

Mistress on My Husband's Phone Chapter 41

Sarah's P.O.V

Just like Albert had suggested, I didn't go to the office this morning. The doctor said I needed to rest for a while to recover. I used this opportunity to spend time with Gillian. I missed seeing my little girl's energy.

A bouquet of beautiful flowers on the table had caught my attention since earlier.

"Sofia, where did these flowers come from?" I asked as I approached the table. It turned out to be roses. As they were a huge bunch, I counted there were ninety-nine of them.

How romantic. Could it have been a declaration of love or a proposal? Ninety-nine roses meant everlasting love after all.

"Oh, I found those near the terrace, ma'am. It seemed to have been dropped by someone looking for you yesterday afternoon," Sofia replied.

"Someone was looking for me? Who?" I asked, puzzled.

Meanwhile, Gillian was pulling me to sit on the sofa to watch her favorite movie with her. My daughter was very clingy, probably because she missed me too.

"Yesterday afternoon, a man came looking for you. When I told him you were at the office, he immediately called someone. After hanging up, the man ran back to his car. After he left, I found these flowers near the terrace," Sofia explained in detail before returning to the kitchen.

A man? Who could he be? Was it Troy? Didn't he say he had just arrived from Singapore in the evening?

"Mommy, a mister helped me when someone tried to kidnap me."

"What?! When? Why didn't you tell me?" I asked, worried. Why was my daughter almost a victim too?

"When you were in the hospital," Gillian replied.

"Sofia! Come here!" Sofia hurriedly came from the kitchen.

"Did you know when Gillian almost got kidnapped?"

"Sorry, ma'am. At that time, Mrs. Dane had asked me to give her a massage. I asked for permission to pick up Gillian from her class, but she didn't allow me to."

I was speechless. So after my accident, Gillian's safety was also at risk.

"Gillian, tell me everything!"

"When I was coming home from school, three scary looking men tried to force me into a car. Then a mister came and beat them up until they ran away. Then that mister took me home."

I said another silent prayer, thanking God for protecting Gillian.

However, who was the mysterious man? Was he the same person who had put flowers on the terrace? Could it have been Troy?

To satisfy my curiosity, I immediately searched for pictures of Troy on the internet. As a celebrity, there should be plenty of his photos online.

"Sofia, Gillian. Look at this! Is this the mister you mentioned?" I asked, showing them a picture of Troy on my phone.

"Yes, that's the kind mister, Mommy!" Gillian exclaimed happily.

"Mommy, that mister is amazing. He fought off three thugs, just like in the movies. He even carried me home. I really want to meet him again, Mommy. Please, can I?" Gillian asked.

Feeling overwhelmed, tears started to flow from my eyes again. Once again, Troy was there for me, and Gillian as well.

Sofia looked puzzled seeing me cry.

"Ma'am, the man in the photo was the one who came looking for you yesterday afternoon. It seems the flowers are from him," Sofia said, pointing at Troy's photo.

I was certain at this point that it was Troy who had saved me yesterday. But why had he lied?

What was going on with him? What were his intentions with those roses? Had he intended to propose to me yesterday with those roses?

I tried calling him several times, but his phone was switched off. According to his assistant, Troy had left for America this morning.

Why did it feel different hearing he was gone? Why did I feel empty? Could his kindness have made me develop feelings for him? Perhaps I felt something more for him than just sympathy. I was not sure.

Tonight, Albert would come to ask for my answer to his proposal at the hospital. With a determined heart, I had prepared my answer. I had also talked to Gillian about it.

Albert was my friend since high school. He and Bradley had always protected me wherever I went, until love grew between us. However neither of us could express it then.

“So, Sarah? Can I get your answer tonight?” Albert asked with his usual charming smile.

“Can I ask you something?”

“Yes. Go ahead. What is it?”

“Did you save me during the incident at the office?”

“No. I found out when Troy called me that afternoon. He was the one who saved you.” Albert answered honestly.

“If your heart isn’t mine, I’ll accept it. It seems Troy is always there for you. I want you to be happy.” Albert looked despondent.

We were silent for quite a while, awkwardly. Albert’s face looked gloomy and defeated, and I felt even more pity for him.

Taking a deep breath and exhaling slowly, I started to speak again.

“Okay... let’s discuss the wedding plans as I want them. I want the wedding to be...”

“Oh, Sarah...”

Suddenly, Albert stood up and pulled me into a hug. I felt my shoulder getting wet. It seemed like he was crying.

“Thank you for accepting my proposal. Thank you, darling,” he whispered.

“Not for long. We’re not married yet,” I replied, breaking away from his hug.

We smiled and laughed together again.

Mistress on My Husband’s Phone Chapter 42

Albert’s P.O.V

I was beyond happy today. After saying our wedding vows, Sarah was officially my wife. Finally, my struggle for love had paid off. Sarah was my first love, and had made me go through ups and downs to win her heart.

“Why are you staring at me? It’s embarrassing with all the guests around,” she whispered.

“You’re so beautiful. I can’t stand others looking at you,” I whispered back, leaning closer.

“Well, I’m the bride. Of course, everyone has to look. You’re being weird,” she replied, smiling and trying not to laugh.

I could not stop staring at her in wonder, thinking how perfect God had made her.

“Sarah, do you know the difference between Germany and you?”

“What?”

“Germany is great at making cars, but you’re amazing at making smiles.”

Sarah covered her mouth, trying not to laugh.

“I just want to live a simple life with you. Just enough to see your smile every day...”

“Oh, Albert! Hehe!” We both giggled aloud, not caring that all the guests were looking at us.

I prayed that I could always make her happy. Especially since she had gone through so much recently. ‘Sarah... I love you.’

The guests left one by one. After changing out of our wedding attire, Sarah, Gillian, and I rode in the wedding car prepared by the wedding organizer. Yesterday, we had agreed to stay at my house. I did not want Sarah and Gillian to live in a house full of bitter memories. I wanted them to start a happy life with me from now on.

I wouldn’t let anyone hurt them again, even though Bradley and Derrick were now in prison.

“You look pale. Are you tired?” Sarah suddenly touched my face. Did Hook pale? But I felt completely fine. I was better than fine.

“Who says I’m tired? You should know, tonight I’m going to grant Gillian’s wish,” I said, stroking Gillian’s head, who was already asleep on Sarah’s lap.

“What wish?” Sarah asked, confused.

“To give her a sibling,” I whispered in her ear, making her blush furiously.

“Are you ready?” I whispered again.

“Sheesh, Albert! Stop being naughty!” she replied, glaring at me.

“You’re the naughty one. I meant, are you ready to have another child?” Sarah pinched my thigh, making me yelp.

“This is the perk of marrying a divorcee. How aggressive!” I whispered again, making her glare at me.

I chuckled at her annoyed yet adorable face.

When we arrived home, Gillian was still asleep. I carried her to her new room, which she had designed on her own a few days ago. Gillian would be so happy when she woke up as she would be in the room she had always dreamed of.

After putting Gillian on her bed, Sarah and I went to our room, which was on the same floor as Gillian’s room. I had asked the wedding organizer to decorate our room to make it look like a beautiful bridal suite.

Sarah refused when I suggested spending our first night in a five–star hotel. She said she was worried about being away from Gillian. I understood her concern as they had narrowly escaped death and kidnapping on multiple occasions.

“Oh my... This is beautiful!” Sarah was amazed when she entered our room.

“Do you like it?” I asked, approaching my wife.

“I love it!” she exclaimed, trying to contain her excitement.

I smiled happily at her.

“Let’s wash up first.”

Sarah nodded.

“Where’s the bathroom?” she asked.

“Over there. Want me to show you?” I teased.

“No need! If you come with me, we might not end up washing up!” she retorted, making me laugh.

“You’re naughty!” I chuckled, pinching her nose.

“Your change of clothes is ready inside,” I said as Sarah walked into the bathroom.

I waited for Sarah to come out of the bathroom, my heart pounding. Why was she taking so long?

“Sarah, don’t sleep in there. Come out!” I called, knocking on the bathroom door.

“Stop nagging!”

I chuckled at her response.

“Albert, please get me a pad from my bag!”

“What? A pad?”

“Yes, hurry! I’m on my period.”

“You’re kidding, right?”

“Albért, I’m serious. Hurry! My stomach hurts from cramps.”

I felt weak. My first night was ruined. Slowly, I searched for the pad in Sarah’s bag. Then I walked

back to the bathroom door.

“Here’s the pad.”

I heard the door open. I was stunned when a fair, smooth hand reached out from behind the door.

“Where?” Her shout startled me.

“H–here…” Trembling, I placed the pad in her hand, which was visible up to her forearm.

Just seeing her hand made me tremble. What if I saw…

Soon, the bathroom door opened.

My heart pounded–wildly when I saw her beautiful face with her long hair down. Now, she was only wearing a thin nightgown in front of me.

“Earth to Albert!” Sarah waved her hand in front of me, snapping me back to reality.

“Sarah, don’t tease me like that!”

“Who told you to get me a nightgown like this? And I don’t have any other clothes to wear.” Sarah pouted, annoyed.

“Never mind. You look beautiful in that,” I said, struggling to keep my saliva in check.

“Thanks. Now you go clean up! I’m going to sleep. I’m very tired,” she said, climbing into our bed, which was covered with rose petals.

‘It’s okay if I can’t have you completely tonight, Sarah My time will come soon. I’ll take you to new heights with my love for you.’

Mistress on My Husband’s Phone Chapter 43

Troy’s P.O.V

After living in New York for a year, I returned home last night. A major meeting with several business partners was scheduled for this morning.

Fortunately, all the problems from before have been resolved. Albert was indeed reliable. Sarah had made the right choice in marrying him.

Suddenly, the image of her beautiful face crosses my mind, always charming even when she was angry. I wondered how she was doing now.

Today’s meeting was held at my office. Luckily, I left early to avoid traffic. In less than an hour, I finally arrived at the office.

As I entered the lobby, several assistants greeted me. We then proceeded to my office, while the men serving as assistants and bodyguards followed me.

“Good morning, Mr. Peterson.”

“Welcome back, Mr. Peterson.”

“How have you been, Mr. Peterson?”

Several senior executives greeted me. The staff and employees nodded respectfully as I walked past them.

“Have the guests arrived?” I asked one of the assistants once we were inside the room filled with memories.

“Only a few have arrived at the meeting room, sir,” one of my assistants replied.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door.

“Good morning!”

I quickly turned towards the familiar voice.

“Troy!”

“Hey, Albert! How are you?”

For some reason, whenever I saw this man, it felt like Sarah was nearby. Honestly, I missed her so much. There was always a warm feeling whenever I thought of her.

“I’m good. But Sarah was really disappointed that you didn’t come to our wedding.”

“Yeah, sorry. Something urgent required me to fly to New York immediately,” I explained casually.

Was Sarah really disappointed? Didn’t she know that my heart was broken?

“Have a seat, please!”

Albert sat on the sofa directly opposite me.

“Aren’t you going to ask about Sarah?” Albert’s face looked serious.

‘Hey! What kind of question is that? What’s going on with them?’

“What do you mean?” I asked, confused.

Of course, I wanted to know how she was doing. But Sarah was no longer the same. It was not appropriate for me to miss another man’s wife.

“Come over to the house! Sarah and Gillian would be happy to see you,” Albert said.

But why did he look so pale? Was he sick?

“Alright. Once I’m done with my business, I’ll definitely come over. I’m sure Gillian has grown up a lot,” I said, laughing, remembering the adorable little girl.

“Excuse me, sir. The meeting is about to start.” One of my assistants suddenly approached us.

“Oh, yes. Albert, please proceed to the meeting room.” I gestured for Albert to head to the meeting room first. Meanwhile, I waited for important documents from my secretary.

The meeting went smoothly. Our company and partners saw increased profits this year. All employees would receive a larger annual bonus than the previous year.

After the meeting, I approached Albert again. He was still seated in the meeting room.

“Let’s have lunch,” I invited.

“Oh, y–yes...” Albert replied, massaging his temples:

“What’s wrong? Are you not feeling well? You look very pale.” Albert continued to rub his head without answering my question.

“Come to my office!” I urged him.

Albert followed me to the office not far from the meeting room.

“Sit down first!”

Albert sat back down, leaning his head on the sofa, closing his eyes briefly.

I decided to have lunch in my office. My assistants were preparing everything.

“Are you sick? Have you seen a doctor?” I asked, looking at him firmly.

Albert nodded weakly. He seemed to be in pain and exhausted.

“Troy... Can I... ask you something?” Albert asked hesitantly.

“Go ahead!” I nodded confidently, looking at him intently. Albert was definitely hiding something.

The man in front of me took a deep breath and slowly exhaled. He seemed to be gathering the courage to speak to me.

“Troy... if something happens to me, please take care of Sarah for me. And our children. She is currently pregnant with our child.” Albert looked even weaker.

“Hey, what do you mean?” I asked, confused.

“Mr. Peterson, lunch is ready.” Two of my assistants entered, bringing food and drinks for us, placing

them on the table in front of us.

Albert didn’t seem to have an appetite.

“Let’s eat first. I’ll take you home later. I know you didn’t bring a driver today,” I said, starting to enjoy my lunch.

Albert nodded and reached for his plate. Although he looked very unwell, he forced himself to eat.

We ate in silence. Albert didn't finish his meal. A few moments after eating, we started talking again.

"Troy, I should go home. No need to take me. You must be tired."

"Didn't you just invite me to visit your home? Come on! I'd love to see Gillian," I said, making Albert unable to refuse.

This time, I drove myself. I asked my driver to bring Albert's car to his house.

During the trip, we talked about various things. Business, the company, employees, and more. Until we

arrived in front of a very luxurious three-story mansion.

My heart beat faster. Soon, I would meet someone I missed so much. Since last night, her face had been the only thing on my mind.

Slowly, the gate opened. I drove into the spacious and lush yard. Meanwhile, Albert seemed to be calling someone.

"Honey, guess who I brought? You wouldn't believe it."

It turns out he was calling his wife.

Why did my heart ache? No, I shouldn't be jealous. I was a nobody.

After parking the car, I got out and tried to stay calm. But my heart and mind were in turmoil.

We walked to the closed door. A household assistant opened the door for us and invited us in.

"Please, sir. Ms. Johnson is waiting inside."

"Thank you," I replied.

I followed Albert, who walked calmly towards a room in the middle of this large house.

I was stunned when I saw a woman with a pregnant belly walking towards us. I wanted to hug her so badly.

"Please, Troy, I'll be in my office for a bit." Suddenly, Albert turned and entered a room.

I continued walking towards the woman who looked even more beautiful.

“Troy!”

“Sarah!”

Our eyes met for a long time. I couldn't hold back my longing. Without realizing it, I grabbed her and hugged her tightly.

Mistress on My Husband's Phone Chapter 44

Troy's P.O.V

My heart pounded. Warmth flowed through every vein in my body. It felt like I never wanted to let go of this embrace.

“Troy...!”

I was startled by someone calling me. We quickly let go of each other.

“S—sorry, sorry.... Of course, you both miss each other,” Albert said with a forced smile. Then he turned and sat on the sofa, resting his head on the backrest.

“Have a seat, Troy!” The beautiful woman in front of me seemed a bit awkward. I could still smell her distinctive perfume, a scent I longed for every moment.

“Where's Gillian? I miss her.”

“Gillian's at school. She'll be back soon,” Sarah replied before heading inside.

I turned my attention back to Albert. Why did he look even paler?

He continued massaging his temples.

“Are you okay?” I asked, moving closer to him.

He didn't answer. His eyes were closed. His fingers were still on his forehead but motionless.

My heart raced. I had a bad feeling. Why was I so worried about him?

“Albert... what's wrong?”

He didn't respond.

I decided to touch his shoulder.

Oh God!

Albert's body slumped on the sofa. I kept trying to wake him up, but he remained unresponsive.

"Sarah! Sarah!" Like a madman, I shouted for Sarah.

She rushed in, carrying a tray.

Crash!

The tray fell. Sarah almost collapsed! Quickly, I caught her as she nearly fell.

"Calm down! Let's get your husband to the hospital!"

Sarah approached Albert.

"Joshua! Josh!" Sarah kept screaming.

Joshua came over. I helped Joshua lift Albert's body.

"Take him to the bedroom!" Sarah said.

"Why not take him to the hospital?" I asked, puzzled.

"I'll call the doctor to come here," Sarah replied.

My eyes widened when I saw Albert's room. It looked like a hospital room, complete with medical equipment.

A woman entered, dressed as a nurse. She quickly attached an IV drip to Albert's arm. What was going on with him?

I stepped out of the room. Sarah seemed busy calling someone on her phone.

"Can I talk to you for a moment?" I asked after she hung up.

She nodded.

"Sit down."

We sat on a sofa in front of Albert's room.

"What's going on? What's Albert's illness?"

Sarah took a deep breath, trying to hold back tears. Then she spoke in a hoarse voice.

“He has a brain tumor. It’s advanced now. The doctors say he doesn’t have long.”

Sarah sobbed. I pulled her shaking body close. She couldn’t speak anymore. The burden she carried was so heavy. If only I could, I would take it all on myself.

“Cry if it helps lighten your burden.”

We sat quietly, with only Sarah’s sobs breaking the silence.

Sarah lifted her head from my chest and leaned back on the sofa. She was still beautiful, even more so with her pregnant figure.

“Good afternoon, Ms. Johnson.” A doctor with two male nurses arrived and went straight into Albert’s room.

We waited outside for nearly an hour.

The door opened, and the doctor and nurses came out.

“The patient wants to speak with Mr. Peterson,” said the white-haired doctor.

“M-me, Doc?” I replied quickly.

“Yes, please go in.”

Sarah looked at me closely as I stood up. We stared at each other in silence, lost in our thoughts.

I slowly entered the room with the strong smell of disinfectant, just like a hospital.

Albert lay weakly with an IV in his hand.

He smiled faintly. His face looked very pale. An oxygen tube was attached to his mouth and nose.

I sat on a chair beside him. I could hear his labored breathing. The man in front of me seemed to be struggling to breathe.

“Troy...” he called out with a strained breath.

“Yes. I’m here.”

“Now... I can go in peace.”

“Hey, wait! What do you mean?”

“With you here... I know Sarah and my children will be taken care of.”

“Albert, don’t...”

“Please... I beg you... Promise me!”

Albert seemed to struggle more with his breathing. I ran out of the room.

“Doctor, help! Sarah!”

They rushed in. The doctor and nurses were about to intervene, but Albert waved them off weakly. They stepped back.

“I just... want to t-talk...!”

Sarah sobbed, holding Albert’s hand. She kissed his face repeatedly.

“Darling... stay with Troy. I know he can take care of... you. Farewell...” Albert’s hand weakened and then fell.

Sarah screamed, calling out Albert’s name repeatedly.

I held her close.

“Dad! Mom, what’s wrong with Dad? Why is his whole body covered?”

Oh my God! Was that Gillian?

“Gillian, sweetheart, come see your dad!”

“What’s wrong with Dad?” The little girl looked confused. Tears began to fall from her eyes.

Meanwhile, Sarah couldn’t say anything.

I hugged them both, Sarah and Gillian, in front of Albert. So he would know that I would take care of his family for the rest of my life.

Mistress on My Husband’s Phone Chapter 45

Troy’s P.O.V

Sarah still looked shaken since coming back from the funeral. I was thankful Gillian seemed stronger and more resilient.

“Sarah, get some rest. Don’t forget you’re pregnant.. Don’t keep dwelling on it. Albert is at peace now. He’s no longer in pain.”

Her face looked swollen and pale. Deep sorrow was evident in her gaze.

She only nodded, her eyes vacant. It broke my heart to see her like this. Did she love Albert that much?

Sarah fell asleep on the long sofa in the second–floor family room. I stayed with her, unwilling to leave.

I must have dozed off for a bit to ease my fatigue. But I had to be strong. I had to be the pillar for Sarah and Gillian now.

I gazed at her fair, beautiful face multiple times. The face I longed for every night. Now, I could look at her as much as I wanted. But my heart ached to see the deep sadness in her gentle eyes.

Sarah stirred. Slowly, her eyes opened.

“Troy... Sorry, I fell asleep!” She sat up.

I smiled.

“Sleep, you need the rest.”

“You should rest too, Troy. You must be even more tired.”

I shook my head.

“For you and Gillian, I would do anything. You both are my responsibility now.”

“Troy, you don’t have to go overboard. You can take care of us from afar. Gillian and I don’t want to trouble you.”

“No, Sarah. Even if Albert hadn’t asked, I would still do the same.”

“Really?” Sarah’s eyes glistened with tears.

I nodded, smiling.

Sarah, if only you knew. This feeling is still the same as before. The desire to have you.’

“Thank you, Troy. But it really isn’t necessary. Gillian and I will be okay.”

A few moments later, Sarah got up. The beautiful woman seemed to struggle because of her large belly.

Quickly, I reached out and caught her before she could fall.

“Careful! Where are you going?” I asked.

“I need to go to the bedroom. I don’t know, I feel a bit dizzy.”

“Let me help you.” Thankfully, Sarah didn’t refuse as guided her to the bedroom.

“Which room is yours?”

“I want to sleep in Gillian’s room. I can’t bear to go into my room yet,” Sarah said, her voice shaky as she glanced at the master bedroom, where she used to share with Albert.

She must have had so many memories with Albert in that room. Why did I feel a pang of sadness?

Gillian was fast asleep. Sarah lay down beside her. I crouched next to the bed, looking at her with concern.

“Go home, Troy. Gillian and I will be okay. Thank you for being here for me, for us, during this hard time. I don’t know what I would do without you. I have no one else.” Sarah’s tears started flowing again.

I knew she was fragile, even though she tried to appear strong.

“Don’t cry anymore, okay?” I gently wiped her tears.

Sarah nodded, trying to smile..

“Go home, Troy. Get some rest,” she whispered.

“Alright, I’ll go home once you’re really asleep.”

Sarah didn’t protest anymore. She closed her eyes. My hand gently stroked her head.

A few minutes later, after making sure she was truly asleep, I got up and left the room. In the front room, a housekeeper was cleaning.

“Where’s Joshua?”

“Joshua is out front, sir.”

I walked to the terrace. Joshua was cleaning the car.

“Joshua, I’m heading out. If anything happens, please contact me immediately.”

“Yes, Mr. Peterson.” Joshua nodded respectfully.

Feeling assured, I started driving back to my apartment.