

Chapter 2: I Am Fine - Punished by His Love - Lemonfox

Dwayne continued to stare at me, hollow and indifferent. He said, "Come here."

"I..." I stammered.

"Come here." His gaze slightly intensified, a prelude to anger.

I quickly stood up and cautiously approached him.

He lifted his chin slightly, looking at me.

After a pause, he raised his hand and gestured for me to come closer.

Understanding his signal, I bent down, meeting his eyes filled with a mocking smile. I heard him softly say, "I can lend you the money."

I felt a glimmer of hope, "Then you..."

Before I could finish my sentence, he suddenly reached out and grabbed my neck.

I instantly lost my breath, unable to feel my windpipe, only a suffocating pain engulfing my mind.

In the buzzing sound around me, I heard Dwayne's voice, "The condition is that you go and die."

With that, he flung me onto the cabinet.

I fell to the ground, seeing stars, my body tingling, and my vision blurred, almost losing consciousness.

Amidst the rustling sound, a woman's coquettish voice asked, "Mr. Dwayne, who is she?"

"A despicable stupid dog," he replied.

Ms. Green helped me up.

She informed me, "Mr. Dwayne has left."

I thanked her, returned to my room to change into a high-necked dress, and as I descended the stairs, Ms. Green hesitated and came over, holding a medicine bottle in her hand. "Madam, I found this in your room..." she looked worried, hesitant to speak.

I smiled, taking it from her and said, "It's for a friend's family from out of town. She said the pharmacies there were out of stock. Why? Do you recognize this medicine, Ms. Green?"

She finally smiled, "I see. My husband used to take this medicine before he left. I was shocked when I saw it in your room, thinking you were so young, how could you have such an illness..."

My smile stiffened as I spoke softly, "Don't worry, I'm fine."

I am fine.

On the way to the hospital, I kept telling myself that.

When I arrived at the hospital, the lights in the operating room were still on.

To prevent further damage to the company, my father's hospitalization was kept confidential.

Thus, the empty hospital corridor was deserted, and only I was there.

Feeling a bit dizzy, I sat down on a bench and took a pill from the bottle.

As I leaned against the wall with my eyes closed, Dwayne's incomprehensible words echoed in my mind.

"You go and die."

I met Dwayne when I was eighteen, and he was twenty-four at the time.

His company had just over a hundred employees.

That day he came to the Moore Group seeking investment, and I happened to be there to see my father.

I fell in love with him at first sight.

In the end, Dwayne secured the investment, and I married him.

But on our wedding night, he left me, disappearing without a trace.

I found him at the hotel, where he was holding Isabelle, the two of them embraced, drinking red wine.

For the next three years, this scene played out every week at my home.

Not only that, he would mock and ridicule me, telling me to get lost whenever he pleased.

I thought it was because he married me against his will, and I took advantage of him in his vulnerable state.

He didn't love me; he was a proud man, and this marriage had hurt his pride.

So I tried everything to get close to him, to please him, thinking I could move him.

"You go and die..."

He didn't know that he would get his wish very soon.

Finally, the lights in the operating room went out, and my father was wheeled out.

I quickly stood up, following them to the intensive care unit. But in the end, the doctor stopped me outside, saying, "The patient needs observation, and family members cannot enter."