

# Love comes after hate

## Chapter 1

That day, when I got home from work, I received an anonymous express.

As soon as I opened it, two sets of cool underwear came into my view, which made me ashamed and angry.

I thought I was harassed by a pervert and wanted to throw them into the dustbin, then a note dropped.

"Sasha, your husband especially likes me to wear this kind of clothes. We somehow share a man, so I decided to send you a set generously!"

I was breathless.

My husband cheated?

Also let that bitch send things to leave words to provoke me?

At the moment when the idea came to me, I denied it quickly.

My husband Blake and I fell in love on the university campus. We got married three years ago. After marriage, he doted on me as before. Even on a business trip, he would take the initiative to report the itinerary, and there was no sign of cheating at all.

However, his decoration company had become bigger and bigger, and he had opened three branches, which had been hated by others.

How could such a clean man mess around? It must be the tricks of his competitors.

Thinking of this, I took the photos of the notes and clothes and sent to his phone.

He quickly made a video call: "My dear, I gave you all my infatuation. These messy things must be sent by my competitors again. Don't throw them away until I come back from a business trip."

Our idea coincided. I completely believed him, but suddenly I had a teasing idea, so I pretended to hesitate: "Are you sure you never cheat on me?"

He opened the rear camera and scanned the hotel: "Then look at whether I cheat on you, or you can fly over to check it in person?"

When I saw that he was serious, I said I was teasing him. While he was relieved, he also said he would fuck me hard when he got home.

I put my cell phone on the shoe cabinet and was ready to take a bath, but when I bent over, I caught a glimpse of the picture. It was a naked women.

Before I could see it, the video call was hung up.

In an instant, the whole body's blood surged up to my head. Dizzy and swollen, I wanted to dial back to confirm, but cut it off before connecting.

Taking a deep breath and persuading myself to calm down. No matter how flustered I am, I can't panic myself.

It is said that no matter how stupid a man is, his IQ is comparable to Einstein when he had an affair. If Blake really cheated, my straightforward inquiry would only make him suspect. It's better to go and find out in person.

I rushed to the airport. In the early morning, the plane landed. I took a cab and went straight to Blake's hotel. Then I knocked on the door.

I didn't expect that it would be my cousin Lina who came to open the door. Her hair was messy and her head poked out of the crack of the door: "Sister, why are you here?"

My husband and my cousin, in one room