

His child lived, mine didn't 31

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...”

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Halfway

through speaking, he caught sight of the red handprint on her fair face, like a thorn pierc

ing 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

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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

His child lived, mine didn't 32

His child lived, mine didn't 32

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.

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..

Aria 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

His child lived, mine didn't 33

His child lived, mine didn't 33

Chapter Eight

Lucas did not reply in a timely manner, he just tugged at his tie, and an inexplicable wave of restlessness arose.

Suddenly, I caught a glimpse and looked towards the hallway at the entrance.

When Aria met my gaze, my chest inexplicably tightened, and I unexpectedly hung up the phone.

He looked at Aria and said impatiently, “What were you eavesdropping on again?”

Aria remained calm and said, “I didn't listen. The things on the phone, weren't you also planning to find an opportunity to tell me?”

As soon as the words were spoken, the air seemed to fall into a dead silence.

Lucas pursed his thin lips, hesitated for a moment, and finally spoke, “The mindfulness class at Ashford Chapel is very beneficial. It can guide people to face their inner selves, correct distorted perceptions, and dispel the darkness within. I will take you there tomorrow.”

Aria didn't expect that the love she had been holding onto for years became a twisted proof in their eyes.

For a long time, she tugged at her lips and whispered, "Okay."

In the past few days, she would rather go to a place without them, rather than staying in this home that doesn't belong to her.

Lucas had already prepared herself to make a big scene, but upon hearing the calm "good," she was momentarily stunned.

Watching Aria's departing figure, he instinctively spoke, "Where are you going?"

"Pack up, weren't we supposed to go to Ashford Chapel tomorrow?"

After Aria finished speaking, she didn't look at Lucas again and quickly turned around to return to her own room.

The next day.

Aria carried the **box** downstairs.

In the villa, her traces have been completely cleared out, leaving only this cardboard box filled with her belongings.

When Lucas saw the cardboard box, his eyes flickered and his lips parted, as if he wanted say something. However, Aria had already walked past him, holding the box.

He paused for a moment, caught up with her, and whispered, "Stay calm, your birthday is the day after tomorrow, I will come to pick you up."

Aria's eyelashes trembled slightly, and she suddenly remembered that the day after tomorrow would be her 26th birthday.

Her lips welled up with bitterness, how could it be **so** coincidental.

The day after tomorrow, it was also the day she departed from this world.

She wanted to say no, but at that moment, Nora hurriedly ran over with an anxious expression.

“Lucas, I was running late **for** the shoot. Can **you give me** a ride to **the** set?”

Lucas had not returned yet, and Aria spoke **up**, saying, “**You** can take **her**, I’ll go by my self.”

Saying that, he brought down the cardboard box that was originally placed on the car.

“Ria, why do you have so many things? Let me **help you**,” Nora said, reaching out her hand and towards **the** cardboard box.

The paper box dropped with a ‘plop’.

Pink love letters with “**To** Lucas, from Lucy” written on them, **as** well as their wedding photos, **were** scattered on the ground.

Nora jokingly said, “Lucas, look, Ria even brought the love **letter** and wedding photos **she** gave you. **She** really loves you, so much that her heart is filled **with you**.”

If it were in the past, Lucas would have had a black face upon hearing **these** words, but at this moment, he surprisingly remained calm.

He looked at Aria, who was crouching on the ground picking up things as if they were treasures, with his dark eyes fixedly. The uneasiness in his heart gradually dissipated.

His lips curved slightly, but his voice remained **icy** cold: “Let her be.”

After speaking, he opened the car door for Nora and didn’t look at **Aria** one last time until the car started.

Chapter Eight

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One day later.

Aria's birthday, which was also her last day on earth.

She waited from dawn till dusk, but Lucas did not show up.

The phone suddenly vibrated, and a push notification appeared before her eyes.

Bam! The actress Nora from The Pale Summit crew got injured, and Lucas, the big shot from Valmontis, lost control and princess—
carried her onto a helicopter, heading to Seavale.

Aria

looked and swore that her heart, which she had promised not to touch again, still trembled violently.

Expected and unexpected.

In the **past** few years, every time her birthday came, Nora would either suddenly “fall ill” or have an “accident”.

She couldn't remember how many years she had spent celebrating her birthday alone.

No flowers, no family, no friends, and no companionship from a loved one...

Aria took out her phone and called Lucas. The phone rang twice before it was answered
.

In the receiver, Lucas's low and cold **voice** carried a hint of impatience: “Nora was sick, we'll pick you up tomorrow to celebrate your birthday.” “Lucas, I...”

Aria opened her mouth, but before she could finish her words, she received a distressing accusation from Madam Bennett over the phone.

“Ria, your sister had an accident, and you didn’t come to visit. And you’re still thinking about celebrating your birthday! Do you have any conscience at all?”

Immediately after, the busy tone “beep beep beep” announced the end of the call.

Aria was stunned for a moment, looking at the hung-up phone, and then let out a faint smile.

Originally, after no longer expecting, I really couldn’t feel any pain.

She did not disturb Lucas anymore, disturbing their family. Instead, she edited the unfinished words she had just said and sent them.

Lucas, on the study desk, there was a gift from me to you.

In the future, we were all free.

Ali set, she put her phone down and one by one, she threw the items from the cardboard box into the roaring furnace.

The last thing was the longevity lock given to her by her parents.

Aria slowly traced her fingers over the words on top – “Ria, live a long life.”

The voice of my parents’ doting seemed to ring in my ears again: “Wishing our Ria to grow up safe, healthy, and happy.”

Tears uncontrollably welled up, blurring her vision as she threw the longevity lock into the furnace.

Having experienced love, **it** is not in vain to **come** to this **life**.

Finally, she stood in front of the Christian **Icon**, slowly knelt down, clasped her hands together, and devoutly whispered.

“Miss Aria, **who** was blessed by heaven, temporarily returned to **the** mortal world. Now, all attachments have **been** eliminated, and **her heart is** free from hindrances as she enters **the** afterlife.”

As if **sensing** something, she opened her eyes and a halo of Buddha’s light encircled above **her** head.

The last ray of the setting **sun** in the West also fell on her gradually transparent body.

Her voice choked, and she whispered to herself, “In the next **life**, happy birthday **to** one –year–old Aria.”

As the words fell, her figure completely disappeared from the world.

And the phone she had placed on the ground suddenly lit up, vibrating frantically...

His child lived, mine didn't 34

His child lived, mine didn't 34

Chapter 9

It **was** getting dark when a speeding Koenigsegg **broke** the silence, racing towards the direction of Ashford Chapel.

In the car, Lucas looked at the message sent by Aria on the screen, and a frost seemed **to** cover his stern face.

The next second, he remembered something and his brow relaxed.

The slender fingers rubbed the forehead, feeling a bit helpless.

It has been two **days** since **I** started to cultivate my mind and temper, but I still get angry and say some provocative words, resorting to such low and foolish tactics.

Thinking, Lucas’s dark eyes flickered with a hint of tenderness.

Forget it, it’s been so many years, if I couldn’t change, then **I** couldn’t change.

The car came to a stop, and Lucas walked towards the meditation area of Ashford Chapel while dialing Aria's phone number.

Faint prayers could be heard coming from the church.

Lucas and the master expressed their intentions and quickly arranged for Aria to complete the course of inner healing.

During the wait, Lucas's gaze inadvertently swept over the wall.

The scriptures copied by the people who came to seek inner peace were neatly arranged on the wall.

When Lucas's gaze fell upon a crooked and disorganized font, his thin lips curved slightly.

Still **as** terrible as before, just like the love letters she wrote.

A sound of footsteps came from behind, Lucas instinctively turned his head and habitually said, "What are you trying to stir up this time, **come** back with me..."

The word card got stuck in his throat, and his expression turned cold: "Where is Aria?"

A cold breath hit him in the face as the person approached, trembling, and said, "Ms. Bennett, she... she disappeared."

The next day.

The Bennett's Villa, adorned with festivity everywhere, yet the atmosphere inside was as cold as winter.

After listening to Lucas, Sir Bennett suddenly slammed the table and exclaimed, "This rebellious girl, she always causes trouble on her birthday, what **does** she really want to do!"

Nora felt guilty and said, “Dad, Mom, it was all my fault that I got injured yesterday. If only I had been more careful, I wouldn’t have ruined Ria’s birthday party.”

Madam Bennett, feeling **sorry**, held Nora’s hand and said, “How could I blame you.”

Sir Bennett was still furious; “Ria has completely gone bad. When she comes back, I will send her to a mental health facility abroad.”

At that moment, Lucas, who had been silent all along, spoke up: “Dad, Ria is not just your daughter, but also my wife, the Young Madam **of** the Blake Family.”

Politeness mixed with **a** hint of caution.

Sir Bennett’s eyes flickered, and he sighed **heavily**, saying, “Lucas, it was our fault, **the** Bennett family, for not **properly disciplining** her and allowing her to resort to such means to marry you, causing unrest between our families. And now, Nora has also returned, and you and Nora...”

*Our family motto, the Blake family, was to only marry one wife in a lifetime.”

Lucas interrupted before the words were finished.

Nora’s face turned pale as paper in an instant, and Sir Bennett and Madam Bennett’s faces were filled **with** shock as they exchanged several glances.

Lucas stopped speaking **and** got up to leave: “**It’s** getting late. If I have any news about Ria, I will let you know.”

Just as I reached the door, Nora hurriedly chased after me and called out in a sweet voice, “Lucas, **I’ll** go back with you.”

She ran out of breath, her hair slightly disheveled, with an expression of urgency and anticipation on her face.

Chapter 9

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Lucas's eyes remained calm without a hint of disturbance as he took out the access card and handed it to her.

“Lucas, this **is**...?”

“Lunaris Villa was our wedding house, it is not suitable for you to live there. I have already had someone move your belongings here.”

Nora's smile, which had not yet had a chance to bloom, froze completely.

Lucas had already passed her and got on the car.

Inside the carriage, Lucas took out his phone and opened the conversation with Aria.

His slender fingers tapped lightly on the screen, sending out two messages.

Where were you?

Nora has moved out of Lunaris Villa.

Half an hour later, the phone screen remained silent.

The atmosphere inside the car was so stifling that it almost felt frozen.

Lucas reached out and picked up the delicate gift box that was placed next to him.

I opened the gift box and a diamond—studded anklet caught my eye.

It was him who prepared the birthday gift for Aria.

The bell gently swayed and emitted a clear sound.

Lucas's introverted phoenix eyes were filled with impenetrable darkness.

Made people unable to help but feel their scalp tingling.

In the following days, Lucas used almost all his connections and turned Valmontis upside down, but he couldn't find Aria.

Finally, on the fifth day, there was news.

"Lucas, Aria ran off to Ronleigh, and she was even carrying your fishing rod!"

Chapter 9

His child lived, mine didn't 35

His child lived, mine didn't 35

Chapter 10

As soon as these words were spoken, the private room instantly fell into silence.

The man speaking had a hint of undisguised eagerness on his face as he presented his phone to Lucas, as if offering a treasure.

As I slid, I kept saying, "Lucas, look! This was taken by my friend. Aria was having a great time, she actually hired a male model at the bar!"

In the photo, a woman was wearing a red dress, surrounded by two or three male models, smiling brightly.

Although only a side face was revealed, the figure and contours could vaguely be recognized as Aria.

"Aria, this simping dog, dared to cheat on Lucas and look for other men behind his back? Is she crazy? Doesn't this simping dog want to continue?" "Hey, last time I disappeared for a week after being kidnapped, but this time I've become smarter, I even know how to play hard to get."

The man speaking was indignant, "Lucas, I will go and have someone bring Aria back. Now that we have evidence of her infidelity, the Blake family will surely agree to your divorce!".

"No, it wasn't her."

The chilling voice made the man who was speaking, pause in his steps as he was about to leave.

Lucas glanced at the person on the screen and then looked away.

His voice had no emotion: "Aria's face was a bit smaller than the person above, with softer lines. Aria had a small mole on her neck, two centimeters above the right clavicle, she..."

Realizing what was happening, Lucas suddenly froze.

The phoenix's eyes turned as cold as frost in an instant, and its aura suddenly dropped to freezing point.

With a loud bang, he fiercely smashed the glass in his hand onto the ground, causing shards of glass to scatter. Everyone was taken aback by this sudden scene, their backs chilled and not daring to breathe.

Caleb Hayes, who was sitting next to Lucas, quickly stood up and glanced around, hinting with his eyes.

The people in the private room, even the slowest ones, could tell that Lucas was in a bad mood.

They dared not stay for another second and left one after another.

Soon, there were only Lucas, Bastien Grant, and Caleb Hayes left in the private room.

Bastien and Caleb exchanged a glance.

Caleb crossed his legs and poured Lucas a glass of wine, rare for him to put away his usual joking. **He** spoke with a serious tone, "Lucas, it's about time. You have trained Aria well enough."

"What she used to be like, you are not unaware, arrogant and capricious, wild and arrogant, weighing a hundred pounds, with a rebelliousness of ninety—something pounds."

Caleb spoke, and in his mind, he saw Aria's former appearance, causing him to shake his head slightly; "You have worked hard to smooth out your temper for her. **It's** not easy **to** reach this point. Don't push people too hard, as extremes will lead to a backlash. Be careful, or you might end up losing her."

Lucas's hand, holding the glass of wine, tightened slightly, causing his knuckles to turn white.

The voice sounded cold: "Impossible, Aria couldn't leave me."

Bastien's narrow eyes flickered, but he remained silent.

Caleb couldn't help but raise an eyebrow, **with** a hint of teasing, "Is that so? Where is Aria now?"

Lucas's face instantly darkened.

Caleb laughed, knowing that he was not in a good mood tonight, and wisely refrained from teasing any further, stopping at that.

He patted Lucas on the shoulder and sighed, "Alright, it's time to wrap things up. Don't let it be all for nothing in the end."

Lucas's eyes darkened, he brushed away Caleb's hand, turned around and left, leaving only one sentence, "I'm leaving **first**." Watching Lucas walk away, Caleb shook his head and said, "What a daredevil."

Caleb placed his hand on Bastien's body, somewhat gleefully, and said, "Tell me, how long do you think Aria will keep causing trouble this time?" Chapter **10**

25.78%

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Bastien's light-colored pupils, in the dimly lit compartment, were not clearly visible.

Caleb said to himself, "I think it wouldn't take a week, as long as Lucas slightly lowers his head to show interest, Aria will definitely come running. What do you think, Bastien?"

Seeing no response from Bastien, Caleb remembered something and his face became serious. He struggled to say, "Bastien, you don't still have feelings for Aria, do you?"

Chapter 10