

## **If She's Your Wife, Then Who Am I?**

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### **Chapter 1**

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The once lively hospital room immediately fell into an eerie silence following Xander Gray's words. His group of close buddies looked visibly awkward as they avoided eye contact with me.

As my gaze swept across their faces, how could I not understand? They all knew about Beverly Long.

Suddenly, I felt like a clown. My earlier sweet and shy demeanor must have seemed especially pathetic and amusing to them.

Someone stammered, trying to explain, "Uh... don't mind him. Xander's under anesthesia and just spouting nonsense."

The others immediately chimed in.

"Yeah, exactly! Everyone knows Xander is totally whipped. He loves you so much—this must just be the anesthesia talking."

"That's right, Beverly is just Xander's secretary. How could she compare to you in his heart?"

One of them nudged the last speaker, signaling him to stop.

I remained silent, but my feet, having been soaked in cold rainwater for over four hours, were beginning to feel numb.

Xander kept muttering, "Where's my wife? Where's my wife? Finn, call my wife for me!" His voice began to sound a bit aggrieved as he continued, "I want to hold her. Why doesn't she care about me at all?"

I held Xander's hand and asked, "Xander, who am I?"

He looked at me groggily, and after a while, uttered three terse words: "An old hag."

I laughed, but my eyes filled with tears. So this was it. From being high school sweethearts to now, starting our relationship at seventeen years of age till thirty through four years of marriage, I was already nothing but an "old hag" in his eyes.

Finally, I picked up Xander's phone and called his secretary, Beverly.

When Beverly arrived, she ignored me completely and rushed straight to Xander's side. She clutched his hand, her eyes red with emotion, and said, "Xander, I'm sorry I'm late."

Xander's face immediately lit up, and he pulled her into his arms, saying, "Sweetheart, you're finally here! Earlier, someone tried to impersonate you, but I'm not stupid. How could I not recognize my own wife? I told her to get lost!"

Beverly shot me a triumphant glance and coaxed Xander like a child, "You're so smart, honey."

Xander pointed to himself and said, "Aren't you going to reward me with a kiss?"

With that, the two of them kissed, completely oblivious to anyone else.

While I watched this sickening scene, I felt my nose sting and my throat burn. No matter how hard I pinched my thighs with my nails, I couldn't stop myself from trembling or feeling cold.

His close buddy, Finn Holloway, couldn't bear it and softly said, "Lynn, maybe... you should head back for now. When Xander comes to his senses, he'll definitely explain everything."

Explain?

I looked at him, tears streaming down my face. I didn't want to cry, especially not in front of the other woman. It was just too humiliating, but I couldn't control myself.

Half an hour ago, Xander was still the perfect husband in my eyes—obsessively in love with me, his wife—and was my pride and joy to brag about wherever I went. Throughout thirteen years of love, we never fought once, all thanks to his endless patience and affection.

So, when his façade collapsed, it felt like a violent earthquake within me, in the aftermath of which I was destined to be crushed to pieces.

I silently stood up and left the hospital room. As I stepped out the door, I heard them breathe a collective sigh of relief, as though they had just rid themselves of a walking disaster. It turned out that, at some point, neither Xander nor his friends considered me part of their circle anymore.

That night, I couldn't sleep. My dreams were filled with fragments of the thirteen years I had shared with Xander, suffocating me with pain.

At some point, I developed a fever. My whole body felt hot and stifling. I struggled to wake up but couldn't open my eyes no matter how hard I tried. Just when I thought I was dying, I felt someone touch my forehead and urgently call me "sweetheart."

I didn't have the strength to respond, but tears streamed uncontrollably down my face.

When I finally woke up, I saw Xander sitting by my bedside, looking utterly exhausted.