

His Mistress My Nightmare Novel

Chapter 8

Chapter 8 Fellow students , I stood here when I was twenty , performing for the New Years gala .

That night , I became an instant sensation .

I remember thinking if Im this good now , imagine what Ill be in the future ! I believed I would become a world renowned pianist .

I paused , then smirked , But instead , I became a devoted wife and mother , a rose blooming for someone else .

Vibrant , lush , beautiful , but only for others to admire .

A murmur spread through the audience .

Some female students whispered among themselves , Marriage is a graveyard .

If Grace hadnt got married , she wouldve achieved her dreams long ago .

Antonios expression shifted .

He locked eyes with me , unblinking .

He knew exactly what I meant .

I continued , I spent eighteen years as that rose .

Now , Ill still be a rose , but this time .

I bloom for myself .

With that , I took my seat and began to play .

The hall fell silent , with only the music owing .

I poured my soul into the piece .

This performance meant more to me than even the Van Cliburn International Piano Competition .

In my minds eye , I saw roses blooming , not the ones Antonio and I had planted together , but the ones I had grown myself .

When the nal note faded , thunderous applause erupted .

I bowed in thanks and strode off the stage , never sparing Antonio a glance .

Troy was waiting for me , holding a bouquet of roses .

I went viral .

The internet was powerful .

Someone uploaded a video of my performance , and suddenly , I was everywhere .

Netizens all called me First Love .

They said rst love transcended age .

It was all about feelings .

I watched the video but didnt feel a thing .

The updo and white dress were not that special .

Eighteen years ago , I had looked like this .

And now , I still did .

Out of the blue , Emilia showed up .

She came to congratulate me .

You are the rst love ! So beautiful ! After Mr.

Kaufman came home , he had a huge ght with Irene ! He even forbade her from doing an updo or wearing a white dress ! Emilia was positively gloating .

I was baf ed .

Why ? T No idea ! But I think Mr.

Kau nan nally came to his senses .

You are the real rst love .

Irene is nothing but a pretentious copycat , a cheap stand-in ! She seemed to really dislike that woman .

Why should I care about any of it ? I nodded in acknowledgment and invited Emilia to stay for dinner .

She nearly exploded .

Dinner ? No , you should storm back in there , kick Irene out , and take back control ! I chuckled .

Why would I go back ? To be a rose blooming for someone else ? No thanks .

Im busy planting roses , I said , rolling up my sleeves and heading to the backyard .

The rose saplings were ready .

I must plant them one by one .

Emilia sighed in frustration and stormed off .

I ignored her , focusing on my roses .

Halfway through , someone took the small hoe from my hands .

I turned my head , only to see Antonio standing beside me .

He was dressed in a white shirt and holding two straw hats .

He smiled and gently placed one on my head .

Silly girl , dont get sunburned .

Years ago , when we had planted roses together , he had been just like this -wearing a white shirt and holding two straw hats he had fetched from nowhere .

We had cach worn a hat , laughing under the sun and planting roses side by side .

Chapter 8 Now , the scene repeated itself as if nothing had changed .

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Except ... I felt nauseous .

I really wanted to throw up .

head .

I gagged , quickly stepped back , and yanked the hat off my he Antonios smile froze , He stood there stlf y , taking a moment to compose himself before picking the hat and forcing another smile .

up Grace , Im sorry .

He said earnestly , Your performance shook me to my core .

I realized the rst love I could never let go of was right in front of me .

Compared to you , Irene is a joke .

He took two steps forward , eyes gleaming .

The moment you stopped caring about me , my life lost its meaning .

I didnt understand why until I saw you play .

When I saw your updo and your white dress , it was like looking at you from eighteen years ago ... You were my rst love all along .

Irene was nothing but a hollow imitation .

His gaze was lled with deep affection .

I sent Irene away .

Even our son never liked her .

Will you come back to me ? Will you play for me again ? Play his ass ! I pulled out my phone and called the police .

Antonio wasnt fazed .

Instead , he chuckled indulgently , Still mad ? Thats on me .

And on our son too .

Just come home .

We wont be apart ever again .

Chapter 8 I ignored him and continued my call .