

Sinner Wife 881

Chapter 881

Cathy felt a piercing pain shooting through the area around her heart. As she looked down, her phone slid out of her weak

hands.

Plop. The phone fell onto the pavement by her feet as blood slowly dripped onto the screen.

From the phone came the frantic shouts of a man.

“Cathy! Cathy! Answer me, Cathy!”

Felipe’s hand on the steering wheel shook as he sped to the police station. Dashing through the crowd, he was met with a pale

girl sitting in a pool of blood.

Felipe’s heart felt like it had sunk into an ice cellar as his blood turned cold.

“Cathy.”

He pushed the people in front of him to get to the girl as he knelt on one knee and pulled her unconscious body into his arms.

“Cathy! Wake up, Cathy!”

Cradling her, he shouted her name frantically.

Yet it was to no avail.

Felipe’s vision blurred, not knowing when his eyes had grown watery. All he knew was that his heart hurt. It was numbing and

suffocating.

Nothing the people around said went through his ears for all he saw was black and a splash of bright red blood.

“Felipe...”

In a daze, Felipe thought he heard the voice he wanted to hear most.

Snapping his head up, his reddened eyes were met with Cathy’s exhausted and squinting ones.

“Cathy. Don’t worry, Cathy. I won’t let you die!” Felipe vowed.

Cathy merely smiled as she raised her bloodied hand with difficulty and placed the USB into Felipe’s hand.

Felipe stared at the USB in shock as the piercing pain spread to his extremities.

He suddenly hated everything he had—especially himself.

“Felipe. I guess this is goodbye...”

Tears streaked his cheeks. “I won’t let anything happen to you, I swear, Cathy. As long as you pull through, I promise we’ll start

all over again, okay? I promise.”

Cathy smiled tearfully and sighed. “That’s nice...

“Promise me you won’t do those things again.”

“Alright, I won’t. I won’t do any of it again! I promise!”

Cathy smiled contently as she watched him cry for her. “I never knew you’d feel so upset because of me, Felipe...”

She tried to raise her hand to touch Felipe’s face, only to have it fall heavily just as she softly spoke the last of her sentence.

“Cathy!”

Felipe wailed, the pain of his heart being torn apart seeping into his bones.

Clutching Cathy’s hand against his cheek, he realized that it was growing cold.

Nothing he did seemed to warm her.

The ambulance arrived in no time as they hauled her onto the stretcher.

Felipe knelt despondently as he stared at the pool of blood, his eyes losing their focus...

Cathy was sent to the Royal Hospital.

She was operated on by Felipe’s personal doctor.

The doctor held the highest authority and was the most skilled within the Royal Hospital. He was the one who brought Madeline

back to life.

Felipe was certain that he could do the same for Cathy as well.

He had to.

Sitting anxiously by the operating doors, Felipe’s heart refused to calm.

Chapter 882

He raised his bloodied hands only to find that the mint-green hairband he had kept carefully with him was now dyed red.

With trembling fingers, he raised the hairband to his lips. "Don't die. Please, you can't die."

He murmured under his breath as his eyes reddened further.

"You promised you'd pester me forever. You can't go back on your word now."

Felipe's voice shook as he repeated himself, unable to put the panic within him to rest.

Just then, the operating room's door opened to reveal a doctor in a white coat. Felipe immediately ran toward him. "Professor

Quinney, how's Cathy?"

The professor shook his head. "I've got the bullet out, but since it hit her heart, I can't bring her back to life. I'm sorry, but Miss

Cathy has passed."

Frozen in place, Felipe felt his world crack as he stood rooted to the ground.

"How did she just get shot out of the blue? Could it be the Stygian Johnsons?" The doctor sighed, his heart clenching at the loss

of such a young life.

Felipe could not answer him, for he knew the answer.

He was the one who killed Cathy.

He was the one who ordered them to shoot.

He thought that she wanted to betray him, that she wanted to destroy everything he had created. Yet the truth showed that she

had never betrayed him at all, nor had she let her feelings for him go.

That was why she turned around.

It was him who turned around too late.

It was that split second that he realized how much he cared for Cathy.

He had no idea when it started, but Cathy seemed to have silently made her way into his heart...

Felipe felt the ache in his chest grow by countless folds as he slowly walked into the empty operating room.

He wanted to see her one last time.

However, he did not have the courage to see her face.

His mind was flooded with images of her energetic laughter. The pale and silent memories were all he had left of her.

He walked toward Cathy and leaned down emotionlessly to seal her cold lips with his.

‘In another life, Cathy, let me be the one to chase after you instead.’

...

Madeline may have decided to return to Glendale, but her inability to contact Cathy had her unable to let go and leave.

From Jeremy, she was told that when Cathy tried to kill herself by jumping into the river, she had returned to spy on Felipe

because she could not let him go.

It was then that Cathy was found by the Stygian Johnsons and had her appearance marred when they caught her. That was why

she did plastic surgery.

She had drifted around F Country for three months when she caught sight of Jeremy running from Felipe’s bodyguards who were

trying to kill him. Before the car could explode, she had dragged Jeremy to safety.

The two heartbroken people became close friends due to mutual understanding and encouragement, which explained what

happened then.

The so-called engagement party had no witnesses as it was merely for show. After all, Jeremy only had one legal wife—

Madeline.

Cathy had played a huge part in repairing Madeline and Jeremy’s relationship, so it was only natural that Madeline was worried

when she dropped off the radar.

Even if it was dangerous, she decided that she would make a trip to Felipe’s manor.

Felipe had spent the last few days in despair.

He was locking himself in the room Cathy once stayed in.

Flipping through her photo collage, he stared at the bright and happy girl who then bloomed like a red rose—enchanted and

passionate.

Yet the rose had wilted away now.

He was so stubborn, thinking that the woman he loved all along had been Madeline because she was the only ray of light he had

when he was a child—the ray of light that broke through his gloomy clouds and brought him back to reality.

When in truth, he found that he would rather live forever in the dark as long as he had his rose. If hell was the destination, he

would trek the path as long as she walked with him.

Felipe opened the drawer despite the unbearable heartache to straighten the last of her belongings.

Going through them, his eyes fell on an unexpected item within a light blue brocade box!

Chapter 883

Felipe felt his heart pause as he took the item from the box.

He would never forget this red string.

When he met the little girl with the dimpled smile years ago by April Hill's beach, she had been the ray of light that pulled him out

of the dark. She even gave him a rainbow shell.

In return, he gave her a red piece of string.

That day of that year marked his innocent meeting with the energetic and warm Vetty. It was love at first sight.

When he grew up, he found out that the girl was Madeline.

That was why he did everything in his power to make Madeline his.

However, why was the string he had gifted Madeline in Cathy's hands? Not to mention that it had been kept so safely.

Felipe's mind was filled with questions that could not be answered.

Not that meeting Madeline by the seaside back then mattered to him anymore.

The moment Cathy was shot, it dawned on him who he truly had feelings for.

Perhaps he should have known the moment Cathy jumped into the river because of him. Perhaps it should have dawned on him

with how reluctant he had been and how his heart had hurt for her when he lost her.

Yet, it never crossed his mind to sit himself down and understand his feelings.

Instead, all he did then was torture the woman who had engraved herself into his heart.

Felipe closed his eyes at the agony his heart screamed with.

Suddenly, someone came to report that Madeline had arrived.

Felipe's red and glistening eyes snapped open as he stared at a picture of Cathy. Standing up, he recollected his emotions

before he descended the stairs.

Madeline had come alone. Standing in the living room, her features and figure were still otherworldly.

However, Felipe no longer felt passion or a ripple in his heart despite the figure that reflected in his eyes.

Madeline looked up when she heard footsteps approaching and was met with Felipe's elegant but emotionless and hollow

features. Something felt wrong, but Madeline's priority was on Cathy.

"I'm here to find Cathy, Felipe."

His eyes flashed at the mention of her name.

Staring at Madeline, Felipe brought out the red string instead of answering her question.

"Did you give this to Cathy?" he asked.

Madeline stared at the vintage-looking string calmly. "I've never seen this string before."

Felipe's heart leaped at the answer. "You've never seen... What do you mean you've never seen this string before? I gave this

string to you myself on the beach of April Hill back then."

Madeline remembered how Felipe told her that they had met by the beach when they were young, but Madeline kept to the same

reply. "Jeremy's the only friend I made by the beach back then, Felipe. I may have been young, but I can promise you that I

wouldn't remember this wrongly.

"I've already told you I'm not the girl you met by the beach back then. You're the only one who keeps thinking I am."

'You're the only one who keeps thinking I am.'

The sentence pierced into Felipe's heart, stunning him into a stupor.

He gripped the string in his hands as memories of that innocent smile surfaced in his mind.

"Come over here."

“Will you be my friend if I play with you?”

“Here, this is for you. Mommy says that rainbow shells bring happiness. You need to be happy, okay?”

Her crescent-eyed and dimpled smile swirled in his mind.

While in a daze, the memory of the little girl’s smile overlapped with the memory of how Cathy used to smile.

A thought he dared not delve into surfaced in his mind.

‘Cathy. Was Cathy the...’

Not daring to think deeper into it, Felipe turned and walked out.

Chapter 884

“Where is Cathy, Felipe?” Madeline pressed on, but Felipe had already left.

Watching him drive away, Madeline decided to search the manor for traces of Cathy. She even went to the basement, but Cathy

was nowhere to be found.

Confused, she went to ask the servants, but none of them were certain themselves.

Madeline arrived at Cathy’s room and found a photo collage open on her bed. It was filled with pictures she had taken from the

past. It looked like it had just been flipped through.

Had Felipe been looking at it?

Curious, she took up the photo collage only to find a piece of paper squashed under it.

“Certificate of cremation?”

Madeline’s heart lurched.

Reading it, she saw Cathy’s name, followed by Felipe’s signature at the very bottom.

Cathy was dead?!

...

Jeremy thought that Madeline was resting in the hotel the entire time he brought Lillian out for a walk, so he was surprised to not

see her when they returned to their room.

He put his daughter to sleep and was about to call Madeline when the doors opened.

"Where have you been, Linnie?" Jeremy grabbed her hand worriedly as he took in her pale complexion. "Are you not feeling

well? Does it hurt somewhere? How about we just give this child up, Linnie? I'm happy with just Jack and Lily."

Madeline raised her misty eyes to look at the concerned man. "Cathy's dead."

Jeremy's expression changed drastically. "Cathy's dead?"

Madeline passed the certificate of cremation to Jeremy who frowned as he read it. "It must have been Felipe. This doesn't make

any sense, though. Cathy was alright the other day."

"How could Felipe be so cruel? Cathy met him when she was just 15. She has been by his side for over ten years. How could he

have the heart to hurt her?" Madeline cried as her heart clenched.

Jeremy wiped off the tears from her eyes and pulled her into his arms. "I'll gain justice for Cathy. I won't let her die like this."

He let go of her. "Take care of Lillian. I'll go look for him."

Madeline pulled him back. "Be careful, you're still hurt."

Jeremy placed his hands on both of Madeline's cheeks, kissing her deeply on the lips. "Don't worry. I won't let anything happen

to me. I'll come back to you and the kids."

Jeremy's first act was to call Felipe when he left the hotel room, but Felipe's phone was turned off.

He went to find Fabian for intel instead.

Fabian was shocked when he heard about Cathy's death, but he told Jeremy, "A woman was shot dead in front of the police

station two days ago. Could that have been Cathy?"

He passed him an image of a woman lying in a pool of blood.

Jeremy immediately recognized that woman to be Cathy.

Shot dead.

How much hatred could one bear to do such a thing?

Cathy did not deserve this, and Jeremy felt his heart hurt for her. "Help me search for Felipe."

Fabian was reluctant but agreed anyway. "I'm only doing this for you because of Lillian."

Jeremy was still pondering about what Fabian meant when Felipe was found.

Cemetery.

Standing alone in front of Cathy's tomb, Felipe was ice-cold despite the bright sun shining above.

He held the red string in his hand as he waited for a reply.

Just then, his phone buzzed.

His fingers trembled in fear of what the results would tell.

After a while, he swiped to answer the call. "How is it?"

The reply he received shot through his heart like a thousand arrows...

Chapter 885

"Master Whitman, our men have just gotten to April Hill. We've asked around, and from an old man, we can confirm that there

had been a family with a daughter by the name of Cathy.

"The father of the family ran a small business, so their family was rather well off. However, he and his wife met a tragic end

during one of his delivery trips.

"His relatives took his house and threw his daughter out."

The person confirmed.

"Master Whitman, it's confirmed that after the death of her parents, the daughter who was thrown out was indeed Miss Cathy.

They gave me an image of Miss Cathy when she was young. I'll send it to you now."

With that, Felipe's phone received the image.

On the display was an old picture, one that caused the tears brimming in Felipe's eyes to fall.

It was the same smile he had engraved into his memory—the very one that haunted his dreams for the past decade.

Felipe wanted to smile, but his vision became blurred from the tears.

His arm drooped limply, and the red string fell to his feet. He then went down on his knees, kneeling in front of Cathy's grave.

'It was you all along, Cathy.

'You were the girl who pulled me from the dark.

'I've been searching for you all these years when you were right there by my side.

'Yet I've done such ruthless things to you.

'Why was I so stubborn even when Eveline told me she was not that girl?

'Why did it take you leaving me for good for me to realize that you had already burned your existence into the deepest part of my heart? Why was I so late?

'Why?'

He scoffed self-deprecatingly as indescribable ache tugged at his heartstrings.

Felipe stayed at the cemetery for a long while.

Cathy's death had already broken him from the inside.

Now, coupled with the knowledge that Cathy was also the girl from before, the pain Felipe felt in his heart was all-consuming.

He stared at the tombstone for a long time before he made the decision.

"I'll bring you home, Cathy. Back to where we first met."

He would bring Cathy's ashes with him.

"Felipe."

After dashing to the cemetery, Jeremy felt his heart clench when he saw Cathy's name engraved on the tombstone.

He strode up to grip Felipe by the collar and glared fiercely at him. "Even if you didn't like Cathy, that doesn't mean you had to kill

her in cold blood. How could you kill a girl who's been in love with you for over a decade?!"

Felipe quirked his thin lips unfeelingly. "Did you not hurt Eveline the same way all those years ago? Who are you to teach me a

lesson now?"

"You're right, I was downright horrible to Eveline and I did so many inexcusable things. But I never tried to kill her."

Felipe sneered in disagreement. "What proof do you have that I was the one who killed Cathy?"

He did not want to admit it, let alone face the fact that he had indirectly killed Cathy.

Glancing at Cathy's tombstone, Jeremy pushed Felipe away. "I'll find evidence that it was you. I will find the truth for Cathy, and I

will avenge her death.”

“Avenge? Ha.” Felipe smiled meaningfully. “Do you think that Cathy would be fine with me being in a state like that? She

wouldn’t. That’s why even at her dying breath, she begged for us to start over.”

An aloof smile graced Felipe’s features, fueling the furious flames in Jeremy’s eyes as he took in the irony of the situation.

Chapter 886

“Eveline was right. None of the Whitman family men are good men. If any one of us were even half the man Grandfather was,

perhaps the women who love us so much would not have been so deeply hurt.”

He raised his frosty and fierce gaze.

“I’ve already turned over a new leaf, Felipe. What about you? Will you not own up to your mistakes? You would go and surrender

yourself if you have even the slightest bit of conscience left in you. Or you can wait until I hand the police the evidence they

need.”

Jeremy warned solemnly as he gave Cathy’s tombstone one last look, his deep gaze filled with hurt. Then, he turned to leave.

Dazed, Felipe stood in the wind with Cathy’s ashes held preciously in his arms. A deep swirl of emotions flashed in his eyes.

“Don’t worry. I promised you, so I’ll make sure it happens. Wait for me.”

He left with the wind blowing in his face and her urn in his hands.

...

Madeline took care of Lillian in the hotel until Jeremy returned at nightfall.

She prayed that Jeremy would tell her that Cathy was still alive, that the certificate of cremation was a lie. Instead, all he could

give was a confirmation of the dreaded news.

The next day, Madeline and Jeremy arrived at the cemetery to visit Cathy’s grave.

They had wanted to pay their respects but instead found her grave disturbed and her urn nowhere to be found.

Madeline and Jeremy had no other choice but to leave.

Getting into the car, Madeline received a call from Fabian. "I received news that Felipe has just boarded his private jet to

Glendale, my lady. Are you guys returning to Glendale too? Does that mean I'll never get to see you again?"

While Madeline had not put the call on speaker, Jeremy could still hear Fabian's comment as he was sitting by her side.

He took Madeline's phone and replied coldly on her behalf, "You're always welcome to visit Glendale, Mr. Johnson, and I promise

I'll settle you right in. However, my wife's rather busy, so it'd be best if you called me instead next time."

He then hung up the phone and sent his number to Fabian.

Jeremy returned the phone to Madeline to find her staring at him with a questioning look in her eyes.

Realizing that his actions may have gone overboard, Jeremy quickly explained himself, "I just... I don't like seeing you too close

to other men, Linnie."

He said sincerely, "I felt really uncomfortable when I saw you with Daniel all the time back then. It was only long later that I

realized it was because I liked you, so I—"

"So you were jealous." Madeline finished his sentence.

The tips of his ears burned. "Yeah, I was jealous. I wanted you to belong to me and only me."

Madeline's heart warmed. This was the first time she had seen him getting jealous. Only now did she know that he had truly

misunderstood her and Daniel all those years ago.

With Lillian in tow, Madeline and Jeremy returned to Glendale.

Eloise and Sean were shocked to find a healthy and safe Lillian!

Having been told the whole story, the couple were furious for they had never expected Felipe to be such a complex and

scheming person.

Finally meeting Jackson, Lillian was beyond elated.

The two held hands as they played happily together.

Jeremy felt his heart warm at the sight, but he quickly grew despondent.

His own daughter was still calling him 'mister'.

While he may claim that it was alright, his heart yearned to hear her call him 'Daddy'.

At that moment, Jeremy held Madeline's hand as they made their way through Whitman Manor again.

Standing by his side, she entered the house elegantly and full of poise.

Having received Jeremy's call that he was going to bring his wife home to meet Grandpa and stay for dinner, Karen immediately

went to the kitchen to cook up a feast.

Hearing activity from the living room, she came to greet them with a smile. After setting her eyes on the people by the entrance

though, her expression immediately fell. "What's going on, Jeremy? Didn't you say you're going to bring your wife home for

dinner? Why is she here again?"

Chapter 887

Jeremy raised his arm to pull Madeline into his embrace.

"This is my wife. I, Jeremy Whitman, have and will only have one wife—Eveline Montgomery."

His gaze was heavy, and his tone left no room for argument as he reminded Karen.

"I do hope that you wouldn't treat my wife how you used to, Mom. I don't expect you to be a great mother-in-law, but at least treat

her with basic courtesy and respect."

"..." Stunned, Karen's expression darkened. She turned her head to see Madeline smiling faintly at her and the flames within her

flared. "What's happening, Jeremy? You just told me that you were getting engaged to Yvette? Why are you with her again? Did

you forget what she told you before? She's only doing this to get revenge!"

A sour feeling filled both Madeline and Jeremy's hearts at Karen's mention of Cathy.

Jeremy tightened his grip on Madeline's hand as he explained solemnly, "I've always seen Yvette as my little sister, just like how

she saw me as an older brother. There was never anything romantic between us. The only one in my heart this whole time is

Eveline."

Jeremy then brought Madeline inside by her hand.

No longer in the mood to cook, Karen turned around and called Winston. Her expression remained displeased until dinner.

Seeing Madeline and Jeremy sitting by each other's side, Old Master Whitman did not comment on the past and opted to say

with a meaningful smile instead, "I'm glad to see the two of you happy and alright."

"Don't worry, Grandfather. Linnie and I will continue to be happy." Jeremy promised as he helped Madeline to the dishes.

Madeline asked the old master if she could take a trip to his room after dinner and was naturally allowed.

Not understanding why she asked, Jeremy followed Madeline to the room. He watched her pick up a picture frame from the desk

before staring seriously at it.

Approaching to look at the photo, his gaze warmed while his tone was tinted with regret. "I still remember how happy we used to

be by the sea. I'm sorry I ruined it by mistaking you for someone else."

"You weren't the only one who mistook me. Felipe did as well."

Madeline frowned as she stared at the other girl who had accidentally made her way into the picture. She reminded Madeline of

the girl in the photo collage she saw in Felipe's manor.

Cathy was still a teen in the photo collage, and she looked unnervingly like the girl in this picture.

Jeremy was confused. "What do you mean Felipe mistook you too?"

"He kept telling me he loved me and wanted to have me because he thought that I was the girl who brought him back to light

when I was young. But I'm not that girl. Back in April Hill, I only ever played with one boy."

Hearing Madeline's explanation, Jeremy remembered Felipe telling him such a thing as well.

He too thought that since Felipe had also met Madeline, Felipe fell for her back then as well.

Now he knew that there was someone else.

She took a photo of the framed picture with her phone before spending some time asking the old master how he had been.

Then, they finally returned to their first marital villa.

By the time they arrived, so had Eloise and Sean with Jackson and Lillian.

After putting the two adorable children to sleep, Madeline looked down at her baby bump. This was their third child she bore.

Jeremy approached her from behind with light steps as he raised his arms to loop around her shoulders. Placing his handsome

face where her neck met her shoulder, he breathed in her perfume greedily.

Madeline's heart raced, and she was about to push Jeremy away when she heard him speak.

"I want to move to somewhere else."

Madeline was confused. "Why?"

The man's clear and alluring voice drifted past her ears. "Jack and Lillian are going to have a little brother or sister in a couple of

months. We can't possibly expect the three of them to squeeze into the same room. Plus, this house has too many unhappy

memories."

Chapter 888

At that, Jeremy seemed slightly regretful. Anxiously taking in the change in Madeline's expression, he resembled the careful self

she used to be with him.

"I'm sorry, Linnie. I shouldn't have brought up the past. I'm sorry I made you upset again."

He apologized softly, pressing his lips lightly against the back of her ear.

"I'll bring you to Adam first thing in the morning to make sure you're alright. Then I'll go and settle Cathy's situation."

Without waiting for Madeline to nod, he bent down to carry her into his arms.

"It's getting late. Let's go to sleep."

Madeline reached out instinctively to wrap her arms around his neck.

Carrying her into their bedroom, Madeline felt her heart race in a way that reminded her of the first time she married Jeremy.

She had been nervous, moved, and slightly hopeful.

Lying down, Jeremy held Madeline and pressed a kiss on the top of her head.

"I can finally hug you and have a peaceful sleep, Linnie."

In the dark of the night, his tone was slightly bewitching as it drifted into her ears.

Lying against his broad chest, Madeline drifted into a dreamless sleep as well.

She went to do a full-body check-up the next day, then an ultrasound.

Madeline's heart warmed as she stared at the concern on the man by her side's face.

She remembered how she had wished he would come with her when she was pregnant with Jackson, but those days were all

destroyed by Meredith.

On the topic of Meredith, Madeline found out through Fabian that she had been handed over to the police and that the

international police force in F Country had contacted Glendale's police force to arrest Meredith again.

With Meredith facing her charges, Madeline wished that her grandfather and the murdered Brittany would be able to rest

peacefully in heaven.

Taking a look at Madeline's lab results and B-scans, Adam pushed his glasses lightly.

He stared at Madeline seriously. "Must you have this child, Eveline?"

Madeline thought for a bit and was about to answer when Jeremy said, "If it threatens the mother's life, Eveline and I will not

hesitate to let the child go."

Knowing that Jeremy was merely worried about herself, Madeline did not protest.

Of course, if her body could not support it, she would not force herself to bear the child.

Adam nodded in understanding and replied, "Take your medication and be on time for your check-ups. As your doctor, your

health is my priority."

Madeline and Jeremy let out a sigh of relief.

Felipe had returned to Glendale last night and was staying in Cathy's room in his villa the entire time, watching the person he

longed for through the security footage.

The more he watched, the more his heart hurt.

Especially when he watched himself ruthlessly push Cathy toward the corner of the table, thus causing her to miscarry.

Felipe took a deep breath and closed his eyes. After getting up, he washed up and got ready to bring Cathy's ashes to the beach

by April Hill. He wanted to gather a few of her favorite clothes and toys before he left, but he found her diary instead when he opened the drawer.

His slender and bony fingers flipped open to the first page, and his vision blurred the second he read the first sentence.

Chapter 889

On the first page was written in a girl's clean handwriting: [The most beautiful moment in my life—meeting Felipe Whitman]

'The most beautiful moment in her life.'

Felipe's vision blurred.

'No, Cathy. Meeting you is the best thing that happened to me.

'There is nothing beautiful about you meeting me.'

With his heart aching, Felipe flipped through the diary and found that the first entry was the day he confirmed his sponsorship.

The words inside read: [I'm so lucky to have met the little boy who was by my house all those years ago. Ah, wait, he's not little

anymore. Despite how long it has been, I knew it was him the moment I saw him. Although, it doesn't seem like he recognizes

me anymore. (Sobs)

[I still have the red string he gave me. I wonder if he still has the shell I gave him?

[He has grown to look so handsome and gentlemanly. Ah, how could a man look so beautiful? He's so perfect, I'm sure there are

a lot of girls who like him. (Envious)

[Yeah, I've got to study hard so that I make the best use of his sponsorship. I don't wish for much, but I think I want to stay by his

side forever. I'm content even if he sees me as his little sister. Though of course, I'd like to be more than just a sister if I could...]

Felipe closed his eyes in agony as tears fell freely down his face.

He no longer had the courage to keep reading, not when breathing itself felt like a sin.

Felipe quickly gathered a few pieces of clothing and Cathy's urn before he made his way to April Hill alone.

The sky was gloomy, almost as if it was mourning his loss as well.

Arriving at April Hill, Felipe took the string and the shell before walking toward the beach that stretched endlessly.

As he closed his eyes, memories of the past flashed through his mind like they had happened just yesterday.

However, the girl who had pulled him from the dark had now gone to another dark world.

Numb from the pain, Felipe made his way to where Cathy's home used to be.

The small villa before his eyes was simple but elegant with bright and colorful flowers blooming in its courtyard.

The world was still brimming with color, but as far as Felipe was concerned, his world had turned to shades of black and white.

Felipe stood at the entrance for a while, preparing himself to enter when a middle-aged woman with ginger curls walked out. She

chased him off with a sneer. "Why are you standing by my door? Are you expecting me to give you food? Scram!"

Felipe spoke calmly, "Is this Cathy's house?"

Startled, the woman replied distastefully, "Who are you?"

"Answer my question. Is this Cathy's house?"

Felipe's tone was cold for his patience was running low.

The woman was about to shout expletives when a 20-something-year-old walked out of the house in a camisole dress. Her long

hair blew behind her as she approached the older woman. "What's wrong, Mom?"

"Someone's here to cause trouble. I was just chasing him away," the woman said as she was about to chase Felipe out of her

lawn.

As he had not been taking care of his appearance and was wearing two-day-old clothes, coupled with his unruly stubble, Felipe

was probably a wretched sight to behold. However, there were still signs of energetic youth between his brows, and not even his

unkempt appearance could mask his exquisite features.

The young lady gave Felipe a good look as her eyes sparkled. "Let's not be impolite, Mom. I'll talk to him instead."

She skipped toward Felipe. "Hello, mister. Who are you looking for?"

Felipe did not even look up at her. "Is this Cathy's house? And are you the heartless relatives who stole her house from her?"

"..."

The mother-daughter duo's expression fell.

"What is this nonsense? What do you mean heartless relatives? The girl was the one who didn't want the house and told us to

take care of it. Who are you anyway? What do our family matters have to do with you?"

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Felipe's expression darkened as he frowned. "I'm Cathy's husband."

"What? That damned girl's husband?"

"Are you... really Cathy's husband?"

Both the mother and daughter were shocked.

Felipe did not want to waste any more time with them. "You have one day to move out."

"What? How could you make us move? The damned girl has left for so many years already, this house has nothing to do with her

anymore!" The mother crossed her arms as she stared down at Felipe arrogantly and disdainfully. "Here I thought how great the

damned girl's eyes were. Who would've thought she found herself a broke and young boy. You want the house back as a marital

home? You wish! Look at you. Who are you to get married when you can't even buy a house?"

Felipe shot the woman a cold look, one that made a shiver run up her spine.

"You have one day to move, or I'll make you leave myself."

"..."

Having warned them, Felipe turned and left.

"Damned hobo. You can dream on if you think I'll let you steal my house!" After recovering from the initial shock, the older

woman gave a contemptuous look. When she turned around, she realized that her daughter had followed after Felipe.

After asking around the village where Cathy's parents were buried, Felipe found that they were on April Hill.

He took Cathy's urn and his tools, looking around for Cathy's parent's graves.

Having chosen a good spot by the side, he began to dig.

Then, he placed the urn and Cathy's favorite clothes when she was alive inside the ground. Taking a pen, he wrote 'In loving

memory of Cathy Jordan, beloved wife of Felipe Whitman' on a plank of wood.

Just then, a drizzle of rain began to fall.

Felipe leaned against the grave tiredly as droplets of rain and tears fell from his eyes.

'Cathy.

'Can you see it?

'You're my wife.

'Not the little sister I sponsored.'

Having watched the scene unfurl, Cathy's cousin, Yui, quickly ran home to tell her mother.

The woman was shocked. "What? The damned girl died?"

"Yeah! She's dead!" Yui confirmed, thinking back about the painful look Felipe wore as he caressed Cathy's tombstone. "I didn't

think a woman like Cathy would find a man who'd love her so much."

"Pfft. What can love buy? I can already tell that the hobo is only here for the house!"

"That's true. Being handsome doesn't get you branded accessories and handbags." Yui pouted in disappointment, deciding to

forget about Felipe.

The following day, Yui left the house after putting on glamorous makeup and a sexy dress. She suddenly saw a few limited

edition cars she had always wanted to drive into the village.

She stared enviously, only to find the cars stopping by her door.

Stunned, Yui quickly ran out. Her mother who was chatting with the neighbors by the courtyard also ran out at the loud activities.

Seeing the branded cars by their door, the woman looked ecstatic. "Is this the rich suitor you were talking about the other day,

Yui? Look at how sincere he is. Mom thinks you should marry him!"

Hearing her mother and looking at the envious gazes the villagers around were giving her, Yui felt her confidence shoot up.

However, the second the man alighted the car, both Yui and her mother's eyes widened tremendously!