

His Mistress My Nightmare Novel

Chapter 22

Chapter22 A man looking disheveled was in the Kaufmans villa .

He sat on the floor barefoot , surrounded by empty wine bottles .

Antonio had locked himself at home since that day , refusing to either eat or drink .

He used to be a clean freak , paying great attention to his appearance all the time .

Yet now his eyes were bloodshot , and he looked haggard and pitiful .

Clutching the pocket watch , he murmured , Grace ... I know you always hate it when I drink ... Come back .

Come back so that you can scold me in my face , OK ? When saying this , he pressed his cheek against her face in their wedding photo , trying to catch a trace of her scent and warmth .

After some time , he suddenly woke up with a start and looked around , confused .

In the next second , he realized that everything was still in place , and Grace was still nowhere to be seen .

Once again , he was caught up in despair .

Just then , he felt a gust of wind , which brought some sounds along .

His heart skipped a beat ; he tensed and held his breath to listen .

At the next moment , his eyes lit up with hope again .

He got up at once 0.00 % 16.12 and rushed toward the living room without even putting on his slippers .

Then he saw a familiar figure in the kitchen with an apron .

His eyes turned red , and he didnt even dare to breathe lest disturbing her ; or what if it was just a dream ? After a long while , he cautiously whispered , his voice trembling , Grace ? The figure paused .

Then she turned around , and he saw Mylies fawning face .

Antonio , youre awake .

Im making some soup for you ; its good for your hangover .

Itll be ready soon .

It wasnt her .

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It wasnt Grace .

Antonios eyes dimmed totally instantly .

He stood in situ in agony , feeling dizzy .

He was about to lose his balance .

Looking at him , Mylie felt heartbroken .

In just a few days , he had become so gaunt , and his face was so ghastly pale as if he were seriously sick .

She tightly held his hand , pleading sadly , Antonio , please , pull yourself together ... I know its a lot for you to take , and its been so hard .

But no matter what , you gotta move on with your life , right ? piss off .

Stunned , Mylie bit her lip hard .

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I wont leave , Antonio .

Im willing to be Graces substitute .

Just give me a chance , OK ? I promise I can replace her and even be better than her .

A lot better ! Are you deaf ? I said , piss off ! Antonio snapped and swept everything off the kitchen island , his eyes red .

Among those scattered items on the floor , a stack of photos and a piece of sexy lingerie fell out of a box with its lid popped open .

Mylies expression changed at once .

Panicking , she wanted to pick them up and hide them .

But a slender hand beat her to it .

Antonio lowered his head and looked at the photos in silence , his fingers trembling .

There were photos of Mylie with his name tattooed on her lower abdomen , Mylie with suggestive marks on her skin , and him stroking Mylies bulging belly ... After a long while ,

he looked up , his eyes bloodshot .

He looked like an enraged wild beast with a sinister gaze that oozed a terrifying chill .

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