

A Spoonful of Sugar: Don't Beg for Love

Chapter 4

Hesper sat on the bed weakly with a thick bandage wrapped around her head. She looked at the overbearing mother and daughter before she said halfheartedly, "Grandfather can tell if I'm faking it with a glance."

Madam Duval grunted coldly and said, "Stop using Mr. Duval Sr. to threaten me. He's not in the country now, so no one's going to back you up! Someone, come and pin her down!"

When her voice died away, a few middle-aged women with tall, huge physiques showed up in the room. It made Hesper remember the horrible incident that took place in the hospital room the other day.

She remembered the feeling of the boiling hot soup being poured down her throat, how it felt like hot lava.

She did not wish to experience that again, so she struggled with all her might and shouted frantically, "What are you doing? Let go of me! I'm going to tell my grandfather about this!"

Madam Duval cracked a bitterly sarcastic smile. "We're going to give a post-delivery detox massage to you, of course. This is for your own good, so be appreciative. Not even Mr. Duval Sr. can pick a fault in this!"

Hesper, knowing that Madam Duval could not possibly be so kind, felt an ominous presentiment in her heart. "Go away! Don't touch me!"

She knew that Madam Duval loathed her; Madam Duval would never be so kind. However, as a new mother who was recently injured and weak against so many of them, she was utterly incapable of resisting them.

The few middle-aged women pinned her against the bed and immobilized her limbs before they reached out their strong hands and pushed her down on her soft abdomen ferociously.

"Gah!" Hesper let out an agonizing scream and her face turned ghastly pale. Her body was drenched in cold sweat, and even her voice was shaking. "It hurts..."

Madam Duval felt as if her anger was vented at the sight of Hesper in pain. She said with a pleased expression, "You should feel the pain. They are professional post-

delivery detox masseuses, and they will most certainly be able to help you detox your body. You'll thank me later."

Sophia gloated at Hesper's misfortune and chuckled. "Hesper, this is a treatment that others don't get even if they beg for it. Enjoy it!"

"I don't need...gah!" Hesper's entire body trembled from the pain, but there was nothing she could do to break free from the women's claws. She felt as if they would crush her internal organs soon.

It was true that women would receive detox massages post delivery, but these women were instructed by Madam Duval to massage using a crude technique.

The massage was not only useless for Hesper, it would even destroy her weak uterus. Madam Duval was extremely vicious with her motive.

"Gah! Let go of me!"

Rickard had just entered the house when he heard Hesper's agonizing scream. He furrowed his eyebrows instantly and asked a servant, "What's happening upstairs?"

The servant answered submissively according to Madam Duval's instruction earlier, "Mrs. Duval is receiving a post-delivery massage. Women go through this all the time. It's supposed to help her recover quickly."

"Is that so?" Rickard did not inquire further but removed his jacket and took a seat.

"Gah!" The agonizing scream coming from upstairs grew more and more intense as if the person was being cruelly tortured. It was gut wrenching to listen to.

"It's too noisy." Rickard stood up abruptly, his handsome face filled with impatience. He raised his leg to go upstairs.

The servant hastily stopped him. "Mr. Duval! You're not allowed upstairs because this is a women's matter..."

She did not expect Rickard to shove her away, taking it upon himself to walk to Hesper's room. He forced open the door and entered the room.

Everyone was stunned, including Madam Duval and Hesper. They looked at Rickard in shock.

Rickard found Hesper on the bed with a single glance. She was pinned to the bed by a few middle-aged women, her messy hair drenched in sweat and her small face ghastly pale. Her lips were drained of blood, and her body trembled uncontrollably from the intense pain.

She looked like a little lamb awaiting slaughter. She was weak, pitiful, and helpless.

For some reason, Rickard felt his heart wrench in pain. He glanced coldly at everyone in the room and said, "Are you done making noise?"

Madam Duval immediately said, "Are we bothering you, Dick? Stuff the woman's mouth, quick..."

Rickard said with a cold voice, "That's enough. Let go of her."

Noticing the situation, Madam Duval explained, "Dick, we're not torturing her. This is for her own good. It's a standard procedure for women who have just given birth. She's just faking it..."

Before she could finish her sentence, she was interrupted by Rickard. He said in an overbearing tone, "It would be best for all of you to know where to draw the line. She brought the eldest grandchild of the Duvals to the world."

Sophia did not have the courage to speak, but Madam Duval was unbothered. So what if she has given birth to a grandchild?

Rickard is still young, and there are plenty of women willing to bear children for the Duvals. Had Mr. Duval Sr. not wanted the child in Hesper's belly, she might not even have had the chance to bring it into this world.

However, Madam Duval could not bring herself to speak her thoughts aloud because of Rickard's stern expression. Not wishing to affect her relationship with her son because of Hesper, she left with Sophia and the few middle-aged women.

Rickard made his way to the bed and looked at Hesper's disheveled, tormented state before he said, "Does it hurt very much?"

Hesper turned her face to the side weakly and refused to look at him. Her face was so pale that it was almost translucent like some sort of fragile yet precious porcelain.

Rickard felt agitated in his heart for no apparent reason. He said with a cold, merciless expression, "You brought the pain on yourself."

Had she not played tricks to sleep with him, she would not have become pregnant.

Hence, she brought all the pain of bringing a child to the world on herself.

Hesper was under the assumption that her broken heart was already numb by now, yet Rickard showed her that there was no end to the hurt she felt in her heart.

She risked her life to give birth to his child, only for him to say 'you brought the pain on yourself'.

Rickard was the only person in this world capable of hurting her severely with just a simple remark.

Hesper held back her tears and said with a hoarse voice, "When are we getting a divorce?"

Rickard's expression abruptly turned gloomy. The woman is actually still thinking about the divorce despite the pain? Is she so eager to get a divorce?

"I don't like to be spoken to by someone who is lying down." He looked down at Hesper from above coldly. "We'll talk when you can sit upright."

Upon saying that, Rickard turned around and left the room without bothering to take another glance at Hesper.

Hesper laid on the bed and felt every part of her body throbbing in pain, especially her abdomen. It felt as if she was hit by a hammer countless times, which showed how cruel those middle-aged women were earlier.

She had no idea if there would be long term aftereffects.

As Hesper shut her eyes, tears filled with hatred streamed down her face. She could hear Rickard speaking to someone outside indistinctly, and it did not sound very real.

"Call the doctor over to treat her," he said. "It will be very ominous for someone to die in the family when grandfather's 70th birthday is almost here."

Ah. Hesper opened her eyes slowly.

There was no anticipation and hope toward Rickard in her eyes anymore, only deathly stillness.