

## Chapter 4 Without dignity at all

Julia followed the sound to look at the corridor. An old man with grey hair and lovingly gaze caught her eyes.

Her nose tingled and her pale lips opened slightly, "Grandpa."

"You've been aggravated, my kid," Charles said from the bottom of his heart.

Julia's throat was swollen, unable to say anything.

She used to be the second young lady of the Smiths. She had had a happy life, and simply didn't know what aggression was.

Now that she has chosen the one she loves, she has suffered a lot so she is used to it.

Afterward, Charles chided Robert, said he should not be obsessed with a divorced woman to blame his wife who followed him for years without complaint.

Charles also investigated the car accident, which was simply self-directed by Lauren.

Robert knew, but did not say a word.

Julia understood Robert. He could not be totally unaware of Lauren's act, but just chose to ignore it.

Lauren is right, Robert will never illtreat his

beloved woman!

Julia's heart felt like being grabbed by a big hand.

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The whole next week, Robert did not go home.

Julia was in the hospital for chemotherapy.

Dave accompanied her, watching her beautiful long hair being cut. His eyes were full of pity.

"Am I ugly?" Julia asked, leaning back against the pillow.

"You are the most beautiful little girl," Dave said gently.

Little girl.

A light flashed in Julia's eyes, which quickly disappeared: "Brother Dave, can you help me buy a wig? It is better the same as my original hair."

She didn't want Robert to see her in her present state.

"Okay." Dave knew what she was thinking and could not bear to refuse.

In the afternoon, Julia put on the wig he bought and put on light makeup to cover the pale on her face. She barely looked like a healthy woman.

Dave drove Julia home and thoughtfully put the scarf around his neck on her: "It's cold, pay

attention to your body."

"Hmm."

Julia waited for his car to leave before going into the villa.

The hall was cold and chilly. She stepped in and saw the man sitting on the sofa.

She thought he would never come back.

"Had fun?"

The cold words spit out from Robert's mouth with a dirty tone were like a bucket of ice poured down Julia's head, and a flash of light in her heart instantly extinguished.

Robert saw that she did not say anything, and the anger in his heart was rising. He took a few steps towards the woman, pressed her against the wall, and whispered near her ear: "It has only been a few days, and you have hooked up with that lawyer? Are you that desperate?"

Julia listened to his words, the bottom of her heart colder, and she gritted her teeth: "I didn't."

Robert listened and his hands probed directly into her clothes. Her body shuddered, remembering the doctor's words, and grabbed his hands, "Please, don't."

The doctor said that after chemotherapy, she couldn't afford strenuous exercise, and having sex

was no different from taking her life.

"What, are you afraid that Dave will disdain you?" The anger under Robert's eyes rushed out. His gaze fell to the men's scarf around her neck.

Then Julia was dragged by him directly to the bathroom and tortured by him over and over again in the most degrading position.

She looked at her wretched self in the mirror without dignity at all.

Her mind suddenly snapped and her throat tightened.

Her eyes lost focus, "puff", a mouthful of blood all spilled on the mirror, scattered and dripping...