

Chapter 3

Emilia's POV

When Twinkle and Amelie heard my question, neither of them said a word.

"It's not the same piece. They only have a similar rhythm, which is normal."

My expression remained calm, giving nothing away. Twinkle looked at me, let go of Amelie, and walked over.

"Emilia, let's go home. You should get some rest, too."

I looked up at him, the corners of my lips curving slightly. "Alright."

When we got to the car, he courteously opened the door for me.

"Emilia, I've already prepared your anniversary gift. I'll try to spend more time with you these days. It's time we had a child, too."

I didn't respond.

This marriage was a mistake from the start, including the idea of a child. It was all part of Twinkle's plan.

When we arrived at the house, I walked ahead. Twinkle's phone rang.

He answered, frowning slightly as he glanced at the screen.

"If you've got something to do, just go."

He looked at me hesitantly. "Emilia, I..."

Twinkle must have remembered what he'd just said in the car, that he'd try to spend more time with me.

"It's fine. I'm a bit tired. I'll get some rest."

Nodding, he turned around and left without looking back at me even once.

I sat on the couch alone. I didn't know how much time had passed when I picked up my phone and saw Amelie's latest post.

"You said no matter when, as long as I looked for you, you'd show up."

The comments underneath were full of envy.

"Your man treats you so well. I'm so jealous."

But what caught my attention was the photo attached to the text.

In the photo, although his face wasn't shown, I saw the familiar cross necklace on his neck.

It was Twinkle.

I called him; Amelie answered.

"What's the matter, my dear sister? Feeling lonely? Twinkle's not going home, so don't wait up. You're so useless. You can't even keep your man. You had your chance, but you blew it."

I hung up immediately and told all the workers to leave.

"Mrs. Oriven, you can't stay here all alone."

I smiled slightly. "It's alright. I'm used to it."

They could only follow my orders. Once they left, I sealed all the windows and doors, walked into the kitchen, and turned on the gas.

Leaning by the window, I looked up at the night sky. The stars were packed tightly together—they didn't look lonely at all.

Midnight passed, and Twinkle still hadn't come back.

I closed my eyes. Every moment from the past three years played through my mind.

His gentleness, his thoughtfulness, his promises...

I remembered every word he said, but they were all lies to keep up the illusion of our marriage.

The fake affection from him all seemed laughable now.

I picked up my phone one more time and made the final call to Twinkle.

It rang for a long time, but no one answered.

I called again and again, but it was still the same.

Letting out a small laugh, I scheduled an automatic upload of the recording and the video of me composing that piece.

After finishing everything, I turned around and looked at the house I had lived in for three years one last time.

Then, I picked up the lighter and ignited it.