

Chapter 2 Disgusting

Blood trickled from the edge of Candice's lips, a cruel reminder of the slap she'd just endured.

She raised her head to meet her mother-in-law, Rachel Harman, fury guiding her to clasp Candice's hair and pull her out of the bed.

Feeble, her legs gave way, sending her plummeting to the cold floor.

Overwhelmed by an almost manic frenzy, Rachel tore at Candice's clothes, landing kick after kick on her vulnerable body.

Candice, unable to escape the torrent of blows, felt sharp pains coursing through her abdomen. She recoiled, huddled on the floor, attempting to ease the pain.

The room echoed with the sound of heavy footsteps. It was her newlywed husband Greyson.

Candice quickly pulled the bedsheet over herself, concealing her body beneath the torn clothes, with only her clear eyes visible. She gazed at him and said, "Greyson..."

His gaze was impassive as he glanced at her. His eyes were filled with revulsion and restrained anger. Compassion was absent, a emotion nonexistent, and any concern for her dignity was clearly o the table.

"How dare you utter my son's name?" Rachel's wrath had yet to be appeased, her hand rising to deliver another blow.

But Candice was quicker, as her hand shot up, clamping onto Rachel's wrist.

Her gaze was fierce as it bored into Rachel. "Enough. My silence isn't a sign of weakness, but a choice not to retaliate."

Taken aback, Rachel was silenced by Candice's unexpected defiance.

"You bitch! Release me! You shameless slut! How dare you talk back to me like that? Who were you with? You defiled your marriage vows on your very wedding night!"

Candice gathered her strength, rising from the floor, holding herself tall before Rachel.

Her aura was overpowering as she readied to push Rachel away.

However, her e orts were cut short by Greyson's swift kick behind her knees.

Her legs buckled, forcing her into a demeaning kneel.

Her forehead collided with the corner of a table, and warmth spread through her hair. It was blood.

The pain was sharp, yet it paled in comparison to the ache within her heart.

Greyson had chosen his mother's side, not only standing by as Rachel assailed her but preventing her resistance.

Candice looked up at him, pleading with her eyes.

But when she noticed his cold indi erence, her words were strangled within her.

As she wiped the blood from her lips, she managed to ask a single question. "Why didn't you come to the suite last night?"

Had he been here, the night might have unfolded di erently.

Greyson answered dismissively, "I had matters to attend to. I had to leave."

Candice sco ed, "Attending to matters? Or attending to Madilyn?"

Greyson's warning glare was response enough. He wouldn't tolerate any disrespect towards Madilyn Reilly, the woman he cherished.

Interrupting the confrontation, Rachel defended Greyson. "Maddy has just returned from overseas. What's wrong with him going out to see her? Are you so petty? The blame is solely on you, Candice. You coerced him into this marriage. You're a disgrace!"

Rachel spit on Candice's face.

Caught o guard, Candice swiftly turned her head away, but it was too late to evade the distasteful act.

Even Greyson's handsome features turned stormy. "How dare you question me after your disgraceful actions? Shouldn't you be ashamed of yourself?"

Candice blanched at the implications.

Her purity had been her sole redeeming feature in Greyson's eyes, but now she had lost it, and there was nothing about her that could captivate Greyson.

Clutching the bedsheet, Candice enveloped herself in the fabric. Her grip tightened on the sheet until her knuckles blanched.

Seeing this, Greyson sneered, uttering coldly, "It's pointless to cover your body now. It is tainted and disgusts me."