

# Reborn as his Ms Right Chapter 1

Posted by **Admink**, 227 Views, Released on July 8, 2024

Reborn as His Ms. Right

Chapter 1 The Young Woman

Alton City's streets were bustling **with** cars and pedestrians. I'd already **been** seated at a coffee house called "Serendipity" for two hours. My table was near **a** corner and facing the

**counter.**

A young woman in a sky-blue apron bustled behind it, making various **drinks** for customers. She was about five feet and three inches tall and couldn't weigh more than go pounds. She was slender and had a smile at the ready.

Her thick, glossy hair was tied up in a high ponytail, and her eyes curved into half-**moons** when she smiled. She looked charming

"Should I make you another cup, miss?" She approached me and smiled brightly at me.

Oh, how rude of me to have stared at her. Fortunately, she was also a woman. Otherwise, she would've thought of me as a pervert or freak.

I smiled politely **and said**, "Yes, please I'll have another black coffee

Soon, the young woman brought me another cup of black and bitter coffee. Instead of leaving after putting down the cup, she hesitated and said, "You've **already** had two cups of

"They might help to wake you up, but they're not good for you if you have too much. How about you **come** back for more some other day?"

She was kind and outgoing. Her voice was lilting and melodious. I looked at the coffee on the table before grabbing my bag and standing up. "Alright, then Could I have the bill, please?"

The young woman was pleased that I'd **taken** her advice. **cash** or credit?"

She ran off to the counter to get my bill and told me, "You've spent a total of 87 dollars, miss. Would you like to pay by

I left the coffee house after silently paying the bill when my driver, Lee Jackson, saw me, he nodded respectfully **and** opened the car door. "**Mrs.** Payne."

“Head home.” I smiled faintly at him.

As the car started moving, I shut my eyes and rested in the backseat. I couldn’t help thinking about the young woman in Serendipity—she was lively and vivacious.

**Was** she the one? The one who would make Rowan Faye sever ties with his family and do everything in his power to divorce me in a **year’s** time

Honestly, I didn’t expect this to be the first thing I’d do after being reborn. I’d gone all the way to this special young woman’s workplace and observed her every move like a freckle

I was just too curious to know more about the woman who’d taken away the man I’d loved for a decade.

In my previous, I’d never even met her. All I had other than was a name and some photos. Rowan had protected her like she was a precious tree. I’d **lost** everything **and** suffered a horrible defeat, yet my opponent hadn’t even shown her face before me.

She was young, beautiful, innocent, **kind, and** outgoing. Any of these adjectives were perfect for describing her. The only weakness she had was that she didn’t come from a powerful family. She and Rowan were from two different worlds.

Lee suddenly said, “Mrs. Rajme, today’s your wedding anniversary with Mr. Payme.”

I **slowly** opened my eyes. **For a** moment, I felt lost

He was right. This was the fifth year of my marriage to Rowan. Every **year**, on this **day**, I would be busy **preparing** a candlelit dinner and an anniversary gift.

This year, I was 27, and he was 20

“I knew.” I rubbed my temples, which throbbed a little “You don’t need to remind me.”

Lee had probably spoken up because he’d noticed that **was** acting differently this year

But why did I always have to be the one giving? Why did I have to fall in line with **Howan?** in my **previous** life, on my deathbed, these questions had plagued me. I’d given **up**

everything for Bowie, leading to the demise of my family and myself.

While I was deep in my reverie, the car pulled up at the **entrance** of our home. It had been a marriage gift from both our parents—an imposing manor with gardens covering more than ten thousand **square** feet. It **had** been decorated **lavishly**.

What surprised me was the fact that Rowan's car was in the driveway, too. He was back.

That had more feelings about this. I'd already died once, and this would be my first time meeting the person who'd caused my death after being reborn. What would **be** the right expression to put an?

I thought I would hate Rowan to the core. He'd forced his wife of five years into a corner and had taken the lives of his in-laws, who'd treated him well. He'd destroyed my family, and it had all been over a w

But now that I could see him, I realized my hatred for him wasn't that strong. On the contrary, I felt somewhat relieved.

In my previous tale, Rowan had given me a chance he'd asked for a mutual separation and would compensate me with Payne Corporation's stocks. Those would've been more than enough for me to live a cushy life, but I'd **refused**.

I **hadn't** gotten a sliver of his love despite the decade I'd spent on him, yet another woman had used only a year to enchant him and make him turn his back on everyone in his life,

to, I'd used various ways to get him back. One step after another, we'd slowly gone from a mutual separation to severing ties and becoming sworn enemies

Now that none of that nonsense had happened, I wanted to change my ending rather than waste time hating Rowan

"Why are you just standing there?" Rowan sat in the living room with his legs crossed leisurely. He'd just finished making a cigarette and stubbed it out in the ashtray. Then, he glanced at me, his gaze as indifferent as always.

On the day of our wedding, he'd told me **bluntly** that we were only working together and were nothing more than long-term housemates. He had no feelings for me whatsoever. "No reason. I just didn't expect you to be at home." Then I went down to change into some lounge slippers—they were gray and from Hermes. The design was simple, and the color was boring. There wasn't anything nice about them aside from the fact that they were counter to others.

I recalled the young woman at Serendipity. Her apron had a red flower with a smiling face embroidered on it—hers was the only one like that. No one else had that on **theirs**.

In comparison, all my clothes were expensive but becoming. They were all simple and dull. Suddenly, I found myself hating these lounge slippers. I threw them aside **and padded**

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## Chapter 1 The Young Woman

barefoot into the living room.

Rowan frowned slightly at that, and a trace of surprise flashed in his eyes. "Aren't you gonna wear your slippers?"

"Nope. I don't wanna wear them." I sat across from him as I answered him plainly.

"What a surprise. What's gotten into you?" He chuckled. It was a rare show of lightheartedness.

I couldn't help thinking that meeting his true love was what had gotten to me. I looked down at my clean feet. They seemed rather malnourished because of how **skinny** I was. But Rowan's true love, Ashley Bluefield, wasn't like that. She was **slender**, but her skin had been bright and supple. I was nothing but skin and bones compared to her,

Five years of being trapped in a loveless marriage had resulted in me having several health issues. **I'd also** lost interest in eating, leading to me losing more and more weight. I looked more like a skeleton with every passing **day**.

"Rowan," I suddenly said

"Hmm?" He didn't even bother looking up from his phone

The black shirt

and pants he wore were of good quality, and he had a perfect figure. His handsome face and deep-set features accentuated his demeanor—it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say countless women had wet dreams of him.

I looked away from my feet and up at Rowan. My voice was a little husky as I **said**, "Let's get a divorce."

As soon as the words were out of my mouth, I heard him snore. He threw his phone onto the couch and looked at me with a familiar, cold gaze. "What are you up to this time, Ivory Sadler?"

## Chapter 1A Long-Overdue Gathering

"I'm being serious." I sat up straight and looked into Rowan's domineering eyes. "at's be en five years, and there's no way you'll fall for me. We might as well just give each other

In a **month**, a large-**scale** business forum would be held in Alton City. There, Rowan would meet Ashley, wh o'd be working there as an usher. He would fall for her at first sight and do anything together..

Theirs was a love story meant for the ages, and I sure didn't want to be part of it. I woul d only be cannon fodder, anyway

I'd already done everything i wanted to do, could do, and should've done in my previous life. I also knew the results of my actions, in this life, I wouldn't allow me to become the butt of **people's** jokes anymore. I wouldn't lead the **Sadler** family to ru

I decided to extricate myself from this whole before Rowan and Ashley met each other. I would make the first move on their thorny path to **true** love

Perhaps the look in my eyes was too serious for Rowan to **think** I was joking. His expre ssion darkened almost immediately. He'd always had a bad semper, and **if** anyone wer e to piss himett, he wouldn't let them offesy

"Have I become a plaything now?" He laughed, but his **eyes** couldn't be any colder. "Yo u insisted on marrying me five years ago, and now, you want a divorce. Are you fucking playing me, Ivory?"

Five years ago, the relationship between the Sadler and Paynefandies had been at its best, Rowan and had been set up at that point. With Rowan's personality, there was no way he would've gone along with the marriage so obediently.

The plot twist came when his grandfather, Robert Payne, fell gravely ill and forced **him** t o any me To Rowan, this was humiliating

Fortunately, he didn't have anyone he loved deeply. At the same time, he needed a pre sentable wife because he was slowly taking over the family business. He'd settled with me for the past five years

I smiled bitterly, feeling a little sorry for myself. "Don't tell me you want to continue being imprisoned in this **marriage** in

"Amarriage in name?" He seemed to consider the meaning behind this. Then, he raised an eyebrow and **said** mockingly, "I get it now. Are you feeling lonely?\*"

“No, I just\_“I passed to think of the correct words

But Rowan got up and came to me. He leaned down with his hands on either side of me, forming a circle around me and locking me inside. His voice was alluring as he said, “Why didn’t **you call** me if you were lonely? You even went untar **as** to ask for a divorce. Are you that desperate for a fuck?”

He liked to smoke, so the tent scent on him always had nicotine mingled with it. Of course, he’d never given me the chance to smell on him by **hugging** me or anything. I’d secretly soiled his coat in the past.

Now that his intoxicating scent was around me, I should’ve felt cited and blushed from his proximity. But in truth, I only felt oppressed I was preparing myself to leave, so anything that would sway me win a bad om

“It’s not because of that tried to explain. **I’d** spent so many days and nights alone that I’d long since gotten used to the loneliness.

“is that so?” Rowan straightened up. He went interested in me, to begin with, so he would n’t **lose** control and have tricked way with me. He’d only teased me flirtatiously earlier to embarrass me.

I was a 27-year-old married virgin—resentment and bitterness were the only things I exuded, not charming sensualzy.

“I know it’s **our** wedding anniversary **today**, Ivory, but I’m not interested in celebrating any of that nonsense If you’re using that as an excuse to **ask** for a divorce, take my i and save it.” Rowan stood before me and looked down at me imperiously. His voice was back to being as cold as always.

“we’ve never celebrated our wedding anniversary. I wouldn’t need to wait until the year tock up a fuss.” I stood up as well and tilted my **head** slightly to look into his eyes.” Think it over. I don’t think you have much use for me anymore, and you should need freedom more than I do. Don’t you agree?”

advice

With that, I turned and headed upstairs to my bedroom. I didn’t want to say anything more as headed upstairs, I heard the door slam shut loudly. Then, a car’s engine revved to life knew Rowan had left, but this fane, I could face it calmly

Just then, **my** phone rang. it was a call from my good friend, Jean Dane

\*Come out for some, hd We’re at Symphonical” Her loud voice immediately washed away my glumness. She was about the same age as me but had remained **single** thus far,

After marrying Rowan, I'd rarely gone out for fun. I'd burned's invitations down most of the time, but that hadn't stopped her from inviting me out,

"Sure!" I said. I'd answered her swiftly that Jean fell silent.

After a while, she asked in shock and doubt, "Isn't today your wedding anniversary with Rowan? Are you sure you want to come **out**?"

I'd used the same excuse to be her down for the past four years, after all.

"Yes, I'm sure. It's a wedding anniversary, not a death anniversary be right there thing up after answering Jean firmly.

I opened my wardrobe to see a variety of clothes in shades of black, white, and gray—even blue was hard to find. Every major brand name had designs in various colors, yet I'd **foolishly** spent a fortune buying the most boring piece.

After rifling through my clothes for about ten minutes, I finally found a black halter-neck dress that wasn't as boring as the others. It was slinky and smooth, and the V-neck went so low that it almost reached my belly button.

The elastic waistband emphasized my overly slender waist. My arms were left here and **exposed**, and more than half of my back was on show.

I could still remember I'd bought this dress to seduce Rowan. Unfortunately, he hadn't even returned home that whole month.

Now, the only thing I was unhappy with was the fact that my chest was too fat was somewhat unworthy of the sexiness of the dress. Still, I comforted myself **and** told **myself** it would do for now, I just had to eat more in the hubbub,

I changed into the dress and put on some makeup before heading to the gym. I got to a red Porsche and headed straight to symphonica. It was one of **Alton Cry's** nightclubs and had such a poetic name,

After parking my car, I walked inside and found Jean and the others at the agreed spot or the bar counter.

During university, Jean, Olivia **Tate**, Natalie Reed, and I were collectively known as the four muses of the music faculty. Everyone thought we would go on **to** do great things after graduation.

Yet here we now were. I'd married **at** a young age, Jean had become a queen of nightclubs, and his was working at her family's company as a deputy manager. Natalie was the

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## Chapter 2 A Long Overdue Gathering

only one still in the music industry— she participated in music competitions everywhere and **was** determined to become a singer.

“Look at our special guest!” Jean acted like a boss surveying her employees. She hopped off her stool and excitedly held my hand. The other two nodded vigorously— I'd pretty much disappeared after getting **married**, after all, I'd forgone my social circle for Rowan's **sake**.

After a few drinks, Olivia said, “If you'd turned us down again this time, Ivy, I would've started suspecting that I'd attended your funeral five years ago, not your wedding ”

I supposed it wasn't much different from me being dead.

“It's weird that you **haven't** prepared a candlelight dinner at home tonight.” Jean tried to pry my eye open. “**C'mon**, let me see whether it's because your scumbag of a husband ignored you. Did you cry?”

I swatted her hand away. “Don't pull off my fake lashes.

## Chapter 3 A Day in University

Jean, Olivia, **and** Natalie were my best friends in my previous life, after Rowan had lost his mind because of his love for Ashley and destroyed my family, my **friends** had stepped in to help

They hadn't managed to take Rowan down, but they'd still proven to me that I could rely on them when I needed help. I wouldn't forget everything they'd done for me

**So**, I told them that I wanted to divorce was left out the part about me having been reborn, though. They fell silent for a few seconds after that before clapping their hands.” This



is great! We're gonna drink the bar dry tonight to celebrate Ivy finally snapping out of being a hopeless romantic!"

"Cheers!" I cried happily, thrusting my glass into the air. I could already see myself springing freely a brand new life after my divorce from Rowan. The old me, the one who'd double death in her previous, would finally be behind me,

we quickly grew bolder when we became psy Natale patted me on the shoulder and said, "Look around and see whether there are any hot **guys** who catch your eye, **hy**. Don't be scared—

after them if you like them! Rowan's always involved in scandals you can't lose to him!

"That that makes sense I drunkenly scoped out the place, my gas finally landing on a tall figure judging from how he was dressed, he was young. Was he in university? Well if Rowan could go to university students, **so** could I

I staggered over to him with my wine glass hand and patted **him** on the shoulder. I slurred, "Hey there, handsome. How about buy you a drink?"

He turned to look at me, and I was pleased to see he was handsome. His ace was surprised, but it soon turned apologetic. "I'm sorry, miss, but I already have a girlfriend"

"Oh, okay Sorry, sorry I'll go look for someone who isn't taken. Tinkled glasses with him. The alcohol had addled my brain, so I had no idea what I was saying. I went in and in direction to seek out my next target

I didn't get far before I tripped over someone. My wine glass shattered on the floor. My head was spinning, and I got the odd urge to just go to sleep at

after falling to the floor.

\*\*Let me help you up, miss!" The pay

university held out a hand.

I looked up at him while seated on the floor My face was bright red,

Was I seeing things? The guy's face morphed into Rowan's, and he was looking at me intently.

I tried hard to get up, but all I did was pass my palm to the **glass** on the floor Blood oozed out, and I stared at it dazedly for a second. Then, I blacked out.

"Ed you think your **family** could stop me, Ivory?" in my dream, I now Rowan's cold, ruthless **face** again trashed

the living room like a madwoman before collapsing on the floor. My tears flowed silently

My parents had worked together with Rowan's topless after learning that he wanted to dismember. Rowan hadn't budged despite all the objections, and he'd insisted on doing when he wanted. He'd even done everything he could to bring down the Sadler family.

His family had gone from initially objecting to having no choice but to help him. I heard that they'd later accepted Ashley, **too**. She'd even gradually calmed Rowan's parents across knowledge, thanks to Rowan protecting her every step of the way.

Most importantly, she'd already gotten pregnant at the time

"I've loved you for years, Rowan. Don't you have even the slightest feelings for me too?" My face as my tears flowed

"I feel nothing for you, Ivory. I gave you the chance to make this a peaceful separation, but you didn't take it," Rowan said icily. Then, his phone rang with a custom ringtone. Ashley's loud voice rang **out**

"Answer the phone, Ivory. Hurry up and **answer!**—

I listened to the love-filled ringtone and watched as Rowan hurried out. **My** head spun, and my chest hurt like hell.

Then, amidst the suffocating pain, I jolted awake. As I gasped for breath, I realized I was in my bedroom. The **sun** shone brightly outside, and birds chirped. How had the university known to take me home!

Hooked at **my** bandaged hand and clutching my aching head, I was about to leave the room to look for the pay in university when the door swung open

"You guys go ahead. Not tested today." He was leaning against the second-floor railing with a cigarette dangling from his fingers. **His** voice was low, and his side profile **was** handsome

I retreated to the door jamb. When he approached me, I asked, "Where have you hidden him?"

From Rowan that found to be not bad. I was a little reluctant to let slip away

The guys every day that came across a guy—aside from Besides, Rowan would start losing his mind over Ashley in a month. It was time for me to start **looking** someone to set my **soul** and distract me **from** the pain.

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So, this was what it felt like not to care—it felt great. I wouldn't need to feel happy or upset because of Rowan's actions, and it felt like my soul was finally returning to its original

All men had double standards. They could have as many affairs as they wanted, but their wives had to stay home and remain loyal and althful to them.

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Chapter 3 A Guy in University

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Rowan was no exception. He didn't love me, but I was still his wife on paper.

"**What** are you going to cheat on me?" He snorted and nasty hooked a finger around the front of my dress. "Do you think any man would be interested in you when you look **like** this?"

I pushed his hand away and straightened the dress calmly. "I'll eat more in the future a nd take whatever medication or supplements necessary. That way, I'll be able to cheat on

You more. "!

"Have you lost your mind, Ivory?" Bowan couldn't take it anymore. He glared at me. "Wh at's gotten into you these two days?"

The old Ivory had always been level— headed, obedient, and considerate. How could she possibly **say** anything like that? **If** m y father were to hear the things I'd just said, he probably would've had a heart attack.

It was the only way I

for me to get away from Rowan before he turned into a psycho, though. I had to beat hi m at his own game.

Before Ashley appeared in his life, he wouldn't divorce me. A political marriage wasn't a simple matter, and someone as rational as him knew better than anyone how to weigh its pros and cons.

But I genuinely didn't want to experience the pain and torment of watching him fall in love with someone else. Not again.

Once again, I suggested, "You should just divorce me, you know!!"

Chandes & Doing on Purpose

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Chapter Doing 4

\* Dream on, Ivory. I'm gonna make you regret marrying me for the rest of your life." Rowan regained his composure, seemingly seeing through my goal. "Since you want to live separate lives, we'll do just that."

I was taken aback. Could he accept being cheated on just to make me regret marrying him? I didn't expect him to be so traumatized by being forced to marry me. He had to go to such extreme lengths to get revenge on me to make himself feel better.

My mind **had** briefly short-circuited. Rowan suddenly wrapped an arm around my waist and pulled me flush against him. He licked his lips as **his gaze** darkened. "Should I give you a massage to boost the growth of your breasts?"

"No, thanks!" I pushed him away. We were destined to separate, so I didn't want to have anything more to do with him if necessary.

Rowan

narrowed his eyes at me, his gaze sharp. He was intelligent enough to tell that **something** was up with me recently. He gripped my chin and forced me to look **up** at him. "Are you Ivory's twin sister or something?"

How could a woman who'd loved him for a decade suddenly change so drastically?

I smiled awkwardly, "why don't you guess?"

"Our marriage isn't that simple, very. Once we divorce, there will be too many problems to deal with. I don't have the time to act out a melodrama with you if you're lonely and desperate enough to go **sleep** around. He leaned **close**. "Remember to use protection. I won't recognize a bastard as my own."

I'd already died once, so I should've been able to remain calm in any situation. But for some reason, the urge to slap him overcame me, I slapped him so hard that it made my palm

A clear handprint appeared on his face, which turned to the side from the force. The action elongated his jawline, making his side profile even more flawless **than** it usually was. He was so handsome even after being slapped.

He slowly turned to look at me, his gaze asking she would strangle me in the next second. Meanwhile, my hand trembled. It wasn't because I was scared but because my wound **had** split open from the slap. It was bleeding.

Rowan glanced at my hand before turning and walking away, leaving me with nothing but an aloof back. I looked down at the blood dripping from my bandages and thought it was better than **having** a bleeding heart like I'd had in my previous life.

After being slapped, Rowan disappeared again. He showed up on tabloids, made appearances at nightclubs, was swarmed by women, and went to work. The one place he didn't **show** up was at home.

I counted the days. There was about a month to go for him and Ashley to meet. I made use of the time to frequent Serendipity 1, would order a coffee and silently watch Ashley work. Her every **smile** and word became etched into my mind. Honestly, if it were a man, I would've fallen for her, too.

A colleague told her, "Your boyfriend's here to see you,

Right. I missed her **having** a boyfriend. The poor thing hadn't stood a chance against Rowan, though. Even he and Ashley had been deeply in love at the time, their love hadn't withstood the challenge of power and status. They'd eventually broken up.

When I **found** out about Ashley's existence in my previous life, she and her poor-boyfriend had already broken up. **And so**, I'd never looked into him.

Someone pushed open Serendipity's doors. A young **man** in a white T-shirt and blue jeans walked in. He had a white baseball cap on and held a comdog. He looked refreshing and youthful.

I was taken aback. Wasn't he the guy in university I'd met at Symphonica?

"What are you doing here, Beng? Ashley was delighted to see him. She ran thin

"I was passing out flyers nearby, so I came over to see you. Here, I bought you a comdog. His curved

half-moons when he smiled, just like Ashley's did,



I supposed this was what people called a match made in heaven. It was too bad Rowan had forcefully separated them. What an asshole

Ashley was happy, but her heart also ached for him. "You didn't need to bring anything for me, you could we just come over to see me. You worked hard handing out those flyers. Don't waste your money buying food for me."

"I work hard to earn money just seen feed my precious Ash." looked Eke the young man was quite the sun talker

I thought about my relationship with Rowan. He'd never bought me any snacks before not that I enjoyed them.

Ashley was still working, so Benji **didn't** linger. I sat in my corner and lowered my head, afraid that he would spare me a glance and really was the old maid who'd tried to hit on him at the nightclub.

Once he was **gone**, hurriedly paid the bill and left.

"Mrs. Payne." This was always the first thing Lee said when he saw me.

"Head home." I was exhausted Why were things so much more complex despite my rebirth? Trubbed **my** temples, feeling like I was running out of **brain** cells.

We hadn't gone far when I said, "I'll drive, Lee"

My excuse for that was that I wanted to show off my driving skill. I latched the steering wheel tightly and looked around. When I finally saw Ben waiting for the light to turn she could pass, I took the opportunity to shoot over to him, successfully **grazing** against **him** and making him fall to the ground

"I'm so sorry!" I got out of the car, fringing stock. I reached out to help him up, but then saw the blood on his leg. It looked like the injury was relatively serious

"Miss? Benji in shock. He looked like he was trying hard to support the **pain**

It was no wonder everyone liked university students—they were such sweet talkers.

Instructed Lee, "Hurry up and take him to the hospital"

It turned out Benji's full name was Benjamin Colt. He was 21 years old and currently in university.

I sat on a bench in the corridor and looked at Benjamin's number, which I'd just **saved** on my phone couldn't help lamenting my

to just things go. The only thing could think of to get even was to give Rowan **and** Ashley a taste of their own medicine.

actions—ultimately, I wasn't generous enough

Since Ashley had stolen my husband, why couldn't she steal her boyfriend? Even though she'd been forced into it, she'd later accepted Rowan into her life and heart. That was when

Posted by **Admink**, 0 Views, Released on July 8, 2024

## Chapter 5 Doing It on Purpose

Rowan had truly lost his mind.

If Ashley had remained steadfast in her rejection of him, he probably would've remained somewhat rational. Perhaps he would've **even** considered that there was a chance his contributions wouldn't be appreciated or reciprocated.

### 2/2

There were people everywhere in the hospital. In my previous life, I'd been diagnosed with late-stage breast cancer, which had later spread to my lymph nodes. The final days of my life had been spent **in** a hospital

The doctor had told me that women who constantly got mad or were always under pressure had higher chances of contracting breast cancer.

I paid all of Benjamin's hospital bills, even covering the fees for whatever medication and follow-up treatments he needed as well as the losses he would make. After all, he wouldn't be able to work part time now that he'd been hospitalized

Tom was actually quite a good conversationalist. It only took half a day for me to learn almost everything I could about Benjamin. He came from a regular family, and both his parents were still alive. They were farmers. He also had an older sister who was already married.

It was no wonder Ashley had been taken away from him

"Rest well and focus on your recovery, okay? I'll drop by often to visit you." Before leaving, I put on a gentle and understanding act. I smiled at him as demurely as I could.

“You don’t need to miss. I’m young and healthy– I’ll be fine before you know it.” He showed off his pearly whites, looking innocent and naive.

Young and healthy, huh? Why did **it** sound like he was seducing me?

I wasn’t that old, anyway. I was 27, not 72. It was just that being stuck in a loveless marriage for five years and long-term bad eating habits had wreaked havoc on me, physically and mentally. I looked older than my age.

Inodded. On my way home, I dropped by the pharmacy and bought various supplements.

## Chapter 5 Rowan’s Little Starlet

“Law, I want you to hire me a few dependable household staff. Make sure they’re good in the kitchen. It’d be best if they’re certified nutritions. This was what I told Lee after gling the matter some **consideration**.

H

“Yes, Mrs. Payne “hesaid.

After marrying Rowan, both our parents had suggested hiring **maids** to keep the place clean, tend to the **garden**, and prepare our meals. But being the hopeless romantic I’d been,

I’d nimed them down.

I didn’t want anyone other than myself and Rowan to be in the place that was supposed to be our love nest. They would be in way if we wanted to haw wild all over the place, like going from the thing room to the kitchen and all that je

It was clear how things had tumed out–

I wasn’t a widow, yet I’d lived like I was one. Since I had now been reborn, I wouldn’t allow myself to continentalingabout these things amore

when I arrived home, I walked ahead while Lee followed me with all the supplements and herbs bought. As soon as I opened the door, I saw Rowan come downstairs while straightening his sleeves. His actions were casual yet captreating

I put down my bag and told tee, “**You** can go now.”

He pot everything on the table and salated Rowan respectfully before hurrying off.

“There’s a dinner party in about an hour. **Your** parents will be there, so you need to go t here with me. Get ready.” Rowan couldn’t care less about the things I’d bought. He merely told me what I needed to **do**

**He’d** never wanted to take me anywhere was useful for **something**. For in

cinstance, he would bring me along when my parents would also be present.

I’d yet

to visit my prints after being reborn. It wasn’t because was an ingrate, but because I didn’t really dare to see them after everything that had happened in my previous life I couldn’t bring myself to face them.

“Alright” headed upstairs.

Thadn’t lazed around for the past two weeks. I’d bought a

wardrobe of clothes that were the complete opposite of the ones I had before, whether in **terms** of style or color.

I picked out and dress with an off-the-shoulder design. The neckline dipped low, but there was a layer of mesh before my chest, which **added** to the mystery. The skirt flared out in a mermaid style, revealing my slender legs

I was a little too skinny, but at least I had unblemished skin and stood relatively tall at **five** feet and six inches.

I felt pretty good about myself I couldn’t pull off Ashley’s innocent, refreshing vibe wasn’t like I was 20

After applying makeup, I put **on** a pair of crystal earrings and a matching necklace they would definitely **blind** people when the lights shone down on them. If I’d been demore and conservative in the past, I now wanted to be as eye-catching as possible.

Rowan waited for me downstairs. He was on the phone and didn’t react when I got **downstairs**. He didn’t even bother spring me a glance, but it didn’t bother me. I headed to the car to wait for him there

A few minutes later, he came out of the house. He got into the **car**, and we left. His eyes didn’t land on **me** the whole **time**, nor did he speak to me,

He drove while played with my **phone**. I’d gotten Benjamin’s number earlier and texted him to express my concern.

Ivory: “If you’re not used to hospital food, I can have someone bring you your meals.”

Benjamin: "No, please don't go to the trouble! I'm perfectly fine with the food here, miss."

Ivory: "I forgot that I'd bought some supplements for you today. I'll bring them over to you when I visit you tomorrow."

Benjamin: "You **don't** have to be so nervous in my presence."

Ivory: "I'm not doing this just to be nice to you. I made you land in the hospital, so I'm just doing what I need to. Don't **be shy**, okay? Let me know if **you** need anything." Benjamin's family background was **about** the same as Ashley's. In Ashley's eyes, Rowan was handsome, rich, and powerful. If that were the case, it should be the same to Benjamin. It was such a balanced situation that I couldn't help feeling a little better.

The car stopped at a red light. Howes finally turned to glance at me, belatedly realizing that I was different from usual. Still, he said astly, "That dress is such a waste on you."

As expected, the scene in **TV** shows where the female lead would take the male lead's breath away after a makeover was fake.

I put down my phone and used my hands to lift my breasts. I asked, "Really?!"

My bold action made his expression darken. He said kily, "Could you at least watch what you're doing, very

"But why?" I'd already watched myself for years. **Had it** achieved anything? As someone who'd already died once, it was only natural that I cared less about these things. Rather than restricting myself, I would rather be free

"Don't forget your place." Rowan's tone became threatening.

He didn't think of me as his wife, yet he wanted me to discipline myself based on that identity

my best to

I turned to look out the window, not wanting to say anything more to him. In the past, I would've been overjoyed if Rowan were to say anything to me. I would've tried my best to keep the conversation going, even if **had** to talk about anything under the sun

When we arrived at the venue for the dinner party, Rowan and I pretended to be a model couple for a **while**. After speaking to a few familiar business partners, I went off alone to sit down and test my Bert

Coincidentally, a young woman sat beside me, I appraised her and realized she was Pansy Green, the internet starlet who'd made headlines after getting a room with Rowan

"Pandy, why are you sitting here alone?" another young woman came over to speak to Fanny.

"I waited to rest my feet for a while. Come and sit with me, Lulu Fanny's voice was surprisingly sweet and chirpy

It now occurred to me that Rowan seemed to like women with sweet voices. Ashley was like that, and so were all his past conquests.

The two young women started chatting beside me, seemingly not noting that they kept teasing Fanny. "Isn't that your precious Mr. Pave? Aren't you married?"

Chapter 8 & Rowan's Little Stare

there to say something to him?"

H

"Stop that nonsense. He's not mine. He's married, Pansy said coquettishly.

"Nobody's ever seen that wife of his— she's just there for show! Everyone knows you and him are an item now. I heard he even bought you a place" Lulu looked envious.

"Yeah, he did. He's pretty generous to me." The bragging in Pansy's tone was **thinly** veiled. "I don't even know why he treats me so well I'm pretty lucky to **have** met him."

Rowan was generous to everyone except me, his wife, who was just for show. Every woman he'd been caught in a scandal with had sung his praises even after they'd broken up. This was the power of money

Just then, my parents approached me. When they saw me sitting alone, they asked, "Where's Rowan, Ivy? Why isn't he with you?"

Pansy and Lulu immediately turned to look at me when they heard Rowan's name. I bet their expressions would be fun to look at

I stood up and linked **arms** with my mother, Hilary Cooke. I said coquettishly, "It's so boring being with him. All he does is talk business with others. I'd have so much more fun chatting with you and Dad"

Mom looked at me in surprise. It had been years since I'd acted so coquettishly with her

.

“You two chat. I’m gonna go talk to David and the others.” My father, Samuel Sadler, wasn’t sensitive enough to notice how I’d changed. He cheerily left to go **talk** to his old friends

Chapter & Don’t Want to Get belved