

Chapter 3

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This whole relationship had been a mistake from the start. Louis was a student of my dad, Tyler Harrison.

Because Louis was poor, Dad always used white lies to bring him over for dinner at our house.

Gradually, I got to know him better.

Dad recognized Louis's potential and did everything he could, using both his connections and his wealth, to support him.

Louis didn't disappoint. Within three years, he managed to make a complete turnaround, rising to success.

But just as things were looking up, Dad and Mom got into a car accident.

Mom didn't even get a chance to say goodbye. I cried so hard I almost fainted.

In his final moments, Dad, with tears in his eyes, placed my hand in Louis', He no longer had the strength to speak.

Louis' tears welled up, and he whispered, "I know."

Then, Dad closed his eyes for the last time. During that period, my entire world lost its color.

The pain was unbearable. I felt like a lonely boat adrift on the open sea with no direction or support.

I clung to Louis' sleeve, like a drowning person gasping for air.

A year later, Louis proposed to me.

Looking back, I realize I must've been completely blinded by the idea of happiness. I couldn't see the flicker of resentment in his eyes.

That bomb finally exploded with the arrival of his childhood sweetheart, Wendy.

He started disappearing for hours and sometimes wouldn't even come home without any explanation.

I knew he was crossing a line, but when I looked at Zane's sleeping face, I couldn't bring myself to confront it.

Now that Zane was gone, I had no reason to keep that bastard around.

Louis came home the next evening. He stared at the cut on my lip in surprise. A hint of guilt appeared in his voice. "Why didn't you put on some ointment?"

I pulled my hand away from his attempt to touch me and said coldly, "Sign it."

He paused for a second, then glanced at the documents on the table. I could see the anger building on his face.

He closed his eyes for a second, then suddenly slammed his hand on the table.

"Are you done with this? I've tolerated you for so long, but you just keep pushing me. Where's Zane? I come home, and he doesn't even come and greet me?"

Wendy stepped forward and gently caressed his chest. Her tone was slightly reproachful as she said, "Don't get so worked up. I've told you, it's bad for your health."

Louis patted her hand affectionately. The two exchanged a glance that spoke volumes, like an old married couple.

Louis caught the look of disdain in my eyes. His anger faltered for a moment before he snapped, "Where's Zane? Does he still consider me his father?"

My nails dug into my palms, and I swallowed the metallic taste of blood in my throat.

I closed my eyes and replied softly, "He's dead."

A suffocating silence spread across the room. Louis suddenly yanked me by the collar. "Can you stop with the lies? Wendy's daughter saw him yesterday at school. That brat even slapped her twice!

"Are you covering for him so much that you'll even lie about him being dead? You two really are something."

He shoved me to the ground, towering over me as he sneered.

Seizing the perfect moment, Wendy handed him the necklace I had failed to grab yesterday.

Louis was furious. He flashed me a terrifying smile.