

## Love Like You Never Loved Before Chapter 10-19

### Chapter 10

Christopher didn't even lift his head to look at her as he cut up a small piece of the fish and ate it before drawing out, "I'm here to help Lyle retrieve a document. Yvonne just happened to be cooking, so I stuck around for a free meal."

His mouth curved into a mocking smirk. "Is there a rule that outsiders can't come into the house, or..."

That took her aback, and she whipped around huffily to glare at me. "What kind of dish is this? It has too many bones, and it's way too raw. What if Lyle chokes on a fishbone?"

What is he? A child who can't pick bones out from his own food?

What a load of crap.

She continued to nitpick by adding, "Look at this lunchbox! It's ugly, and you used way too much oil! How is Lyle supposed to eat this? Are you trying to make him starve?"

Anger flared up within me. How could there be such a vile and wicked woman? Wait... Lunchbox?

I glanced at Christopher, who winked at me. No wonder the lunchbox was so ugly. Lyle was lucky that Christopher hadn't hidden some fishbones inside it on purpose.

"Look at me when I'm talking to you!" Wendy screeched.

Yes, yes. Sorry for getting distracted and not acknowledging your godly presence.

"I'll make a new one." Picking up the lunchbox from the table, I tried to use it as an excuse to make my escape.

"Where are you going? I'm not done with you yet!" she interrupted. "Oh, you're upset because I gave you some constructive criticism, aren't you? Starting to grow sick of me already?"

I exhaled deeply through my nostrils. "I wouldn't dare think of such a thing."

She scoffed. "Is there anything on earth that you wouldn't dare do? You would have hit me if it weren't for my position as your mother-in-law, wouldn't you?"

Well, she's not wrong.

She was about to go on when Christopher suddenly slammed his hand down on the table, startling both of us.

When we turned to look at him with wide eyes, he gave us a sunny smile. "This fish tastes amazing, Yvonne! It's much better than anything my housekeeper makes. Lyle is a lucky guy to have married such a sweet and diligent wife. Oh, I do wonder where I'll be able to find a woman like you."

Wendy froze in place, her expression immediately souring. Without another word, she turned around and went upstairs to continue her inspection.

I snuck a glance at him as I followed her up the stairs. Meanwhile, he raised an eyebrow at me, mouthing the words, "Pay me back with your body later."

My cheeks flushed. He's way too good at that.

Of course, she wasn't satisfied with the rest of the rooms either but didn't say a word in Christopher's presence. She merely sat down on the couch, seemingly waiting for him to leave before she could finally blow up at me.

Christopher tried to hang around for as long as he could, but apparently, something urgent that he needed to attend to came up. He even whispered to me, "Want me to find a reason for us to leave together?"

I contemplated the idea for a moment before shaking my head. After all, I would only be delaying the inevitable if I left now.

There was nothing else he could do, so he just reminded me to call him if I needed anything and left.

As I had expected, her face fell as soon as Christopher walked out the door. "You've grown quite the nerve now that there's someone standing up for you."

I forced a polite smile. All thanks to you.

"What? Are you really not going to say anything?" Her glare grew sharp, and she started to throw a tantrum. "Who are you going to play the victim for now that he's gone? Do you think I don't understand what goes through your mind? You wanted to act all innocent and timid in front of other people so that they would think your mother-in-law was being cruel to you, didn't you?"

She's quite an imaginative one, isn't she?

I knew that she would refuse to listen to my explanation. Thus, I didn't answer.

Frustrated, she pressed on, "What are you standing around for? Go and serve me dinner! Are you not going to serve me even a glass of water while I'm here?"

You didn't even give me the chance to do so, but okay.

## ***Chapter 11***

"I'll do it now." Stay calm, stay calm. I won't have to see her nor Lyle ever again very soon.

I could still hear her mumbling as I turned around to head to the kitchen, "Like a lifeless doll. I honestly don't know what my son saw in you."

To be honest, I didn't know either. Perhaps he liked my stupidity, or maybe he liked the fact that he could get away with having an affair without me finding out.

I wanted to tell her that what was left on the table—the pan-grilled fish—was lunch but was scared that I would provoke her if I did.

So, I swiftly prepared a simple salad as well as an omelet to go on the side.

"What is all this?"

"Lunch."

The half-eaten pan-grilled fish that Christopher had been picking at looked out of place among the other dishes on the dining table.

"Do you think I'm blind? I know it's lunch," she snapped. "I'm asking you what you cooked. Don't try to change the subject."

"Um... This is a pan-grilled fish, a salad, and an omelet."

Wendy huffed. "My son is working to the bone. Not only does he have to manage the company, but he also has to be the breadwinner of the family. And this is all you're feeding him?"

Yeah, right. I'm sure he's working just as hard to get into some other woman's pants.

I took a seat at the dining table, hanging my head as I let her words go in one ear and out the other.

My stomach was already grumbling out loud, and my patience was wearing thin. Are you done?

"You need to make a nutritionally balanced, full course meal next time with all sorts of options for him to choose from. Don't you know how tired my son is after returning home from work every day?"

No, but I bet he must be tired from his daily hookups. "All right. I'll make beef stew for him tonight."

"How shameless." She rolled her eyes at me.

Shameless enough to cheat on him. "You can go ahead and eat if you'd like. You said that you were hungry, right?" I offered, maintaining my polite smile despite feeling furious.

After all, I needed to keep up this act of a good wife before I brought up the topic of divorce to Lyle. This way, I would have more time to myself to settle my own affairs. I refused to be like other divorcees, who didn't even have somewhere to stay after leaving their ex-husband's house.

I seriously doubted that Lyle would pay any sort of alimony if we did get divorced.

Meanwhile, Wendy appeared at a loss for what to do, reluctantly taking the plate I was holding out to her.

She had barely taken a bite of the pan-grilled fish when her face suddenly flushed red, spitting out the contents in her mouth.

I stared at her as she dramatically clapped a hand to her mouth and fumbled around for a glass of water, then glanced back at the pan-grilled fish in confusion. Does it really taste that bad?

I cut off a tiny piece and slowly savored it in my mouth, nearly letting out a bark of laughter.

On the other hand, Wendy was desperately gulping down several mouthfuls of water. "What did you put in there?" she screamed at me.

I resisted the urge to grin. "Wasabi."

All the blood drained from her face. "Why would you use wasabi while cooking pan-grilled fish?"

Um... How am I supposed to explain this? "I was going to make a sashimi dish, but I changed my mind halfway and accidentally ended up cooking pan-grilled fish."

After all, I couldn't possibly tell her that this had been Christopher's doing.

Although she was furious, she didn't dare eat another bite of the fish. She picked at the other dishes for a while before quickly making an excuse to leave as if she was scared that I would ask her to stay for dinner.

What goes around comes around!

A minute after Wendy left, Christopher sent me a message: How did she like my culinary skills?

I giggled to myself, quickly typing out a reply: It was alright. Although, the taste of the wasabi may have been a little too overpowering.

He texted back and added a cheeky grinning emoticon at the end of his message: I'll keep that in mind.

## **Chapter 12**

He then texted: You really suck at cooking.

I replied: So, will you cook for me again next time?

He did not reply for a long time. Just when I thought that I had been a bit too rude, he finally texted: If you eat my food, I'll have to eat you.

Rendered speechless, I replied: Haven't you already done that many times?

He then messaged: I have, but it's still not enough.

Not enough...

I laughed and texted back: You're the incapable one, but you're blaming it on me?

He immediately replied: I was just afraid that you would get tired. Otherwise, I can guarantee that you won't be able to get out of bed for three days.

This guy and his dirty talk. Merely reading his messages caused my face to heat up.

For the next few days, we continued to maintain such conversations via text. Every time we finished texting, I would always delete the chat records in case Lyle saw them.

However, Christopher never came again, and I assumed it was because he was busy.

Two days later, he suddenly sent me a location and texted: Come out.

After clicking it open, I realized that the location was the park near my home. Why did he go there? To take a stroll?

Just as I was hesitating whether or not to go, a new WhatsApp message came in. It read: Hurry up. It's hot.

Hot? It's winter now...

I replied: What's hot?

He messaged back: My heart.

A little confused, I then texted back: Huh?

He replied: I want you. There was a pitiful-looking emoticon at the end of the message.

I had to admit that he was really good at flirting.

Without hesitation, I put on a random coat and headed out. After all, Lyle would not be back that early.

When I got there, he was sitting at a pavilion in the park. Dressed in a black suit and a white shirt, he looked a bit tired with ruffled hair and his tie casually pulled aside.

As soon as he saw me, he broke into a smile and stood up. Stretching his hands out, he said warmly, "Come here, Eve."

Eve!

I was stunned for a moment, feeling touched. Other than my parents, he was the only one who called me that. Even Lyle only called me Yvonne.

As though I was possessed, I obediently walked over and put my hand in his.

His palms were large, while his fingers were pale and thin. Gently but firmly, he then pulled me into his arms.

He seemed to have had a bit to drink but still appeared to be sober. "I missed you so much, Eve."

Upon hearing his slightly hoarse voice, my heart skipped a beat. "What's wrong? Did something happen?"

Without even realizing it myself, I was overcome by a strong urge to care for him.

He hugged me tightly, his chin resting on my head as he replied softly, "I'm fine. Just a little tired."

I was slightly relieved at that. "If you're tired, then go back, take a bath, and sleep well. Why'd you come over here?"

He suddenly smiled and asked, "Are you reprimanding me? Feeling sorry for me?"

I was taken aback by his question. Indeed, I felt sorry for him, although I did not even notice when I started to have such feelings.

I knew that we were playing with fire. I haven't even gotten myself out of the situation with Lyle, so how can I get involved with Christopher too?

Conflicted, I pushed him away, trying to keep a distance from him while not making it too obvious.

However, he pulled me back again and pressed his lips against mine. The kiss was so passionate that I almost melted in his arms.

I noticed that it was different from his previous kisses. Although it was just as intense as before, this one was a little more desperate. It was as though he found a bottle of water when he was dying of thirst.

He held me tightly in his arms as we made out, and soon, I was out of breath. With the remaining strength left in me, I reached out to push him away.

It was slightly embarrassing that I was defeated by a mere kiss when we finally met up.

A long while later, Christopher let go of me reluctantly and licked my lips. He then shot me a charming smile.

Meanwhile, I slumped in his arms, gasping for breath weakly.

He carried me and sat back on the bench. "I said you wouldn't be able to get out of bed for three days, didn't I?"

Tsk, he really holds grudges.

Just as he leaned in for another kiss, I raised my hand to block him. "Don't. Others will see."

Pulling my hand away, he said, "Who would come here so late at night? I wouldn't either if it weren't to eat you."

I was speechless at his words.

### **Chapter 13**

However, he had a point. No one would go out so late at night, except those with ulterior motives. For instance, the man and woman turning the corner about ten meters ahead.

I patted him and gestured at them with my chin. "Your friend's here."

He glanced over indifferently, then kissed me on the cheek when I was not paying attention. Only then did he reluctantly let go of me. "Definitely not mine."

The pair arrived just as we stood up.

The moment Lyle saw me, his expression darkened. "You, you..."

He stuttered for some time but did not manage to finish his sentence.

Yet, although he was inarticulate, his eyesight was good. Almost immediately, he noticed that Christopher was beside me. With that, his face fell even more.

Initially, I thought that he would just lash out at me right there and then. However, instead of doing so, he stepped forward and gave me a tight slap.

Stunned, I was overwhelmed with indignation. But you were the one who cheated on me first!

It was apparent that Lyle had completely forgotten that his mistress was still beside him. Just then, Christopher pulled me behind him before he questioned in a disdainful tone, "Lyle, don't you think it's unseemly for you to slap Eve when you brought another woman to the park at this hour?"

Lyle froze for a moment. Then, he discreetly shook off the woman's hand. "This is my family matter. You don't need to worry about it. Also, you're not in the place to call her Eve. You'd better take care of your other dalliances first."

As soon as he was done speaking, he came over and grabbed my hand. However, I flung his hand away. It was the same one that he used to hold that woman just now. "Don't touch me after you have touched another woman."

He had probably not expected that I would go against him. As a result, he stood rooted to the spot with an unfathomable expression.

However, no thief would admit to stealing. He merely froze for a moment before immediately disguising his guilt with rage. "Great. I've suspected you two for a long time now. Previously, for some reason, you

two shared the same bowl. When Mom told me that you two were being fishy, I even made up excuses for you.”

Well, he was not wrong. After all, I did cheat on him by getting involved in a love affair with Christopher. Thus, I had nothing to say about that.

However, I was infuriated that he had the audacity to accuse me of being unfaithful when he was the one who cheated first. How bold and thick-skinned.

Christopher sneered as he retorted, “What a shame. We only shared a bowl, unlike both of you who’ve already slept in the same bed.”

“You!” Lyle said furiously. Knowing that he could not win the argument, he decided to take action instead.

Seeing that the situation was gradually getting out of hand, I was afraid that they would actually get into a fight, intending to pull them apart. However, before I could do anything, I suddenly felt dizzy, and my legs went weak, causing me to slump onto the ground.

I’ve taken my meal just now, so why’s my blood sugar so low?

Christopher wanted to help me up, but Lyle pushed him away.

As my head was spinning, I could only let Lyle leave with me in his arms.

Once we were home, he acted unusually caring toward me. “How do you feel, dear? Are you still dizzy? I’ll go get you a glass of warm water.”

At first, I was a little moved by his kind gesture. However, as soon as I heard the words “warm water,” those feelings faded away instantly.

It seems that warm water is the cure to everything. Whenever I have cramps or I’m down with a cold, he would ask me to drink it. But I’m dizzy now, so what’s the use of drinking warm water? You might as well make a cup of sugared water.

Nevertheless, I couldn’t be bothered to correct him as I knew that it would be pointless.

Seeing as I did not speak, he assumed that I had agreed and dashed out of the room.

Meanwhile, I lay back on the bed and rested. Although my world no longer spun, I was still a little dizzy. Moreover, I felt nauseous and had a strong urge to vomit.

Nausea, vomit...

At that moment, an ominous thought flashed across my mind. Have I missed my period for two months? What are the early symptoms of pregnancy?



I quickly picked up my phone. Right then, a notification popped up. It was a message from Christopher: You okay? I'm outside the door.

Ignoring him, I hastily typed out a few words and began to search for answers while a shiver ran down my spine.

How is it possible...

I felt like the world was coming to an end.

## **Chapter 14**

I had been married to Lyle for two years, which was also the amount of time I waited to carry a child. However, I had not gotten pregnant at all during the past two years. So how did I get pregnant all of a sudden? Moreover, it happened during the period in which I had slept with Christopher.

I was overcome with anxiety, for I was not sure who the child belonged to.

Furthermore, regardless of whether the child was Christopher's or Lyle's, the outcome was not what I had hoped for.

After all, I was already planning to get a divorce, so having a child would only be an extra burden to me.

Just then, Lyle came back with a glass of water. He carefully helped me up and said, "Here's your water, dear. Drink it slowly. It's a bit hot."

Afterward, he gently blew on the water to cool it down before slowly bringing it close to my mouth. As though he was worried that I would burn myself, he watched me like a hawk.

Calm down, Yvonne. You have to calm down.

Although I was so nervous that my entire back was drenched with sweat, I still pretended to be calm as I took the cup. "I can do it myself."

In the past, a single greeting from him used to make me happy for two days. However, his actions only made me feel awkward at that moment.

Without saying a word, he sat by the bedside and stared at me until I felt a little uneasy.

I was so worried that he would notice something amiss, and my palms started sweating. Although I could have finished the glass in two gulps, I sipped on it for half an hour instead.

Initially, I thought he would lose patience and leave soon. However, he was in a good mood that day and waited until I finished drinking.

Since I had no other choice, I could only finish the water and hand him the cup. After that, I muttered, "I'm a little tired. I'm going to sleep."

He then grabbed onto me and said, "Wait a minute. I have something to ask you."

Can you not?

Unbeknownst to me, I was gripping my phone tightly in the midst of my panic, and the screen was displaying Christopher's contact.

He pulled me into an upright position, and his hands suddenly reached out to hold my shoulders.

Thinking that he was going to hit me again, I trembled and tried to retreat.

However, there was no room for me to move, for the bed and wall were directly behind me.

To my surprise, he apologized, "I'm sorry, dear."

"Huh?" Am I hearing things?

He then repeated himself, "Dear, it was my fault. Please forgive me."

Finally, I heard it clearly that time. He really is apologizing to me.

However, I did not understand why he was doing so. Because he misunderstood the situation and hit me? Although, it wasn't a misunderstanding. Or is he going to admit to his cheating? He'd better not. Otherwise, it would become my fault instead if I don't forgive him.

However, I had clearly overthought things. As an explanation for his cheating, he said, "I had a social gathering today and drank a little too much. I was afraid I'd smother you with the smell if I came back, so I went to take a walk with Bianca to help me sober up."

Bianca? Oh right, his mistress. I almost forgot that her name is Bianca.

I merely replied with an "Oh."

Unable to figure out what I was thinking, he said, "I won't do it again in the future, dear. Please forgive me."

Yeah, right. However, I kept my thoughts to myself, merely humming in reply.

He then said, "If there's anywhere you want to go next time, remember to tell me. I'll make time to accompany you."

The implication in his words was that he still doubted Christopher and me, and he wanted me to keep a distance from Christopher.

Although I was a little disheartened, I knew that it was for the best. After all, it was time to put an end to our ambiguous relationship. "I won't meet him alone next time."

With my assurance, he immediately smiled. "That's my girl."

Having said that, he pulled me into a hug, wanting to get intimate with me. However, I wriggled out of his arms. In truth, I wasn't angry at him. I merely felt awkward and no longer wanted to have any physical contact with him.

However, he seemed upset about it. Seeing as he was about to throw a tantrum, I quickly changed the subject. "I still feel a little dizzy, Darling. Please help me make a cup of brown sugar tea."

## **Chapter 15**

Upon hearing my words, he forgot about his displeasure moments ago and pressed his hand to my forehead nervously, testing whether or not I had a fever. "Okay, wait a minute. I'll make it right now."

The moment he left the room, I hopped off the bed and hurriedly took out a pregnancy test kit from the drawer. I then hid in the bathroom and locked the door in a panic.

In fact, I had bought that pregnancy test kit two years ago. Never did I expect that I would use it in such a difficult situation.

Now that I think about it, has it expired?

Taking advantage of the fact that Lyle was not there, I quickly took the test and waited for the result nervously. Deep down, I prayed hard, begging for it to be negative.

However, the test result showed two lines. Perhaps it is my retribution for cheating.

At that moment, I felt as though I was struck by lightning. My legs gave way, and I almost fell to the ground.

I was not panicking because I was pregnant but because I did not know whose child it was.

While my mind was in disarray, my phone kept ringing. Christopher's name appeared on the screen, causing me to become even more upset, and I hung up the call directly.

Yet, within a second, he called again.

After hanging up again, I sent him a text: ?

He replied almost immediately: Are you okay?

The next second, he messaged me again: Did he make things difficult for you? I'm coming in now.

The moment I saw that message, I was scared out of my wits, and I hurriedly replied: Don't!

He hesitated for a while before he asked: Why? You're just gonna push me away after having your way with me?

He had probably realized that I was fine, thus beginning his idle chatter again.

However, I was not in the mood for that. Oh gosh, I feel like dying now, and you're teasing me?

Just then, I heard rapid footsteps from outside; Lyle must have come back. Hence, I tidied myself and hid the pregnancy test kit, then regained my composure before I walked out.

He put down the cup of brown sugar tea and came to help me. "Why didn't you ask me to help you to the toilet? Weren't you feeling dizzy? What if you fall?"

Before I exited the bathroom, I had already decided to conceal my pregnancy and get a divorce as soon as possible. I was adamant about raising the child by myself.

Lyle seemed to behave differently after the incident at the park. Once he got off work, he immediately went home.

Occasionally, he would even spoil me with candlelight dinners, roses, or chocolates.

If he had done that in the past, I would have been overjoyed. However, I felt nothing when he showered me with surprises now.

I was already familiar with his temperament after being married to him for two years. After all, the harder it was to get something, the more they wanted it.

In the past, he only thought of me as a housewife who had no saying in the family. But now that Christopher came into the picture, he was panic-stricken all of a sudden.

Although I accepted Lyle's kind gestures, I would later discuss divorce matters with a lawyer in secret.

What I did might be a little unscrupulous, but the Smiths were no ordinary family; they were affluent and powerful. Hence, if I did not make full preparations, I would not even be able to step out of their front door.

For the past few days, Lyle had been spending all his time with me. Thus, I slowly counted the days to see how long Bianca could tolerate before she took action.

Sure enough, I only had peace for less than a week before she finally came over to have a showdown.

The moment the doorbell rang, I already had a gut feeling that it was her.

Lyle had his own keys, so there was no need for him to ring the doorbell. Moreover, I had not seen Christopher for many days, and it was unlikely that he would visit so suddenly. As for Wendy, she was probably still too angry to turn up.

I cracked open the door and gave the visitor a once-over, starting from the bottom. What greeted my eyes first were a pair of fair, slender legs. With a pink scarf tied around her neck, she wore a figure-hugging mini skirt and a backless halter top, looking sexy and glamorous.

At that moment, she stood at the door with her arms crossed and her chin slightly raised, proud as a peacock.

She gave me a sidelong glance with a disdainful expression.

Indeed, that was exactly how a mistress was looking at the wife of her lover. She must not have had the spouse of a lover strip her and had her nudes taken before.

## **Chapter 16**

I leaned half of my body on the door frame and blocked the entrance by grabbing the doorknob with one hand. "What's up?"

I thought my actions made it very obvious that she was uninvited, but she chose to ignore it and continued to step forward haughtily in her high heels.

Now that I recalled, she gave me a contemptuous look that day at the park as well. If I had not fainted that day, I would have slapped her across her face. After all, Christopher was there to back me up at that time.

I quickly moved forward and blocked her path. "I'm sorry. I'm going to rest now. You'll have to come another day."

My message came through loud and clear.

She scoffed, "I have something to tell you."

"But I have nothing to say to you," I replied.

She shot back, "My time is precious. I'm afraid I may not have the time to come another day. Unlike you, I can't sit around at home all day."

She was a pretty girl, but she's clearly an idiot.

Not wanting to waste my breath on her, I turned to close the door.

But she stuck her arm out to stop the door from closing. Caught off guard, I swung the door wide open, and she strutted in with her head held high.

Without waiting for an invitation from me, she walked into the living room and sat on my couch as if she owned the place.

I was fuming inside, but I forced out a smile.

"This is my home, and you're sitting on my couch," I said flippantly.

She sneered in reply. "It won't be your home soon, but don't worry. I'm not as petty as you. I couldn't care less if you take this tattered couch with you."

I nodded my head in agreement. "That's right. Scraps are not worthy for trashy people like you."

She instantly became angry at the insult. "Who's the trashy one now? I'm telling you, Lyle will kick you out soon. He has lost interest in you for a long time. All you do is cook and clean."

Is she taking me for a fool? If that's the case, then why is she throwing a fit in front of me now? Perhaps she was here because it had been a long time since Lyle had gone to her.

Suddenly, she smiled and asked, "Do you know when was the first time that I got together with Lyle?"

I had no idea, and I didn't want to know, either. "I'm not interested."

However, the self-absorbed woman ignored me and continued, "At that time, I just started working, and I had no qualifications. I worked hard and did all the menial tasks. Most of the time, I had to work overtime until late in the night."

And then what? Is she playing the sympathy card? Well, I had it worse than her. When I was in college, I had to work and study at the same time. I was handing out flyers on the street, cleaning dishes, and putting up posters whenever I didn't have class.

I replied, "I feel for you. I really do. How about this, I'll give you some money for you to call a cab?"

Ignoring my jibe, she continued rambling, "I remember that night very clearly. It was raining heavily when I left the office at ten. I was walking in the rain for some time before I fainted. When I woke up, I was in Lyle's car, and he even gave me his coat to keep me warm."

Ten at night, rain, missing coat. I searched my memory with those clues, and finally, I knew which night she was talking about.

It was my birthday last year. I bought a cake and waited for Lyle at home, but all I got was a phone call from him telling me not to wait up for him because he was having a meeting.

He didn't get home until three in the morning. His clothes were soaking wet, and his coat was missing.

At that time, I felt sorry for him for working so hard and even berated myself for expecting him to celebrate my birthday with me.

## **Chapter 17**

Looking back now, I wanted to slap myself.

I was in no mood to listen to her anymore, but she kept on taunting me. "Do you know what Lyle said to me about you?"

No, I don't want to know.

But she continued, "He said that you're an old hag. Although he married you, you're just an unpaid housekeeper to him."

I became annoyed after hearing that hurtful remark. So, I picked up my phone and looked at her. "Why don't we call Lyle now and see what he has to say about it?"

Instantly, she panicked and pretended to be calm. "Don't be so smug. I'll kick you out sooner or later."

Great. That would save me the legal fees.

I walked over to the door and opened it. Then, I gave her a look that said, "It's time for you to leave now".

Only then did she pick up her bag in frustration and rattle toward me in her high heels.

Just when I thought she was about to walk out the door, she suddenly stopped in her tracks. And when I least expected it, she stretched out her hand and shoved my shoulder.

I was caught off guard and stumbled backward before landing on my hip.

"Yvonne!" Lyle called out when he came back and saw the scene before him.

However, it was too late. There was a sharp pain in my stomach.

Before Lyle could rush over to break my fall, I had crashed to the ground.

All of a sudden, I felt a sharp and intense pain in my abdomen. I had a dreadful feeling that I was about to miscarry.

Tossing his bag aside, Lyle rushed toward me. He crouched next to me and tried to help me into a sitting position. "Are you alright, Yvonne? Are you hurt?"

He didn't even know that I was pregnant, and all he cared about was whether I hurt myself from the fall.

Before I could ask him to take me to the hospital, I was interrupted by Bianca, who was fuming away.

She pointed a finger right at me and said connivingly, "Quit the act. Wasn't it only a fall? It can't be that serious as to cause internal bleeding."

If I wasn't in so much pain, I would have gotten up and slapped her across her face.

But now was not the time to quarrel with her. I tugged at Lyle's arm and said anxiously, "Quick! Get me to the hospital."

Even though I felt that this was not the right time to carry a child and that I had no intention to keep this pregnancy, I was still frightened at the thought of miscarrying.

Lyle got into position and was about to lift me up in his arms.

However, Bianca dragged him to his feet to stop him from helping me up and began to whine at him, "Look at this, Lyle. She broke my nail."

This was the first time I felt like killing someone. Who cares about your broken nail! I'm about to lose my baby!

"Lyle!" I shouted at him to bring his attention back to me. It was the first time that I raised my voice at him.

Lyle was not the only one who was taken aback. Bianca was equally shocked as she stared at me blankly for a moment.

However, I was in no mood to pay attention to their expressions because I was in such excruciating pain. I wanted to get myself to the hospital quickly, but I couldn't move without any help.

This was my first child, and I couldn't bear to lose this baby.

In my state of panic and fear, Christopher popped into my mind, and I quickly took out my phone to call him.

Suddenly, Lyle got anxious as though he saw something disturbing. He shoved Bianca out of his way and rushed over to my side. Very quickly, he held me tightly in his arms, and his eyes were transfixed on my lower body.

I followed his gaze and saw that a pool of blood had gathered between my legs. The sight of it caused me to choke back a sob.

Distressed, Lyle quickly picked me up and ran out of the door. As he did, he tried his best to comfort me, "Dear, don't be afraid. I'll take you to the hospital now. It's going to be okay. It'll be okay..."

He was trying to console me, but in fact, he was suffering a panic attack himself.

Fortunately, the hospital was not far from home, and it was only a ten-minute drive away. Even so, the car seat was soaked with the blood pouring out of me.

## **Chapter 18**

Once we arrived at the hospital, Lyle ran into the hospital with me in his arms and shouted, "Help! Quick! My wife has lost a lot of blood..."

A group of doctors and nurses came rushing out and swiftly helped me onto an empty surgical bed before pushing me into an operating room.



I was actually afraid to go under anesthesia. Once we were in the operating room, I grasped the doctor's hand and said, "Doctor, I'm pregnant. I think I'm having a miscarriage."

I couldn't see the doctor's expression as he was wearing a surgical mask, but I was sure that he glanced at my lower body for a moment. Nodding, he said to a nurse, "Let's get her into the delivery room. Send an obstetrician in there too."

After that, they pushed my surgical bed out of the operating room. Immediately, I heaved a sigh of relief.

I felt dizzy from fatigue and blood loss, and because of that, I fell asleep unknowingly.

When I woke up, I was in a single-bedded ward, and my bed was surrounded by pink curtains. It was very quiet, and I could hear Lyle talking to someone.

"Good thing you guys came in the nick of time, so we managed to save the fetus. Since this is her first pregnancy and it's still in the early stage, there is an increased risk of miscarriage. Hence, extra care is needed for her to have a safe pregnancy."

Then came Lyle's voice. "Thank you, doctor. We'll be extra careful from now on."

As I lay on the hospital bed, I stared at the ceiling that was decorated like a starry sky. Now that he was aware of the pregnancy, I wonder what he thought of it.

Soon, the doctor opened the door and left the ward. Lyle pulled open the curtain to peep at me, and when he saw that I was awake, he instantly smiled and asked cautiously, "You're up, dear. Do you want some water? Are you hungry?"

I opened my mouth to speak but didn't know what to say.

He brought my hand to his lips and asked in an almost inaudible voice, "Dear, can I ask you something?"

Sensing from his expression that something was amiss, my heart began to race. I had a gut feeling that Lyle was going to ask about the baby.

Sure enough, he lifted his head and looked me straight in the eye with a somber look.

I felt terribly guilty and held my breath before stammering, "G-Go ahead."

His eyes were still fixated on me, and the atmosphere was rather tense.

Instead of throwing questions at me immediately, he pulled the blanket halfway up to my chest. I was frightened by this action as I was expecting him to burst into anger.

After tucking me in, he shifted his gaze back to me and asked calmly, "Did you sleep with Christopher?"

I was speechless.

He looked me in the eye, and there wasn't a hint of anger in his gaze. His calmness chilled my blood.

I answered, "No, I did not."

It was the first time I knew that I was good at lying. I was aware that I should not admit my relationship with Christopher before using my trump card.

Lyle knew that I was not someone who would lie, but he didn't seem to believe me at that moment. He asked again, "I'll ask you another question. Who's the father of this baby?"

Upon hearing that, I could feel breathing quicken, and my heart was pounding like a drum.

"I asked you a question." Suddenly, he raised his voice at me, causing me to stiffen with fright.

Instead of answering the question, I said, "I'm your wife."

Clearly annoyed, his brows furrowed instantly. "Tell me. Whose child is it?"

I was so frightened that I couldn't breathe.

Lyle was terrifying whenever he flew into a rage. If this were to continue, I would surrender in no time.

Thinking fast, I changed the subject. "I should be the one asking. What's up with Bianca? Didn't you say you have nothing to do with her? Then why did she come knocking on our door today?"

I had to admit that I sounded senseless. Even if he really was in an affair with Bianca, they did not conceive a child nonetheless, so I was clearly in the wrong here.

The moment I brought up Bianca, Lyle's temper subsided somewhat. But he persisted in asking, "Tell me who the father of this child is. Only then will I tell you everything about Bianca and me."

It was a pathetic deal. Hence, I rejected it, "He's your friend. What can he do?"

Lyle's temper flared, and he jumped up with a roar. "Don't think you can talk yourself out of this. This child is his, isn't it?"

For some reason, I was glad to see his face contorted in anger. "If it makes you happier that the child is his, then we'll just let it be."

Right after saying that, Lyle raised his hand and slapped me across the face. The impact was so strong that I almost fell off the bed.

Just then, there was a sharp pain in my stomach. When I looked down, I saw that I was bleeding again, and the blood had stained the sheets.

## **Chapter 19**

Not only was my body hurting, but my heart was aching too. When I first got married, I thought I was the luckiest woman in the world. On my wedding night, Lyle hugged me and told me he would make me happy for the rest of my life.

But this was what we had become after only two years of marriage. In fact, it didn't take two years. He started to cheat one year ago, yet he had the audacity to hit me while I was lying in the hospital bed covered in blood.

Tears began rolling down my cheeks. I poured out my grievances and dissatisfaction, but Lyle was not willing to let me off. He held me by my throat as his face contorted in anger. By then, the hospital bedsheet was soaked with blood.

"So you really had an affair with Christopher! I'm going to kill you, Yvonne."

That's men. They don't allow their women to be close to the opposite sex even when they themselves have cheated and committed adultery.

My vision began to blur as air rushed out of my lungs, and my firm grip on Lyle's hand loosened. I gazed up at his handsome face, but somehow, it looked malicious and repulsive to me.

We had been friends since childhood before we became romantically involved. At that time, I was very fond of Lyle and loved to look at him because his smile was as bright as the sun. Just seeing his heartwarming smile made me feel better whenever I was upset.

But now, his face seemed strangely unfamiliar. With my last ounce of strength, I struggled to ask, "Lyle, we've been married for two years. Have you ever loved me?"

"No. And I never will!" Lyle answered without hesitation.

I smiled bitterly. So what we had in the past few years was all a joke, and it was a mockery of my ignorance. Because of that, I was consumed by the desire to have my revenge. I figured whatever happened between Christopher and me would serve as that, so I began to indulge in the thoughts of my "sweet" revenge.

I honestly thought that Lyle would really kill me then and there. Fortunately, a nurse came in to check on me at that time. And since Lyle didn't want to have blood on his hands, he decided to let go of his grip on my throat.

Once his hand left my throat, I fell back limply on the bed and gasped for air. When the nurse came to my side, she pulled the blanket aside and let out a terrified scream when she saw the blood-covered sheets. She immediately called in a group of nurses and doctors.

Everyone tacitly ignored the raw handprints on my neck and tried their best to treat me. After all, it was my private matter, and they weren't going to intervene.

Lyle was shocked when he saw the large amount of blood that had pooled on the white bedsheet, standing rooted to his spot behind the nurses and doctors. After a while, he came forward to ask if I was in any pain. I shifted my gaze away from him and ignored him entirely.

He seemed to be more horrified than guilty. It was obvious that he was afraid of killing me accidentally and becoming the talk of the town. Instantly, the sense of guilt that I had when we were talking about my affair with Christopher disappeared into thin air.

I asked the doctor, "What about the baby that I miscarried?"

The doctor replied sympathetically, "The fetus was only two months old, so it's an early pregnancy loss. Give yourself half a year to recover before you try to get pregnant again."

I let out a scornful laugh, then pointed in Lyle's direction and said, "If the fetal tissue has not been disposed of, then please collect some tissue sample and arrange for a paternity test with my husband."

Although I wasn't sure who the father of the unborn child was, I knew that Lyle would never agree to such a ridiculous request in front of so many strangers. If he were to agree to the paternity test, that would indicate that he had been cuckolded.

Sure enough, his face smoothed out as he leaned forward and said in a soft tone, "Let's stop fighting, Eve. I only said those things in a moment of anger. Let's not talk about that anymore. You should rest well and focus on recuperating."