

Mistress on My Husband's Phone Chapter 36

"A police station? Why are we here, Troy?"

"Calm down, beautiful. You'll know the reason once we get inside."

The three of us got out of the car. A police officer greeted us at the entrance.

"Welcome, Mr. Peterson," the officer said, shaking Troy's hand.

As we walked in, almost everyone nodded respectfully at Troy. Who was this man? Was it because he was one of the city's tycoons or a former celebrity? I didn't know.

"Please, Mr. Peterson and Ms. Johnson, have a seat." An officer who looked higher ranked invited us to sit in a more private room. Maybe he was the chief.

"Bring them in!" the officer ordered.

"Yes, sir."

Not long after, two detainees were brought in by two police officers each.

The two detainees, Brian and Kendall, walked with their heads down to the chairs in front of us.

"Brian, if you admit all your crimes, your sentence will be lighter."

"Mr. Peterson, I'm sorry," Brian said with a remorseful face.

"Tell her everything you and this woman did to Sarah!"

"S—sorry, Ms. Johnson! I asked Kendall to lure your clients to switch to our company. They were attracted to the prices we offered," Brian explained, trembling.

"Our company? Whose company are you talking about?" I asked, curious.

"Me and Kendall's..." he replied quietly.

"Impressive! You managed to start a company," I retorted.

"Of course they could. Those illegal and fake companies were established using funds from Peterson Corp," Troy shouted angrily as he glared at Brian and Kendall,

The two suspects bowed deeply, their bodies trembling.

“Tell me. Were you also the ones who tried to kill me?” asked, glaring at the two cunning people.

The two suspects looked at each other as if discussing their answer.

Finally, Brian nodded weakly.

“Liar!” Troy shouted, standing up and slamming the table.

Both of them looked terrified.

“I know who is behind all of this!” Troy continued, glaring at Brian.

“Please, Mr. Peterson... Please! We were threatened, sir. Help us!” Brian pleaded.

“Who threatened you?” I asked sharply.

“My wife and child’s lives are at risk, sir. Please...” Brian panicked and cried.

“Still worried about your wife and child, huh?” Troy yelled again.

“Tell us who is behind this!” Troy shouted once more,

Brian remained silent.

“Joshua, come in,” Troy called Joshua, who had been waiting in the front room.

Brian and Kendall became more anxious. Their faces turned pale.

“Excuse me.” Joshua stepped in and stood next to Troy.

“Mr. Powell, you know Joshua is a witness to everything. Your sentence will be even harsher if you don’t tell the truth!” the police chief said sternly.

“Joshua, what do you know? Please tell me,” I asked my personal driver.

“Before the accident happened, someone asked me to harm you. But I refused. That person kept threatening me, but I kept avoiding it. And eventually, the accident was intentional.”

“Why didn’t you tell me this before? Who is this person who wants to harm me?” I asked, curious. “Sorry, Ms. Johnson. I was confused. That person threatened to harm Gillian if I disclosed it.”

What?!

“Tell me!” I asked, eager.

Joshua hesitated.

“Please. Tell me!”

“You wouldn’t believe it if I told you the mastermind behind all this is... Bradley.”

“What?” My felt weak. My body collapsed to the floor, Troy quickly grabbed me and helped me to a knee chair.

“Troy... is all this true? Why would Bradley do this?” I whispered, my breath heavy after hearing this truth. “Ms. Johnson, Bradley is my nephew. He’s always been ambitious about becoming rich. He often said he wanted to be like you, having a lot of wealth. But I never expected him to go this far,” Joshua explained, leaving me even more shocked.

“What about Derrick, Troy? Is he involved too?”

“That fool doesn’t know anything. But Bradley had planned to shift all the blame to Derrick. Thankfully, you survived the accident, and the police could uncover everything.” Troy explained everything.

“W—what about Albert?” I asked cautiously. Honestly, I was very anxious about the answer I would hear was almost unable to bear it anymore. I was afraid Albert was also involved. Tears slowly rolled down my cheeks.

With a heavy heart and bated breath, I waited for Troy’s answer.

“Albert... is clean,” Troy whispered.

“Really?” I asked, still not sure.

Troy nodded firmly. He slowly reached for a tissue from the table and wiped my tears with a sad look.

I wondered why he looked sad.

“Officer, please arrest the man named Bradley immediately,” Troy ordered the police chief.

“Understood. We will act right away.”

Oh God. I could hardly believe all of this. Why would Bradley want to destroy me?

“What about Lorraine? Yesterday, she also tried to poison me. It was Bradley who saved me,” I asked, puzzled.

“So far, we don’t know who Lorraine works for. The initial suspicion is that she acted alone out of spite towards you. And Bradley took advantage of this to carry out his actions,” explained the police chief. “Oh God, Gillian. I’m worried about Gillian. My daughter is at home right now,” I said, panicking.

“Calm down, Sarah. I’ve already asked my people to guard your house,” Troy assured me.

“Is that true? Thank goodness,” I said with relief.

“Your daughter is safe. Relax,” Troy said, patting my back.

Troy turned out to be very kind. I had misjudged him.

“Damn you! You should have died yesterday!” Kendall, who had been silent all this time, suddenly attacked me. The pregnant homewrecker yanked my hair hard.

“Ouch!” I screamed.

“Stop it, Kendall!”

The female police officers quickly pulled Kendall away. Then they took her back to the holding cell.

“Are you okay?” Troy asked, helping to comfort me.

I shook my head.

“We should go home. You need to rest because you’re still recovering.”

“Okay.”

Troy drove me home, while Joshua was taken by Troy’s men in a different car.

Throughout the journey, Troy kept worrying about me. This man was very attentive, and he was so charming. However, I did not know how I felt about him.

Suddenly, I remembered Albert. How was he doing?

Mistress on My Husband’s Phone Chapter 37

I felt relieved when I got home and found Sofia and Gillian safe. According to Troy, there were several of his people patrolling my house, and some of them were police officers. I felt much calmer.

Why was Derrick still there? He must think I still had amnesia.

“Derrick, get out at once!”

Derrick, who was engrossed with his phone, was startled when he saw me.

“What do you mean? This is my house. You can’t kick me out!” he said firmly.

“Oh, really? Where’s the proof that this is your house, Derrick? Where’s the certificate? Show it to me!” I snapped, folding my arms across my chest.

Derrick stammered.

“I already told you I’m still looking for the certificate. Stop playing games!” he barked.

“What if I find the certificate? What will you do?” I asked with a smirk.

He looked even more flustered and anxious.

“Don’t try to fool me! Remember, you’re sick and have amnesia. It’s better for you not to think too much!” he said, panicking.

“You fucking idiot! I regret ever marrying a loser like you!” I shouted angrily.

“How dare you! I’m your husband!” He yelled, pointing his finger at my face.

“Hahaha! Enough, Derrick. Stop pretending. I know everything,” I said, laughing at his confused face.

“Listen up. First, I’m not your wife anymore because we are officially divorced. You can’t deny it because I have the court papers. Second, I bought this house from the moneylender who lent money to Lorraine, and I have the original certificate. And third, I never had amnesia!”

Derrick was shocked by my words. His body trembled, and his face turned pale.

“You’re a fucking liar! You deceived me. Damn it!” He growled, clenching his fists.

“Get out right now!” I said firmly.

The man in front of me stayed silent, glaring at me. What was he thinking? Was he planning something? I had to be careful.

“Sarah, please. Don’t kick me out! I have no other place to go. I beg you. For the sake of our daughter, Gillian,” Derrick suddenly got down on his knees and begged.

“What? For Gillian’s sake? Where were you all this time, Derrick? Did you remember Gillian when you were sleeping with that cheap homewrecker?”

Derrick's face turned red. He always got angry when I mentioned the homewrecker. Slowly, he stood up.

"You're so fucking selfish!" He shouted, his eyes bulging at me.

"Get out of here! I'm sick of your face!" I screamed at him.

Suddenly, Derrick ran to the kitchen. I didn't know what he was planning to do. I needed to be cautious. I quickly grabbed my phone to call Troy. But...

Suddenly, Derrick came out of the kitchen, wielding a knife.

"Oh my God..."

"You selfish woman, I'll kill you!" Derrick kept shouting, running after me.

I panicked and screamed.

"Help! Help!"

I kept running away from him. He was like a madman, chasing me furiously with his eyes bulging. I was so scared and worried.

"Mommy!"

"Gillian!"

"Mommy it hurts... help! Daddy, don't... it hurts!"

"Derrick! She's your daughter! Don't hurt her. I beg you."

I sobbed and trembled seeing Gillian in Derrick's grip. The knife was now right in front of Gillian's face. Derrick caught her from behind when she tried to come to me.

What should I do? Gillian looked terrified. She kept screaming in pain as Derrick held her tightly from behind.

My body went weak. I collapsed to the floor and cried. I couldn't bear seeing Gillian screaming like that. "Please, she's your daughter too. Have mercy!" I screamed.

"Hand over the certificate if you want Gillian to be safe! Hurry up!" he shouted.

"You would sacrifice your own flesh and blood for money! You fucking monster!"

"Hurry up, don't stall!!" He shouted again.

“Mommy!” Gillian cried.

“Gillian, hold on. Mommy will save you.” I tried to calm my daughter.

“Sofia, please watch over Gillian. I’ll go to the room to get the certificate,”

Sofia had been crying and trembling in the corner of the room. She nodded weakly. She seemed very scared too.

“Hurry up!” Derrick barked.

“O—okay,” I stammered.

I slowly walked into my room. I hoped the fool didn’t follow me. Fortunately, my phone was on the dressing table. I quickly sent a message to Troy. After that, I opened my safe, hidden behind the wardrobe. No one else knew about the safe.

After retrieving something, I locked the safe again.

When I came out, Derrick was still holding Gillian tightly. She looked exhausted. I prayed to God to protect her.

“Bring me the certificate quickly!” he ordered.

“No, let Gillian go first!” I replied firmly.

“Give me the certificate, or I’ll kill her!” he screamed.

Bang!

“Ah!

“Argh!

I gasped at the sound of the gunshot. Suddenly, Derrick fell to the floor. His leg was bleeding.

“Gillian!” I quickly grabbed Gillian, who was freed from Derrick, and ran into the room. Sofia followed me. Once in the room, I hugged Gillian, who was now calmer in my arms.

Two police officers and several strong men suddenly entered. One of the police officers shot Derrick in the leg. Fortunately, Troy had read my message earlier.

After Gillian calmed down, I slowly came out of the room. Derrick had already been taken away by the two police officers.

“Sorry, Ms. Johnson. Are you and Gillian okay?” A rather stern-looking man asked politely.

“We’re fine... Thank you,” I replied.

“Sorry, ma’am, we arrived late.”

“It’s okay, sir. The important thing is we’re all safe. Please convey my thanks to Mr. Peterson.”

“Alright, ma’am. We’ll take our leave. Some of us will be watching around here. I hope you stay vigilant until Mr. Bradley is caught.”

I exhaled heavily. It turned out the problem was not over yet.

“Alright, sir. Thank you.”

They left. I felt exhausted and still in shock from the recent tension.

Troy had really helped me a lot. I wondered if I should repay his kindness by opening my heart to him. I contemplated accepting the arranged marriage between us.

Where was Albert? I had misjudged him as well. I still could not believe that Bradley was the one who had stabbed me in the back. He was one of the people I trusted the most after all.

Mistress on My Husband’s Phone Chapter 38

Today, I had to go to the office. No matter what, I needed to fix the company’s situation, which had been a mess since my accident.

Derrick and Bradley had wanted to take over the company. Because of them, the company’s situation became chaotic, and our stock prices started declining. Somehow, a lot of company money ended up in Bradley’s account. He even deceived the financial manager.

Bradley was still missing. No one knew where he was. The police were still looking for him.

“Good morning, Ms. Johnson.”

“Welcome back, Ms. Johnson.”

“It’s good to see you well, Ms. Johnson.”

The employees were surprised to see me. One by one, they greeted me warmly.

Today, I gathered all the managers for a meeting. We must start hard work immediately if we did not want the company to go bankrupt.

This company was the only legacy from my family. I had to protect and grow it. It was a responsibility I had accepted.

I tried contacting Albert several times, but his phone was always unreachable. I really needed him at that moment. I sent him a message, hoping he would read it someday.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

“Come in!”

“Ms. Johnson, I need to fix the air conditioning in this room.” John, the security guard, came in with a technician.

“I have a lot of work to do, John,” I said.

But the air conditioning in my room indeed wasn’t working very well.

“It’s okay. You don’t have to leave the room. Please continue your work,” John said.

“Alright. Go ahead, start the work!” I said to the technician and continued with my piled-up tasks.

The technician, who was wearing a hat and glasses, nodded..

“Ma’am, I’m going for lunch,” John suddenly excused himself. I didn’t realize it was already lunchtime. I had better order some food online. Ugh. Bradley usually took care of these for me. He was very reliable in that way. I missed having him around.

If he had expressed his desires earlier, I might have promoted him to a higher position in the company. I would have also given him a scholarship to further his education in order to support his new position.

However it was too late now. Bradley had chosen the wrong path. He had committed crimes to achieve his goals.

The technician was still busy with his work.

“If you want to have lunch, go ahead and take a break,” I suggested.

The technician did not answer. He suddenly walked toward the door... and locked it. What did he want?

“Hey, what are you doing? Why did you lock the door?” exclaimed in worry.

Still facing the door, the man slowly removed his hat and glasses.

I gasped when the man turned around.

“Ah!”

The man started approaching me with a sinister smile. I prayed to God once more to help me.

I took a few steps back. I couldn't believe this man was pretending to be a technician. How did John get fooled too? Or was the security guard on it with him?

“Where do you think you're going? Why are you so scared of me now?” he said with that same sinister smile.

“Bradley, why would you want to kill me? Why did you destroy our long-standing friendship?” My voice trembled with fear. I did not know why Bradley looked so terrifying now. His expression clearly showed anger and hatred.

“To hell with friendship! Only you and Albert enjoyed that friendship. I was just an accessory to you. I was only ever included when you needed me,” Bradley shouted.

“That's not true. Albert and I never meant it that way. You are my best friend, Brad.”

Bam!

I jumped when Bradley slammed the table hard.

“Shut up! You just used me all this time. You never cared about what I wanted. You always belittled me.”

For a moment, he fell silent. Then he sat on the floor with his knees up. He spoke in a quieter voice. “Sarah, you never understood my feelings. You married a loser like Derrick. After the divorce, you still didn't care about all the attention I gave you. Instead, you got closer to Albert.”

“I—I never thought you had such feelings, Brad. I'm sorry... I'm so sorry,” I said.

“I've always seen you as more than just a friend.”

I couldn't hold back my tears. Bradley's confession made me feel so guilty.

“If you had been honest with me from the beginning, maybe none of this would have happened, Bradley,” I said in tears.

Suddenly, I heard someone knocking loudly on the door.

“Ms. Johnson... Ms. Johnson! Are you okay there?”

It sounded like John. Maybe he didn't know the technician was Bradley.

Bradley seemed to panic. He quickly stood up and retrieved something from his pocket.

“Ahhh!” I gasped when Bradley suddenly pointed a gun at me.

“Bradley, please think this through. What are you doing? Please don't!” My body trembled

“Shut up!

“Tell everyone outside not to get in my way. Don't even think about calling the police if you don't want to die here!”

In all our years of friendship, I had never seen Bradley this aggressive.

Still under the threat of the gun, I slowly called John with the office phone. Stuttering, I relayed Bradley's orders.

“Move!” Bradley roughly pushed me from behind. Trembling, I slowly walked ahead of him, while he followed, still pointing the gun at my head.

I carefully opened the door. My heart was racing. Would I make it out alive? What if Bradley suddenly shot me?

Gillian. My daughter's sweet face kept flashing in my mind. I prayed so hard that God would protect me. When the door opened, I was surprised to find the office empty. Where did everyone go? What were they planning?

“Move! You're so slow,” Bradley shouted, pushing me from behind.

“Ouch!” Still weak, I stumbled to the floor. Pain surged through my head again.

“Hey, get up!” Bradley shouted again.

Unsteadily, I tried to stand up.

“You're wasting my time. Move faster, you idiot!” Bradley kept cursing and pushing me to walk faster.

My vision blurred as I approached the elevator. But Bradley kept a tight grip on my arm to keep me standing.

“Brad, my head hurts so much,” I murmured.

“Stop pretending to be sick. Move! If you stop, I’ll shoot you!” he threatened again.

When the elevator door opened, I couldn’t take it anymore. My body was weak, and my head hurt so much.

Bang! Bang!

Suddenly, I heard gunshots. What was going on?

Everything went black. I didn’t know what happened next.

Mistress on My Husband’s Phone Chapter 39

I heard faint voices in the distance. Slowly, I opened my eyes. I saw white walls around me. I guess I was still alive. I said a little prayer in my heart, glad that I was not dead.

I could smell the distinct scent of disinfectant. I had an IV drip attached to me.

I must have been out for a long time. Remembering what had happened earlier, I wondered who got shot. Who saved me?

I was really glad that nothing happened to me. I thought of Gillian, how she must be so worried. Oh I missed her so much. I wanted to hug her right now.

“You’re awake?”

I turned towards the door. It was Troy, with his handsome face smiling at me.

“Troy...” I whispered.

Once again, this man had saved me.

“How are you? Still dizzy?” he asked, gently stroking my head.

He was always this sweet to me.

“I’m feeling better. Thank you. You’re always there to save me,” I replied.

“Hmm? I just got back from Singapore this afternoon. I came straight here after getting the news from the police,” he said, putting his hands in his pockets.

What? It wasn’t Troy?

“Then who...” I asked, but Troy cut me off.

“Someone came to help you and immediately called the police. Fortunately, Bradley was caught. The police had to shoot him in the leg because you were in danger at that time.” Troy explained everything.

“Who saved me then?” I asked, curious.

“Someone who misses you very much.”

Troy chuckled, teasing me.

“Troy... who is it?” I asked, glaring at him. My curiosity was growing.

“Can’t you be patient?” Troy kept teasing me.

“He’s outside. He’ll be here soon. Since you fainted until just now, he hasn’t left your side for a second. He went to lunch when I arrived to take over watching you here,” Troy explained, making me even more

curious and feeling a flutter in my chest.

Could it be him who saved me?

kept guessing in my heart. Imagining someone I had been missing lately. Someone I always hoped would be here.

“Hey...”

I was startled when I heard the voice that made my heart race from the entrance.

“Hey...”

That voice... It really was him.

“Thanks for covering, bro.”

“No problem, Sarah is my friend too. I’ll head out now. Enjoy your reunion,” Troy said with a teasing smile.

“Where are you going?” I asked.

Troy slowly approached me. Then he took one of my hands and held it.

“I’ll go now. You’ll be fine as long as he’s here. Take care of yourself.” Why did Troy say it like that? Why does my chest suddenly feel tight? Why did I feel sad?

“Troy...” I whispered.

“Sarah, I love you...” he suddenly whispered while kissing my forehead for a long time. Then he left. Why did my chest feel tighter seeing him leave? Unknowingly, tears started flowing from my eyes. Why did I feel like Troy would be gone for a long time?

“Sarah...”

Ah! I almost forgot.

“A—Albert!

“Thank you for saving me at the office earlier.”

Albert was startled. Then he smiled at me again. Slowly, he approached.

Why was I so flustered like this?

“Are you okay?” he asked worriedly.

I nodded. There was a flutter when I saw his smile. The smile I had missed these past few days. “Albert, Bradley turned out to be...” I couldn’t finish. My guilt towards Bradley made my chest feel tight.

“It’s my fault he became wicked. If only I had known his feelings earlier. If only I knew his desires before.” I started to sob.

“Hey now. It’s not your fault. Bradley is still our friend. He just chose the wrong path. Hopefully, after receiving his punishment, he’ll repent.” Albert tried to comfort me.

“Yes, but I never thought Bradley would go this far,” I said.

“I never imagined it either.”

We fell silent for a moment. It seemed like Albert wanted to say something, but he hesitated.

“Sarah, I want to tell you something.”

“What is it, Albert? Go ahead...”

Albert took a deep breath. It seemed like he was preparing himself to say something.

“Sarah, I promise to protect you for the rest of my life. I won’t let anyone hurt you.” Suddenly, Albert looked deeply into my eyes.

Suddenly, my heart started to race.

“For the rest of your life? What do you mean?” I asked, trying to guess in my heart.

Albert took a deep breath and exhaled slowly.

“Sarah...” He slowly took my hand. His eyes looked intensely at me.

“Will you... be my wife?”

Again, I was startled. Albert kept looking at me deeply. What should I say?

“Sarah... answer me!” he whispered.

My heart felt like it was blooming. But why could I not speak?

“Albert, can I talk to Gillian first?”

“Of course. Please tell her that her handsome new daddy will always protect her,” he said, chuckling and teasing me.

We laughed together.

I never expected Albert would propose to me so soon. Did he worry about me that much?

The doctor said I could go home tonight. Albert took me home.

“You shouldn’t go to the office for a few days. Rest first. I’ll handle the office matters,” Albert said on the way.

“I’m always troubling you,” I replied.

“Sarah, did you forget? My father’s shares are there too. I don’t want your company to fall apart either. Don’t worry! I’ve talked to Troy, and his company is willing to help.”

“Thank goodness. I feel more at ease now.”

While Gillian was already asleep, I felt so tired. Hugging Gillian, I also fell asleep until morning.

Mistress on My Husband’s Phone Chapter 40

Troy’s P.O.V

No woman had ever ignored me before. In fact, beautiful women competed for my attention.

When my name was at its peak among celebrities, many women chased after me, even coming to my house and office.

Women today were extraordinary. They did not hesitate or feel embarrassed to throw themselves at me.

But among all those women, not one had caught my attention. Even though they were from the ranks of celebrities, models, and officials' families—and were incredibly good looking.

Only one woman could shake my heart. A woman who was noble not because of her wealth, but because of how she carried herself and maintained her dignity. A woman who intrigued every man. She was the only one who always tried to keep her distance from me.

Sarah Joy Johnson, the daughter of Robert Johnson, my dad's friend. A girl I had secretly loved since we were young. Back then, I never dared to approach her because we were so young. I kept that love buried until my family moved to America. I had promised myself back then to return and win her heart.

Sarah never knew I had always watched her. This special woman didn't even recognize me when we met again. She might only know me as Troy Peterson, the top celebrity who had gone viral. Now, I chose to focus on running the family business instead of staying in showbiz.

But she would never know the reason behind all that. I decided to run my dad's company again since she started managing her late father's company directly.

Again, I failed to win her heart. It turned out her heart wasn't mine. I knew she loved another. It was clear from her eyes that she missed Albert terribly. I let my heart break as long as she was happy. I was willing to let my soul bleed to see her smile.

That afternoon, after the police managed to capture Bradley, I was extremely anxious seeing Sarah lying unconscious on the floor. I immediately lifted the woman who had always been my life's motivation and rushed her to the hospital.

Even in her unconscious state, Sarah kept calling out for Albert. Though it felt like my heart was being squeezed, I called Albert for her. I hoped he could make her happy.

Let this love be buried in my heart. I would carve her name beautifully in the memory of my love. As beautiful as her sincere heart. As lovely as her serene face.

'Sarah, half of my soul belongs to you. Life feels empty without you. You're the only woman who can make me laugh with joy. Also, the only woman who made me shed tears, like now.'

I had hoped the office I had built would become yours someday. That I would be able to witness our union. You would always be the most beautiful woman in my heart.

decided to return to America. I might stay there for quite some time. The wound in my heart might never heal. At least being far from her might help me forget her for a moment. Yes, just for a moment.

Today, all the company leaders I had appointed gathered at this hotel. I needed to ensure the company would be fine while I was away. It would still be under my watch from afar.

My and Sarah's company had established cooperation. I was sure Albert could support Sarah in this. At least it would be easier for me to get news about her when my heart was overwhelmed with longing.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Peterson. You have an invitation,

An employee placed a silver wedding invitation on my desk. With a pounding heart, I picked up the heart-shaped invitation.

My chest pounded as I read the pair of names on the invitation. I tried to control the rising heat of my emotions. I took several deep breaths to calm my anxiety.

So this was my love story.

My only option now was trying to be happy for her.

Yet the image of her beautiful face and serene gaze lingered in my heart. I didn't know how to forget it all.

Could I ever forget her?

"The car to take you to the airport is ready, sir. Your luggage is already in the car."

A servant informed me as I was having breakfast.

This morning, I would return to America. Everything has been prepared.

"Please send this gift on the date mentioned in the invitation. Tell them I can't attend!" I requested one of my assistants.

"Yes, Mr. Peterson."

The journey to the airport felt very different. My heart felt empty again. It felt like a part of my soul had been ripped out of my body.

I opened my laptop, replying to all the incoming emails, I had turned off my personal phone since yesterday. It's not that I didn't want to be disturbed. I just wasn't ready to hear her voice again.

"We've arrived, sir."

Two of my personal assistants opened the car door and carried my belongings. They walked behind me.

My steps felt heavier toward the plane that would take me. A man like Troy Peterson looked so weak right now. All because of a woman.

No! I could not be weak. I had to stay strong, for the sake of her happiness.

'Farewell, love of my life. I wish you everlasting happiness, my love.'