

Chapter 3

"Liliana, I'm sorry! It's all my fault. If you want to hit or scold someone, direct it at me! Lily is just a dog! It doesn't understand anything."

At the mention of the dog's name, I froze. "What did you say the dog's name was?"

"Lily! Don't worry. Lily's name isn't the same as yours. It just sounds similar."

Suddenly, she seemed to realize something and covered her mouth in panic, looking at James for help.

James's heart softened instantly as he pulled Sophia up. "Why are you apologizing to her? I've said it was an accident. It's not your fault, and it's not Lily's fault either."

I watched the two of them, their harmony driving me over the edge. The accumulated grievances and anger from two lifetimes felt like they were going to drown me.

My daughter still lay in the hospital bed, her exposed skin stitched up in large sections. Just lifting the blanket would reveal the twisted scars beneath.

Yet, James didn't even glance at her. He didn't even ask how she was doing. His gaze was fixed solely on his kneeling, pitiful lover.

I couldn't help but scoo.

I knew Sophia well—she was James's first love and also his idealized, perfect memory of love that he still held onto. After his failed venture, she had taken the remaining money and ran.

If I hadn't pester my parents for support, James wouldn't have had the startup capital for his second business.

Now that Sophia's husband was dead, she remembered James, a successful man from her past. I thought James had more sense, but when Sophia mentioned nude cycling, he jumped at the chance.

I stepped up to James and raised my hand, ready to slap him.

But he caught my hand mid-swing and raised his other hand to strike me.

My cheek instantly swelled, and I spat out a mouthful of blood.

As he prepared to hit me again, I pulled out my phone to call the police.

Meeting his furious gaze, I said calmly, "I will definitely kill that dog."

As the police took him away, James looked utterly incredulous. "Liliana White, have you lost your mind? You called the cops! I'm your husband! I'm your everything!"

Sophia's dog was captured and with a muzzle.

She tried to stop the police and clutched the dog tightly, nearly crying herself into unconsciousness.

"James, please save my dog! She didn't bite anyone! It's all because Liliana resents us getting closer to each other!"

James quickly understood what Sophia was implying. He stepped forward and used his status as my husband to give his statement more credibility as he said, "Of course, this dog isn't the one who bit people. Liliana is deliberately retaliating against Sophia. It's all a lie."

I scooed.

In my past life, he would go so far as to kill his wife and daughter for Sophia, so nothing he did surprised me anymore.

But I was furious. I charged at James and punched him squarely in the face.

"James, how can you say such things? Your daughter is in the hospital! Have you lost your mind? Are you really willing to abandon your own daughter for this woman?"

For a brief moment, there was a flicker of guilt in his eyes, but it quickly hardened into resolve.

"Liliana, stop causing trouble. You're hurting our daughter just to compete for my attention, and I haven't even settled that with you."

The police officers pulled me away, forcing me to separate from James.

My hair was a mess, and my eyes were red. I looked like a vengeful spirit from hell.

"Mom, why do you always look like a mess? Look at Sophia. She's so elegant."

My son rushed over, but his reaction was to blame me as he pulled me back a few steps.

As the police officers still held my hands, I could only use my leg to kick Thomas's knee.

"You ungrateful brat! Have you been bewitched by Sophia? Why are you fawning over her? You rushed here as soon as she was brought to the police station. Do you even care about your real mother anymore?"

Thomas's eyes were red with anger. Sophia quickly helped him into a chair.

"Are you okay? Does it hurt? I'll take you to the hospital to make sure you're not hurt badly."

James looked at me with disappointment and sighed. "Liliana, just look at how gentle Sophia is. You should ask yourself—why doesn't our son favor you, his real mother?"

Thomas stared at me with eyes full of resentment and said nothing.

I laughed coldly. "So what if he doesn't favor me? Do you think I care? You all seem more like a family, right? Let's just divorce, okay? I'll fulfill your wish."