

Chapter 1: Dwayne, I Beg You

Lemonfox

As Dwayne Atkinson returned home, I had just hung up the phone.

In less than two seconds, someone knocked on the door.

It was the housekeeper, Ms. Green.

She said, "Madam, Mr. Dwayne is back."

I regained my composure, stood up, and wiped away the tears that had unknowingly slipped down my face. "Thank you," I replied.

As I was about to leave the room, Ms. Green spoke up again, but hesitated, gazing at me with sympathy.

I smiled at her and avoided her gaze.

Sure enough, as soon as I opened Dwayne's bedroom door, I could hear a woman's unrestrained laughter coming from inside.

From the sound of it, they had just started.

I sat down on the sofa in the living room, looking at the clothes scattered all over the floor.

The men's clothes were undoubtedly Dwayne's; he liked wearing suits, symbolizing wealth and power.

The woman's clothes were a red dress and black lace lingerie, exuding wild sensuality.

Dwayne had a penchant for sexy women.

But, me...

In Dwayne's eyes, I was dull, uninteresting, and without charm. The only thing I had was a wealthy father...

No, now, I no longer even had a wealthy father.

Two hours later, as the sounds gradually subsided, I knew they were finished.

I hurriedly stood up, straightened my clothes, and approached the door, knocking gently on the half-closed door.

A lazy voice from inside responded, "Come in."

From his tone, I could tell he was in a good mood.

As long as he didn't see me, he was always in a good mood.

But I had to push open the door and ruin his mood.

The bedroom was in a mess, filled with the scent of cigarettes.

Dwayne lay on the bed, the sheets draped over his waist.

In his arms was Isabelle, a beautiful woman with long hair, her back pure and slender, adorned with a lifelike green peacock tattoo.

As I entered, she smiled coyly, feeding a lit cigarette to Dwayne.

Dwayne took a drag on the cigarette, turned his head, and narrowed his long, phoenix-like eyes at me through the smoke, coldly staring.

"Dwayne..." I twisted my fingers; it was the first time in my life that I had to beg someone, let alone him. "I need your help; my father's company is in trouble."

Dwayne closed his eyes and remained silent.

The woman looked at me, her delicate eyes filled with distinct disdain.

I continued, "My father needs five billion for liquidity, and I know you have it. Of course, you won't invest for nothing... You know, we've always treated you well."

Whether it was when Dwayne's company faced a major crisis or when we got married, my father had always gone all out to help him.

Finally, Dwayne spoke, "Get out."

No, I couldn't leave.

I continued, "Honey, I beg you. My father is hospitalized, and if even you won't help, then I..."

I was cut off when he suddenly picked up the crystal ashtray from the bedside table and hurled it towards me.

I froze, watching the ashtray pass by my ear and slam into the door behind me, making a loud bang.

I shivered, looking at him.

Dwayne opened his eyes, staring at me expressionlessly.

"Get out."

He repeated himself.

I held my breath.

After a moment of hesitation, I clenched my teeth and knelt on the floor.

"Honey..." I had never said such words before. "You must know that in these three years, I haven't done anything to betray you, nor have I asked for anything from you. We will repay this money, and as soon as we get it, we'll return it to you along with interest."