

Chapter 2

"Alice!"

"Woof! Woof! Woof!"

I was okay, but my daughter had been bitten right through the thigh.

Was my rebirth for nothing? Could I really not change anything?

Despair ooded over me as I crawled toward her. I held her tightly and called her name repeatedly.

Just then, the wail of sirens filled the air.

Alice was rushed into the emergency room for stitches. Meanwhile, Thomas stood a short distance away. He was talking on the phone, his face lit up in excitement.

"Really, Dad? You and Sophia's got a place? That's amazing! You and Sophia should go to the celebration together later. No need to pick me up. It's been years since you saw Sophia, and I wouldn't want to get in your way.

"The dog is here. Don't worry about Mom. I'm here."

With him acting like that, anyone would think Sophia was his real mother.

After he hung up, the smile on his face vanished as soon as he saw me.

His voice turned cold as he said, "Since you're okay, I'll head back to the office. They've been calling nonstop..."

Before he could leave, he noticed how I was struggling to get closer. Then, I raised a hand...

And slapped him across his face.

He clutched his swollen cheek, staring at me in disbelief. "Mom, are you crazy? How could you hit me?!"

He also raised his hand. However, I was his elder. So, all he could do was kick the door.

The iron door creaked loudly.

I looked at him coldly. "That slap was for your ungratefulness."

"Sophia's dog is your real mother, right? When that dog lunged at me, I could have forgiven you if you had run away. But you stood in the way to protect it! Are you insane? Didn't you see the dog was going crazy and biting people?"

Thomas lowered his head and mumbled, "How do I know you didn't provoke it

Smack!

I slapped him again.

"You're hopeless. You exist in the emergency room, her life hanging in the balance, and all you care about is that mistress."

Thomas radiated anger and glared at me with fury. "Mom, enough is enough. I'm 26 years old! You can't just hit me like a madwoman. What would others think?"

Then he added quietly, "No wonder Dad likes Sophia and not you."

I trembled at his words. I was unable to believe my son, whom I had raised, could say such heartless things.

Was James's infidelity really my fault?

No. It wasn't because I wasn't good enough. James cheated because he was simply a wretched man.

I married him when he had nothing, stood by him through struggles, and bore him children. Yet now, the son I carried for nine months called me a madwoman.

Thomas held his head high and confidently said, "Mom, why are you even upset? You're just an ordinary housewife. If it weren't for Dad working so hard out there, would you even be the wife of a CEO now?"

He continued, "Dad went on that nude cycling event to celebrate Alice's birthday. You need to lighten up and be more open to new experiences. Nude cycling is meant to raise awareness for the environment. Dad is doing this for Alice's sake.

"Your views are outdated so you're the only one who thinks Dad is being inappropriate."

My body shook with anger. I clenched my fists to resist the urge to slap him again.

Just as I was about to lose control, a nurse appeared. She said I needed to sign for my daughter's surgery. After I signed, I realized Thomas had slipped away without me noticing.

In my last life, the large dog had suddenly grown wild. However, my son had only stood by and watched coldly.

In this life, my son was screaming at me just because the dog got hurt a little.

My nails dug deeply into my skin.

To him, I was worse than a dog.

A wave of powerlessness washed over me. I realized a person could suddenly fall apart.

Alice was wheeled out of the operating room, and the doctor told me we were lucky. It wasn't anything major, and she would recover quickly.

I finally felt some relief.

"Mom, are you okay?"

Just as the doctor had said, Alice regained consciousness in less than half an hour. My eyes stung with tears. This silly girl was injured so badly, yet the first thing she did upon waking was worry about me.

I held her carefully, trying not to touch her wounds. "Silly girl. You're the one who's hurt."

She gently wiped my tears away. "Mom, don't cry. It doesn't hurt."

I bit my lip and nodded, choking back my emotions.

Just then, the door opened, and James stormed in, his voice thunderous. "Who do you think you are? How dare you kill the dog?"

Right behind him was Sophia, dressed in a white dress. She saw me and raised her eyebrows defiantly. But when James turned to look at her, she suddenly dropped to her knees before me.