

Love's Cruel Stroke Chapter 1

Chapter 1 Please Save Me

The night sky was as dark as black ink.

An agonized scream emerged from the storehouse in the backyard of Yates Residence.

Rachel Yates' countenance was as pale as white sheet while her dry lips were completely discolored.

She was suffering from a throbbing pain in her bulging belly as bright red blood was discharged from her vagina.

Although she was only eight months pregnant, she had a feeling that she was about to deliver soon...

Am I going to have a preterm birth?

It went without saying how dangerous it was for a preterm infant to be born at eight months' gestation...

At this thought, Rachel did not dare to delay for even a second and dragged herself on all fours toward the door before she forcefully banged the door.

"Mr. Zane, I'm due to give birth. Please send me to the hospital. I'm begging you..."

Outside the room sat a man in his late forties, who was smoking.

Hearing that, Marcus Zane grunted coldly, "Miss Rachel, the brat that you're pregnant with is an illegitimate child whose father is unknown. Do you think Master and Madam will send you to the hospital to embarrass the family? Stay still and keep quiet!"

Rachel's tears flowed down her cheeks uncontrollably.

She became the biggest laughingstock in the city after reporters snapped compromising pictures of her in a hotel eight months ago.

Following that, she was discovered to have fallen pregnant. Francis Yates, her father, deemed her as an embarrassment to the family and forced her to abort the child. However, right before the abortion, Rachel suddenly jumped down from the bed and escaped.

She'd rather die than abort the child.

As such, Francis ordered the servants to lock her up in this cramped room to make her stew in her own juices.

Being locked up for eight months, she had not stepped out of this storeroom ever since she was confined.

"Mr. Zane, I'm begging you... Please save my child or he'll die... Please help me, Mr. Zane..."

As the sharp pains became increasingly intense, Rachel's imploring voice weakened as well.

However, the doorkeeper continued to smoke nonchalantly as if he had not heard her.

Patches of blood then gushed out from Rachel's vagina, soaking her dress as blood covered her entire body.

Grasping the door knob in desperation, she knocked the door insanely as she would definitely not allow the child to die in her womb!

"Have you lost your mind? What are you doing?!"

Marcus, who was sitting by the door, was annoyed by the ruckus, so he pulled the door open in a fit of rage. Ignoring the patches of blood, he grabbed Rachel's hair and was just about to throw her back into the room when a cold voice emerged.

"What's going on?"

His hand stopped midair at once as he turned and greeted in a servile manner, "Miss Shirley."

Rachel lifted her head abruptly to see a figure walking toward the storehouse.

It was Shirley Yates, her younger sister!

They had grown up together since young and were exceptionally close to each other.

Rachel clutched at straws as she wailed, "Shirl, save me! Please save my child..."

Shirley smirked and questioned coldly, "Mr. Zane, she's the eldest daughter of the Yates Family. How could you grab her like this as if she's a dead dog?"

As his eyes flickered, Marcus replied in an even more servile manner, "Miss Shirley, I didn't want to cross the line but Miss Rachel is getting outrageous. She has actually attempted to run away to the hospital. If outsiders discover that the eldest daughter of the Yates Family is pregnant with an illegitimate child, that would affect the Yates' reputation. I'm doing this for the Yates' own good."

"Great. I'll ask Dad to give you a pay raise later on," Shirley praised.

Then, she turned to gaze at Rachel's abdomen. "Rae, the child in your belly is surely a lucky one. Back then when Dad wanted you to get an abortion, you were determined to keep the child at all costs. Dad has already declared that our family will definitely not meddle with any affair regarding this child. It's his fortune if he manages to survive upon birth, but even if he dies, it'll save our family's reputation."

"No. I won't let my child die..."

Perceiving Shirley's menacing gaze, Rachel covered her abdomen and retreated backward.

Not only was her body and dress covered with blood, even her face and hair were stained with blood and sweat. With her dry, cracked lips and bloodshot eyes, Rachel looked like a vagrant who walked out from a garbage dump.

Seeing the pathetic state of the person who used to be Seaview City's Aphrodite, Shirley suddenly laughed in spite of herself.

"Rae, do you know how you ended up having a one-night stand with that rogue eight months ago?" As scorn spread across her face, Shirley bent down and added in sarcasm, "That incident was arranged by me."

"What did you just say?!" Rachel was stunned.

At the same time, her abdomen contracted again and caused more blood to gush out from her body.

Shirley smirked in satisfaction. "Ever since young, you were the most beloved princess of our family. Not only did you possess half of the shares of Yates Corporation, you even became the heir of the Yates Family on your 18th birthday party. Do you know how jealous I was? Since you're so pure, perfect and high almighty, I'll make you a slut whom everyone detests!"

"Y-You!"

Rachel's face was filled with disbelief.

She had thought of all kinds of possibilities, but she never thought that her dearest sister had actually arranged the incident which ruined her entire life.

"During the last eight months that you were confined here, I've already ascended to be the new heir of the Yates Family. Rachel Yates, from now on, you can only be the woman with the worst reputation in Seaview City. You're just a b*tch who bears the illegitimate child of a rogue. Your whole life is ruined! Hahaha!"

Upon being provoked by Shirley, Rachel felt an excruciating pain in her stomach as her vagina started to tear apart.

She was in such great pain that she almost passed out.

"Ahh!!" Rachel couldn't help wailing in agony as she collapsed onto the ground.

Now that her pale face faced upward, she spread her legs instinctively as flushes of blood rushed out.

A force was pressing against her vagina, which made her feel like she was going to be torn into pieces.

It felt like a few centuries had passed, but in fact, it did not take too long before the sound of a crying baby rang in the small storehouse.