

A Sick Romance Chapter 02

She confidently dialed the number right in front of me.

It was picked up quickly, and a cold male voice came through. "I'm in a meeting. I'll call you back later."

The call ended in just two seconds, the voice distant and indifferent. I didn't have time to say a word, but I could recognize Felix's voice.

Darcy yanked my hair and slapped my face with her phone. "Did you hear that? This is my man's number. It seems you weren't very thorough!"

The pain in my scalp made me wince, and I couldn't stop myself from shoving her away.

"Is it that unusual to have two numbers? Why don't you just call the number and ask?"

As soon as Darcy's three lackeys saw that I was resisting, they rushed over to beat me, eager to show off their strength.

"You're just a mistress, and you're talking like you're his wife! How dare you lay a hand on Darcy. She's going to be Mrs. Palmer. You're just asking for a beating!"

"How could you just pick some random number and claim it's Mr. Palmer's? Are you that dumb?"

"Look in the mirror. What gave you the confidence to steal someone else's man? Wait until Mr. Palmer exposes your lie. You'll regret it!"

Darcy looked down at me with a confident smirk. "Then go ahead, call it. Let's see how many numbers my man has."

The number saved on my phone was a private one that Felix had set up just for me.

He was afraid of missing my calls, so even when he was in meetings, he wouldn't silence his phone.

The "Honey" label was something he'd insisted on adding, or else he'd cut off my grandmother's medication.

So, I was certain Felix would pick up the call.

Seeing my calm demeanor, Darcy's face darkened, and she quickly dialed the number.

I thought that once the call went through, it would prove our relationship and make them leave.

But when the phone rang, the message came through that the number was unreachable.

At that moment, I froze, shocked by the result.

Darcy breathed a sigh of relief, fully convinced I was a liar, and slapped me hard.

Her long nails left deep scratches on my face, and the sting was unbearable.

“Dare to dream, huh? You think you’re going to be Mrs. Palmer? Who knows whose sugar daddy’s number you’re calling?”

“He won’t even answer your call. No wonder you’re rushing to find another rich guy. Too bad for you, you’ve hit a dead end today.”

The lackeys, now convinced I was just a desperate mistress trying to lure Felix away, closed in on me, ready to make me pay.

“Darcy, teach this shameless woman a lesson so she knows her place.”

“Yeah, let’s show all those other cheap women out there what happens when they try to seduce Mr. Palmer!”

They even pulled out their phones and started recording a video.

I turned my face away to avoid the camera, but they grabbed my hair and forced me to face the lens, slapping my face and verbally humiliating me.

“This wench got plastic surgery to look like me and snuck into my boyfriend’s villa, trying to get into his bed. I caught her in the act. We have to teach her a lesson! She even made a mess of the villa, painting all these flowers. Perhaps she was hoping my man would praise her art. But she’ll be the one paying for the cleaning! Don’t you know my man hates sunflowers? He even got angry once when I wore a sunflower hairpin. And you? You filled the whole yard with them!”

Hearing this, the lackeys got excited, like they were on some kind of adrenaline rush, and started tearing the sunflowers apart.

I went crazy, struggling to stop them. “No! Don’t touch my flowers!”

Darcy kicked me back to the ground, then stepped on my stomach, pressing down hard.

The pain was so intense I couldn’t get up.

She sneered. “These stupid flowers aren’t worth anything. If they’re ruined, they’re ruined. This is my man’s villa; who allowed you to act like this?”

The value of these flowers was never about money. They were planted by Felix himself.

I remembered the time when the housekeeper broke one of them while watering, and Felix broke her arm.

I wasn't grieving for these worthless people, but for the sunflowers—they were my lifeline through my depression.

After seeing my parents killed before my eyes, Felix had planted those sunflowers for ten years, doing everything he could to help me heal.

Now, those sunflowers were being destroyed in front of me, as if they were pushing me back into the abyss.

Not only that, but they even threw paint on the walls inside, ruining all the sunflowers there too.

I was pinned to the ground, my eyes bloodshot, like a fish desperately struggling in despair.

It was a stark contrast to Darcy's sinister face above me.

I prayed Mona would come back soon.

Every day, she drove down the mountain to get fresh vegetables, and she usually took about an hour to come back. If I calculated the time right, she should be back any minute now.