

Chapter 11 Have You Got No Shame?

After the whole ordeal, Cathy made her way to a nearby fresh market. She hadn't forgotten about making dinner for Arius and Abner tonight.

"Sir, Madam seems to be grocery shopping." The Black Bentley came to a halt, and Evan looked at the man at the back through the rearview mirror. "Should we continue to wait, or..."

Adrian set down his phone and watched Cathy from the slightly wound-down car window. On the way here, he had already sorted out the matter between her and those two people from earlier. A boyfriend and a best friend, teaming up secretly to stab her in the back, and now they're conspicuously doing it right in front of her.

Judging by her grief-stricken look from her drunken endeavors that night, he expected the same reaction from what had just transpired.

She should be bawling her eyes out about now, but...

His brows knitted slightly at the sight of the woman's nonchalant demeanor, brisk walking from stall to stall while cheerfully humming a song.

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After Cathy was done getting all the ingredients for her two babies, she passed by a stall selling fish. It was then she remembered a conversation she had with the butler, in which he told her that it was Adrian's favorite food.

In truth, Cathy had never cooked fish before because her douchebag of an ex was afraid of fish. As a result, she also came to hate fish for no reason.

But if Adrian likes it...

She carefully selected the freshest and plumpest fish from the tank and requested for the stall owner to pack it up for her. Strolling through the fresh market a little more, she finally came out with two full bags.

As soon as she exited the place, a sudden force dragged her into a nearby alley.

"There you are." Xavier was leaning against his car door waiting for her. With a wave of his hand, his assistant released Cathy's arm and went back into the driver's seat.

His gaze was completely devoid of warmth and concern when it focused on her. "I'll take you home."

Cathy took one look at the car behind him and chuckled. "No need. My husband and I live in a villa on the west side of the city. You won't be able to get in with a car like this," she boasted. "If you know that I'm married to Master Adrian, you should also know that you'll never be able to keep up with his financial resources."

At her taunts, Xavier's face contorted with distaste. He glared at Cathy. "So, you married Master Adrian for his money?"

"Correct," Cathy said with a smile.

To think she had used to see him through rose-colored glasses, utterly consumed by infatuation to the point of losing herself and rationale. Now, looking at the man before her, all that she felt was pure, unadulterated repulsion.

"I dislike you being poor, and I dislike the fact that you aren't as rich as Master Adrian. Are you satisfied with this answer?"

"You're lying." Xavier stared at her for a long time. Then his lips curled up into a sincere smile that would've made the old Cathy run back to him immediately. "I know you. You're not that kind of person."

Heaving out a deep sigh, he started in an earnest voice. "Cathy, are you still mad about what happened earlier? Everyone was just in a bad mood, but I apologize if I hurt you."

Xavier lifted himself off the car and took a step towards her but stopped when she stepped back. "Since you refuse to let me take you home, I'll just cut this short." Xavier let out another sigh. "Willow was crying a lot earlier. She had kindly offered you three times the amount of your usual wage to be her double. Yet, you continuously caused trouble for the crew and ended up delaying the whole shoot. Now, the director is unhappy with her, and this may really damage her reputation."

Cathy let out a scornful laugh. The director was unhappy with Willow? How odd. Certainly, it couldn't have been due to the constant retakes she had demanded, just to see Cathy getting battered for hours on end, right?

"I hope you can take your work more seriously in the future. Keep your personal life separate from your work." Xavier's lips drew into a straight line, and he hesitated before saying his next words. "I know... you can't accept my relationship with Willow, but we are truly in love."

Lowering his head in some semblance of remorse, he continued, "If you feel the need to blame it on someone, then blame it on me. It was my fault. I was too conservative and just couldn't accept the idea of my lover birthing children that weren't my own. That was the reason why... I slept with Willow five years ago."

Cathy froze to the spot at his confession. She could no longer hear what Xavier was saying, the ringing in her ears grew louder and drowned out the surrounding noises.

Five years ago was when she got into a car accident. She had spent a full day and night in the operating room trying to save her stillborn baby. The doctor had told her she was lucky because if she had been any sicker than she was, she would've never made it out alive.

And now, she had the displeasure of knowing where her boyfriend had been on the night of her near-death experience.

Cathy's fists were balled up tightly on her side. Her breath shaky as she spoke, "So you and Willow hooked up five years ago."

"Don't make it sound so horrible." Xavier dared to frown. "Whether I did or not doesn't matter. It was you who betrayed me first anyway. No man could stand his girlfriend—"

Smack!

A hard slap landed across his face, sending him staggering back from the sheer force of it.

"Five years ago, you were already doing all those things with Willow, yet you still had the audacity to use the money I earned to clear your name?!" she yelled at him, fighting the tears that were threatening to spill out. "You used me, my money, all for your own glory even after you've long decided that you didn't love me anymore? Xavier, have you got no shame?!"

Xavier held a hand to the welt that had already begun forming on his cheek. He gave her a cold glare. "You gave birth to someone else's child and shamelessly stayed with me even after. So why did it matter if I used your money?"

Cathy's heart gripped with a mix of searing rage and sorrow. She wanted to scream, but no words seemed to be able to come out. Her five years of relationship, five years of unconditional love, and ceaseless dedication, all for it to crash and shatter in vain, impaling her from all directions.

Amid a daze, she suddenly remembered the fish she had bought. Xavier hates fish.

Gritting her teeth, she pulled out the bloody fish from her bag and threw it at Xavier, sending it flying directly into his arms. "Heard you like fish. Thank me later!"

"Cathy! You're insane!" The man screamed in horror, juggling the fish in his hands. "Assistant! Take this fish away quickly!"

Picking up the rest of the bags, Cathy strode out of the alley and got into a taxi.

"Cathy, I will never forgive you..."

Behind her, the man's voice faded away slowly until it couldn't be heard anymore. She leaned back against her seat with a hand over her eyes, but it failed to stop her tears from rolling out.

To think she had been fooled by Xavier and Willow for five years without knowing... God, I really am a fool.

Due to peak-hour traffic, the ride home was a lot longer than it should be. By the time she reached the Bolton's residence, Cathy's tears had already dried up. She swiped at her cheeks a few times and recomposed herself before stepping out.

Near the flower porch at the villa's entrance was Adrian on the phone. The white trousers he wore hugged his long legs perfectly as he leaned against a pillar with a cigarette in his other hand, pausing his sentences occasionally for a puff.

The light from the setting sun and the smoke from his cigarette cast a soft, hazy glow around his body. He looked more slender like that, but also somehow more intimidating.

The cold and superior air that surrounded the man had Cathy shuddering. With heavy bags in hand, she walked to the other side of the porch so as not to disturb him. But when she walked past him, he abruptly ended his phone call and stretched out an arm to stop her.

"What's in your hands?" he asked casually, eyes traveling down to the bags she was holding.

"Ingredients for Arius and Abner's dinner tonight."

Adrian's eyes narrowed slightly at her answer. He leaned his face towards her. "Only theirs, not mine?"

The closeness of his face and the feeling of his breath tickling her cheeks made her fluster. She immediately lowered her head. "No, I bought you the fish you like to eat..."

"Where?"

She raised the bag in her right arm unconsciously. It's empty.

Her nose crinkled as she mentally slapped herself. How could she have forgotten about what had happened earlier?

Lifting her head to face the man, the corner of her lips curled up into an awkward smile. "I may have forgotten to buy it for you. But I'll make it up with something better next time."

"Good." Adrian brought a large hand to clasp at her chin, tilting her head up to meet his charming smile. "Remember, you owe me one."

In a five-star hotel, Xavier sat among a group of producers and sponsors, his suit still reeking of fish.

Soon, the food arrived.

Xavier watched with dread as a whole feast of fish was served on the table, but he didn't dare voice out his discontentment. His whole entertainment circle should've already known of his dislike for fish! So why—

"I'm sorry, Mr. Carter," the producer stated, interrupting his thoughts with an apologetic smile. "Someone had requested that you only eat fish for the night."