

## His child lived, mine didn't 26

### Chapter 1

Aria Bennett and Lucas Blake were a couple who did not love each other.

Lucas hated her for driving away his dream lover, and Aria resented him for marrying her but not loving her.

When Aria was being kidnapped by the bandits, Lucas only said one sentence: "Tear the ticket, tear it quickly, tear it all and then throw it into the sea!"

As he wished, the heavenly god truly granted her only half a month of earthly time.

In the past half month, she took him to every place of memories, making him fall in love with her and then unable to have her.

When Aria was being kidnapped by the bandits, Lucas was still outside enjoying himself with young models.

When she was in a state of drowsiness, an ethereal **voice** sounded in her ear, saying, "Your attachment is too deep, preventing you from passing on. The Underworld."

Compassion, I allow you to return to the mortal world for half a month, to settle your worldly ties, and then you may reenter the cycle of reincarnation. Everyone died, even their bodies would disintegrate, how could they possibly come back to life?

Aria only felt that this was a ridiculous lie to deceive children and didn't take it seriously.

When she opened her eyes again, she found herself on a giant cruise ship, with a prominent banner catching her eye. Congratulations to Lucas for finally getting rid of Aria and starting a new life!

The lights flickered, rock music blared, and the crowd went wild.

Aria's heart suddenly shook, filled with a sour ache.

This cruise ship, named Celestial Love, was a commemorative cruise for her and Lucas when they got married.

She never

imagined that while she was being tortured to death by the kidnappers, her husband Lucas was celebrating with his brothers at a party. "Aria Bennett! How dare you show up!"

When she was startled, a voice wrapped in frosty sound rang out, and then her neck was grabbed by a pair of strong and powerful hands.

Aria looked at the man in front of her, her eyes filled with undisguised disgust and anger.

Lucas had not a single worry while she was being kidnapped these days.

She silently mocked her own ambiguity in her heart.

At this moment, the people around, seeing the situation, also burst into laughter one after another.

"Aria Bennett, didn't **you** say that **you** were kidnapped by the bandits and torn apart? How come you didn't die? Are **you** performing a resurrection for everyone?"

"**You** really went **all** out! To prevent Lucas from going abroad to see Nora, **you** staged a kidnapping drama. Is it a fake death now?" "When did I... um!"

**Aria was** about **to** retort when the hand around her neck tightened.

She looked into Lucas' eyes, crimson with no doubt that **he** really wanted **to** strangle her.

Just **as** she was about to **lose** her breath due to lack **of oxygen**, a gentle female **voice** intervened, saying, "**Lucas, don't** do this,"

As the words fell, Aria felt the restraint on her neck loosen.

Taking a deep breath of fresh air, she coughed violently, her **gaze** falling upon the **source** of the female **voice**.

Nora Bennett, the cherished **adopted** daughter of the Bennett family.

She was her sister and also Lucas' **dream** lover.

"See, **if** you hadn't intervened, Nora and Lucas would have been so happy."

"Force Nora to **go** abroad, she came **back**, and you shamelessly came back, Aria, Valmontis' poisonous woman, It's none other than you!" **Amid** mocking laughter, Aria looked at the two people standing closely together.

Chapter 1

D

## **Dream-Read Romance Stories**

16.75%

If it were in the past, she would have gotten angry and rushed forward to separate them, then she would have tiptoed and slapped Lucas hard on the face, declaring her dominance to Nora.

But now, she had done nothing, just stood still in the same place, with a bitter smile on her lips.

In order to not love her own parents, in order to always have someone else's husband in her heart, she tried to please and cater to others in every way, but ended up with a tragic death where no one claimed her body.

She vividly remembered that the kidnappers gave her a cellphone before tearing up the ticket, giving her ten chances to make phone calls to ask for

ransom.

The first time, she called her father but he didn't answer.

The second time, she called her mother. When the call was connected, before she could say anything, her mother started scolding her.

“Aria, could you please stop making a fuss! Nora is currently undergoing surgery, and you still want to play tricks and steal our attention. If only it were you who had leukemia!”

The sound of the phone’s ring echoed, and tears blurred her vision.

She called Lucas eight more times, but he didn’t answer any of them. They were all hanging up.

The kidnapper sneered and shouted, “Aren’t you the daughter of the Bennett, the wife of the president of the Blake Group? I made ten calls, and not a single person came to save you. You are of no use to me!”

Then, she saw the gleaming dagger of the kidnapper, and it stabbed into her heart, the blood staining her chest in circles of blood blossoms.

C

Aria touched her chest, where she could still feel the excruciating pain as if it had penetrated her very bones.

Nora also saw her, and after a moment of surprise, a gentle smile appeared on her face.

Stepping forward quickly, he grabbed her hand.

“Ria, why didn’t you come home if you didn’t die? Do you know that our parents, upon hearing the news of your death, were so devastated that they were hospitalized multiple times?”

“What’s bothering you, tell it to your sister. You are my younger sister, and your sister will always give in to you.”

The light and casual words solidified her act of “faking her death to deceive people”.

It is clear that she was really kidnapped.

Aria didn’t want to see the insincere Nora, so she was about to leave, but just as she took a step, her hand was grabbed by Lucas.

“Where else do you want to go? Even if you really died, I wouldn’t be sad.”

Aria’s wrist ached, and her heart felt pain, but her gaze fell upon the translucent prayer beads on his left hand.

That was three years ago when Lucas fell seriously ill, and she braved the heavy snow to devoutly pray for him at Ashford Chapel. Aria didn’t say anything, she just reached out and took off the prayer beads from Lucas’ wrist.

The prayer beads broke, just like her love for him in this lifetime shattered.

## Chapter 1

### His child lived, mine didn’t 27

His child lived, mine didn’t 27

## Chapter 2

The prayer beads rolled to the ground, and Lucas’s heart seemed to roll along with them.

Someone laughed and said, “Aria, this is something you broke yourself. We all saw it with our own eyes, so don’t go blaming Lucas again!”

“Um, it was me who broke it.”

Aria looked at the scattered beads on the ground, her almond eyes devoid of color, and her voice was extremely soft, “Not blaming Lucas.”

Upon hearing this, everyone was startled and forgot to respond.

Lucas’s face darkened abruptly, and he quickly grabbed her hand with a cold voice.

“Speak and keep your word, those who lie shall not have a good death!”

Upon hearing the word “death,” Aria’s body trembled slightly uncontrollably, and the pain in her chest resurfaced.

“Why aren’t you speaking? Feeling guilty?” Lucas pressed on, step by step.

“Think whatever you want.” She shrugged him off, bent down, and picked up the prayer beads one by one, amidst the curious gazes. And then, without saying anything, they just left.

Anyway, no matter what she said, Lucas wouldn’t believe it, so I just didn’t bother saying anything.

Half an hour later, I returned to Lunaris Villa.

of

everyone.

This was their marital home, but most of the time, only she lived here alone. Except for the designated days each month when they were supposed to share the same room, Lucas would rather sleep at the office than set foot in here.

Aria found a box and put the broken prayer beads in it.

She wanted to collect all the worldly possessions as soon as possible, to sever these attachments, and only then could she be reborn.

Suddenly, a warm and magnetic voice broke the suffocating silence.

“Baby, why didn’t you come home for so long?”

Aria looked up and saw the phone next to her light up, with Lucas’ face appearing on the screen.

That was her customized 3D virtual boyfriend, Good Boy Luke.

He looked exactly like Lucas, wearing a black shirt and suit pants, even the teardrop mole at the corner of his eye was identical.

The only difference was that Good Boy Luke had gentle and affectionate eyes, while Lucas had cold and indifferent eyes.

Aria's eyes grew warm, and memories flooded her mind.

She and Lucas were the two archenemies of Valmontis, one in the south and the other in the north.

Aria was a mischievous and rebellious person, always acting in a wild and extravagant manner. She had the temperament of a spoiled princess, and there was no trouble she wouldn't dare to cause.

Lucas, elegant and refined, was praised by the elders as a "noble young gentleman". At the age of seventeen, he already surpassed his peers in composure and reserve.

Five years ago, Lucas, without any grudges, lent a helping hand at the bar and saved her from being violated.

Since then, she chased after Lucas to repay him and was determined to conquer this unattainable peak flower. Lucas coldly rejected her.

"Aria, the wife I wanted, was gentle and dignified, while you were just a tomboy."

After that day, Aria put away her playfulness and started learning various social etiquettes of a lady. She delved into various talents such as piano, oil painting, and flower arrangement.

From a reckless young lady, she transformed into Valmontis, an elegant socialite.

When she finally became eligible and was ready to confess her feelings again, she heard the news that Lucas was going to marry her sister Nora. Aria was heartbroken and quietly withdrew.

Chapter 2

21

**Dream—Read Romance Stories**

Book Tale

19.53%

4

On the eve of the wedding, Nora came to see her.

“Ria, my sister has someone she loves dearly, can you marry Lucas on behalf of my sister?”

At that moment, Aria’s heart skipped a beat, hiding her selfishness and reluctantly agreeing to Nora.

Nora left the country overnight and she wore a wedding dress to marry Lucas.

For some reason, everyone said that she forced Nora to leave and broke up this couple of ‘lovers’.

After that, Lucas began to hate her.

Memories resurfaced as tears welled up in Aria’s eyes, falling drop by drop onto the screen of her phone. Meanwhile, the virtual Lucas seemed to emit mechanical sounds as if he had some kind of perception.

“Baby, did you cry?”

Aria lowered her gaze, her eyes once again falling on Good Boy Luke, unable to hold back the tears welling up in her eyes.

Good Boy Luke used to be her emotional support for Lucas.

At this very moment, she suddenly understood, it was also her obsession.

Aria regained her composure and placed her finger on the button to erase the memory.

“Good Boy Luke...” Erased memories.

Before four words could be spoken, a familiar soft chuckle was heard at the door.



“Aria, are you so desperate for love that you even need to have a substitute of me in your phone?”

## Chapter 2

### His child lived, mine didn't 28

His child lived, mine didn't 28

## Chapter 3

Aria turned around and met Lucas' cold gaze. She opened her mouth to explain, but her phone emitted the gentle voice of Good Boy Luke once again.

“Baby, why weren't you speaking? Don't you want me as your husband anymore?”

One sentence, as if pronouncing guilt on Aria.

Lucas's face darkened like ink as he strode forward and turned off her phone.

“Aria, stop playing these self-directed dramas. Since you drove Nora away, there is only mutual torment left between you and me.”

The cold moonlight enveloped Aria, making her feel lonely and desolate.

Lucas walked for a long time, and the four words “mutually torment” containing hatred still lingered in her mind.

It took a while for her to come to her senses. She opened her phone and pressed the delete button for Good Boy Luke.

As the progress bar moved forward little by little, the virtual “Lucas” completely disappeared.

Aria's heart seemed to empty for a moment, but a relieved smile curved at the corner of her mouth.

An obsession, all in vain.

Ten o'clock at night.

Aria was about to turn off the lights and rest when her phone vibrated. It was a call from Director Reid.

She answered the call, and on the other end, Director Reid's voice came through, unable to hide his excitement.

"Serith, your debut novel 'The Pale Summit' has caught the attention of investors who are interested in adapting it into a short drama. When are you available to discuss the details?"

Aria was slightly startled, and thoughts flooded her mind.

Three years ago, after being rejected for the 99th time when confessing to Lucas, she had no outlet for her unrequited love. So she used the pseudonym 'Serith' to write online, pouring her hidden affection into words.

To my surprise, overnight, it became viral all over the internet, and after being signed by the company, she became a popular and well-known screenwriter.

The main characters in this book, The Pale Summit, were the counterparts of her and Lucas.

In the story, however, the ending she gave to the main characters was perfect, but in reality, Lucas harbored hatred towards her.

Personally, she did not want to bring this novel to the screen, but the copyright now belongs to the company, so she had no reason to refuse. After thinking about it, I agreed.

"Tomorrow morning."

After hanging up the phone, Aria rubbed her forehead and fell into a deep sleep, feeling exhausted.

The next day, at the company.

After Aria arrived, she waited in the lounge for Director Reid.

Suddenly, there was a commotion at the door. She turned her head and saw two figures , and to her surprise, it was Lucas and Nora.

Nora also saw her and walked over, speaking gently, “Ria, what a coincidence.”

Aria didn’t reply, and Nora continued, “Lucas came for me. He knew about my acting dream and wanted to buy the rights to adapt ‘The Pale Summit,’ a novel by the popular online writer ‘Serith,’ for **me**,”

Aria’s eyes flickered and she looked at Lucas, who was still surrounded by the crowd.

**So**, the investment party that Director Reid mentioned, it was him....

At that moment, Lucas, who had just finished his work, also caught sight of Aria and his eyes turned icy cold.

He walked over and his voice was cold: “Aria, what are you doing here?”

### Chapter 3

## His child lived, mine didn’t 29

His child lived, mine didn’t 29

### Chapter 4

Aria’s heart shook fiercely!

Lucas hated her, she always knew, but she never knew how deep the hatred went.

The dense and overwhelming pain in her heart made it impossible for her to say a single word.

At that moment, Nora came out and said, “Lucas, it was raining, please take me home.”

Lucas turned around and the two of them walked side by side.

His umbrella leaned completely towards Nora’s side, carefully protecting her, afraid that a single raindrop would touch the woman.

Aria stood under the eaves, gazing quietly.

A long time ago, there was also a rainy day.

She went to the Blake Group to meet Lucas, carrying only an umbrella, hoping to have a romantic walk in the rain with him, just like in a drama.

But in the end, it was as if there was a galaxy between them.

After arriving home, both of them were drenched by the rain and looked disheveled.

Originally, love and non-love were already revealed in these subtle moments.

Aria's deep pain surged again, and her eyes turned red involuntarily.

The rain had been pouring for a long time when Director Reid hurriedly arrived.

During the conversation, Director Reid exclaimed, "The Blake Group really went all out this time, investing ten billion in the short film. No wonder there are rumors that Nora, the eldest daughter of the Bennett family, was Mr. Blake's dream lover."

"However, they wanted to change the ending. 'Serith' teacher, is it okay with you?"

Aria nodded, "Agreed."

She didn't understand until she died once, that this perfect ending was also her obsession with Lucas.

Since it was wrong, it had to be corrected.

After finalizing all the details of the contract, Aria went home.

Lucas still didn't come back.

In the evening, Aria opened her computer and was brainstorming.

At that moment, a message popped up in the bottom right corner, it was the Grant Group's official Facebook Page, announcing the purchase of the IP The Pale Summit and revealing Nora as the female lead.

Below, along with it, is the hot topic of Lucas spending billions for Nora.

In just a few minutes, a wave was stirred up.

Ah, ah, ah! This was the first pair of Valmontis' Elite Circle CP that I stumbled upon, and finally, the old flame reignited!

Hurry up and get together, or else let Mr. Blake play the male lead! We love watching stories where the superior person bows down!

This heart-wrenching script became the backdrop for Lucas and Nora's love.

Aria forced a smile at the corner of her lips, exited the page, printed out the original ending, and put it into the box along with the prayer beads.

The next day.

Aria was woken up by the alarm clock in her phone.

Today, it was Madam Bennett's birthday banquet.

The gift had been prepared before she had an accident, but at that moment, she hesitated for a moment before deciding to go.

Parents may not have wanted to see her, but it was also the last time.

Moreover, I still had some belongings left in the original room.

Chapter 4

**Dreame—Read Romance** Start

21.09%

After changing her clothes, Aria went out.

At the entrance, a Rolls-Royce Phantom waited patiently.

Lucas opened the car window, his voice lacking any warmth: "It wouldn't be good if we didn't go for Mom's birthday. Get in the car."

After getting married, he even avoided accompanying her on the post-wedding visit.

When Nora came back from abroad, Lucas was no longer hiding.

Aria knew in her heart who she was going to meet.

One hour later, the Bennett's Villa.

Celebrities gathered, guests filled the seats, and it was luxurious and lively.

Standing at the doorway, Aria could hear the laughter and chatter coming from the living room.

She stepped forward and forced a smile as she spoke.

"Mom, Dad, I'm back."

He handed the gift to Madam Bennett again, saying, "Mom, happy birthday."

The joyful atmosphere instantly turned cold.

Sir Bennett's face turned cold: "So you decided to come back! Why don't you continue with your little play of the pot calling the kettle black!"

Madam Bennett also looked disappointed and said, "Ria, you really were so irresponsible!"

Aria opened her mouth, several times wanting to explain, but she didn't know how to say something that even she felt was absurd.

She actually, really died...

At that moment, Nora stepped forward and took hold of Sir Bennett and Madam Bennett's hands, speaking gently, "Ria has realized her mistake. Today is Mom's birthday, let's not talk about unhappy things."

Then, I turned to Lucas and said, "Lucas, come and help me cut the cake for mom."

"Okay."

Lucas responded with a gentle look and then walked away.

Sir Bennett and Madam Bennett's faces lit up with smiles again.

Her biological parents, her legal husband, and Nora chatted and cut the cake intimately.

She was always like a forgotten person in this household.

Whether alive or dead.

Aria didn't disturb the warmth of this 'family' and handed the gift to the servant standing by, then returned to her former room.

In the room, traces of her teenage years were still preserved.

There was a photo on the bedside table taken when I was ten years old with my parents .

At that time, Nora had not yet joined the Bennett family. In the photo, she had a radiant smile on her face, and Sir Bennett and Madam Bennett's eyes were filled with pride and indulgence.

Aria looked for a long time, and her eyes gradually became moist.

Long ago, she took a deep breath and brought a large cardboard box, intending to collect all these relics of her past.

As I tidied up, I suddenly realized that Lucas' things occupied a large portion.

She gave Lucas 88 gifts, but he returned all of them.

The love letters she handwrote to Lucas, none of which were ever opened, numbered 99.

In the past, he had to knit a scarf with ten fingers pierced, traveled abroad to help him snatch limited edition sneakers, and traveled around the world to buy antiques,

Every single **one**, as if telling Aria, how much effort her past self put into loving Lucas.

Chapter 4

**Dreame**

C

The icy heart felt as if it had been scalded by boiling water, causing both pain and numbness.

Afterwards, she put each of them into the box, these keys that she once thought could lead to love, now realizing that they were nothing but chains that trapped herself.

Aria finished tidying up and then went downstairs.

Passing by the living room, it was still filled with joy and laughter.

She had originally planned to leave quietly, when suddenly a familiar male voice, with his back turned to her, entered her ears.

“Sir Bennett, Madam Bennett, hello, I am Ethan Carter!”

Like a thunderbolt, it froze Aria in place.

The voice, it was the voice of the kidnapper who had abducted and killed her.

Chapter 4

**His child lived, mine didn't 30**

His child lived, mine didn't 30



## Chapter 5

In a dark room, her limbs were bound to a cold iron frame, her eyes were covered with a black cloth, and the sound of the kidnapper's sinister laughter echoed in her ears, piercing her eardrums and tormenting her nerves.

"Ms. Bennett, no one came to save you, unfortunately your beautiful little face soon dimmed."

She could never forget that sound, the pain of the blade cutting through her skin over and over again!

Aria's face turned instantly pale, and her body trembled uncontrollably.

The cardboard box in hand fell to the ground with a 'clatter'.

Several people looked at her in unison.

Sir Bennett's face

turned pale: "Aria, what were you sneaking around and peeping at again?!"

Aria stared at the man's face intently and hoarsely exclaimed, "It was him, it was him who kidnapped me!"

"Nonsense!"

Madam Bennett exclaimed in distress, "This is your sister Nora's friend, and you're saying what nonsense!"

Nora's face, however, flashed a hint of guilt, but quickly she came over and turned into a caring sister: "Ria, did you have hallucinations because you're too tired? Sister will help you back to your room to rest."

Aria pushed Nora aside and tremblingly took out her phone to call the police, but her wrist was grabbed by a large hand.

Lucas's eyes were icy, and his voice contained a warning: "Enough, Aria! Are you still going to play the game of pretending to be kidnapped by someone else today? Stop it!"

Everyone's words stabbed her heart like a cold blade.

She was in so much pain that she almost choked, but she trembled and looked at the four people, yet she couldn't make a sound for a long time.

She almost forgot that no one here would believe her.

Because, no one cared about her life at all.

Suddenly, Aria clutched the box in confusion and fled away.

I always returned to the villa.

She still felt as if she hadn't crawled out of that cold dungeon, with every inch of her skin exuding coldness.

The images of humiliation kept enlarging in her mind, making her feel tangled and confused.

That person was Nora's friend, so is the kidnapping incident also related to Nora?

Aria calmed her emotions, trembling hands, and opened the mobile search engine. She entered the name Ethan Carter.

The young master of the Carter Group.

Valmontis, the young gentleman of the privileged circle, was able to navigate both the legal and illegal worlds, making him truly influential and successful.

Aria looked at the picture above and felt a wave of panic in her heart.

At this moment, a contemptuous laugh suddenly sounded from behind, "Aria, using kidnapping as an **excuse** to attract men's attention, not bad tactics." Aria turned around and met Lucas' playful black **eyes**.

What, just after saying you wanted to break up with me, you immediately set your sights on the next target? Are you so fond of competing with Nora for things like this?

She didn't expect Lucas to come back.

She thought he would accompany Nora at the Bennett's Villa tonight.

This silence became a default in Lucas's eyes, and he squinted his dark eyes and a cold smile appeared on his thin lips.

"Aria, **it** was you who first dragged me into this web of marriage. I said, unless you die, you will be trapped in this marriage with me for the rest of our lives."

## **Chapter 5**

### **Dream—Read Romance Stories**

21.88%

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Chapter **5**

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**Dreame—Read Romance Stories**

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Chapter 6

**Sir** Bennett quickly agreed, “Yes, I revoke it! I am Aria’s father, and it was my fault for not teaching her properly! I allowed her to have a mischievous nature from a young age, and she loves to do these outrageous things to seek attention, causing trouble for all of you.”

Madam Bennett also stepped forward, “I was Aria’s mother, and it was us who spoiled her and twisted her character, making her speak without any filter!”

Aria stood frozen in place, her heart being slowly pried open like a pair of tweezers.

They were her warmest and closest family in this world.

But they scorned her, condemned her, and regarded her as a disgrace!

Aria closed her eyes, and her whole body seemed to have been drained of strength.

Don’t expect it.

Even if the police accepted her report, found her body, they would not have a shred of sorrow.

Watching the case being dismissed, Aria truly experienced what it meant to feel heartbroken. Afterwards, she couldn't even remember how she had returned to the police station.

In the empty and silent living room, Lucas's cold voice resounded.

"Aria, before you provoke other men, it would be better to look at your own status first, in case..."

Halfway through speaking, he caught sight of the red handprint on her fair face, like a thorn piercing his chest, suffocating and causing the second half of the sentence to choke in his throat.

In an instant, he suppressed his strange emotions and brought a cold pack towards Aria's face.

Aria snapped back to reality and instinctively moved to the side to dodge.

Lucas's right hand froze in mid-air, and his face darkened.

"Snap!"

The ice pack fell heavily on the ground, and Lucas' gaze had already turned cold.

"Kindness was taken for granted, making up things out of thin air, you deserve to suffer, it's better if you suffer to death."

He left after saying this sentence.

Aria watched his back, a faint and self-deprecating smile tugging at the corners of her mouth.

"Lucas, I was indeed being tortured to death."

It was a long time before Aria slowly got up and returned to her bedroom, waiting for Director Reid to urge her manuscript.

I opened the computer and wrote down the final ending for The Pale Summit.



The bell rang, and the male lead and the female lead walked away, one heading south and the other heading north. From then on, the landscapes never met, and there **was** no intersection in the **rest** of their **lives**.

**Afterwards**, she covered herself with the blanket and slowly fell **asleep**, sobbing softly.

The next **day**, it was gloomy.

Aria woke up, and she didn't expect that the ending she had rewritten would **cause** such a **stir** on the internet.

If I remember **correctly**, this is an autobiography written by 'Serith' based on his beloved one. How did it turn into a tragedy?

As a **die**—

hard fan of the original couple, I waited for so many years, but I never **expected to** end up **as** a shipwrecked fan.

There was also support.

**It** was a difficult **task**, but it was the ending that the fans of this book had longed **for** – a complete estrangement until death,

Yeah, the male lead didn't really love the female lead at all. The ending was perfect, and the female lead finally became **herself** again.

**The** heated argument between the two factions was raging, but Aria paid no attention.

For **her**, this was the end of her and Lucas.

Chapter 6

**Dream**—Read Re

After having breakfast, the phone rang.

"Hello, miss. This is the Wishing Pavilion. You left a wish pouch with us a year ago, and now you can come and collect it."

Aria remembered that three years ago, the Wishing Pavilion opened in Valmontis. She happened to pass by and wrote down her own wish, hoping to fulfill it in the future.

Half an hour later, Aria arrived at the Wishing Pavilion.

I took the faded wish bag from the staff's hand.

A wedding ring lay quietly inside, it was her and Lucas' wedding ring, and it was also the most important thing she had ever considered.

Next to it, there was a slightly yellowed piece of paper with her former wish written on it.

One: Reconcile with parents as soon as possible and mend the rift.

2: Lucas could see her goodness, as long as he liked her, he could wait as long as it took.

As she watched, Aria's eyes gradually became red, and she slowly squatted down on the ground.

The staff noticed her emotions and softly asked, "Miss, what's wrong? Did your wish not come true?"

Aria's voice choked up, "Yeah, none of them were fulfilled."

The staff reassured her, "It's okay, you could have attended our farewell ceremony, and heaven would have compensated for these regrets in another way."

He pointed to the scene of the ceremony, where a small tower woven with paper stood in the center.

People put their belongings or envelopes into the window of the small tower.

When it was Aria's turn, she took a deep breath and put the wish bag containing the wedding ring and wish list into the small tower.

The next second, the staff raised a torch and threw it into the small tower.

The flames ignited, and the heat wave hit the face.

Aria looked at the leaping flame, and all the past desires and wishes turned into smoke, gradually dissipating.

## Chapter 6

### **Dreame—Read D**

## Chapter 7

The night fell gradually.

When Aria returned home, the villa was unexpectedly brightly lit.

She walked in and heard a soft laughter of a girl.

Nora, sitting side by side with Lucas, saw her and gave a typical smile: “Ria, you’re back ! My new film started shooting today, and the location is nearby. I’m not used to staying in hotels, so Lucas offered me to stay at his place. You don’t mind, do you?”

‘Home’? This place was never really her home.

Nora filled the living room with scattered things, filling up the once marital home she shared with Lucas.

Aria hesitated and opened her mouth, but before she could speak, Lucas cut in, “She won’t.”

She withdrew her mouth, tugged at her lips and smiled: “Hmm, just stay wherever.”

Anyway, it didn’t matter anymore.

“You don’t mind, that’s good. Ria, you haven’t had dinner yet, join us.” Nora smoothly assumed the role of a hostess.

Aria glanced at the table full of spicy dishes with a strong flavor, her smile at the corner of her mouth becoming even more ironic.

She had a stomach problem and couldn't eat anything **spicy**. Despite being married for **so** many years, Lucas really never noticed.

"I didn't eat, you guys can eat."

She choked back her words and turned to walk upstairs.

Lucas looked at Aria's slender figure, his calm black eyes sank, showing no emotions.

C

Aria returned to her room and just as she lay down on the bed, her phone in her pocket rang. She opened it and saw Nora's recently updated Facebook **status**.

Took several pictures of the villas.

Swing and gardenia flowers, it turns out that our promised home has always been there, touching. Love.jpg.

Aria's heart trembled, and her breathing became labored.

Those things that used to linger in my mind, which I couldn't figure out no matter what, finally have answers at this moment.

Why, despite the mismatch between the fairy tale-like wallpaper and the originally cold and minimalist style of the villa, Lucas was unwilling **to** replace

1. it.

Why, she **just curiously** sat on the swing for a moment, and Lucas flew into a rage, not allowing her **to** step into that area again.

Why, throughout the **year**, there **would** always be fresh gardenias in the **vase** in the living room.

Originally, this marital home was prepared for Nora from beginning to end.

The heart, which had long been numb, still ached like **a** needle prick at **this** moment.

Aría turned **off** her phone and looked at her own pale face on the **screen**. Suddenly, **she** chuckled lightly and **tears** silently dripped down.

Long ago, she wiped away the tears from **her face** and **a hint of a strong** smile appeared at the corner of her mouth.

Well, whether **it's** Lucas or this house, **it's** time for both of them **to** return to their rightful owners.

After taking **a** deep breath, Aria went to the study and printed **two copies of the** documents.

One was a divorce agreement, and she did not hesitate to sign her own **name**.

One is a farewell letter.

The content of the farewell letter was very **simple**, consisting **of just** a few simple sentences.

I am Aria, and after I died, I did not become **a ghost of the** Bennett family, nor did I enter **the** grave **of** the Blake family.

Having done all this, she put two documents into an exquisite box.

**Just** as I was about to return to the bedroom, I heard Lucas talking on the phone with someone through the partially closed door of the next room.

Chapter 7

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“Psychological therapy? Lucas, did the Bennett family really plan to send Aria to Ashford Chapel for some peaceful retreat?”

“Yeah, Aria loved you so obsessively, it really seemed like she was sick, indeed needed some purification for her soul.”

Once labeled as mentally ill, your family would definitely fully support you in divorcing Aria, Lucas. You would finally be able to get rid of her. Congratulations in advance on you and Nora reconciling and finding happiness together!

Chapter 7