

# His child lived, mine didn't chapter 1-10

## Chapter 1

Because my five-year-old twin daughters upset Liam Sterling's beloved, he sent them to an extreme disciplinary school. The teachers from the school stormed into our home, trying to forcefully take them away. My two daughters clung to the car door, crying and shouting for their father. I knelt on the ground, pleading desperately.

"They're only five years old. They're still so young! Sending them to that place will kill them. I'm their mother. If anyone failed to teach them properly, it's me. Punish me instead..."

Liam, however, stood there with his beloved in his arms, watching us coldly.

"If you hadn't spoiled them so much, they wouldn't have turned out this way—disrespectful and arrogant! I'm their father, and if you can't teach them, then I'll do it. Do you think I would harm them?"

The next day, I went to the school with my sister-in-law Sophie, only to find our daughters covered in bruises, already lifeless.

But Liam... he was celebrating on social media, announcing that his beloved was pregnant with his child.

I stared blankly at Sophie.

"My children are dead. I have nothing left. Please, let me go. I don't want anything anymore."

When we arrived at the hospital, the children already had no vital signs. They were so far gone that they didn't even make it into the emergency room before being taken to the morgue.

Sophie looked at me with pity, but she still spoke softly, trying to comfort me.

"It's okay, don't worry. Grandpa and I are on your side. This time, my brother was wrong. I will make him apologize to you. You'll be fine from now on..." Before Sophie could finish her sentence, I handed her my phone.

Liam had posted a status just two hours ago.

"Before

you even came into this world, your mother and I had already begun loving you."

The post was accompanied by a picture of an ultrasound report, clearly marked with the name “Vivian Cole,” showing she was six weeks pregnant. Vivian... Liam’s beloved.

Sophie **froze**, her face flushing with anger as she spoke through clenched teeth.

“I’ll call my brother right now. Don’t worry, we will make sure we get justice for you...”

I smiled bitterly and immediately called Liam. The moment the phone connected, his impatient voice rang through.

“Are you trying **to** tell me that the kids were abused at school again? Who dares to hurt my children? Stop playing the victim. I just sent them to learn some discipline. Why do you keep calling me? You really disgust me.”

I didn’t say a word, and Liam hung up immediately.

I had the phone on speaker and his cruel words echoed in Sophie’s ears. Her face turned pale, and her lips trembled, as if she didn’t know how to comfort me anymore.

I forced a smile, but tears streamed down my face, uncontrollable.

“**Please**, I have nothing left. Let me go. I can’t take it anymore.”

Before Sophie could say anything, two police **officers** appeared in front of us.

“**Are** you the family of the deceased? The head of the school has already **been** detained. We need your cooperation with the investigation.”

When I entered the police station, I saw the men who had **come to** our house the **day before** to take the children.

**In** that instant, I lost **all** control, screaming and **crying as** I lunged at them.

“You monsters! **You** fucking monsters! They were **five** years old! How could **you do** this to them? How could you?!”

The police quickly pulled me **away**, and Sophie hugged me tightly, trying **to keep** me calm.

“Juliette, please—the police will handle this. We won’t let them get away with **it!**”

**The men** seemed to shrink in **fear**, glancing at **each** other as they sneered.

“Maybe **if** you’d raised them right, this wouldn’t have happened.”

Chapter 1

**Dream—Read Romance** Stories Betrayed by her.

0.78%

“That’s just how we teach kids at our school. Spare the rod, spoil the child. Who knew y our brats were so weak? What a fucking waste-”

My fingers shook as I pointed at them, my anger building up like a ticking bomb. I wante d to tear them apart!

A sharp taste of blood rose in my throat, and I vomited a mouthful of blood. Everything went black.

When I woke up, I was in the Sterling family mansion and Sophie was sitting by my bedside, her eyes red from crying.

“Juliette, you’re awake? Don’t worry, we’ve already handled things with the police. We w on’t let those monsters get away with it!”

I stared blankly at the ceiling.

“Please, let me go. I have nothing left...”

Chapter 1

## **His child lived, mine didn’t**

**Status:** Ongoing

0.78%

Chapter 2

I knew in my heart that the men at the school were guilty, but ultimately, it was Liam wh o had sent our daughters to that hellish place. The true culprit wasn’t those men, but the ir biological father, Liam.

Sophie flinched, then, as if making a decision, spoke softly.

“Alright, I’ll go tell Grandpa.”

As I watched Sophie walk away, I couldn’t hold back my tears any longer. It felt as thou gh I was crying away all the injustice I had endured over the years.

I had come to the Sterling family when I was eight, the same age as Liam. Mr. Sterling and my grandfather had been comrades-in-arms, and my grandfather had saved Mr. Sterling's life on the battlefield. They had a bond of life and death.

I had lost both my parents shortly after I was born, and I was raised by my grandfather. But when he passed away, Mr. Sterling took me in.

Over the years, Mr. Sterling and Sophie had treated me as family, genuinely accepting me as one of their own. So, even though Liam was a jerk, I stayed at the family home for seven years, gave birth to his children, and took care of the household.

I had thought that, even if I wasn't loved, my life had meaning as long as I had my two precious daughters.

But now, I had nothing.

Some time later, Sophie returned to my room.

"Grandpa wants to see you."

When I walked into Mr. Sterling's room, he was sitting on a chair *by* the bed, looking at me with deep pity.

"My dear, **you're** such a good girl. I've heard from Sophie about all the suffering you've been through these years. Tomorrow, the children will be cremated. After it's over, **if** you want to leave, then go. That damn son doesn't deserve you. He shouldn't have wasted your time."

I didn't say a word, but bowed deeply to Mr. Sterling.

As I bent over, tears dropped to the floor like stones. I was grateful, so grateful for their care over the past twenty years. But I could never forgive Liam- the man who had killed my children.

When I returned to my room, Liam was already waiting there. As soon as he saw me, a sneer appeared on his face.

"Well, what is it? Can't wait **to go** back and complain to Grandpa? Juliette, do you really think that after you've sweet-talked Grandpa and Sophie, I'll stay with you and live happily ever after?"

Seeing him, my hatred flooded over me like a tidal wave. I wanted to kill him, send him straight to hell!

But then, I heard the **soft voices of** my children in my mind.

“Mom, we love Daddy so much. He’s the most handsome daddy at our kindergarten.”

“Mom, we miss **Daddy**. **Will** he **come** home **today to be** with us?”

“We love **you**, Mom, but we love Daddy second **best**.”

Even when **I** rushed to the school to save them, their **last words** before they **lost** consciousness **were** still:

“Mom, please don’t fight with **Dad** because **of** us. **It’s** our fault, **we weren’t** good... we didn’t listen...”

I took **a** deep breath, ignoring Liam, and sat down by the **bed**.

When **I didn’t** speak, Liam **grew angry, grabbing** me and throwing me onto the bed. He pinned my hands above my head.

“Now what’s this **about**? Didn’t you tell Sophie to **call** me **back**?”

As he spoke, **he** leaned down **to** kiss me, but I couldn’t fight back, I could only bite down on his lip hard.

Liam winced in pain and pulled back, sitting up.

“Juliette! Have you lost your mind? **Seeing** you like this disgusts me. **You** must have used that sweet, innocent face to **deceive** Grandpa, **didn’t** you? You tricked me into coming back and now you’re playing hard to **get**? Pathetic. And **it’s** because of your weak parenting that our daughters turned out so—

I bit **my** lip **until** I tasted blood. **Then, softly**, I cut him off.

“**The** children are dead.”

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## Chapter 2

## Chapter 3

Liam’s expression suddenly tightened, and after a brief moment, he scoffed.

“Juliette, you really have no shame. Is this what you’re going to say? You only just found out that Vivi is pregnant, and now you’re making up all these lies?”

After saying this, Liam stood up and walked straight to the door.

Just as he reached the doorway, he paused.

“It’s your own choice, so don’t go whining to Grandpa about how I’ve neglected you. That’ll just make me hate you more.”

Once Liam left, the room grew quiet again. I rushed into the bathroom, scrubbing my teeth furiously, trying to wash away the lingering taste of Liam’s kiss.

Liam and I had once been in love. On the day of my coming-of-age ceremony, eighteen-year-old Liam stood before me, his ears flushed red.

“Juliette, I want to take care of you. I don’t want to just be your brother anymore...”

His cheeks were tinged pink, but his eyes were full of determination, captivating me completely. My heart melted in that moment.

For the following years, Liam treated me like I was the most precious thing in the world, and I did the same, giving him everything I had.

Until that day, when Mr. Sterling called us into his office.

“You’re both of marriageable age now, Juliette. Your grandfather saved my life and I wouldn’t trust you to just anyone. What do you think of Liam?” From that point on, Liam’s attitude toward me changed drastically. The love and tenderness we had shared seemed to vanish overnight.

I had no idea what had happened, and Liam never told me why.

A year into our marriage, I became pregnant. But from then on, Liam barely came home, flaunting his affairs with Vivian in public without shame.

I confronted him, screamed at him—but he only ever looked at me with disgust, as if I were some deranged lunatic.

“You got what you wanted—you’re Mrs. Sterling now, you’ve given the family heirs. What more are you whining about? Stop playing the victim. It makes me sick.”

**Auto added to the Library**

From that moment, I stopped asking him for explanations. I focused on taking **care of our two** children.

I accepted the truth—  
Liam didn't love me, nor did he love our children. But at least I was lucky that the kids were well—  
behaved. I thought that if I could just grow old with them, I would be happy.

But now, I had lost them as well.

The next morning, the children were cremated and buried. I stood outside the funeral home, holding two tiny urns in my arms.

They were so small when they were born, quietly lying in my arms. How had five years passed, and they had become even smaller and lighter?

My eyes stung with tears, but I bit my lip to hold them back.

Sophie looked at me with deep concern.

**"If** it hurts, just **cry**. Don't hold it in."

I didn't respond to Sophie. Instead, I looked toward Mr. Sterling, who was preparing to leave for the cemetery.

"Grandpa, the children won't be buried in the Sterling family tomb. I'm changing their last names. They aren't Sterlings—they're mine."

Mr. Sterling gave me a long, hard look before his anger flared.

"Where is that ungrateful bastard? How dare he skip their funeral!"

Sophie glanced at me nervously and whispered, "His phone's off. We can't reach him."

Closing **his** eyes briefly, Mr. Sterling exhaled before nodding at me.

"They are your children, born after you risked your life. Do as you wish."

The Sterlings had raised me. I owed them everything.

But my children owed them nothing. I wouldn't let them suffer even in death.

After Grandpa left, Sophie gently called me.

### Chapter 3

**Dreams—**

**Read Romance Stories** Betrayed by her mate, she ran away and then found out the secret of what she

## 4.4 FREE

Installed

Open

2.34%

“ . Juliette...”

I smiled at her, holding the two urns tightly as I took a cab straight back home.

I needed to take the children’s things as well. That house was never a home. I didn’t want them staying in that cold, empty house.

But as soon as I opened the door, the sounds of a man and woman moaning in pleasure filled my ears.

“Oh, the doctor said we shouldn’t... I’m pregnant...”

## Chapter 3

## Chapter 4

The man’s voice was hoarse, filled with desire.

“I’ll be gentle. It’s fine, sweetheart. How could I hurt our baby?”

Moments later, the sounds of their passionate intimacy echoed through the house.

They were in the bedroom, lost in their embrace. I couldn’t bring myself to go in and pack. I stood there, at the door, listening to those unbearable sounds, torturing myself.

I didn’t know how long it had been, but eventually, the two of them finally walked out of the bedroom.

The moment Vivian saw me, her eyes gleamed with triumph.

“Oh, Juliette! You’re back? Why didn’t you say anything? Liam just couldn’t help himself—what could I do?”

Liam stood beside Vivian, his arm wrapped around her waist.

“Why bother explaining to her? She’s nobody. Let’s go. We have a check-up with the doctor today. Our baby’s health comes first.”



Not once did Liam look at me. His eyes were only on Vivian.

I stepped aside, quietly making way for them.

As they passed me, Liam finally noticed the two urns I was holding.

“What’s that trash you’re holding? Toss it out—it’s disgusting.”

With those words, Liam pulled Vivian away and left the house.

I stood there, staring down at the urns in my arms.

“He didn’t mean you. Don’t be sad. You’re Mommy’s treasures, and you’re not trash.”

After gently setting the urns down, I began packing up the children’s things.

Clothes, **toys**, dinnerware, and paintbrushes.

When I picked up the little desk from their room, I found a family portrait on it. But in the picture, there were only me and the two girls. Liam wasn’t in it. I shook as I took the photo out of the frame.

My daughter had drawn a man beside the family, and with childish handwriting, she **wrote** five words.

“Daddy loves Mommy,” followed by a small heart.

I couldn’t hold back any longer. I clutched the photo to my chest and sobbed uncontrollably.

**For** the **five** years I had taken care of the children alone, no matter what had happened between Liam and me, I had never spoken ill of him in front of the kids.

But children are the most sensitive beings. They could **see** clearly that Daddy didn’t **love** Mommy.

By the time night fell, I had finally finished packing up the children’s things. I watched **as** the movers loaded the **boxes** onto the truck.

“Miss Hart, **is** there anything else?”

I shook my head and turned back into the house, placing the signed divorce papers on the **coffee** table.

As I left **the** house, I held the **two** urns tightly, feeling an unexpected sense **of** calm.

After a long moment of silence, I took out the **SIM** card from my phone, snapped it in two, and threw it out the window.

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Mr. Sterling and Sophie had arrived **to** confront Liam and **Vivian**, who were there for a prenatal check-up.

The moment Liam saw Mr. Sterling and Sophie, his expression darkened.

“How fucking pathetic can Juliette get? Pretending to be fine at home, then sending **you** two after me? Disgusting-”

Before Liam could finish his sentence, Mr. Sterling slapped him hard across the **face**.

“You ungrateful wretch! You’ve killed your **own** children, and now you’re here playing **happy** family with your whore? How did I raise such a monster?!” Liam staggered, almost losing his balance.

## Chapter 4

**Dream—Read Romance Stories** Betrayed by her mate

313%

## Chapter 5

The moment Vivian saw Mr. Sterling and Sophie, she immediately shrank back, hiding behind Liam.

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But Sophie was faster. She grabbed Vivian’s hair and yanked hard.

“You shameless bitch, how dare you hide! Do you know how old my two nieces are? They’re only five! What kind of sin did they commit that you couldn’t even stand to look at them? How could you be so cruel? Are you even human?”

Vivian fell to the ground, crying out in pain, and Liam hurriedly helped her up, glaring at his sister in disapproval.

“What are you doing?! She’s pregnant! What if something happens to the baby? Let me tell you what happened that day- I just brought Vivi home for a visit, and the kids started yelling at her to leave! Since when do children speak to adults like that?”

He continued. “I’m their father! So what if I’m changing their school to something more suitable? Am I not allowed to raise my own children? Enough! If you’

re so upset, I'll pull them out of that damn school. But don't feed me this bullshit about them being dead—Juliette put you up to this, didn't she?"

Mr. Sterling couldn't hold back any longer, slapping Liam hard across the face and body .

"Since when is a mistress deserved respect?! You worthless disgrace! Those girls were protecting their mother—that's what Sterlings do!"

Mr. Sterling was old, and Liam dared not retaliate. He could only dodge in panic..

"Stop it! People are watching-!"

Mr. Sterling looked at Liam with heartbreaking disappointment, as though he no longer recognized his own grandson.

"If I'd known you'd turn into this heartless monster, I would never have let Juliette marry you. She wouldn't have suffered all these years... and those girls would still be alive."

Tears began to roll down Mr. Sterling's weathered face as he spoke.

"After all you've done **to** Juliette, how am I supposed to face her grandfather when I die ? She was his only beloved granddaughter!"

At this point, Mr. Sterling's mind flashed back to the image of the woman kneeling before him earlier that day.

She had clutched two small urns to her chest, her frail body trembling, but her voice was firm, steel.

Maybe it's better this way. At least she's free now.

Mr. Sterling couldn't bear to look at Liam anymore. He turned and walked toward the door.

"Don't bother coming home. The Sterlings don't claim **you** anymore."

Liam felt his body tremble uncontrollably, but still, he looked up at Sophie with a flicker of hope in his eyes.

"Tell me the truth. Is this some kind **of sick** joke?"

Sophie took a deep **breath**, remembering the woman who had **nearly** collapsed at the police station. **Tears** streamed down her face.

“You sent the **two** kids to that kind **of** school. That school only punishes students physically. They tied the children **to** chairs, whipped them, shocked them with electric batons, and denied them food and water. By the time **we** arrived, it was too late. The children are dead and Juliette **has left**. You’re **free** now—**just** like you always wanted.”

Then she, too, walked away.

Liam’s mind buzzed, and he instinctively moved **to** chase after her, but at that moment, Vivian grabbed him.

“Where are **you** going?”

Liam turned around, panic making him lose all rationality.

“**I’m** going **to** find my children! I’m going **to** find my **wife**! Didn’t you hear? **They’re** gone! **They’re** gone!”

Vivian was startled by **his** outburst but instinctively knew she **couldn’t** let Liam leave at this moment.

“But I’m pregnant! **We’re** having a baby! **You** never loved **those girls** anyway—this is perfect! Now we can Before Vivian could finish speaking, Liam violently wrenched his arm free from her grip.

“You’re nothing compared to them!”

Vivian was caught off guard and was violently thrown to **the ground** by Liam. But Liam **didn’t** even glance at her as he turned to leave. Chapter 5

3.97%

Vivian clutched her stomach, crying in pain.

“Liam! It hurts—the baby-!”

Through her tear-filled vision, Vivian could only see Liam’s figure growing more distant. The man who used to care so deeply about her, who would even

flinch if she furrowed her brow, was now walking away, leaving her calls unanswered.

Liam drove straight home.

As soon as he entered the house, he froze.

The house was empty, devoid of any life. In that moment, Liam fully realized it- Juliette was really gone.

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**391%**

## Chapter 6

Liam stumbled, opening each door one after another.

The master bedroom, the guest room, the study, the closet, until he finally walked into the children's room. Liam collapsed to the floor, unable to support himself anymore.

No wonder Juliette had looked at him last night with eyes full of disappointment and resentment.

In a flash, he remembered when he had left the house that morning, and those "dirty boxes" he'd sneered at this morning...

Those were his daughters' ashes.

His throat closed. He couldn't breathe.

A memory surfaced—their fifth birthday. Under Grandpa's pressure, he'd taken them to an amusement park.

The youngest daughter timidly stood before him, gazing up at him.

"Daddy, don't you have to work today? I'm so happy, thank you for spending my birthday with me."

The older daughter also gently took his hand.

"Daddy, thank you for being with us. Mom was right, you're the best daddy in the world."

Liam collapsed to the floor, clutching his chest, gasping for air.

They... they were so good. Yet, when he had sent them off in the van to that so-called "educational" school, what had he said to them?

"You uneducated brats! Is this how your mom teaches you to treat guests? Just like your mom-

Liam's tears fell heavily onto the floor.

Through blurry eyes, he noticed a photograph on the floor.

He quickly scrambled towards it, his hands trembling as he carefully picked it up.

completely unrefined!"

It was a picture of Juliette with the two children, and next to it, someone had drawn a small figure with the word "Dad" written crookedly above it.

All the emotions Liam had suppressed came pouring out at that moment, and he finally broke down, sobbing uncontrollably.

Other than this photo, Juliette had left him nothing.

She hated him, and had left him with nothing but anger and sorrow.

Liam frantically pulled out his phone, dialing Juliette's number over and over.

But no matter how many times he called, all he heard was the cold, mechanical voice of the phone being turned off.

It felt as though his heart had been dropped into an endless abyss, sinking deeper and deeper, until there was no sound left.

It **wasn't** until this moment that Liam **realized**.

For all these years, **Juliette had** always been **there**, wherever he looked, standing with their two daughters **in** front of him.

She **had** never once let him not find **her**.

But now, she didn't want to wait for him **anymore**. **She** had **left**, and he would never find her again.

From the moment they had met at the age **of eight**, for **twenty**—one years, **it** had always been **Juliette** making concessions **for** him.

**It** was him- **it** was him who had repeatedly betrayed her love, and in the end, caused the **death** of **their two** children.

Liam couldn't bear **to** think any further. He wiped away his tears, staggering to his **feet** and leaving the house. He **drove** straight **to** the Sterling mansion.

Inside, Sophie and Mr. Sterling sat in a daze in the living room, holding the two children's full-month photos, tears streaming down their **faces**.

When they saw Liam, Sophie's voice still carried anger.

"Grandpa told you not to come back. Get **out**."

But Liam ignored her, kneeling directly in front of Mr. Sterling, his voice hoarse as he spoke.

"Grandpa, please tell me, where is Juliette?"

Chapter 6

4.69%

Chapter 7

Mr. Sterling seemed to have not heard a word, continuing to wipe the photo frame in his hands with a gentle smile in his eyes.

Sophie couldn't take it anymore and slapped Liam hard across the face.

"How dare you ask about Juliette's whereabouts! How many times have I tried to warn you over the years? If I were Juliette, I'd want to kill you!"

But for seven years, she'd tried to reason with him, to no avail. He'd always blamed Juliette instead for tattling, for manipulating the family against him.

She'd even confronted Vivian once, only for the woman to run straight to Liam.

She still remembered his fury that day.

"If you cause any more trouble for Vivi, I'll never come back to this house! Since you all cherish Juliette so much, let her rot in this marriage forever!"

Sophie's tears streamed down her face. She couldn't forgive Liam, and she couldn't forgive herself. Those two children were so well-behaved, always running after her calling "Auntie, Auntie," and always remembering to bring her a gift of food or toys.

Liam took Sophie's slap, his expression one of panic as he hurried to justify himself.

"I didn't mean to. I really didn't mean it. I just thought the children were misbehaving, so I wanted to punish them..."

Sophie grabbed a cup from the table and threw it at him. The cup hit Liam's forehead, opening up a large gash, and blood began dripping down **his** face.

“You didn’t mean it? How dare you say you didn’t mean it! Tell me, honestly, were the children really misbehaving? They’ve been raised by Juliette alone for the past five years. How dare you say she didn’t raise them well? What exactly are you punishing here—her or the children? What did Juliette do wrong?”

Blood smeared across his face, but Liam didn’t seem to notice at all.

“I never meant to hurt her. I just... I couldn’t stand being controlled anymore! My whole life, you and Grandpa dictated everything—even my marriage! Grandpa owed her family a debt, so I became repayment. A transaction!” His voice broke into sobs.

Mr. Sterling finally spoke, icy with disdain.

“We forced you? You think you were ever good enough for her? It was you who confessed to her first! You chose her! Yet now you blame us? Liam, you’re no Sterling. You’re a coward.”

Liam froze. Then, slowly, he crumpled to the floor, weeping.

**It** was true.

He’d loved Juliette first.

He’d resented being controlled—but why take it out on her?

Liam collapsed, sobbing as he knelt at Mr. Sterling’s feet.

“I’m sorry... I’m sorry... Please, please, tell me where Juliette is. I really beg you...”

Mr. Sterling didn’t even spare him a glance. He stood up slowly, walked toward the stairs, and said, “Juliette doesn’t want to see you.”

Liam froze, his head sinking down as if he were absorbing the final blow. No one knew what was going on in his mind.

After what felt like an eternity, Liam staggered to his feet, muttering to himself.

**“I’ll find her. I will find her...”**

Chapter 7

Open

Chapter 8



I knew nothing of the Sterlings' turmoil. After leaving, I took my daughters to Spring City—a place that never snowed. They'd always hated the cold.

In the month since leaving, my heart had never been more at peace.

Today, as usual, I was wiping the children's photos when there came an urgent knock at the door.

I opened the door, and a familiar figure immediately dropped to his knees.

"Juliette, I've come to take you and the children home."

I had no intention of engaging with him and tried to close the door, but Liam placed his hand on the doorframe, stopping me.

"Please, let me say just a few words."

I hesitated for a moment and then stopped.

"Liam, just go. I have nothing to say to you."

Liam straightened up quickly, kneeling again.

"I won't leave unless you come with me. The divorce papers haven't been signed yet. You're still my wife. Come back with me."

I looked down at the man kneeling in front of me.

"Go back to what? Watching you fuck Vivian in our bed? Playing nanny to her **baby**?"

Liam froze for a moment, but quickly denied it.

"It's not like that. I made Vivian abort the child. I've broken up with her. I'll be good to you from now on... I—"

I sneered.

"So what? **Just** because she had an abortion, does that erase your betrayal? Does that bring my children back? You think that somehow makes everything better? **If** you felt even an **ounce** of remorse, you wouldn't be here."

Liam's **face** turned pale, his lips trembled, but no words came out.

Tears fell from my eyes in large drops.

“Liam, **you** killed **my** children. Why do you think I’ll go back with you?”

The tears dripped onto Liam’s hands, and he flinched as though burned.

“**It** wasn’t like that. **Please**, listen **to** me. I didn’t mean to hurt them. They are my own daughters! How could I ever want to hurt them? It was an accident. I didn’t mean **to** hurt them, **please** believe me...”

**I didn’t want** to hear it anymore.

“Enough! They’re not **your** children! Every word from your mouth makes me sick.”

“**You** ‘didn’t mean **to**’—does that **resurrect** them? How dare **you** beg for forgiveness?”

Liam’s eyes turned red, and he remained silent for a long while. Finally, he whispered.

“I’m sorry.”

His three words **made** me laugh.

“So?”

Chapter 8

Open

Chapter 9

Liam’s eyes seemed to light up, as though he had found hope.

“I wasn’t thinking clearly before. I stubbornly thought of myself as just a tool for repaying a debt, so I did those terrible things. But now I understand. I’ll treat you well from now on. Please, forgive me. Give me another chance. We’re still young, and we can have more children...”

I couldn’t hold back anymore and slapped him across the face with all my strength.

“Even now, you’re still trampling on my feelings! You were unhappy with how your family arranged your life, but there were so many other things you could have resisted. Why choose to rebel against marriage? Do you think I’m that easy to fool?”

Liam’s tears fell steadily as he couldn’t speak another word.

I struggled to smile, but tears uncontrollably spilled from my eyes.

“Liam, if you really feel guilty, let me go. Let the children go.”

After those words, I didn’t look at him again and slammed the door shut. I didn’t know when Liam left, but the next morning, when I opened the door, I found it empty except for the divorce papers lying quietly on the doorstep.

In the end, Liam signed them.

A month later, after the cooling-off period had ended, I went back to finalize the divorce.

After getting the divorce certificate, Sophie and I sat in a café, both silent.

Sophie cautiously told me everything that had happened during this time.

The special education school had been shut down, with thousands of students rescued, and all the responsible personnel were sentenced.

After Liam returned from home, he hadn’t gone back to the company and stayed home, drinking to drown his sorrows.

When he was found, he had collapsed at home.

Sophie had forced him to the hospital, where doctors said he had a severe mental illness and would require long-term treatment.

Vivian, after aborting the child, caused a scene at the house, but Mr. Sterling, a man of firm resolve, wasn’t going to let a woman like her control him. He produced evidence of Vivian’s embezzlement, and in turn, she was sent to prison.

After telling me all of this, Sophie looked at me with concern.

“My brother’s mental state is really bad now. Do you want to...?”

**Before she** could finish, I shook my head.

“No, there’s nothing left between me and him now. We can never meet in peace again.”

Sophie sighed deeply.

“Grandpa actually didn’t want **me to** come. He said that not seeing each other is better for you now, but I insisted on coming **to** see you. No matter what, **I** want you to know that both Grandpa and I always considered you family. I just hope you don’t hate my brother.”

I smiled faintly but didn't answer, **my** thoughts drifting to Liam when he was eighteen.

The young man standing in front **of** me, his cheeks flushed, spoke **softly**.

**"I want to take care of you. Not as your brother..."**

**Had** he meant it? I'd never know. **But** I had.

I didn't answer Sophie. Just drained **my coffee** and **left**.

I could never promise that. Because I would never **forgive him**.

## Chapter 9

### Chapter 1

In the third year of my marriage to Davion Koch, he kept a younger and more delicate side chick behind my back, telling everyone to keep it from me.

Everyone around me said I was his beloved, his Achilles' heel.

But when he was drunk, he joked, "I didn't realize until I married Marisa that she's just okay."

The man who swore at seventeen to love me for a lifetime was now holding a young girl in his arms, cooing, "She's so boring, of course I love you the most, babe."

The day I left was like any other; no one noticed anything unusual.

The maid smiled and asked if I was going out for shopping.

I nodded with a smile. "No need to prepare dinner tonight."

I had made up my mind to leave him for good.

Davion had no idea that the girl he dismissed as "just okay" was so stubborn.

And she would never tolerate betrayal.

I held my coat, with a bag of liver-protecting pills in hand.

The hallway was long, the light from the lamps casting a kaleidoscope of colors on the oil paintings, which then scattered across the floor.

At the end of the hall, laughter grew louder.

Davion had this entire floor booked year-round.

No one was allowed near, so they didn't even bother to close the door.

My heel got caught in the plush carpet, and as I bent down, the necklace around my neck suddenly broke, scattering pearls across the floor. My heart inexplicably ached.

As I was about to squat down to pick up the pearls, I heard Davion's voice.

"No. I'm not as fickle as you guys.

"My first love and the love of my life is and always has been my wife."

He was probably drunk, his voice filled with pride and satisfaction.

I couldn't help but purse my lips, feeling great as I held the cool pearls.

"What a shame." Davion suddenly sighed, "I didn't realize until I married Marisa that she's just okay."

I clenched my fists.

The pearls dug into the soft flesh of my palm; my smile frozen at the corner of my lips.

"What about me, Davion!" A soft female voice suddenly rang out, carrying a hint of grievance and resentment.

"You say your wife is the only love of your life, then what am I to you?"

"Last night you said you loved me the most!"

The men all laughed, "Silly girl, do you really believe what men say in bed?"

"Besides, it's only right that he loves his wife.

"What are you, a mistress, competing for his affection for?"

Davion! Look at them!" The girl's voice was on the verge of tears, sounding truly pitiful.

"Alright, stop teasing her."

"She's **no** mistress. She's my official girlfriend, watch your words."

Davion's voice became serious, sounding displeased.

Chapter 1

## Dreame—Read Romance Storles

Betrayed by her mate she ran away secret of

781%

“Seriously, Davion? You fell for her?”

Davion nodded. “She’s been with me since she was eighteen. I have to take responsibility.”

“Beast, you made a move as soon as she turned adult?”

“Aren’t you afraid Marisa’s gonna make a fuss?”

Davion laughed, “She’s dependent on me. She wouldn’t dare.

“But you guys better keep your mouths shut. I love her, and I don’t wanna upset her.”

“You say you love her, then what about me?” The young girl started to complain again.

Davion pulled her close, holding her in his arms and comforting her.

“Seriously? You’re crying over such a trivial thing?”

The girl sobbed, “Davion, I want you to say you love me the most... Even if it’s a lie, I’m willing to believe it.” “Alright, babe, she’s so boring, of course I love you the most.”

I stood outside the door and suddenly smiled.

The man who once swore to love me for a lifetime was now comforting a younger girl.

But I didn’t even want to go in and confront him.

Once a cheater, always a cheater.

I turned around and walked back down the long corridor.

Seventeen-year-old Davion secretly carved my name on his desk, vowing to love me for a lifetime. But his **so**—called lifetime was just ten years.

Chapter 1