



Chapter 9

Tears flowed uncontrollably down Alita's face when she stepped out of the hotel.

All the pain she'd been holding back just exploded right then. Alita walked to a coconut tree, gazing at the ocean, and tears streamed down.

The breeze blew, ruffling her dress and messing up her neat hair.

Staring at the surging sea in the darkness, she felt a strange familiarity, as if that place was her ultimate refuge. She was alone in this world. Relatives, husband, and even that old crush—they all just left her, and not even memories lingered.

Suddenly, a white rose appeared before her eyes. Startled, she took two steps back, not even having time to wipe her tears. She stumbled into a sturdy embrace, and a large hand rested on her waist.

Slightly frightened, she looked up and, by the moonlight, saw a masked face with a tall hat. The only visible features were a narrow nose and delicate lips. The eyes were hidden under the brim, radiating mystery.

"Who are you?" Alita spoke to him in Theisian, unsure if he was Eskanese or a foreigner.

The man circled her waist, shaking the white rose and transforming it into a handkerchief. "I'm a magician."





Alita looked at his hand in surprise. She took the handkerchief and pulled it. "Impressive."

"Beautiful miss, a handkerchief is for wiping, not pulling." The man lifted her hand and gently pressed it against her face, wiping away the tears.

The simple gesture made Alita feel warm, and she noticed a fine ring on his pinky finger, sparkling silver.

Despite the ambiguous move, she didn't push him away. The flirtatious closeness with a stranger felt dangerous yet oddly liberating. She felt she could speak freely. "Mr. Magician, everyone needs warmth, you know, but I feel so cold and lonely."

"Don't be afraid. Just hold on tight, and you won't be cold." The man's strong arm encircled her, leaning down to rest his head on her shoulder. His fluent Odraolian sounded enchanting.

Alita smiled. "You're right. Just holding on tight can keep me warm. But I don't have anyone to hold on to."

"Don't you have a husband?"

"I do, but he'll never be the one I can hold on to. He doesn't love me."

"Do you love him?" The man's voice revealed a hint of nervousness.

After thinking for a while, Alita said, "I'm not sure." She dared





not answer honestly, fearing it would only deepen her despair.

Without any warning, a kiss full of intense desire landed on Alita's lips. Alita hastily broke free and fled back to the hotel.

Sitting on the lobby sofa, still in shock, she realized how reckless she had been. She had been kissed by a stranger.

She sat there for quite a while, and the wound reopened again. The white handkerchief Samuel tied for her was now completely stained red. Limping back to her room, she saw Jaydon standing at her door, hands in his pockets, his tall figure and handsome face exuding inherent nobility.

Seeing her, he frowned and questioned, "Where did you go?"

"Visiting a lover," Alita bluntly replied.



SEND GIFT



COMMENT



Chapter 10

"What?" Jaydon was stunned, raising his voice.

Alita couldn't be bothered and walked into the room. Right now, all she wanted was to close her eyes to rest.

"Did you hear me? Are you deaf?" Jaydon pulled her arm from behind, a hint of danger in his eyes.

"I said I was out with my lover. Did you hear that?" Alita squinted, speaking forcefully and loudly. She felt incredibly wronged, and she just didn't want to put up with everything like she used to.

Jaydon tightened his grip, almost crushing her bones. A storm of anger gathered in his green eyes. "Alita, do you want to die?" He thought, 'I've been waiting for you here, worried about your injury, and you casually say you're going on a date with your lover. Unbelievable.'

His raging anger made Alita feel oddly satisfied. She even felt that she shouldn't have pushed away that man just now and should have given Jaydon a taste of his own medicine.

"Why do you have the right to say that? You can find a lover, but I can't, huh?" she said with a lonely and bitter laugh, eyes filled with sadness.

Jaydon dragged her closer, a fierce look in his eyes. "Just because you're a good-for-nothing brought back by the Lewis family. Who do you think you are? What makes you think you can compare yourself to me? If it weren't for your damn





father saving my grandpa, with your poor and humble background, you wouldn't even qualify to be a servant in our house, let alone be my wife." His voice was low and eerie, and his anger reached its peak. Even his words were extremely harsh.

Alita's heart shattered into pieces. "You devil, Jaydon." She raised her hand, crazily aiming for his face. 'You can ignore, insult, or even curse me, but why say such things about my dad? You know it's a painful spot for me,' she shouted inwardly.

Jaydon easily blocked her hand and restrained her. "Alita, everything you hold dear, I'll ruin. Remember, since you joined the Lewis family, you have no right to resist." With that, he pushed her away.

Alita stumbled and fell to the ground. Tears swirled in her eyes, but her expression was incredibly resolute. 'Don't cry, absolutely not...' she said to herself.

Jaydon didn't want to say such malicious words, but she had really provoked him. Seeing her fall, he sort of raised his hand to help her up. But after a brief hesitation, he gave up and arrogantly walked out of the room.

Alita sat there, faintly hearing him say in a gentle tone, "Cecilia, I'll be back to the room soon. Wait for me."

Finally, she just lay on the ground, letting tears stream down.





Crossing the small garden, Alita took out her keys and opened the door. This really tough week finally came to an end.

Putting down her luggage, she took off her coat and had a shower. After that, she brewed a cup of coffee for herself. Wearing a loose shirt, she sat on the swing in the courtyard for an entire hour.

For many years, she got used to having coffee by herself, sleeping alone, smiling alone, and daydreaming alone. A solo life that felt free yet lonely.

She sighed gently, looking up at the sun with a smile.

Ten days later, she was driving back home when the phone rang. She pressed the Bluetooth headset to answer, "Hello, it's Alita."

"Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Mike is seriously ill. He wants you to return to the country right now."

A thunderous sound echoed in Alita's mind, almost causing her to crash the car onto the median.



SEND GIFT



COMMENT

