

## Chapter 2

Quinton told me the location of the hotel where they were staying and left with Zachary.

I never considered returning to a life with them, so the thought of accepting his offer did not cross my mind.

The next day, I went out at the evening to pick up my son Harry from the airport. He had spent a couple of days at my sister-in-law's place and returned from abroad alone without an adult accompanying him.

Half a month had passed since I last saw him, so I already missed him dearly.

However, as soon as I arrived at the airport, I ran into Quinton and Zachary. They both had sullen expressions, but their faces lit up immediately when they saw me.

"Mom! I knew you would come! Are those tarts for me? Thank you for these!" Zachary eagerly snatched the box from my hand.

Quinton said coldly, "I told you the deadline was before three o'clock. Do you know what time it is right now? You should learn a thing or two from Lynn when it comes to timeliness!"

Their unceasing envious remarks could stir anyone even in someone as good-tempered as I was.

"The tarts are for my son. I'm here at the airport to pick him up. This has nothing to do with you."

Quinton and Zachary looked at me with an expression that had equal parts sympathy and disdain, like I was making a fool of myself trying to cover a lie.

I had faced that double act plenty of times in the past. It was what drove me to psychological collapse.

All of a sudden, my son rushed toward me. Their arrogance and self-righteousness made them look like clowns.

"Mom! I've missed you so much!" Harry's eyes sparkled as he hugged me.

I carried him up and kissed his cheek. "I've missed you too. The tarts I brought you were contaminated. Is it okay to make more for you when I get home?"

"Sure thing, Mom. You're the best!"

Quinton stared at me gloomily when he saw the scene before him, while Zachary's face went pale as he held the box of tarts in his hand.

Their composure was starting to crack.

With Harry in my arms, I was in no mood to pay attention to them and immediately started walking away.

I thought I had put that episode behind me, but half a day later, Quinton and Zachary showed up at my bakery again.

Quinton pointed at Harry and said, "He doesn't look like you. Did you adopt him on purpose to piss me off?"

"Stop thinking so highly of yourself. Harry takes after his dad's appearance."

They were both getting on my nerves, like a stain that could not be rubbed off.

"I don't believe you!" Quinton said.

Zachary said, "We've asked other people. All of them said they'd never seen your husband. You're telling us that you're married because you want to make me and Dad angry, right?"

I loathed to discover they had investigated me, so I told them the truth. "My husband is Jacob Ferrin, the movie star. We decided to get married secretly because he didn't want me to be harassed by the media and his fans."

Quinton sneered. "Why would Jacob fall for you? If you want to lie, at least make it believable."

In his eyes, I had been and always would be a nobody. He believed that I should be honored to be chosen by him and that I should plan my life around him.

I had no interest in continuing those meaningless arguments.

The time was nine, meaning it was closing time for my bakery. I turned off everything and brought Harry out of the store.

Zachary chased after me. "Mom, I know I was a bad child, and I apologize for that. Can you please come back with us?"

Quinton also came and said, "Don't beg her like that! I'm not asking you to be as generous and compliant as Lynn's been, Mabel, but don't act so pretentious! I'm giving you a chance here. You're better off taking it."

I said, "Oh, definitely. You're spot on there. Lynn is the best at everything. So, I decided to remove myself from the picture so the three of you can live happily ever after. Don't ever show up in front of me, okay?"

Quinton frowned. "I was with Lynn for half a year after you and I divorced. But I found that I wasn't used to being with her. My life was miserable, and we weren't compatible. You're still the best for me."

"Oh, so you're coming to me because you're not comfortable being married to someone else? Quinton, what makes you think I spent these past six years waiting for you?"

Seeing them made me nauseous, and I wanted to leave with Harry, but Quinton lifted me by force.

"That's enough, Mabel. You've got to know when to stop playing hard to get! I have a meeting tomorrow and can't waste my time with you. Come home with me now!"

"Let me go!" I struggled, unable to break free. I was seething with rage when he forced me into the car.

At long last, Jacob arrived. "No one is playing hard to get with you! My wife has told you plenty of times that she's married! Can't you understand simple English, idiot?"