

His child lived, mine didn't 46

Chapter 21

Lucas looked at her pale face, a faint smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. He reached out and pinched her cheek.

As if rewarding her, he kindly told her, "Ria, did you think that you could have found such accurately customized 3D dolls back then? All the voices and details were meticulously perfected by me, or perhaps, that thing was created by me for you."

She tightened her pupils in fear and looked at him in disbelief.

No wonder, when she was customizing it, she just casually took a photo of Lucas, but the merchant made it so similar.

Aria's heart was pounding heavily, suddenly feeling a hint of fear.

Lucas, perhaps she never truly understood.

The sound in the phone continued, "Master, why are you ignoring Ria?"

Aria finally couldn't bear it anymore and said, "Lock her up!"

This scene, very similar to that year, only the roles have been reversed.

Lucas stared at her silently for a while before he reached out and turned off the sound on his phone.

In the room, there was a dead silence, only the sound of Aria's rapid breathing echoed in the air.

"When did you let me go?"

"Wait a moment," Lucas said in a low voice.

"I want a specific time," she stared at him straight, questioning.

C

Lucas remained silent, grabbing her hand and forcefully intertwining their fingers as they walked towards the basement.

At the door, Aria instinctively resisted and was unwilling to go inside.

“I wouldn’t hurt you, after all, you found yourself a good backer,” Lucas’s cold voice carried a hint of sarcasm.

As the door opened, the lights inside also turned on.

The moment Aria saw what was inside, her whole body froze.

In the vast space, her photos kept flashing on the screen, showcasing various poses and appearances from different periods, some of which she herself had no recollection of.

Lucas opened a transparent glass cabinet and said, “Do you remember these things?”

Aria looked and a buzzing sound echoed in her mind.

There were numerous pink letters inside.

Although somewhat faded, Aria could still recognize it as the love letter she had once written for Lucas.

And various things she gave to Lucas.

These things... these things, weren’t they all burned?

Lucas noticed the confusion in her eyes and chuckled, “I have accepted all the things you gave me, these are the original versions, the ones you have are the replicas.”

Boom! Aria felt as if she had fallen into an ice cellar, with her blood flowing backwards throughout her body.

No wonder, she was reborn again and became Aria.

Tears uncontrollably welled up and slid down the cheeks.

Lucas gently wiped her tears as he rambled on about their youthful past.

They also talked a lot about their life after marriage.

He said that he had wanted to marry her for a long time.

He said that before she pursued him, he had wanted to kiss her.

He said that he liked it, and she begged him with a wagging tail.

Chapter 21

34.38%

Aria seemed to have heard, yet seemed to have heard nothing at all. She stood there stiffly, like a puppet whose soul had been extracted.

Until a wave of scorching wetness spread between the neck.

Lucas devoutly lowered his head and kissed her neck, his movements gentle as if handling a fragile and precious treasure.

“Does it still hurt here? Ria, I’m sorry.”

Back then, I shouldn’t have been stubborn and not come to find you.

He regretted that he didn’t go to find her when Aria was kidnapped. He thought she was throwing a tantrum, testing his tolerance.

It was a scene of lovers’ intimate moments, with their ears brushing against each other and gentle entanglement.

Aria, however, felt as if she had been touched by him, as if she had been crawled over by a poisonous snake.

Besides disgust, there is only disgust.

Lucas let go of her and pulled her towards a large glass.

A pure white wedding dress, quietly displayed under warm yellow lights, seemed like a dream.

The glass door slowly opened, Lucas grabbed her hand and gently caressed the fabric of the wedding dress.

“Ria, this wedding dress was designed by me personally. While I was hoping you would wear it, at the same time, I felt that you were not deserving.”

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Chapter 22

Lucas held her face and, as if finally surrendering, said, “Ria, it seems like I loved you.”

Aria's mind was already in darkness, and this sentence was like the final straw that broke her.

Her long-held psychological defense line collapsed in an instant.

“Hello disgusting, Lucas, you were really disgusting! I truly regret ever liking you.”

She pushed him abruptly and tore the placed wedding dress.

“The sound of ‘sizzle’ echoed.”

Lucas was stabbed in the eyes, causing them to turn red, and he clenched his fists tightly.

When Aria finally admitted her identity, the long-silent heart began to beat again.

He tried to comfort her, “Can we start over? This time, let me be the one who loves you.”

“No, I didn't love you. Just go away!”

Aria cried hoarsely, her voice already hoarse.

is not known which sentence completely provoked Lucas, but his eyes instantly turned fierce, like an enraged wild beast.

The veins on the forehead, neck, and back of the hand bulged, as if they were about to burst through the skin in the next second. Gritting his teeth, he roared, "Who do you love, Edward, Bastien, or which man have you set your eyes on again!"

Just when Aria thought she was going to be strangled by him, Lucas suddenly seemed to snap out of it and abruptly released his grip.

He held her in his arms and kept saying, "I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I don't like hearing you say such things."

Aria used her last bit of strength to push him away, saying, "Lucas, you were really sick."
"

Upon hearing the word "sickness," Lucas's body froze for a moment, and then he took out a knife from behind.

The blade shimmered with a cold light in the reflection of the lamp.

Aria's pupils tightened, and she uncontrollably stepped back.

Lucas knelt down slowly in front of her and handed the knife to her.

He looked up, his ink-black eyes deep and profound, as if a lost believer was gazing up at his deity.

"kia, I know you hated me, I owed you a life."

His voice was deep and hoarse, revealing endless paranoia.

"Let me vent for you, is it okay? You can randomly poke, will you forgive me, okay?"

As soon as the words fell, the sound of a blade piercing flesh, a feeling of pain came from his shoulder, and he groaned.

Aria's hand trembled as she held the knife, her eyes filled with undisguised disgust. "Do you think I wouldn't dare?"

Lucas laughed and looked at her with a proud and indulgent gaze, "No, it's just that I feel I like you're not ruthless enough."

After speaking, he reached out his hand and suddenly grabbed Aria's hand holding the knife, forcefully stabbing the knife into his own body.

And then it was slowly pulled out, with blood splattering everywhere.

"You were crazy!" Aria screamed in terror.

Lucas turned a deaf ear and grabbed her hand, over and over again, repeatedly.

The warm blood flew onto her **face**.

Aria's mind went blank as Lucas grabbed her hand and pressed the knife against her heart.

She finally broke down, tears streaming down her face, and said, "You stop!"

"Are you sure?" Lucas reached out and gently brushed the scattered bloodstains on her face, his eyes filled with a smile that Aria couldn't comprehend.

Just at that moment, with a loud "bang," the door was forcefully pushed open.

Chapter 22

Dreame—Read Romane

35 169

The noisy footsteps resounded, and countless figures poured in.

A black figure dashed in like lightning and caught Aria, who was about to fall.

“Ria, are you okay?”

Aria’s brain heard a familiar sound, and her tense expression finally relaxed, and she fainted.

Edward picked her up horizontally, and in an instant, his whole body was enveloped by a bone–chilling coldness.

Lucas was kicked and staggered backwards a few steps.

He slowly lifted his head, wiped the bloodstain from the corner of his mouth with his fingertips, and a faint smile overflowed in his phoenix–like eyes,

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35.16%

Chapter **23**

“Looking for death!” Edward’s cold, lifeless eyes were filled with bloodshot veins as he wanted to move forward again.

Caleb and the others hurriedly arrived.

“Uncle Edward, calm down, calm down.”

“First, Ria was taken to the hospital.”

Edward’s knuckles turned white from gripping too tightly, and in the end, he left, holding Aria in his arms.

In the top VIP suite of the hospital.

Lucas lay quietly on the hospital bed as the doctor bandaged his wound.

Looking at the bloodstains that had stained red, Caleb's eyes were filled with complexity : "Lucas, have you gone mad..."

A faint smile appeared on Lucas's pale face, "She couldn't bear to kill me."

Bastien furrowed his brows and said, "You went too far."

Lucas glanced at him and smirked, "What, are you feeling sorry now?"

Bastien stared straight at him and said, "She was a person, not an object. By provoking her without considering the consequences, you would have left her with psychological scars."

Seeing

the tense atmosphere around him, Caleb quickly intervened, "Bastien, how is it going with Ria? Have you gone to check on her?"

Bastien's breath slightly calmed, and he said in a deep voice, "She was emotionally unstable, and the doctor administered a sedative to her. My Uncle Edward arranged psychological therapy for her."

In the midst of the conversation, a deliberate or unintentional glance was cast towards Lucas.

Bastien didn't stay here for long, after people left.

Caleb had a hesitant expression on his face.

"Speak up if there's something." Lucas said in a low voice.

Caleb gritted his teeth, as if he had made a big decision. "I know you did this to help her let go of that grudge, but you also closed off any chance for reconciliation between you two."

"Lucas, even if she really was Aria, please... let her go."

Lucas's hand trembled, and for a moment, he couldn't distinguish whether the pain was coming from the wound on his body or from his chest.

I only felt every breath accompanied by unbearable pain.

Caleb looked up, waiting for a response that never came.

Under the light, tears glistened at the corners of the man's eyes, and his tall figure trembled faintly, like a withered tree on the verge of death, devoid of any vitality.

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A month later, Valmontis was completely enveloped by the chill of early winter.

Sir Blake personally sent someone to earnestly invite her to visit the Blake's Manor.

In front of Blake's Manor, Aria looked up and stared at the bold and elegant calligraphy on the plaque, feeling a bit dazed.

I can't remember when was the last time I came here.

The cold wind howled as Edward's well-defined hands gently smoothed her disheveled hair. His voice was warm as he asked, "Are you afraid?"

Aria knew what he meant.

She smiled lightly and said, "I'm not afraid."

As I entered the main hall, I saw a figure kneeling.

From the moment Lucas entered the room, his gaze never wavered from Aria.

Sir Blake, with a murky **gaze**, looked at Aria's face and then let out a slight sigh. "Ms. Bennett, I asked you to come here today to have this unfilial grandson give you an explanation."

Chapter 23

Dreame—Read Romance Stories What? My brother-in-law? But this is his engagement ceremony with another woman

4.4 FREE

Installed

Open

35.94%

After speaking, Sir Blake shouted, "Bring the family law!"

Soon, a whip was brought up.

Next, there was the dull sound of the whip cracking against the flesh.

Aria glanced briefly and then averted her gaze, continuing to chat with Sir Blake.

When Lucas left, he didn't know how many times he had been hit.

The whole person was half kneeling on the ground, with tattered clothes and bloodstains.

As they brushed past each other, a hand stained with blood grabbed hold of her skirt.

Aria stopped in her tracks.

All eyes were instantly drawn over to everyone.

"What the hell are you up to again!" Sir Blake shouted angrily.

Lucas, however, remained indifferent, slowly lifting his head, his eyes filled with earnestness and pleading.

"Ria, can you forgive me now?"

Edward stood aside, his face tense and his hands involuntarily clenched.

Aria looked at Lucas and suddenly burst into a gentle laughter.

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Chapter 24

Lucas was dazzled by this bright smile, his smile at the corner of his mouth had not had a chance to bloom.

I heard Aria's light voice, each word pronounced distinctly.

Between us, there is no question of forgiveness or not. Lucas, if you truly feel sorry for what you did, for the rest of my life, do not appear in my sight.

Just at this moment, the first snow fell, and the fine snowflakes fluttered down.

ㄴ ㄷ ㄹ

Lucas seemed to have heard the most terrifying verdict, and his whole body felt as if it was penetrated by bone-chilling cold from head to toe.

Edward's tightly strung heartstrings loosened in his mind after hearing Aria's response.

He picked up a white shawl and draped it over her: "It snowed, let's go home."

"Okay." Aria's voice was soft.

Lucas lay on the ground, stunned for a while before laughing out loud.

His chest heaved violently, and a mouthful of blood sprayed out from his mouth.

He raised his hand and wiped it, staring fixedly at Aria's figure.

Don't you feel soft-hearted at all? Became ruthless, huh.

C

In the following months, he did not appear in Aria's sight again.

Aria thoroughly broke free from the past and embraced a new life with joy.

Apart from writing scripts, it was all about having a great time with Grace.

But she didn't indulge for long, as her engagement with Edward was scheduled.

In the coffee shop.

She propped her chin, stirring the coffee absentmindedly.

Grace listened to her complaints and fed her a bite of tiramisu.

Straight to the point, he said, "Ria, if you really didn't want to, you wouldn't be sitting here in distress."

The sweet taste spread in her mouth, and Aria was slightly startled.

Grace continued, "You weren't hesitant about marriage because of Lucas, were you? You need to understand, you are no longer the same 'Aria' you used to be."

Speaking of this, Grace leaned in closer and advised, "Although Mr. Grant may have a good appearance, there were rumors that he wasn't capable in that area, right? It's better to forget about it."

Aria froze, and a blush quickly spread across her face.

Grace keenly noticed something different about Ria and asked, "Ria, your expression doesn't seem right, is something wrong?"

Aria cleared her throat and, under the slight pressure of Grace's gaze, spilled everything.

It was a very ordinary dinner party.

She was at the party, and in her free time, she was learning how to mix cocktails with a few socialites. When she went back, she handed her "masterpiece" to Edward to taste.

Just arrived home not long ago, something happened.

When Edward's assistant, Aidan, hurriedly brought her to the outside of Edward's room, her mind was still in a daze.

At the entrance, one could faintly hear the man's heavy and suppressed groans, and a strong smell of blood permeated.

Sweat beads rolled down Aidan's forehead as he bravely spoke, "Ms. Bennett, even if I get punished later, I accept it. The drink you prepared tonight, someone put something dirty in it, and Mr. Grant drank it..."

"Mr. Grant had injuries on his body, and given his current physical condition, he would not be able to withstand gastric lavage." Chapter 24

36 72%

"Ms. Bennett, the only woman who could be close to Mr. Grant was you."

Aidan's meaning couldn't have been more obvious.

Aria was also hesitant, after all, tonight's matter was closely related to her.

She took a deep breath and still pushed open the door.

Aidan sighed with relief and locked the door as soon as she entered. She waved off the servants on this floor.

The room was dim and dark, Aria carefully snatched the knife from the man's hand.

The voice trembled slightly, "Mr. Grant, I helped you."

Edward slowly lifted his head, and his crimson eyes gained a hint of clarity: "Do you know what you're talking about?"

Aria's gaze fell on him, previously glanced hurriedly, without enough time to examine closely. It was only now that she noticed he had many scars on his body, a mix of old and new.

She took a deep breath and said, "I know, I'm willing... um!"

The words were barely spoken when the man's burning body pressed forward.

That night, Aria's voice became hoarse, and despite scratching and clawing at him, she couldn't make the man stop.

Until the sky brightened, the only thought in her remaining consciousness was.

That was Edward, absolutely not as rumored by the outs

world!

He was great!

Chapter 24

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Chapter 25

After listening to Aria's words, Grace, who has always been knowledgeable, fell silent as if she remembered something: "No wonder those few days, you didn't come out when I invited you," Grace raised an eyebrow, with a hint of a sly smile on her face, "Seems like you couldn't get out of bed because of a romantic relationship."

Aria: "..."

"Everything that was supposed to happen has happened. Edward, on the other hand, is wealthy and influential, and he has a captivating appearance that can drive people crazy. There's nothing to complain about his skills and abilities. And from what I can see, you also seem to have feelings for him. So, Ria, what are you worried about?"

Aria pursed her lips and said, "I just found it strange."

"What is strange?"

Aria looked at her and asked, "Do you think he liked me?"

How could he not like you? Although he pretended to be polite and well-mannered with his gaze, my sharp eyes could see clearly. That look, tsk tsk tsk, was like a hungry wolf seeing a little white rabbit delivered to its door, eagerly waiting for the right moment to devour you in one bite.

Grace was speaking while making lively gestures.

“Serious.”

Grace shrugged, “I don’t need to say this, Ria, you know very well that Edward’s love for you was never hidden.”

Aria’s brow furrowed even tighter; “This is the strange part, who would inexplicably love someone so passionately, and he never asked about me and Lucas, as if he didn’t care at all, and wasn’t curious.”

Grace’s face also became serious when she heard her say this, “Oh, yes, his reaction is indeed not normal.”

Aria irritably scratched her hair.

Night fell, and the lights of the city began to shine.

Tonight is the Grant family’s monthly reunion dinner, and as Edward’s supposed fiancée, Aria naturally had to go along.

In the car, Edward clearly noticed that her mood was off.

He kept looking at his phone and didn’t talk to him.

“What’s wrong?” he said, as he embraced Aria and discreetly took away her phone, delicately playing with her slender fingers in his palm.

Many things between them happened naturally since the incident occurred.

Aria suddenly looked at him, speaking seriously, “Edward, did you really like my body?”

Edward seemed to be silent for a moment, then nodded and let out a “Hmm.”

Aria's face turned black as soon as she heard it, and she pushed him away, saying, "We have arrived, get off the car."

Edward looked at his empty palm, and his narrow eyes darkened.

"Mr. Grant, this statement was a big taboo for women."

Aidan couldn't help but speak out as he saw everything with his own **eyes**.

Since he was punished after the last time he took matters into his own hands, he has been more cautious in his speech.

He took out the collection of love tips posts and handed them to Edward.

Aria got off the car and even though she had an unpleasant argument with Edward, she still had to act appropriately in front of the Grant family. Over the past few days, she knew a little bit about the Grant family.

Edward was an illegitimate child, and the Grant family more or less disliked him, but they had **to** flatter and fawn over him due **to** his **social** status.

In front of others, she still **didn't** want him to lose **face**.

Who made **it** so that he is still her man in public now.

Chapter 25

37.50%

During the meal, while Edward was serving her food, he grabbed her hand with one hand and whispered in her ear, using a voice that only the two of them could hear.

"Not just your body, I liked everything about you."

"Tonight, everything was up to you?"

Aria felt both annoyed and amused in her heart, as expected, all he was thinking about were these things.

She wanted to shake off his hand, but Edward held on tightly.

In the midst of the struggle, Aria lifted her high heels and stomped down fiercely.

To everyone's surprise, there was no change in his facial expression, but it was Bastien next to him who dropped the glass in his hand.

A crisp sound rang out, and everyone turned to look at Bastien. "What's the matter, Bastien?"

Bastien lowered his gaze, his voice hoarse. "It's nothing."

Aria's heart sank as she realized that she had stepped on the wrong person. She instantly became quiet.

After finishing the meal, she found an excuse and went to the backyard to get some fresh air.

The late cool breeze hit her face, but the anger in her heart remained unabated.

In her mind, there were all sorts of wild thoughts. Edward is older than her, has there really been no one she liked all these years?

He was nice to her from the first time he saw her. Could it be that he had a dream lover in his heart?

She instantly thought of the novel that Grace had complained to her about, "Dream Lover Returns," where the substitute was going to have their kidney and uterus removed.

Aria was getting more and more annoyed. As she was walking, she accidentally bumped into someone.

She lifted her gaze and saw Bastien.

Thinking of the awkward scene at the dinner table, she pretended as if nothing had happened and, out of politeness, simply nodded slightly.

Just as they were about to pass by each other, Bastien suddenly reached out his hand and grabbed her.

“Don’t you like Lucas anymore?”

37.50%