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Chapter 3

Jillian looked at her weak and helpless appearance and only felt sick to her stomach. She shook her off coldly, “Don’t touch me!”

It hadn’t taken much strength, but Amber’s body suddenly stumbled, screamed, and her entire body fell to the ground.

“Amber!”

Ronan rushed up to help her up, yelling in a low, angry voice, “Jillian! What are you doing? Why did you push her?”

“I-I didn’t...”

Jillian turned pale and subconsciously wanted to explain, but was interrupted by Amber.

“R-Ronan, please don’t blame my sister, I’m the one who seduced you, don’t tell she pushed me, even if she hit me and scolded me, it’s still the right thing to do.” Amber said while crying.

Jillian’s pupils shrank, shock written all over her face.

She lifted her head and met Ronan’s disappointed eyes.

“I didn’t think you’d turn out like this, this whole thing is my fault, so take it out on me if you have something to be angry about! Why do you have to hurt Amber? Your own sister!”

Jillian opened her mouth and the explanation suddenly choked in her throat, sticking out like a thorn across the place.

“Do you think that I really pushed her?”

“Yes, I saw it with my own eyes. I always thought you were just a little cold-hearted, but still kind, but today I realized that you’re a ruthless

woman, I saw your true color! I was wrong about you after all these years!"

Jillian stood there, unable to believe what she was hearing.

She turned to Amber, and her eyes flashed with malice and self-satisfaction.

A slow chill spread over her heart.

Suddenly, Jillian chuckled softly, her smile full of sarcasm.

"Ronan, I didn't realize until today that you're so stupid!"

"What did you say?"

"Nothing, aren't you two in love? Alright! I'll give you my blessings. There is a saying that even if you clean it, no one would eat from a bowl that has been filled with sh*t before, right?"

Ronan's expression changed. He did not expect that this cold and well-raised woman would use such vulgar words. His face darkened. "Jillian! Don't push your luck!"

Jillian sneered at him. Her smile was chilling. She took out a handkerchief and wiped the spot Amber touched, and said with a carefree tone. "Well! I don't have time to waste here with you. From now on, please just take this canary beside you and get out of my sight! I wish you both all the best..."

Her eyes wandered as a cold mockery flashed in them, and she laughed. "... May the beast and his b*tch live happily ever after!"

Then, she turned around and left without giving them any chances of speaking.

Ronan was furious with anger. "What did you say? Stop right there..."

"Ronan..."

At that moment, a soft hand suddenly grabbed his arm. Pale-faced, Amber clutched at her stomach.

"Ronan, my stomach hurts."

Ronan's expression changed. "Amber, what's wrong?"

"I don't know... Ahhhh! It's so painful!"

A red line of blood trailed down Amber's leg.

Ronan's eyes widened and he shook fiercely.

"Don't be afraid, I'll take you to the hospital right away."

Ronan carried Amber to the hospital.

Jillian sat in the car, watching the car leave the back and smiled sarcastically.

Instead of going home, she drove back to the hotel.

On the first floor of the hotel was a large bar. The hall was filled and strewn with people indulging in luxuries.

She leaned against the counter and downed glass after glass.

She was not a person who liked to drown her sorrows in alcohol, but this time, it seemed that nothing but alcohol could temporarily numb the pain she was feeling inside.

She could pretend to be ruthless and confident in front of Ronan and Amber.

However, only she knew how crushed her heart really was.

Six years of their relationship lost to a single sin. While she was determined to grow old together with him, he was rolling in the sheets with another woman.

It was ironic just thinking about it!

Jillian raised her cup and poured herself another glass.

She had always been a good drinker, but she was a little drunk at the moment.

The cell phone in her bag suddenly vibrated.

She reached out her phone with hazy eyes and answered the call.

"Who is this?"

"Sister, you lost again!"

It was Amber Ramos.

Jillian's lips tugged in mockery.

"Did you call me just to tell me how proud you are?"

Amber laughed in satisfaction.

"Sister, did you know that I'm pregnant?"

Jillian's expression sank.

She looked at the people on the dance floor and said coldly, "Why are you telling me that? I'm not the one who f*cked you."

"Guess what, this child belongs to Ronan. He just told me that he'll marry me immediately. You've been with him for six years, but he has never touched you before. If you want to put it in nicer tones, you can say that he only has friendly love for you, but to put it bluntly, it's simply because you didn't interest him sexually. Just the sight of you makes him nauseous."

Jillian's hands clenched into fists.

"Did you know? As long as we're together, we'll do it every day. He said he never felt so relaxed and happy with anyone as he does with me. He

said you're as cold as a corpse, not interesting at all. Other women know how to be gentle and sensible to serve men."

Jillian's fists tightened. It was as if her heart was being pulled apart. The pain was excruciating.

She took a deep breath and scoffed. "Amber, Is that all you wanted to say? I don't have time for you!"

"Sister, you can tell me if you're angry. I won't laugh at you."

"Why would I be angry? After all, you're the one treating garbage I threw away like it's a treasure. A cloth you've used to wipe your *ss will still smell foul even if it's washed. Won't you feel disgusted when you wipe your face with it?"

"How dare you!"

"Anyway! I don't have time to talk nonsense with you. I'm warning you now. Don't try to provoke me again. You can't afford the consequences of pissing me off!"

Then, she hung up the call..

Although she did not admit it verbally, Amber's words undoubtedly pierced her heart.

She still remembered what Ronan said when he was courting her.

He said that he liked how clean and modest she was. He liked her coldness and indifference, which was like a snowy mountain flower that could only be viewed from afar and not tainted.

The best love should be nonsexual. Detached from the love of the flesh, it was the purest kind of love.

However, the reality was that he went behind her back to sleep with Amber, and now they even had a child.

A great feeling of irony rose from the bottom of her heart. She raised her hands to cover her face as her eyes started to sting.

At this time, someone suddenly tapped her shoulder.

"Hey! Aren't you the eldest daughter of the Ramos family? Why are you here alone at this late hour? Are you making deliveries again?"

Jillian turned around to see several young girls dressed aggressively. Leading them was Ronan Smith's younger sister, Yasmin.