strawberry cake. I remembered that you liked it." Lyle took a chunk

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of the cake with a fork and put it near my mouth. Much to his surprise, I turned away and ignored him.

Every word he said yesterday was imprinted in my mind, and I couldn't pretend as though nothing happened. As expected, Lyle was irritated. He threw the fork away and asked impatiently, "I've apologized to you. What else do you want?"

He always apologized a few days after he mistreated me. Back then, I would be touched by his sweet words and forgive him very quickly. But now that I refused to compromise, he couldn't take it.

I met his eyes calmly. Then, I tilted my head as I stared at the lipstick mark on his collar. "When you apologize next time, remember to wipe away the lipstick marks left by other women. Then perhaps I'll pretend that nothing happened and forgive you."

Lyle's expression turned grim as he took off his coat and saw the lipstick mark on his collar. As though he wanted to conceal his awkwardness, he coughed and explained, "Nothing happened between Bianca and me. Please don't misunderstand us."

How could he still have the cheek to claim that nothing happened when they have already slept together? I watched silently as he put on a show. Since we had a fallout yesterday, it didn't

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make sense for Lyle to give in and apologize to me. As such, I believed that there was an ulterior motive behind what he was doing now.

"She's a staff in my company. As my secretary, it's only normal that she tags along with me to meet clients and have dinner together."

"Does that mean your secretary is supposed to entertain you too?" I interrupted Lyle and raised my eyebrows.



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