



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



Chapter 16

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."

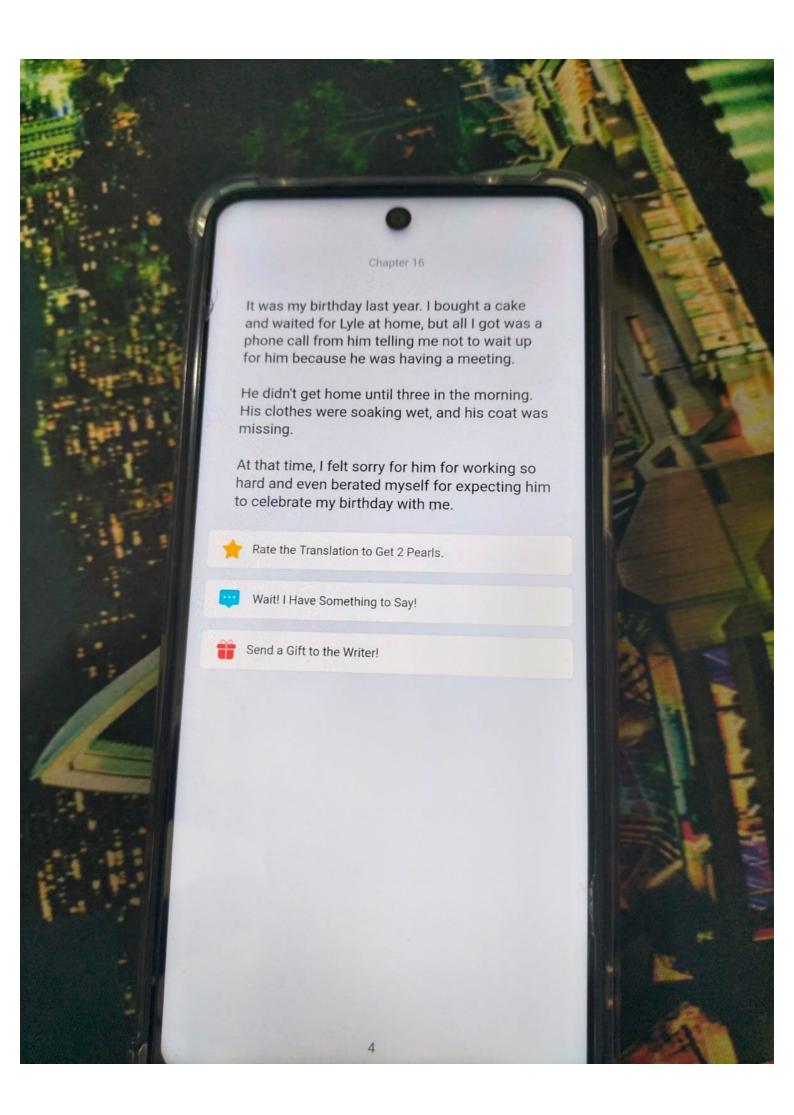
However, the self-absorbed woman ignored me and continued, "At that time, I just started working, and I had no qualifications. I worked hard and did all the menial tasks. Most of the time, I had to work overtime until late in the night."

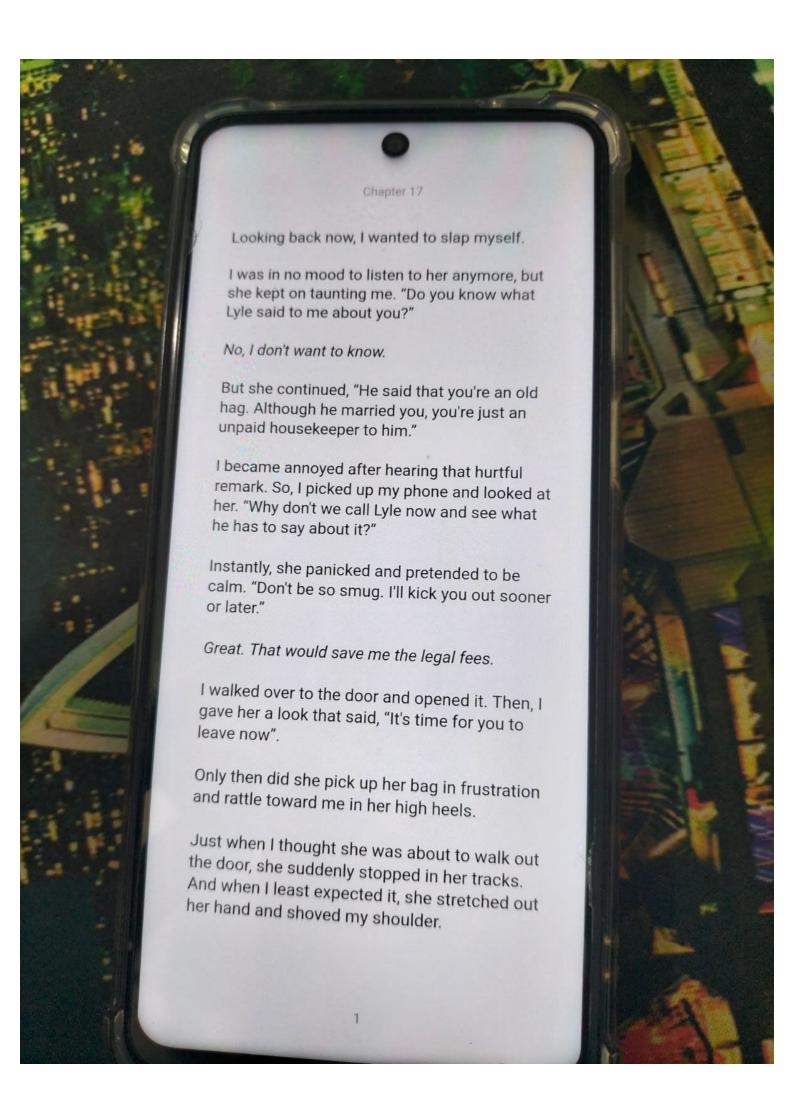
And then what? Is she playing the sympathy card? Well, I had it worse than her. When I was in college, I had to work and study at the same time. I was handing out flyers on the street, cleaning dishes, and putting up posters whenever I didn't have class.

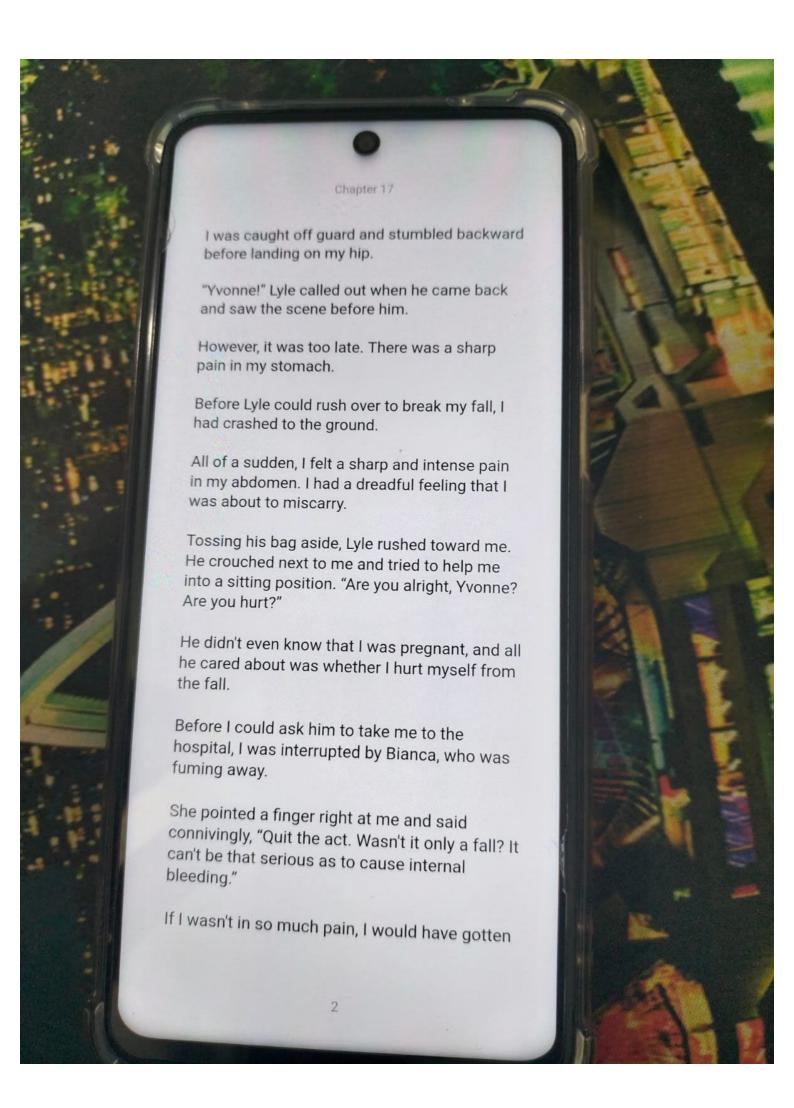
I replied, "I feel for you. I really do. How about this, I'll give you some money for you to call a cab?"

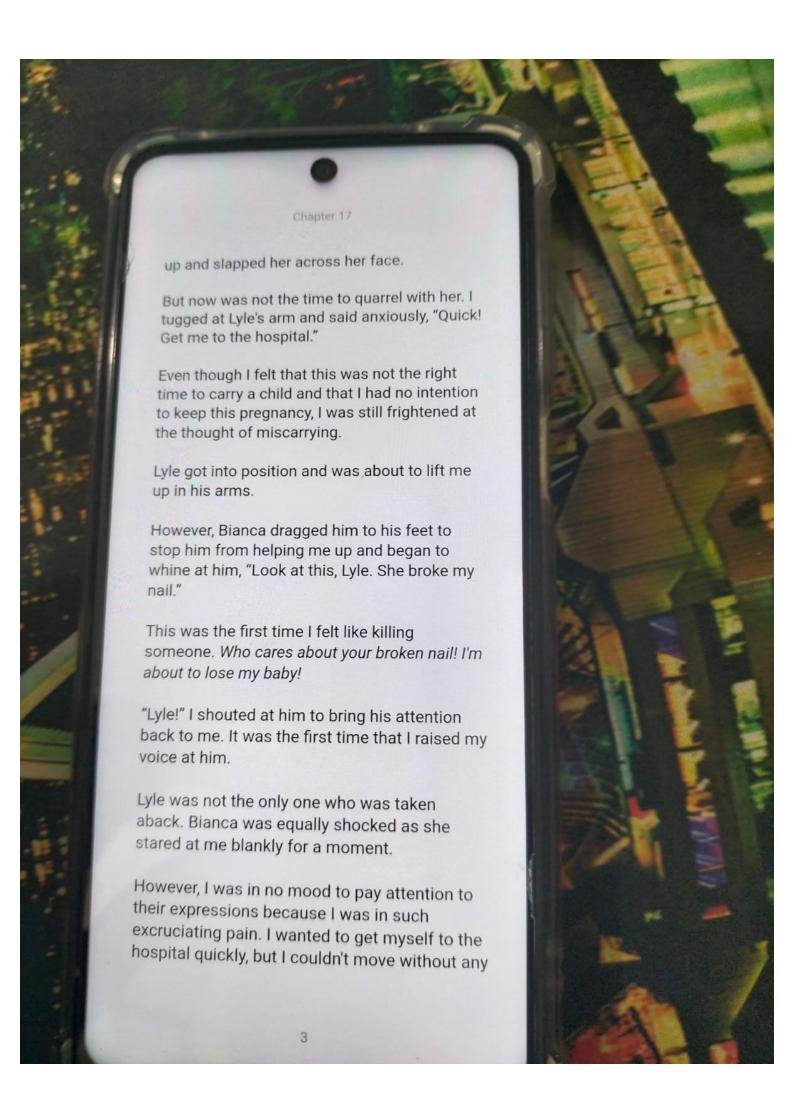
Ignoring my jibe, she continued rambling, "I remember that night very clearly. It was raining heavily when I left the office at ten. I was walking in the rain for some time before I fainted. When I woke up, I was in Lyle's car, and he even gave me his coat to keep me warm."

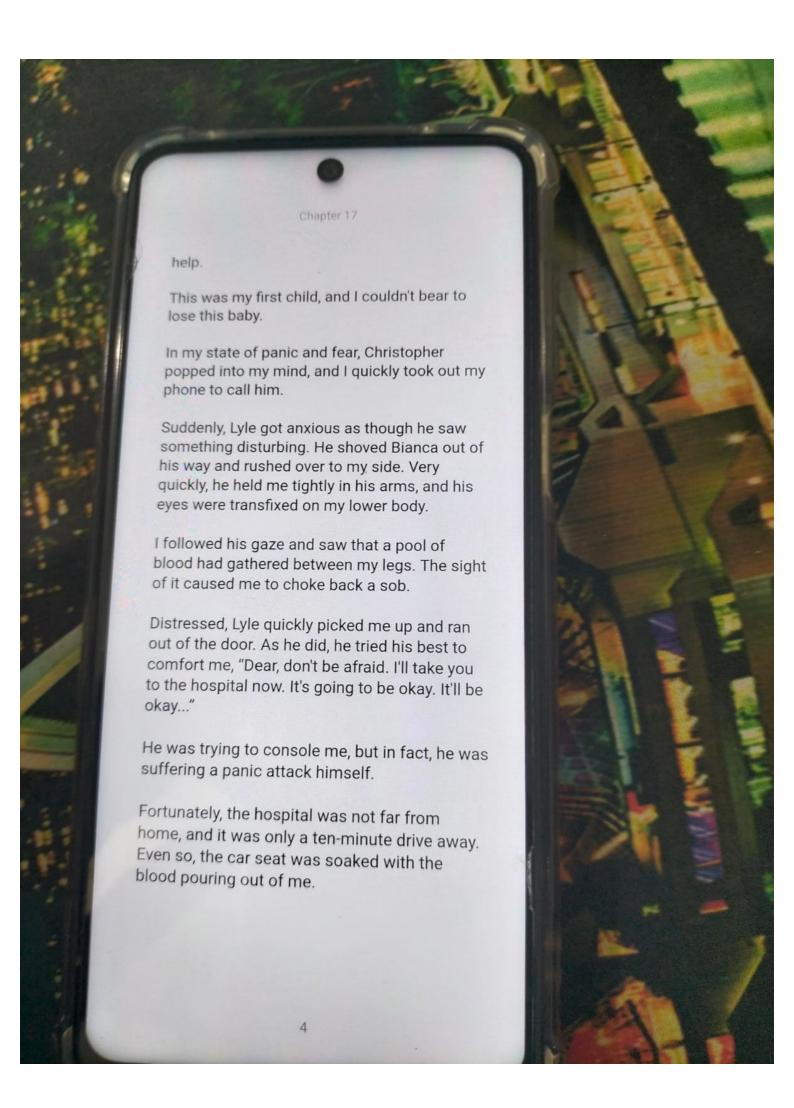
Ten at night, rain, missing coat. I searched my memory with those clues, and finally, I knew which night she was talking about.

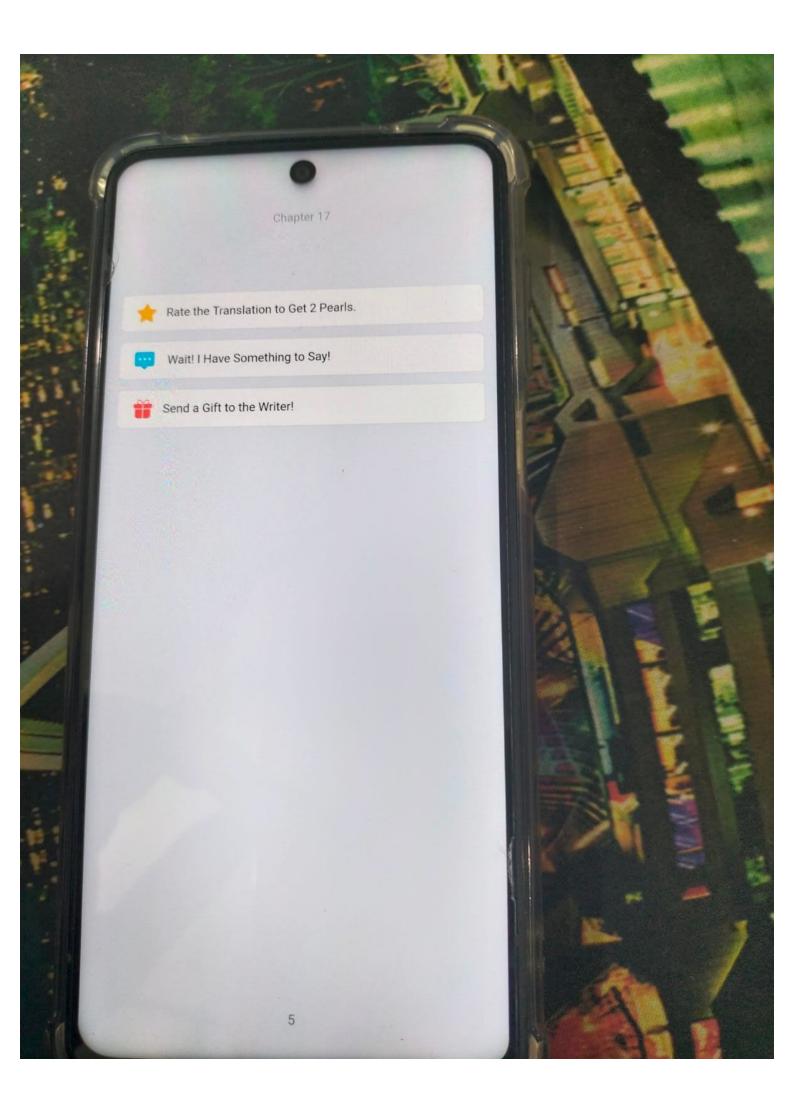


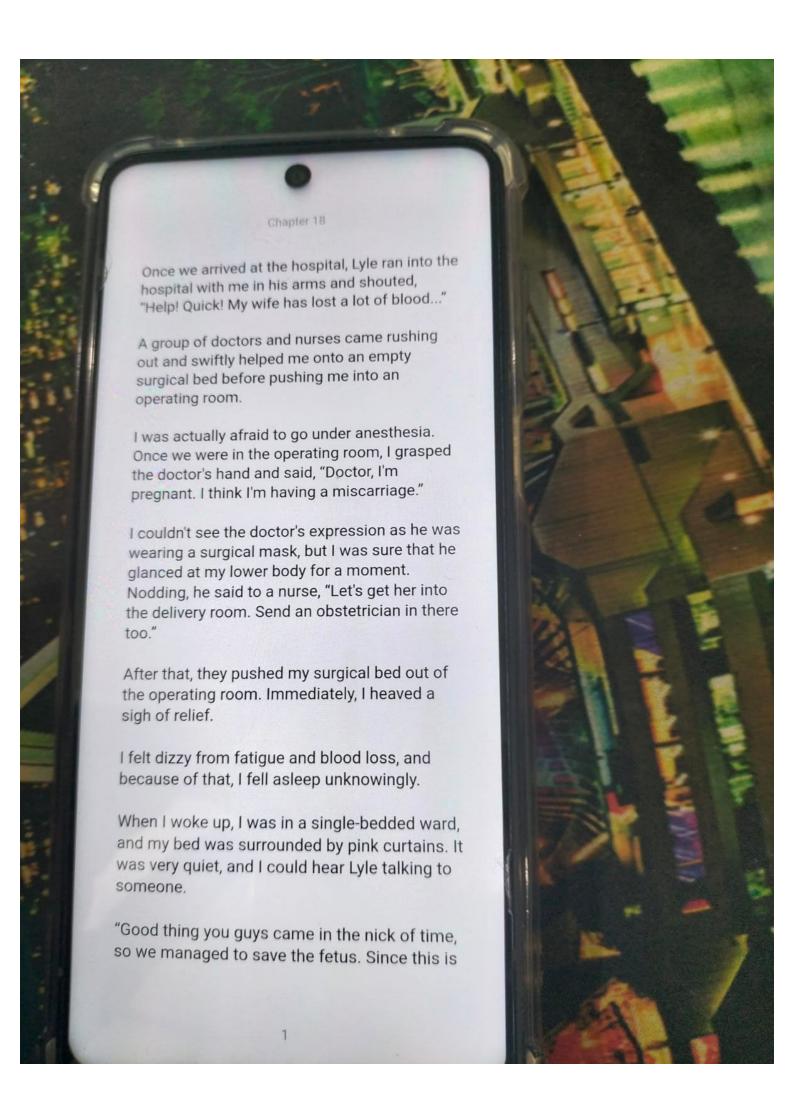


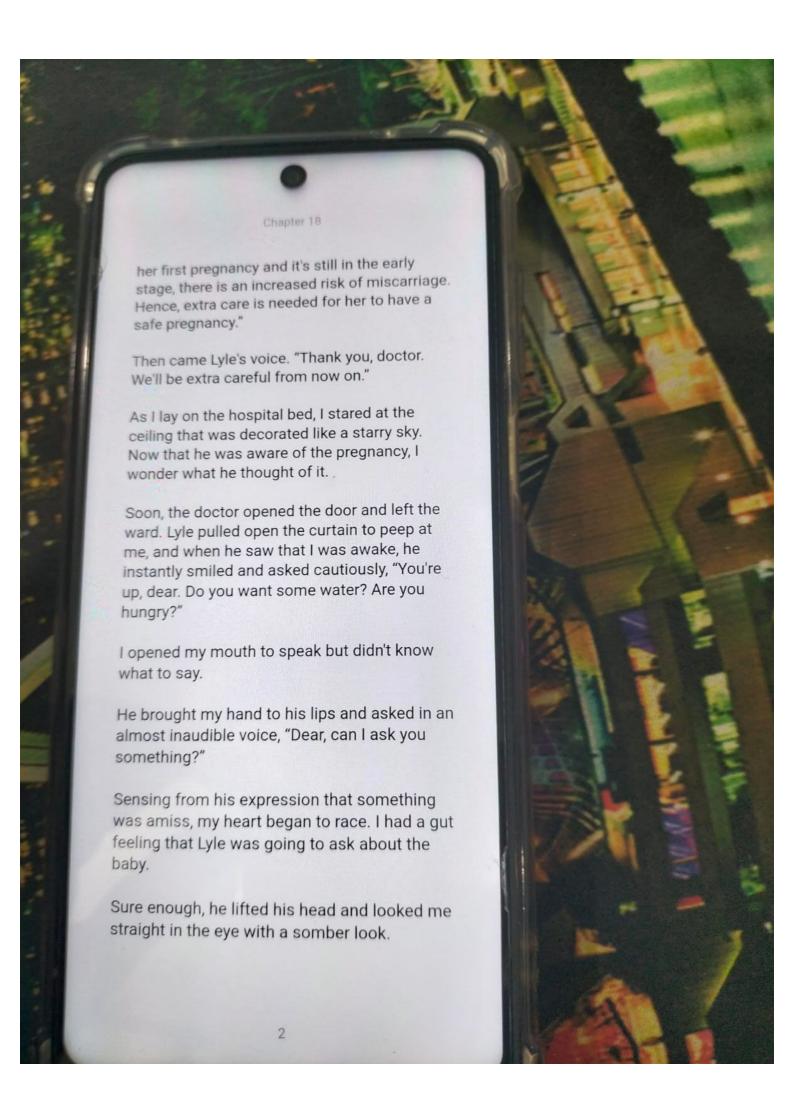


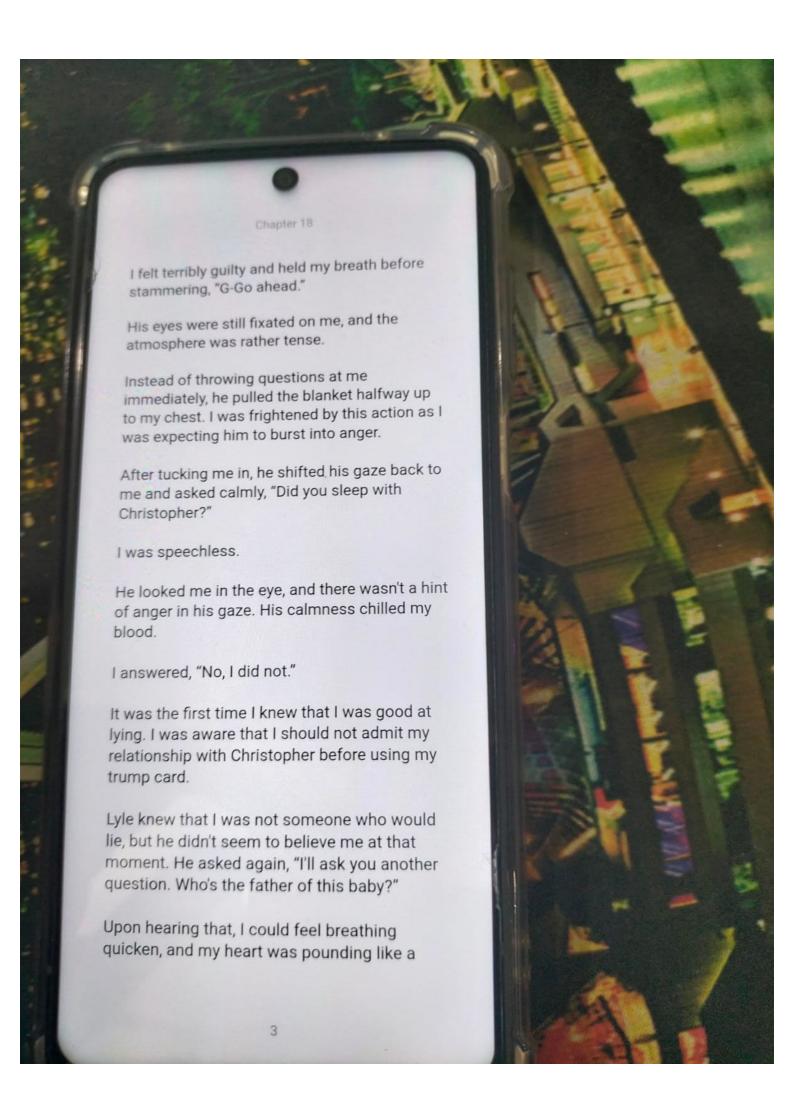


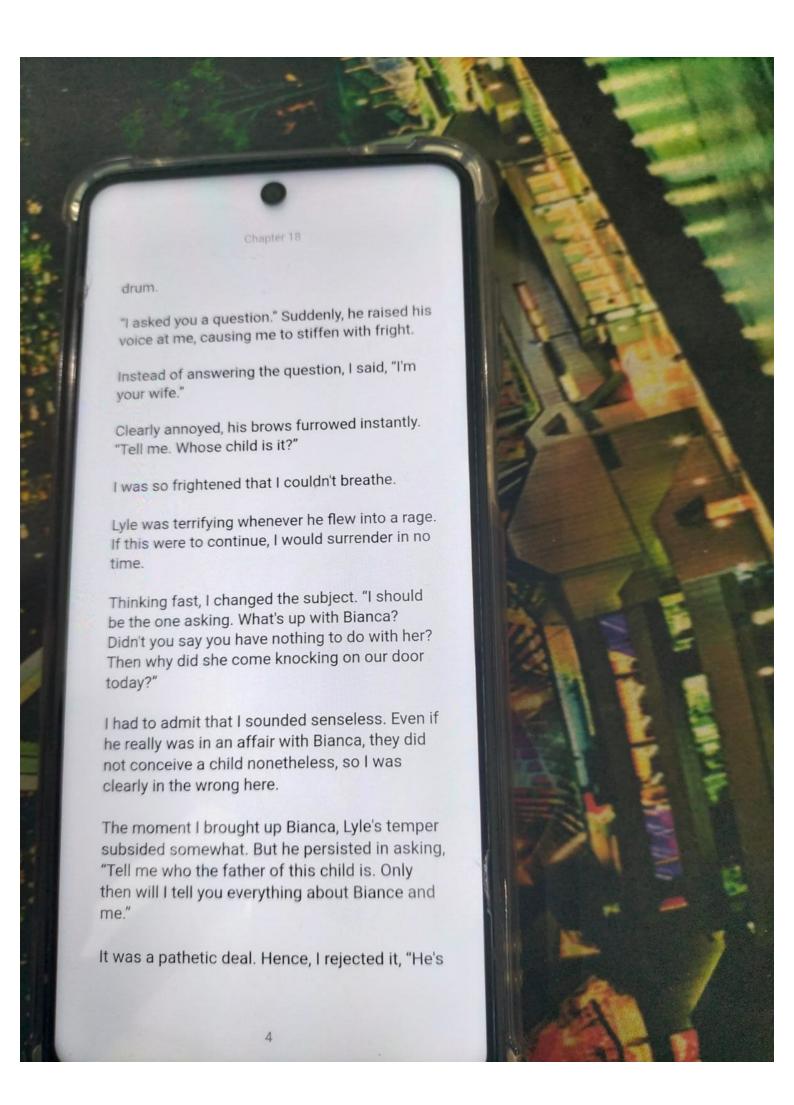


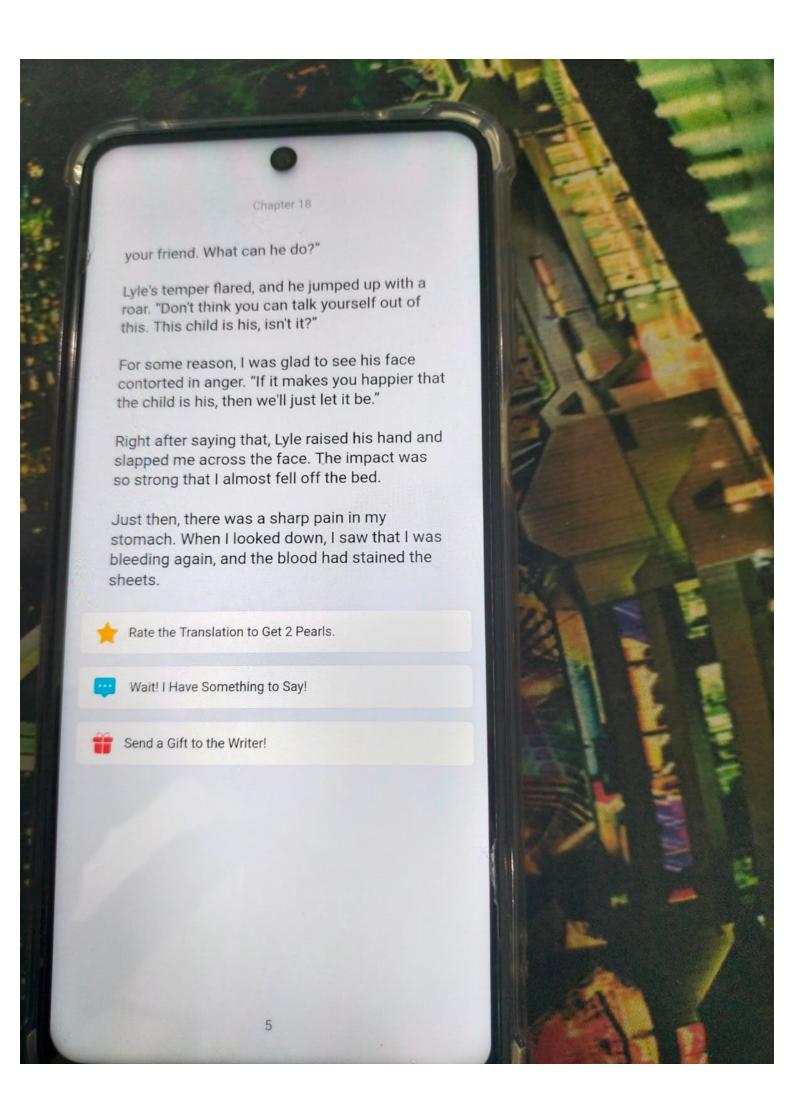


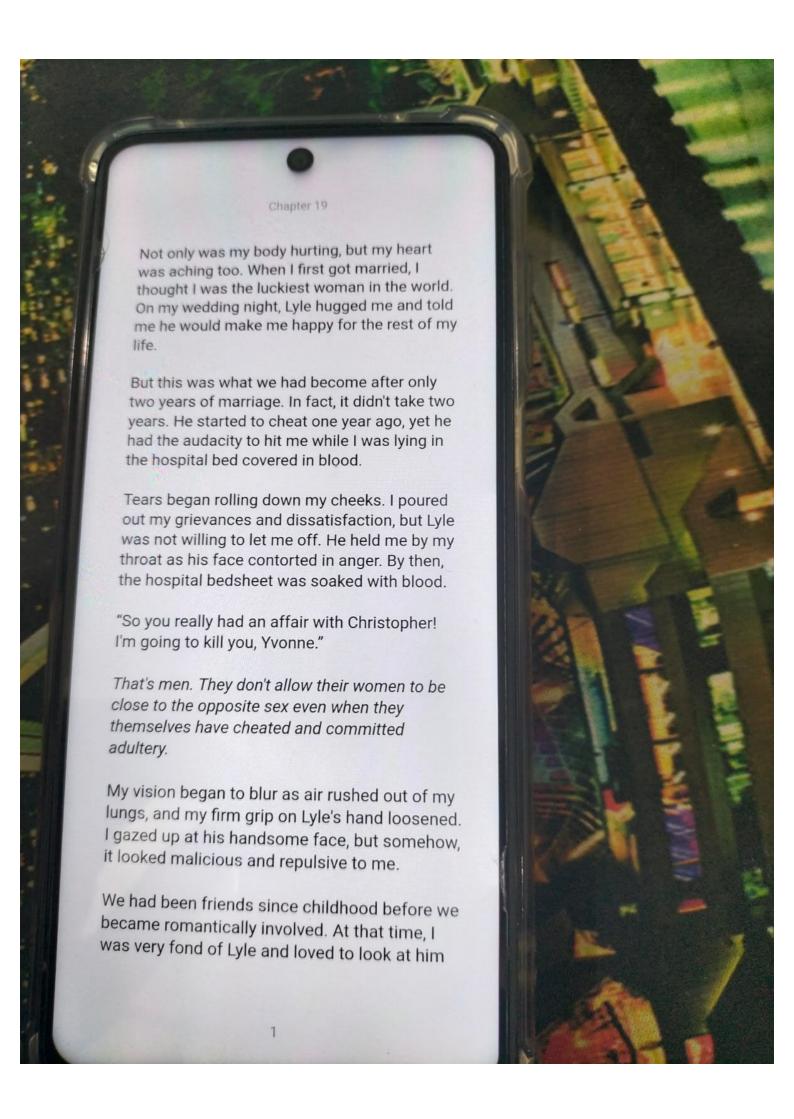


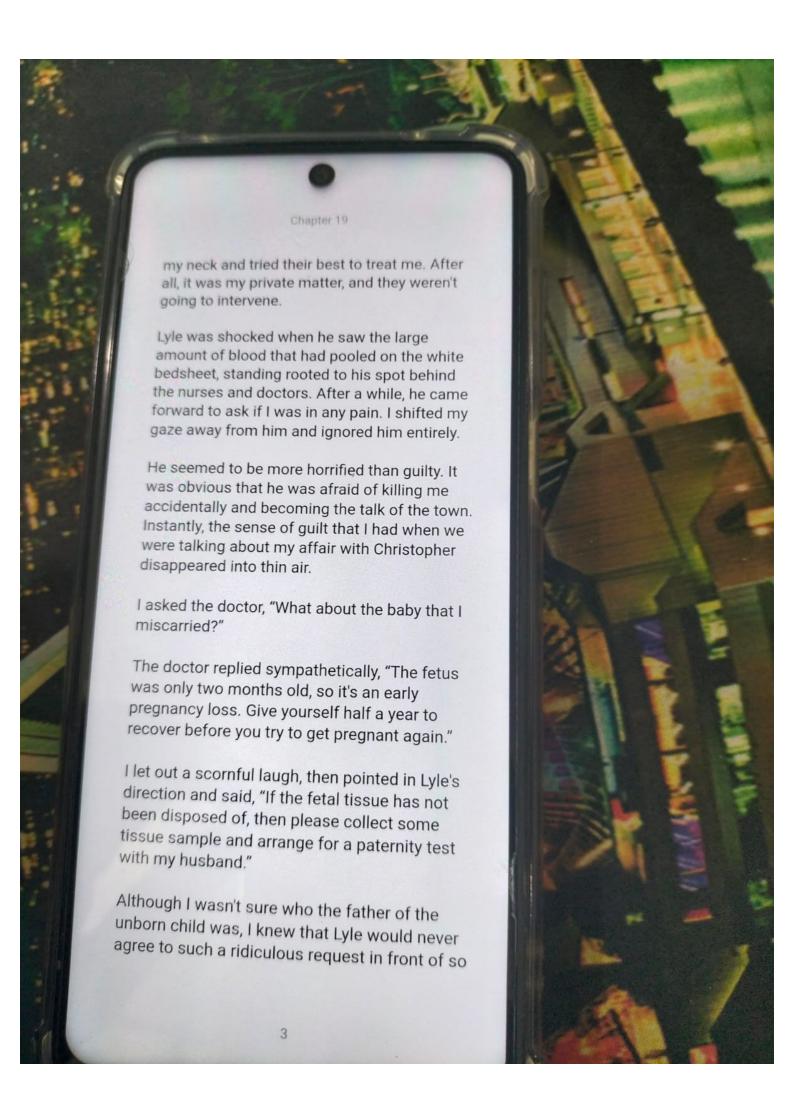


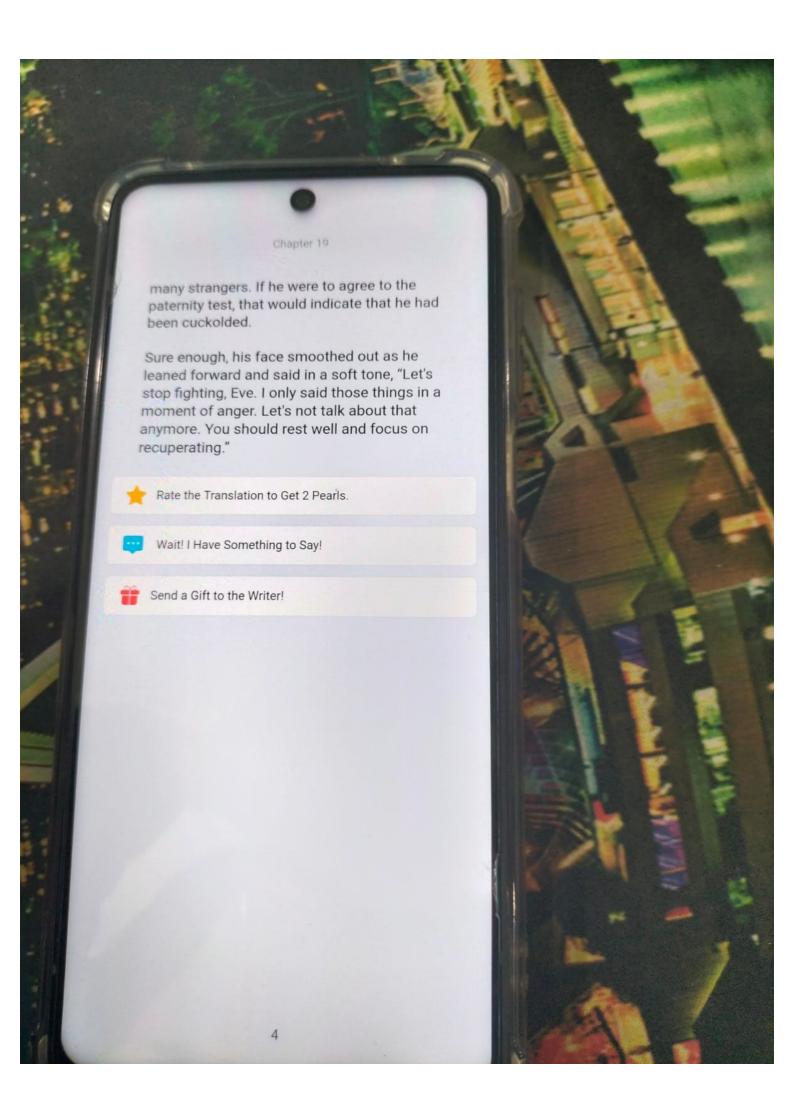


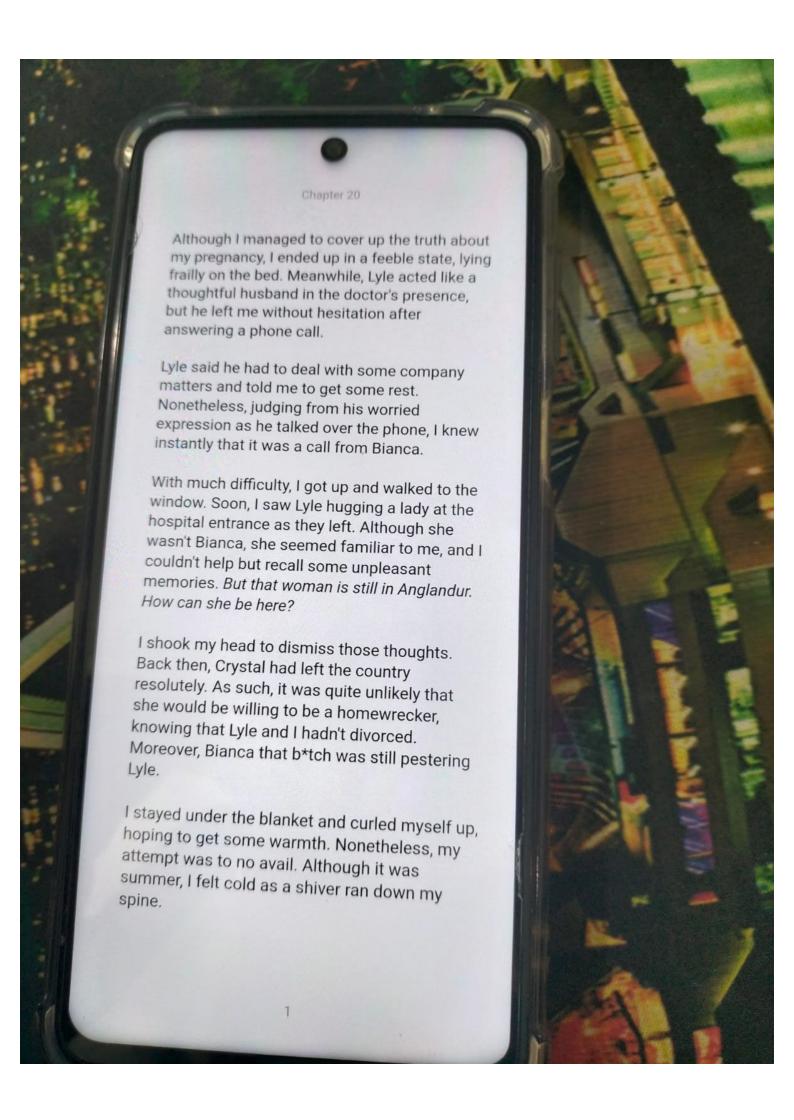












Chapter 20

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



