

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband (Lily and Ryan)

+ Pearls

"Lily, are you okay?" Ethan asked with deep concern as they settled into the car. His voice was filled with worry, his anxious eyes searching hers for reassurance. Being apart from her, especially when she was surrounded by people who had ill intentions, always made him uneasy

Lily smiled gently, her gaze meeting his. She could clearly see how much he cared for her, and it warmed her heart. Placing a comforting hand on his arm, she said with confidence, "Relax, Mr. Ethan. Your wife isn't someone to be underestimated. I'm stronger than you think."

Her words made him chuckle softly, the tension in his shoulders easing. "So, how did it go? Were you able to get everything recorded?" he asked, his tone lighter now.

With a playful smirk, Lily reached for a small device hidden in her dress. "Every single detail," she replied, holding up the tiny camera before placing it into Ethan's outstretched hand. "It's all right here,"

She thought back to earlier that day, remembering how Ethan had discreetly secured the hidden camera on her outfit before she left. Even Taylor, her trusted ally, had no idea about this covert plan. The recording contained undeniable proof, something that would soon become a powerful weapon in her hands. "And when do you plan to use it?" Ethan asked, curious about her next move.

A thoughtful expression crossed her face as she looked out of the window. "Soon," she said softly. She had initially considered handing the footage directly to the media, but a better idea had taken shape in her mind. She would unveil the truth about the Miler family's deceit in a way that no one could forget, catching Morgan completely off guard at the perfect moment.

Suddenly, her brows knitted in confusion. She noticed the unfamiliar route they were taking. "This isn't the way home," she said, turning to Ethan. "Where are we going?"

He grinned mischievously, a glint of excitement in his eyes. "Somewhere I think you'll love," he replied with a wink.

Her curiosity piqued, Lily nodded eagerly. "Alright, surprise me."

After a drive of about thirty minutes, Ethan pulled the car over by the side of a quiet road. They stepped out, and he took her hand, guiding her towards a secluded garden. The path was overgrown, and the area seemed untouched by time, exuding an air of mystery.

After a ten-minute walk, they arrived at a wide-open space—plain ground with no visible landmarks in sight. Lily looked around, puzzled. "Where are we?" she asked.

Ethan's expression softened as he gazed at the surroundings, his voice tinged with nostalgia. "This is an old, abandoned spot. No one comes here anymore. When I was a kid, I used to visit this place with someone special. It was our little hideout."

His words carried a wistful tone, and a faint smile played on his lips as if he was reliving a cherished memory.

"Who was it?" Lily asked, her curiosity growing. She realized she knew little about Ethan's childhood and wanted to learn more about him.

He hesitated, his expression dimming slightly. "A friend," he said, his voice quieter. "Well... he was a friend."

Lily immediately picked up on the emphasis. "Was?" she asked gently, her eyes searching his face.

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Ethan nodded, a hint of sorrow in his demeanor "Yes, he was my friend. But now, I have no idea where he

or how he's doing. Honestly, I don't even know if he's still." His voice faltered, the words "alive" lingering unspoken.

Sensing the weight of his emotions, Lily wrapped an arm around him, offering silent comfort. "Ethan," she said softly, patting his back, "don't lose hope. Whoever this person is, I'm sure you'll cross paths again day. The world works in mysterious ways"

Her warmth and reassurance brought a small smile back to his face as they stood together in the quietness of the abandoned garden, lost in their own thoughts.

Looking at her delicate face, Ethan couldn't help but smile. Leaning forward, he placed a tender kiss on her forehead. I hope I never encounter him again, Lily, he thought to himself. If he's still alive, I wish our paths would never cross.

Without a word, Ethan sank down, leaning his back against the sturdy trunk of a nearby tree. He gently pulled Lily into his arms, guiding her to sit between his legs. Resting his chin lightly on her head, he wrapped his arms securely around her waist, holding her close.

Lily smiled, leaning back against his chest. Turning her head slightly, she asked curiously, "So, why did you bring me here?"

"Look up," he whispered softly.

Following his instruction, Lily tilted her head and glanced upward. The moment her eyes met the night sky, she gasped in awe. Spread above them was a magnificent canvas of stars, twinkling brightly against the vast darkness. There were so many—far more than she'd ever seen before. Mesmerized, she leaned further into Ethan's embrace, her gaze flitting from one shimmering star to another.

As he watched her reaction, a warm smile spread across Ethan's face. Lowering his head, he nibbled gently on her earlobe and murmured, "Do you like it?"

A shiver ran down her spine at his touch, and her body tensed slightly as an unfamiliar warmth spread through her. Her cheeks flushed, and her heartbeat quickened, leaving her breathless. The spot where his lips grazed her skin tingled, making her feel both nervous and exhilarated.

"I... I love it," she managed to whisper, her voice barely audible. In this perfect moment—under a sky bursting with stars, with a cool breeze brushing against them, and in the arms of her beloved husband—she felt a deep sense of contentment. It was as though all her worries had melted away, leaving only happiness.

She adored everything about this night. The gentle wind, the enchanting view of the heavens, and most of all, the man who held her so lovingly. I love him. The realization hit her suddenly, and her eyes lit up with the weight of her newfound feelings. A soft smile curved her lips as a rush of joy filled her heart.

She wanted to laugh, to cry, to dance-to do anything to express this overwhelming happiness. In her mind, she imagined shouting to the world, I love this incredible man. My husband. Ethan.

But more than that, she wanted to tell him. She wanted him to know how much he meant to her. Not like this, though not in an ordinary moment. She wanted it to be special, a memory they'd both treasure. Resolving to confess her feelings at the right time, she turned in his arms, her gaze meeting his.

Before she could think twice, Lily leaned forward and pressed her lips to his. The kiss was soft and filled with raw emotion. Ethan froze for a moment, startled by her boldness, but quickly recovered. Feeling the warmth of her lips, he deepened the kiss, pouring his affection into it

His arms tightened around her, pulling her closer as if he wanted to memorize every part of her. He kissed

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Pearls

her with a passion that matched her own, his lips exploring hers as if nothing else in the world mattered. Lily responded with equal fervor, losing herself in the moment.

After what felt like an eternity, Ethan reluctantly pulled away, his breathing heavy as he tried to regain control. A certain heat had stirred within him, and he needed a moment to calm himself. Lily, equally breathless, rested her head against his chest, listening to the rapid thumping of his heart.

Neither spoke a word. They simply sat there, wrapped in each other's embrace, their fingers entwined and their faces adorned with matching smiles. The world around them seemed to fade away as they basked in the love they shared, unaware of the storm that loomed on the horizon, waiting to disrupt their peace.

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09:04 Mon, 10 Mar DM.

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband (Lily and Ryan)

4 Preaths

In a secluded corner of the bustling town stood an opulent mansion, its grandeur starkly contrasting with the quiet surroundings. The estate exuded an air of regal magnificence, with its tall gates and immaculate gardens. Inside the mansion, the ambiance was equally lavish. A spacious bedroom, adorned with rich drapes and ornate furnishings, framed a man standing by a floor-length window.

The figure at the window was strikingly handsome, as though sculpted with divine precision. His slicked-back brown hair gleamed faintly under the dim light, and his dark grey eyes, sharp and enigmatic, seemed to pierce through the night. His aura was a blend of allure and intimidation—irresistibly magnetic yet undeniably dangerous. Women who encountered him often found themselves unable to look away, captivated by his presence.

As he gazed at the star-studded sky, a sly smile played on his lips. It was the smile of a man who had been waiting, biding his time.

"Finally, I'm back."

A knock on the door disrupted his thoughts. Without turning, he commanded, "Come in."

The door creaked open, and a man entered, walking purposefully toward the window. His demeanor suggested he was no ordinary subordinate—he was someone trusted, perhaps even vital.

"Boss," the man said, his tone respectful yet firm, "what are your orders?"

The man at the window finally turned to face him, his grey eyes glinting with malice. A low chuckle escaped his lips. "After all these years, I've returned. And what's a return without a grand entrance? Let's start with Ethan."

"Understood, Boss," the subordinate replied with a nod.

"But," the man added with a menacing grin, "make sure he doesn't die. Not yet."

"Of course," the subordinate acknowledged, bowing slightly before exiting the room.

Left alone, the man's smile widened into a sinister laugh. "I hope you enjoy the gift, Ethan," he murmured to himself.

His gaze returned to the vast sky, now gleaming with a cold determination. The three great families... your reign is over. This time, I will take back everything you stole from me. Piece by piece, I will unravel your lives. Starting with you, my dear "friend."

The following morning, the city buzzed with excitement as a prominent announcement spread like wildfire: Ryan and Rose were officially engaged.

The news wasn't entirely unexpected, but it still caused a stir. At the Miller Mansion, a lively celebration was underway. Friends and acquaintances called to congratulate the Li and Chen families, and the atmosphere brimmed with joy.

Rose basked in the attention, proudly flaunting her engagement to anyone who would listen. She reveled in the admiration of her friends, delighting in her moment of glory.

However, beneath the surface, not everyone shared her enthusiasm. Ryan, despite wearing a mask of composure, remained tense. He hadn't forgotten Lily's chilling words: Your morning won't go as smoothly

as you think.

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Pourds

Yet, as the hours passed without incident, a sense of relief began to creep in. Everything was proceeding perfectly-just as he'd planned. Ryan exchanged a brief glance with Morgan, and the unspoken thought between them was clear perhaps Lily had been bluffing. Or perhaps her husband's influence wasn't as formidable as she claimed.

Satisfied with their assumptions, they dismissed any lingering doubts and resumed their celebrations.

Amidst the festivities, Ryan's phone buzzed. Excusing himself, he stepped away to take the call, unaware that the day's calm was merely the prelude to a brewing storm.

Stepping away from the lively hall, Ryan answered his phone. His casual demeanor vanished within seconds as he listened to the voice on the other end. "What?" he barked, his tone laced with disbelief.

He even possible?" he stammered,

aggered slightly, gripping a nearby pillar for support. "How how is the his face pale.

The room fell silent. All eyes turned toward him, a mix of curiosity and concern filling the space. Rose noticed his unsteady movements and rushed to his side.

"What's wrong. Ryan?" she asked, her voice trembling.

Ryan's parents quickly followed, their expressions clouded with worry. "Son, what happened?" his father asked urgently.

Ryan looked at them, his voice cracking as he spoke. "We... we're ruined. Mom, Dad... everything is gone. Our company shares have been sold off. Every project we had is being canceled. We're on the brink of bankruptcy!"

"What?!" gasps echoed around the room as shock rippled through the Quinn and Miller families.

The phone calls began flooding in. What were supposed to be congratulatory messages for the engagement quickly turned into questions laced with mockery and thinly veiled schadenfreude.

The once-celebratory atmosphere soured as the reality of their situation sank in. The media, relatives, and even acquaintances bombarded them with probing questions, many asking if the engagement was still on amidst the financial disaster.

The relentless calls grated on their nerves. Ryan and Rose, initially trying to handle the inquiries, up, too frustrated to repeat themselves.

Of all of them, Rose was the most enraged. This day was meant to be hers-a day of joy, admiration, and celebration. Instead, it had become a spectacle of humiliation.

Her fists clenched tightly, and she hissed through gritted teeth, "Lily... this is all her doing"

Ryan's jaw tightened. "I didn't expect her to target my company," he growled, seething with fury.

As if on cue, his phone buzzed again. He was about to dismiss the call until a familiar number flashed on the screen. His blood boiled.

"Lily," he spat as he answered, his voice trembling with anger. "How dare you?!"

A soft, mocking laugh echoed from the other end. "Oh, Ryan," Lily's voice rang with amusement. "I didn't do anything. That was my husband's way of teaching you a lesson for your disgusting behavior."

"You think this is funny?!" he shouted, his hand trembling as he gripped the phone. "That was my company

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you destroyed!"

Lily's tone turned icy. "Touching someone without their consent isn't funny either, Ryan. Men like you, who act without thinking, deserve to lose everything—just like your company

Ryan's face reddened with rage. "You—"

"Oh, save your breath," she interrupted smoothly. "I don't have all day to chat. Now, put me on speaker 1 have something to say to everyone."

Reluctantly, and with gritted teeth, he switched the phone to speaker. "Hello, everyone!" Lily's voice chimed brightly, dripping with sarcasm.

"You witch!" Rose shrieked. "How could you do this to us? I'll make you pay!"

Lily chuckled. "Ah, there it is—the brainless screeching of Miss Rose. Truly, you're a classic. Oh, and congratulations on your engagement, Rose. Did you enjoy the gift I prepared for you? Don't worry; there's an even bigger surprise planned for your wedding. Make sure to send me an invite!"

Morgan's voice cut through, calm but cold. "Lily, you'll regret this, he sneered. "Do you think we don't have the means to fight back? What you've done today is just a

temporary win. Don't think you've outsmarted us. You're foolish to even hint at your next move.

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Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband (Lily and Ryan)

+5 Hearts

Lily's voice was calm yet dripping with confidence as she responded, "That's where you're wrong. Mr. Morgan. The difference

people in the back. Mes/ween you and me is simple. You prefer to strike from the shadows, stabbing

people in the back. Me? I like to announce my moves. If anyone has the power to stop me, they're welcome

to try.

"Don't act too smart, Lily!" Rose snapped, her voice trembling with frustration.

Lily let out a mocking laugh. "Oh, Rose, I don't take orders from you anymore. But let me ask you something. What exactly are you celebrating today? Your engagement or Ryan's downfall? Either way, it's not my concern. Celebrate however you like. Goodbye!"

The call ended with a decisive click.

Ryan, glaring at his phone, hurled it across the room in a fit of rage. The sound of the device shattering startled everyone in the room. It was rare to see him lose control like this.

"Baby, calm down," Rose said softly, placing a comforting hand on his shoulder.

"Calm down? How can you expect me to calm down after this?" Ryan yelled, only to catch sight of the startled look on her face. Taking a deep breath, he softened his tone. "I'm sorry, Rose. I didn't mean to shout at you. Please forgive me."

Rose smiled weakly, trying to reassure him. "I understand, Ryan. Don't worry. We'll find a way to fix this. We can't let that woman walk all over us."

"You're right," Ryan agreed, his expression hardening. "We won't let Lily win."

As he pulled her into his arms for comfort, Rose's mind raced with thoughts of how she could help. Turning toward her father, who appeared lost in thought, she asked, "Dad, can you do something to help Ryan? We can't let this go unanswered."

All eyes turned to Morgan as he stood and made his way toward Ryan's parents. A sly smile spread across his face as he placed a hand on Ryan's father's shoulder.

"My friend," he said smoothly, "now that we're practically family, I'll make sure to help you."

Relief washed over Ryan's father as he embraced Morgan. "Thank you," he said sincerely.

Ryan exhaled deeply, feeling a glimmer of hope. He knew Morgan's reputation as a cunning strategist. If anyone could turn this around, it was him.

"Thank you, Uncle," Ryan said gratefully.

Morgan waved dismissively, laughing. "There's no need for formalities. The Miller Corporation will back you up. And now that

Morgan waved disengaged to my daughter, perhaps it's time you started calling me Father or

father-in-law?"

Ryan chuckled despite the tension. "Of course, father-in-law."

Pleased, Morgan nodded and excused himself to make some calls, confident he could salvage the situation.

Meanwhile, in her own corner of the world, Lily set her phone down with a satisfied smile. The sense of control she felt was exhilarating. Watching her adversaries scramble to fix the chaos she had unleashed

48 Pearls

She leaned back, her eyes glinting with determination. Morgan might find a way to help Ryan recover if they played their cards right. This attack was just a small blow-a wound that, with enough effort, could heal. But Lily had no intention of stopping there.

The moment they patched up this mess, she was ready to strike again, harder and deeper. Her next move would leave a scar they'd never recover from.

Lily was deep in thought when a pair of familiar arms wrapped around her waist from behind, pulling her close. She felt a warm kiss land softly on her cheek, and a smile spread across her face.

"Good morning, she greeted warmly

Ethan nodded, leaning in to trail gentle kisses down her neck. She tilted her head slightly, giving him better access as his lips moved with deliberate tenderness.

"Who were you talking to just now?" Ethan asked, his voice low, as he lightly nibbled her neck.

Lily's breath hitched, and she managed to reply through a soft moan, "The Miler family... and Ryan."

In an instant, Ethan turned her around and pinned her gently but firmly against the wall. His dark eyes held a playful pout, but there was something else lurking beneath the surface.

"I saw the recording from yesterday," he said, his voice teasing but with a hint of accusation.

"You did?" Lily asked excitedly, her eyes lighting up. "What did you think? Wasn't I amazing?"

Ethan's lips tightened in mock seriousness. "You were impressive-a total badass, actually. But..." He paused, his gaze narrowing slightly. "In that video, you said you wanted to marry Ryan."

A twinge of unease crept into Lily's chest. She could sense that this wasn't going to be an easy conversation. Letting out a nervous laugh, she tried to explain, "Oh, that? It was a trap! I knew he wouldn't agree, so I said it. You don't need to worry, Ethan. How could I marry him? I'm already married. to you."

"So you do remember you're married?" Ethan asked, feigning a jealous tone. Then how could you suggest marrying someone else?"

Lily giggled awkwardly. "Ethan, it wasn't a real proposal. It was just a strategy-a trick to provoke him"

Ethan cupped her chin gently, tilting her face toward him. His smile didn't quite reach his eyes. "A trap, huh? But what if he'd said yes? What would you have done then?"

The previous night replayed in Ethan's mind. When they'd returned home, it had been late, and Lily had been exhausted. After coaStella her to sleep, Ethan had stayed awake, unable to resist watching the video of her confrontation.

When he reached the part where she mentioned wanting to marry Ryan, his chest had tightened with a mix of emotions-sadness, jealousy, and an irrational pang of fear. He knew it was part of her plan, yet the words still stung. Deep down, Ethan recognized how silly his feelings were. He had no doubt that Lily despised Ryan. But did she love him? That uncertainty gnawed at him. He couldn't help but wonder if her feelings for him could ever reach the same intensity as her past love for Ryan-a love so consuming that it had blinded her to

reason.

His insecurities lingered, even though he knew she had moved on from her first love. Yet, every morning, when he woke up and saw her beside him, those doubts would temporarily vanish.

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* Pearls

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But this morning had been different. He had woken up to an empty bed, and panic had immediately gripped him. The fear that it had all been a dream-that she wasn't really his-rushed back. Only when he heard her voice nearby did his heart finally settle.

And now, as he gazed into her eyes, all his fears and doubts melted away. She was here, with him, and that was all that mattered.

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Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband (Lily and Ryan)

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+8 Pearls

Lily placed her hand on Ethan's shoulder and smiled playfully. "If he had actually agreed to marry me. I would have called my incredibly handsome, possessive, and ridiculously jealous husband to teach Ryan a lesson he wouldn't forget."

Her words caught Ethan off guard, and he fought hard to keep from grinning like a lovestruck fool. Instead, he tilted her chin up gently with his hand, his dark eyes gleaming with mischief as a devilish smirk spread across his face.

"Alright," he said, his tone teasing but firm. "I'll let you off the hook this time. But..." He paused dramatically,

...you still need to be punished for another crime"

"Crime?" Lily blinked in confusion. Her head tilted slightly as she searched his face. "What crime?"

"The unforgivable crime," he replied with mock seriousness, locking his gaze with hers. "You abandoned your husband in bed this morning and didn't even wake him up. You know the first thing I want to see when I open my eyes is my wife's beautiful face."

Lily couldn't help but laugh softly at his exaggerated tone. "Is that really a crime, my dear husband?" she asked, her voice brimming with amusement.

Ethan nodded solemnly. "It absolutely is. A husband as handsome as me has certain rights, you know. And one of them is seeing his wife's face first thing in the morning. So now, Mrs. Ethan, I'm afraid I have to punish you."

Her lips curved into a sly smile as she leaned closer. "Oh? And what punishment does Mr. Ethan have in mind for his wife?*

Ethan's smirk widened as he leaned toward her ear and whispered, his voice low and teasing. "You'll have to take a bath with me."

For a moment, Lily froze, her cheeks flushing a deep shade of pink as his words sank in. But to his utter surprise, she nodded, her voice soft but unwavering. "Alright... I'll do it"

Ethan blinked, utterly stunned. Had he heard her correctly? She agreed? He had made the suggestion playfully, never expecting her to take it seriously. Watching her with wide eyes, he took a step back in disbelief, trying to process what had just happened.

Taking advantage of his momentary daze, Lily laughed mischievously and dashed into the bathroom.

It took Ethan a few seconds to snap out of his reverie. The sound of her voice calling his name from the bathroom jolted him back to reality.

"Ethan!" she called out.

Panic immediately gripped him. "Lily, are you okay?" he asked, rushing into the bathroom without

hesitation.

What he saw next made his breath hitch and his heart pound in his chest. Standing under the warm spray of the shower, Lily was clad only in her delicate undergarments. Her skin glistened under the water, and she turned to look at him with wide, innocent eyes that belied the mischievous grin tugging at her lips.

For a moment, Ethan felt like his soul had left his body. His mind raced, trying to process the sight before

him.

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"Lily..." he managed to whisper, his voice hoarse and his thoughts utterly scattered.

+8 Pearls:

Lily giggled, clearly enjoying his reaction. "What happened, Mr. Ethan? Didn't you suggest we take a bath together?" she teased, her tone light and playful.

Ethan swallowed hard, unable to tear his eyes away from her. One thing was certain-his punishment had taken an unexpected turn, and he wasn't sure whether to curse his earlier teasing or thank his lucky stars.

The warm water from the shower cascaded over Lily's smooth, glowing skin, accentuating her soft curves. Her wet, jet-black hair clung to her shoulders and back, framing her face like a delicate halo. Her flushed cheeks and shimmering eyes gave her an innocent yet irresistible allure. She looked ethereal, almost like a water goddess brought to life.

Ethan stood rooted in place, utterly captivated. His gaze lingered on her with an intensity that blended admiration and reverence. It was as though he feared blinking would shatter the vision before him. Lily glanced at her husband, noticing how he seemed frozen in awe. The way his eyes followed her every move sent warmth coursing through her, a mix of shyness and exhilaration.

After a moment, she tilted her head and called out playfully, her voice a sultry drawl. "What's the matter, hubby? Not going to join me?"

Her words seemed to snap Ethan out of his trance. When their eyes met, Lily felt a jolt of surprise at the raw desire shimmering in his gaze. It was powerful and unfiltered, yet underpinned by restraint. Ethan took a deep breath and tore his eyes away, muttering under his breath, "Lily... I was just joking. You don't have to do this."

Her eyes widened in disbelief. Was this man for real? Here she was, standing before him, barely dressed, and yet he held himself back? His restraint was palpable, though the tension in his body made it clear just how hard he was trying. Then it hit her-she remembered his promise from their wedding night. He had vowed not to touch her until she freely confessed her love for him. A soft sigh escaped her lips as she looked at her remarkable husband.

"... I think I should go. Ethan stammered, turning away.

Her lips curled into a teasing smile. "What if I don't want you to go? What if I want you to join me, hubby?" she purred, her voice dripping with temptation.

Ethan froze mid-step, his body taut with tension. It was taking every ounce of self-control not to turn around. The evidence of his struggle was unmistakable, yet he stood firm. The woman he adored was standing mere steps away, beckoning him, but his promise loomed large in his mind.

"No!" he managed to reply firmly, though his voice betrayed the turmoil inside.

Before he could take another step, he felt her slender arms wrap around his waist from behind. Her body pressed softly against his back, and her breath tickled his ear as she whispered, "Come on, Ethan. It's just a shower... nothing more."

A shiver ran down his spine. His breathing grew uneven as he felt her warmth against him. How had he not known his sweet wife could be so irresistibly seductive?

"Are you sure?" he rasped, his voice dropping to a husky growl.

Lily nodded, her chin brushing against his shoulder. That simple gesture was all it took for Ethan's resolve to crumble. Without another word, he turned, scooping her into his arms effortlessly.

Stepping under the shower, he set her down gently, his eyes never leaving hers. With swift precision, he

* Pears

discarded his clothes, revealing a physique that made her heart race. Lily's gaze wandered over him, her cheeks heating as her eyes inadvertently lingered on certain areas.

Ethan smirked, catching her wide-eyed expression. Before she could react, he pressed her back against the cool tiles, his lips claiming hers in a kiss that was both fiery and tender.

Their movements were unhurried but charged with emotion. His hands explored her curves, tracing every inch of her with reverence. Lost in the moment, Lily didn't even notice when her remaining garments slipped away.

The steady stream of water cascaded over them, creating a rhythm that matched the beating of their hearts. Finally, Ethan pulled back, his forehead resting against hers as he fought to regain control. He knew he had to stop before things went further than he intended.

Lily, still catching her breath, glanced down shyly. Her lips parted slightly as she hesitated before nervously asking. "E-Ethan... do you need help with that? Should I... um....."

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Ethan let out a deep, guttural groan as her touch sent shivers down his spine. His body tensed in response his breathing quickening. When Lily's hesitant hand moved over him, his eyes fluttered open, overwhelmed by the sensations. Her movements were a bit uncertain at first, but with his gentle guidance, she quickly grew more confident.

"Lily" he whispered, pulling her closer to him, his voice filled with both longing and encouragement. Unable to resist, he captured her lips in a searing kiss, their passion momentarily drowning out the sound of the running shower. Despite the misty steam surrounding them, her delicate strokes sent an electrifying thrill through his entire being.

"Faster," he growled, his voice low and commanding, causing her to shiver in excitement. His hands roamed across her body, exploring every curve with a mix of tenderness and fervor. He caressed her back, squeezed her hips, and moved to cup her soft curves, drawing soft gasps from her lips.

The tension built rapidly, and with a final groan, his body quivered as he reached his peak, the release leaving him breathless. Pressing her gently against the cool tile wall, he buried his face in her neck, sighing in deep satisfaction before capturing her lips again in a lazy, affectionate kiss.

"Your turn now," he murmured softly, his voice still heavy with passion.

Ethan's lips found hers once more, but this time his kisses trailed downward, peppering her cheeks and jaw before settling on her neck. He kissed, nibbled, and sucked gently, enough to leave faint marks that would serve as a reminder of their intimacy. Meanwhile, his hands began to explore her again, lingering on her curves with deliberate intent.

Lily's breath hitched, her head tilting back as soft moans escaped her lips. Ethan's touch was intoxicating, each movement sending ripples of pleasure through her. As his lips continued their descent, his hand moved to her center, teasing gently before he carefully slid a finger inside her.

Her body tensed at first, but the soothing rhythm of his touch quickly put her at ease. Her fingers gripped his arm tightly as waves of pleasure built within her.

Ethan watched her reactions intently, mesmerized by the expressions that flitted across her face-each moan and shiver like a melody he wanted to hear forever.

Finally, she trembled in his arms, her body quaking as she reached her peak. He held her close, smiling tenderly at the sight of her contentment. Pressing a soft kiss to her forehead, he guided her to sit down carefully under the shower's gentle spray.

Grabbing a bottle of shampoo, Ethan began to massage it into her hair with care. Lily closed her eyes, letting him pamper her, until a small tug caused her to wince.

"Ah! That hurts," she whined softly.

Sorry

baby," he apologized instantly, leaning down to kiss her cheek in an effort to soothe her.

Lily giggled at his earnest expression, giving him a playful smile. "It's okay. Just be gentle."

He nodded and continued washing her hair with even more care, his hands working through the strands like they were the most precious thing in the world. Once her hair was rinsed, he grabbed a bottle of body wash and began to lather it across her skin. The bubbles formed easily, and Lily couldn't resist giggling as she popped a few with her fingers.

"You're adorable," he said with a chuckle, his voice filled with affection.

When he finished rinsing her she decided to return the favor Squeezing some soan onto her hands the

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ran them

over his muscular frame, her touch both playful and curious. Her fingers danced over his toned abs and armis, earning an amused smirk from him as she explored.

The shower stretched on for nearly two hours, filled with laughter, tender moments, and the occasional shared glance that spoke volumes, Finally, they stepped out, their bodies refreshed and their hearts full.

After drying off and getting dressed, Ethan headed to the kitchen to prepare breakfast. His cheerful humming echoed through the house as he moved about, a radiant smile lighting up his face. Today was a special day—it wasn't just the intimacy they'd shared but the subtle shift in their bond.

Lily had taken a step closer to him, a step toward embracing their relationship fully. For Ethan, that was worth more than anything in the world.

Ethan felt a sense of calm wash over him, his insecurities beginning to fade. Although Lily hadn't yet spoken the words he longed to hear, he could sense her growing feelings for him. It was only a matter of time, and he was willing to wait patiently for the day she would finally confess.

As he prepared breakfast, a sheepish grin spread across his face, unable to contain the joy bubbling within him. The simple thought of their deepening bond filled him with hope and happiness.

Once breakfast was ready, Ethan called Lily to join him. They enjoyed their meal together, exchanging playful jabs and teasing each other. Her laughter echoed in the cozy kitchen, making him wish he could freeze this moment forever.

Today, Lily had a relaxed schedule for her shoot, giving her plenty of time to linger. Ethan, however, had to head to the office, despite his reluctance to leave. As the CEO, no one would dare question his tardiness, but his sense of responsibility wouldn't allow him to stay.

Before leaving, he pulled her into his arms, holding her close. "I'll miss you," he murmured before leaning in for a long, lingering kiss that left them both breathless. Even as he walked out the door, he cast one last glance at her, his heart full.

Left alone, Lily decided to catch up on the news. She switched on the TV, where reports about the Miler family and the Chen family dominated the headlines. A satisfied smile played on her lips as she listened to the reporters dissect the unfolding drama.

Just then, the doorbell rang. Curious, she opened the door to find Mia standing there.

-Sister M

Mia! You're back!" Lily exclaimed, throwing her arms around her friend in an excited hug.

Mia returned the embrace warmly before stepping inside. Her attention was immediately drawn to the news playing in the background. The corners of her lips curved into a smile.

"So, you finally did it," Mia said, crossing her arms and raising an eyebrow at Lily. "I've been waiting for this moment-watching you go full badass, smacking their faces left and right!"

Lily chuckled, her tone casual but resolute. "They brought this on themselves, Sister Mia. It's their reckoning. And this is just the beginning-they'll have to face a lot more."

Mia perched on the couch, her curiosity piqued. "Ryan's company is practically crumbling. What more can they do at this point? And that old fox Morgan... He always prioritizes his interests. Do you think he'll still let his daughter marry into a sinking ship?"

Lily shrugged nonchalantly, her gaze steady. "Morgan is no fool. He knows how to navigate through this mess. The Miller and Quinn families have a deep-rooted relationship, and he'll do whatever it takes to protect it. My guess? He's already planning to have Rose marry Ryan in the next few months. As for the 00:04 Mon, 10 Mar

Chen Corporation, he'll use his connections and the Miler family's resources to bail it out"

Mia's jaw dropped in shock. "What? Then wouldn't all your efforts be wasted?"

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A sly smirk crept onto Lily's face as she shook her head. "Not at all. That's exactly what I want. Let them merge their fates-it'll make things easier for me. When the time comes, I'll take them both down in one fell swoop. Two birds, one stone." She winked playfully.

Mia burst into laughter, shaking her head in admiration. "You never fail to amaze me, Lily. But.." She paused, studying her friend carefully. There was something different about her today. She seemed more radiant, more alive, with a certain glow that was hard to miss.

Then it clicked. Mia's eyes widened, and a sly smile spread across her face. "Lily..."

"Yes, Sister Mia?" Lily responded, her tone light and casual.

"You've fallen for him," Mia declared, squealing in delight. "You're in love with Ethan!"

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Lily was slightly taken aback, her eyebrows raising in curiosity as she asked, "How did you figure that out?"

Mia chuckled, teasingly pointing out, "Well, someone's been smiling and blushing a lot... It's not hard to tell!"

"Really?" Lily thought, instinctively touching her cheeks. Noticing her reaction, Mia burst into laughter. "Lily, you seem much more vibrant today. It's like a weight has been lifted off your shoulders!"

With a small smile, Lily nodded. "Sister Mia, you're absolutely right. I feel so free, like a heavy burden has finally been taken away. Honestly, I never imagined I'd feel this way... I think I've fallen in love."

"Of course, I was right!" Mia said proudly, flashing a triumphant smile. "But tell me, how did you confess to him?"

Lily shook her head. "I didn't."

"What?!" Mia exclaimed, puzzled. "Why not? What are you waiting for?"

"Sister Mia, Ethan has done so much for me-more than I could ever ask for-without expecting anything in return except love. So, I want my confession to be truly special, something unforgettable for him."

Intrigued, Mia leaned in closer. "Alright, so what's your plan?"

Lily hesitated, frowning slightly. "I haven't figured it out yet. But don't worry, I'll come up with something meaningful."

After spending another hour chatting and brainstorming, the two headed off to the shooting location. Lily was brimming with excitement for two reasons: one, she couldn't wait to see the expression on a certain someone's face, and two, her big scene for the day.

When their car arrived at the set, the area was buzzing with reporters and paparazzi. As Lily and Mia stepped out of the car, Ethan's bodyguards formed a protective barrier around them. The moment the reporters spotted Lily, they rushed forward, bombarding her with questions.

"Miss Lily, what's the current status between the Miller Family and the Quinn Family?" one shouted.

"Is the engagement still happening?" another asked loudly.

"What's your opinion on the situation?" a third chimed in.

Hearing their clamorous questions, Lily paused and turned to face the crowd. With a calm, confident smile, she addressed them. "Hello, everyone. I know many of you are curious about the engagement and the relationship between the Miller and Quinn families. Let me clarify—my younger sister is deeply in love with Ryan, and the engagement is proceeding as planned. A small issue won't disrupt the bond between our families. Thank you."

Her poised demeanor and radiant smile left the reporters momentarily stunned. As soon as she finished speaking, their cameras clicked furiously, capturing her every expression. Before they could ask any further questions, Lily turned and walked away with grace.

Once inside the set, she was quickly ushered to review the script while the props team prepared for the next scene. Sitting in a quiet corner, Lily focused on her lines, while Mia busied herself with phone calls nearby.

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Ryan approaching. Their cold glares spoke volumes. However, instead of reacting, Lily's lips curled into a sly, mocking smile as she met their eyes, unbothered by their presence.

Lily rose gracefully from her chair as soon as Rose and Ryan approached, their expressions dark with anger. Instead of mirroring their hostility, she greeted them with a bright, cheerful smile. "Oh, my dear little sister," she said, her tone dripping with false sweetness.

Mia also stood, matching Lily's energy as she clapped her hands lightly. "Congratulations on your engagement, Rose," she said with a smirk, her words laced with subtle mockery.

Rose's face twisted in fury, her teeth clenched so tightly that it seemed as if she might break them. "You witch!" she hissed through gritted teeth.

Her anger had been simmering since earlier that day. Arriving at the set with Ryan, she had been greeted with hollow congratulations. But worse were the whispers-people gossiping about her relationship and casting judgment. It was all because of Lily. That smug smile on her face now only added fuel to the fire.

Lily raised a finger to her lips, shushing her dramatically. "Calm down, little sister. This isn't the Miller mansion where you can throw tantrums. We're out in public, and there are plenty of people here who don't know about your family's dirty secrets. Do you really want to cause a scene?"

Her words were sharp, cutting like a knife through Rose's composure. Before she could respond, Lily continued, her voice laced with sarcasm. "You know, I've always said you're a fake beauty with very little common sense. But let me give you some advice, as your elder sister. When you're out in public, don't scream like a banshee. It's embarrassing. For appearances' sake, you should show me respect and maybe even smile a little."

Lily tilted her head, her smirk deepening. "After all, people are watching. Unless, of course, you'd like them to find out about your 'truth. In that case, go ahead- shout all you want."

Mia let out a chuckle, thoroughly enjoying the exchange. Meanwhile, Rose's and Ryan's faces burned with humiliation and rage.

"Lily, that's enough!" Ryan snapped, his voice trembling with suppressed anger.
"You can't talk to my fiancée like that!"

Lily raised an eyebrow, her smirk unfaltering. "Oh, really? And what are you going to do about it?"

"That's none of your business," Ryan retorted, his glare hardening.

Before he could say more, Mia burst out laughing, her voice echoing in the tense air. "Oh, come on, Mr. Ryan. Let's not pretend. Everyone knows why you're here. Did you forget you're jobless now? Maybe you're hoping to break into the entertainment industry. Should we help you get an audition?"

Lily caught on to Mia's jab and nodded in mock sympathy. "Ah, I see it now. Poor Ryan, once the mighty CEO, now reduced to being his fiancée's assistant. How tragic!" She let out a dramatic sigh before adding, "Honestly, I thought you'd be scrambling to save your company. But look at you-following Rose around like a loyal little puppy. HRebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband (Lily and Ryan)

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"I'm here to support my future wife," Ryan said through gritted teeth, forcing a smug smile. "By the way, didn't you claim you were married, Lily? So, where's this 'perfect husband' of yours? Why isn't he here? Maybe he doesn't care about you as much as you think. Or does he simply not love you?"

His smug tone and mocking expression made Mia's blood boil. Her hands clenched into fists as she resisted the urge to slap him across the face. How dare he insult her idol like that? She huffed, stepping forward before Lily could respond.

"Are you high on something, Ryan?" Mia sneered, making a dramatic gagging noise. "Or have you just stopped looking at that ridiculous face of yours in the mirror? Maybe losing your company also made you lose your mind."

Lily fought back a laugh, letting Mia take the lead. Mia's glare sharpened as she continued, "Let me make one thing clear-my Lily's husband is leagues above you. He's the best husband in the world. Handsome, incredibly wealthy, kind, and hardworking. Do not dare to compare yourself to him, you pathetic excuse for a human being."

Lily chimed in, her tone calm but cutting, "Exactly. My husband loves me deeply, and he works hard to manage his successful company. Unlike you, he's not wasting his time lurking around sets, trying to act like he has it all together. You wouldn't understand what it's like to have real responsibilities or be a real man." Ryan's face turned a deep shade of red, his fists tightening at his sides. He could feel the weight of their words stabbing at his pride. Already overwhelmed by his failing company and mounting troubles, their taunts were like salt rubbed into an open wound. Yet despite his anger, one question burned in his mind: Who was Lily's husband?

He had no doubt that whoever the man was, he must be someone immensely powerful, someone who outranked him in wealth and influence. The thought only deepened his frustration.

Rose, who had been seething quietly beside him, finally broke her silence. Her lips curled into a smug smile as she said, "Elder sister, you might feel victorious now, but don't get too comfortable. You may have caused trouble for my fiancé's company, but don't forget-I have the Miller company. With its resources, I can support him. Your little schemes won't work for long."

Despite her confident tone, her hatred for Lily burned fiercely. Every fiber of her being wanted to lash out, to scream, to tear Lily down. But with so many eyes watching, she had no choice but to maintain the pretense of composure.

"Oh, the Miller company," Lily said, her voice light but thoughtful, as if she'd just remembered something important. She tilted her head, pretending to consider the weight of Rose's words. "How could I ever forget about the Miller company?"

Rose's smile grew wider, interpreting Lily's reaction as a sign of weakness. See? she thought triumphantly. No matter what you do, Lily, I'll always have the upper hand. Your plans will crumble before me.

As Rose considered taunting Lily further, she froze in confusion. Lily was smiling at her-calm, confident, and unbothered. That smile sent a jolt of unease through her. Why wasn't Lily upset? Shouldn't she be panicking now that her so-called plan was about to fail?

But then Lily spoke, her tone light and almost playful. "My dear little sister, thank you for bringing up the Miller company. I'd nearly forgotten about it. But tell me, have you forgotten whose hard work and brainpower built that company into what it is today?"

Rose's eyes widened in shock as realization struck her like a bolt of lightning. How could she have

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overlooked such a crucial fact? The success of the Miller Corporation-the prestige it now boasted-was largely thanks to Lily's relentless dedication and sharp business acumen during her time with the company.

A knot formed in her stomach. Lily knew the Miller Corporation inside and out. If she wanted, she could dismantle it just as easily as she had built it. That mocking smile on Lily's face only made her panic grow. Rose opened her mouth to respond, but before she could get a word out, the assistant director's voice interrupted.

"The set is ready!"

Lily's expression brightened as she looked at Rose. "Come along, little sister. It's time for our scene," she said with a wide grin. "This is going to be so much fun."

Rose's face turned pale. Fun? For who? She dreaded shooting today's scene. Her nerves heightened as they walked toward the director, her heart pounding in her chest like a drum.

The director gathered the actresses and explained the scene in detail, emphasizing his vision for perfection. Today, the focus was on Lily's character, Stella, revealing her manipulative and psychotic nature. He offered some final tips before letting them take their positions.

"Action!"

Rose, playing the nervous and timid Hannah, stepped into the scene. Her character was supposed to confront her sister about whether she also harbored feelings for her boyfriend. But as the cameras rolled, Rose felt the weight of the scene pressing down on her.

"S-sister..." Hannah stammered, trying to muster courage.

"Yes?" Lily, as Stella, responded coolly, not even glancing up from her laptop.

"I... I wanted to ask you about..."

Stella finally looked up, her gaze piercing. "Speak clearly, . Do you need something?"

"I... I wanted to ask... do you also love Lucas?" Rose's voice trembled as she delivered the line, her character's anxiety mirroring her own.

Lily slowly closed her laptop, her expression soft but unnervingly calm. She studied Rose for a moment before smiling. "Yes," she said simply. "I love him."

Rose took an instinctive step back, her shock genuine as she stammered, "B- but... but..."

With a sigh, Lily leaned forward, her voice steady and persuasive. "Look, Hannah, I've been meaning to talk to you about this. I think it's best if you break up with Lucas."

"No!" Rose yelled, her voice cracking under the pressure of the moment.

Lily raised an eyebrow, her tone shifting to one of quiet menace. "No?"

The energy in the scene shifted. Lily's intense aura filled the space, and her powerful gaze locked onto Rose. The pressure was overwhelming, and Rose froze, her mind blank. She couldn't remember her lines.

"Cut!" the Director Younglled, frustration evident in his voice.

Rose muttered an apology, embarrassed, and quickly scanned her script again.

But when the scene restarted, the same thing happened.

"No?" Lily asked, her expression just as sharp and commanding.

"Sister... Sister, I..." Rose faltered again, unable to deliver her lines.

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The cycle repeated. Take after take, Rose stumbled over her dialogue, her nerves betraying her. Sometimes she forgot her lines entirely. Other times, her words came out jumbled. On a few occasions, she simply stood frozen, unable to speak.

By the fifteenth take, frustration filled the air. Crew members exchanged irritated glances, and the director sighed heavily. Rose's repeated failures were holding up production, and it was clear to everyone that her nerves had gotten the better of her. Meanwhile, Lily remained calm and composed, her performance flawless every single time.

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Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband (Lily and Ryan)

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While the crew speculated about Rose's uncharacteristically poor performance, Mia and Lily were silently amused. Some crew members, including the director, assumed her struggles stemmed from the recent scandal surrounding Ryan's company. Others speculated she might not be feeling well.

But Lily and Mia knew the truth. All of Rose's previously praised acting had been carefully orchestrated and supported by Lily behind the scenes. Without that assistance, her skills were exposed for what they truly were-mediocre at best. Compared to Lily's natural talent, Rose's acting was bound to pale in comparison. Watching Rose stumble and falter on set gave Lily a sense of satisfaction. This was exactly what she had intended to demonstrate-Rose's weaknesses laid bare for all to see.

"Director Young, perhaps we should take a ten-minute break," Lily suggested, her tone calm and professional.

The director nodded, clearly frustrated but agreeing with her. "Alright, everyone, take ten minutes."

As the crew dispersed, Lily approached Rose, who was sulking in a corner. She offered her a pleasant smile that only made Rose's anger flare.

"What do you want now?" Rose snapped, her voice filled with irritation. Her morning had already been disastrous, and she wasn't in the mood for Lily's games.

"Relax, little sister," Lily said with a casual shrug. "I just wanted to give you a little advice. You know, talent can be polished with hard work. If you put in real effort, you might actually become a decent actress one day."

Rose scoffed, rolling her eyes. "Are you seriously trying to act concerned for me?"

"Concerned? Not at all," Lily replied, laughing lightly. "I just want this scene to go smoothly. After all, I'm really looking forward to tormenting you in the next part of the script."

With that, Lily turned to leave, but her attention was caught by Ryan approaching them. Her lips curled into a mocking smile. "Ah, here comes the other half of the disaster duo. One's jobless, and the other can't even do her job. You two really are a perfect match."

Ryan's jaw tightened as he clenched his fists, but he chose to ignore her cutting remarks. He walked straight past Lily and over to Rose.

Seeing him approach, Rose's eyes lit up with affection. Ryan leaned in to kiss her forehead, offering her comforting words of encouragement. "You've got this. Just focus, okay?" he said gently, his gaze flicking toward Lily with thinly veiled resentment.

Lily, unfazed, turned her attention to the makeup artist who was doing final touch-ups on her appearance. Meanwhile, Rose hastily flipped through her script, trying to prepare for the next take.

When the break ended, both actresses returned to their positions, and the director called for action.

"No?" Stella, played by Lily, asked, her voice sharp and commanding as she stared down at Hannah.

"Sister... S-sister..." Rose stammered, embodying Hannah's fear and anxiety. "I... I love Lucas."

Lily's Stella stepped closer, her presence dominating the scene. "Break up with Lucas," she ordered, her tone leaving no room for argument.

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"No!" Hannah cried, shaking her head vigorously. "I love him, Sister!" Her voice quivered, her fear palpable. Her body trembled as she tried to stand her ground, but her eyes betrayed the overwhelming terror she felt under Stella's suffocating gaze,

The tension in the scene was electric. Lily's commanding performance elevated the intensity, while Rose struggled to keep up.

Tracing her fingers slowly along Rose's chin, Lily tightened her grip suddenly, her nails pressing into the skin as she sneered, "You, my dear little sister, are going to break up with him. Now, say it."

The pain made Rose wince, but she bit back her anger. She knew Lily was being intentionally cruel, but yelling or retaliating would only make things worse. Fighting back tears, she cried out, "No! I love him, Sister! I won't break up with him!"

Lily's expression shifted instantly, her face darkening as a sinister smile curled her lips. A low, manic laugh erupted from her throat. "Not going to break up?" she repeated mockingly, her voice rising. "You're not going to break up? Ha! Let's see about that."

With a sudden burst of energy, Lily began searching through Rose's pockets. Her hands were firm, almost aggressive, as she finally pulled out a phone. Holding it up triumphantly, she smirked. "Here it is. Call him. Right now. Tell him it's over."

Rose trembled under her sister's intense gaze. "Sister, please..." she whispered, her voice cracking.

"You're my sweet little Huaer, aren't you?" Lily cooed mockingly, gripping Rose's hair tightly. "You'll do this for me, won't you? You know better than to disobey me."

"Aah!" Rose screamed as her sister yanked her hair harder.

"Call him!" Lily demanded, thrusting the phone into Rose's hands. "Tell him you're done. Tell him you're mine. Everything I love must belong to me-do you hear me?"

Tears streaming down her face, Rose threw the phone to the ground, her hands trembling. "No! I love him! And he loves me too!" she cried desperately.

Smack!

A loud slap echoed through the room as Lily's hand struck Rose's face. The director had instructed her to make it look real, but this slap wasn't acting-it was raw, fueled by Lily's own anger.

Rose stumbled slightly from the force but managed to stay upright. She clenched her fists, forcing herself to endure the humiliation. After all the failed takes, she didn't want to be the reason this scene fell apart again.

"Shut up!" Lily barked, her voice filled with venom. "Lucas doesn't love you! He never has, and he never will. Do you understand me? He belongs to me!" Her eyes blazed with fury, her body shaking as she seethed with rage.

Then, as though a switch had been flipped, Lily's demeanor softened. Taking a deep breath, she released Rose's arm and forced a smile. "Hannah," she said, her tone eerily sweet, "you're my little sister. I don't want to hurt you. I love you, so why are you making me do this?"

Rose's tears flowed freely as she shook her head. "No," she said firmly, her voice breaking. "No matter what you do, I won't listen to you. Lucas and I love each other. You can't change that!"

Lily's smile vanished in an instant. Her eyes narrowed, and her voice dropped to a chilling whisper. "Guards!"

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Three tall men entered the room, their movements sharp and disciplined. These were Stella's personal guards-loyal, trained, and willing to do anything she commanded.

"Master," they said in unison, bowing respectfully.

"You two," Lily said, pointing to the first two guards. "Tie her to that chair." Turning

to the third, she added coldly, "Bring me a lighter and two buckets of ice water.

Now."

The guards moved swiftly, executing her orders without hesitation.

"Cut!" the director called, breaking the tension.

As the scene ended, applause erupted around the set. The crew praised both Lily and Rose for their intense performances. The director himself seemed pleased, clapping his hands and commending their work.

Rose, though exhausted and shaken, forced a smile as the compliments rolled in. She glanced briefly at Lily, who stood calm and composed, her smirk barely concealed.

For Lily, this was more than a scene-it was a personal victory.

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Her laughter rang out, light and unbothered, while Ryan and Rose stood frozen, their faces cycling through shades of red and green in anger and embarrassment.

Deep down, they knew Lily's words weren't entirely wrong. As much as they wanted to lash out, they couldn't risk exposing their precarious position to the

world. For now, all they could do was swallow their pride, grit their teeth, and force fake smiles onto their faces, pretending as though nothing was amiss.

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Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband (Lily and Ryan)

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The director beamed as he approached Lily and Rose after the intense scene. His excitement was evident as he clapped his hands together.

"Lily, my dear, you were phenomenal!" Director Young exclaimed, his laughter warm and genuine. "You're a true gem, a treasure for this production!" He then turned to Rose with an encouraging smile. "And you, Rose, did an excellent job too. The reaction during the slap-it felt so raw and real! I'm truly proud of you."

"Thank you, Director Young," Rose replied, her voice polite, though her clenched fists betrayed her frustration. Real? Of course, it was real! she fumed inwardly. How could it not be when that slap wasn't acting at all?

The director, oblivious to her inner turmoil, continued, "Now, Rose, the next scene will focus on your character being tortured. It's going to be intense, but don't worry-we'll ensure everything is safe. I'm counting on you to deliver a stellar performance again!" He gave her a few more pointers before walking away, leaving the two women alone.

The moment he was out of earshot, Rose spun toward Lily, her eyes blazing with anger. "You did that on purpose, didn't you?" she demanded through gritted teeth.

Lily's lips curled into a sly smile. "Of course I did," she replied with a mocking laugh. "And trust me, I thoroughly enjoyed it."

"You're insufferable!" Rose hissed before storming off, muttering curses under her breath.

Watching her retreat, Lily shrugged and rolled her eyes. The satisfaction she felt wasn't just about the slap- it was deeply rooted in the memories the scene had stirred within her.

In her previous life, she had endured those very slaps, those cutting words, and the humiliation that haunted her until her death. The rawness of that pain had never left her, and today's scene was a chilling reminder of the cruelty she had faced.

But this time, things were different. Slowly, piece by piece, she was ensuring that everyone who had wronged her in her past life faced their reckoning. From the Miller Family to Ryan, she had been deliberate and precise in her retribution. And now, only one name remained on her list: Riley.

Lily had heard that Riley would be returning from her tour in a few days. The thought filled her with anticipation. She had waited for this moment, and when it arrived, she would be ready.

Meanwhile, in a luxurious suite at Gold Star Condominium, two strikingly handsome men sat side by side. One looked half-asleep, his tousled hair and drooping eyes betraying his exhaustion, while the other wore an uncharacteristic grin that seemed almost out of place.

James yawned loudly, struggling to stay awake. "Why on earth are you here bothering me so early in the morning?" he grumbled, rubbing his eyes.

Ethan gave him a pointed look. "It's 1:30 in the afternoon," he said flatly.

James waved dismissively. "Morning, afternoon-it's all the same to me. My day doesn't start until after noon anyway. But seriously, could you stop grinning like that? You look like some creepy weirdo," he muttered irritably.

Ethan shook his head, unbothered by the jab. He was too caught up in his own thoughts to care.

James however wasn't in the best of moods. He'd spent the entire night searching for information about his

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mysterious sister-in-law but had come up empty-handed. The frustration gnawed at him, leaving him both exhausted and irritable.

"Alright, what's with that look?" James finally asked, shooting Ethan a curious glance. "You've been acting weird all day."

But Ethan only smiled, his thoughts remaining a mystery-for now.

After spending most of the night awake, James had finally managed to drift into a deep, dream-filled slumber. That sweet, peaceful kind of sleep where everything feels perfect-until someone wakes you up. Unfortunately for him, that someone was his best friend, Ethan, who barged in at the crack of afternoon, dragging him out of his much-needed rest.

James groaned, rubbing his face as he glared at Ethan. But what made it worse wasn't just the intrusion-it was the sight of Ethan grinning like a fool, an expression that looked completely out of place on his usually calm, serious face. "What's with the creepy smile?" James grumbled, still half-asleep.

"Not creepy, just happy," Ethan replied, his grin widening. "I'm in a great mood today."

James raised a skeptical brow. "Yeah, I can see that. You're practically glowing. So, care to share what's got you acting like this?"

Ethan's smile softened. "You'll understand once you're in love. Finding someone who loves you as much as you love them-it's the best feeling in the world."

James blinked at his friend, slightly taken aback by the heartfelt response. Despite his lingering grogginess, he felt a flicker of happiness for Ethan. It was rare to see him so open, and James was genuinely glad for his friend. His thoughts briefly wandered to someone special in his own life, and an involuntary smile crept onto his lips.

Pulling himself back to the moment, Ethan cut to the chase. "So? Did you find anything?"

James's smile faltered, and he shook his head regretfully. "I tried everything, Ethan, but I couldn't find any information on Lily's parents. It's like they don't exist in any records."

Ethan's expression dimmed, and a heavy silence settled between them. The helplessness on his face tugged at James's heart.

"Don't lose hope, man," James said, trying to sound reassuring. "We'll figure it out."

If they're out there, we'll find them. I promise."

Ethan nodded, his jaw tightening with determination. "I gave Lily my word. I'll find her parents no matter what."

Changing the subject slightly, James asked, "When are you finally going to introduce her to me?"

Ethan thought for a moment before answering. "If she agrees, maybe tonight at dinner. I'll ask her first."

James smirked. "Wife-slave already, huh?"

Ignoring the jab, Ethan continued, "I'll also invite Parker and Mia to join us. Lily's manager could keep her company."

James's eyes lit up mischievously. "Ah, Mia? Great idea! The more, the merrier."

Ethan narrowed his eyes suspiciously but shrugged. "Fine, I'll let her know." James grinned triumphantly, but Ethan didn't push further.

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Meanwhile, on set, Lily was preparing for her next scene when her phone buzzed. Seeing Ethan's name on the screen, a soft smile spread across her face. She excused herself, stepping aside to answer the call.

"Hello," she said, her voice bright.

"How's the shoot going, baby?" Ethan asked warmly.

Lily chuckled. "It's going really well. You wouldn't believe it-today's scenes are all about torturing Rose. I'm having the time of my life!"

Ethan laughed softly. "That's good to hear. Listen, my friend James wants to meet you. Are you okay with dinner tonight?"

"Dinner?" Lily repeated, considering it for a moment. "Sure, why not? What time?"

"I'll pick you up after the shoot," Ethan said. "Oh, and invite Mia to join us too."

"Mia's coming as well?" Lily asked, surprised but intrigued.

"Yes. I think it'll be nice," Ethan replied.

"Alright, I'll let her know," Lily agreed with a smile.

Before ending the call, Ethan's voice softened. "Lily?"

"Hmm?" she responded.

"Take care, have fun, and remember-I love you."

Her heart fluttered, and her cheeks turned a lovely shade of pink. With a radiant smile, she quickly replied, "I love you too."

As the call ended, Lily stood for a moment, her cheeks warm and her heart light. The day suddenly felt even brighter.

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Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband (Lily and Ryan)

"I love you too..."

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The words slipped from Lily's lips, soft yet powerful, carrying enough weight to send Ethan, who had been lounging on the couch, into a state of utter disbelief. His heart skipped a beat, then raced uncontrollably. He nearly leapt to his feet, his mind reeling.

Did she just say... she loves me?

He clutched his phone tightly, his other hand trembling slightly. "W-What did you just say?" he asked, his voice uncharacteristically nervous. His lips pressed together as he waited, both anxious and hopeful. He had heard her clearly, but a part of him longed to hear those three magical words again.

Lily, realizing what she'd said, felt her cheeks burn. Panic surged through her as she scrambled to backtrack. Clearing her throat, she quickly replied, "I said I'll wait for you, Ethan. Why? What's wrong?"

Ethan frowned slightly, his heart sinking. "Really? Lily, I thought—"

Before he could finish, Lily cut him off. "Ah, Ethan! My next scene is starting. I have to go now. Take care, okay? See you soon. Bye!"

And with that, the line went dead.

Ethan stared at his phone in silence for a moment, his initial disappointment melting into a soft chuckle. Despite her hasty retreat, he knew what he had heard. She had said it. She had finally said it. A warm smile spread across his face as a joyful laugh escaped him. The day he had been dreaming of-when Lily would openly declare her love for him-was closer than ever.

He leaned back on the couch, grinning like a lovestruck teenager.

Sitting nearby, James couldn't ignore Ethan's sudden change in demeanor. "Uh, Ethan?" he called hesitantly.

"Hm?" Ethan replied, still smiling down at his phone as if it were the source of all his happiness.

"Are you... okay? Should I call a doctor or something?" James asked, genuinely concerned.

Ethan finally looked up, his eyes sparkling with joy. "Jun, I'm more than okay. I'm so happy!"

James raised an eyebrow. "And why's that?"

"She said it, Jun. She finally said it," Ethan said with a laugh, standing up and pacing excitedly.

James tilted his head in confusion. "She said what?"

Ethan's enthusiasm was contagious, though his exact words were cryptic. "She said something amazing! You wouldn't understand." He turned to James with a wide grin. "I'll explain later. For now, go take a shower. I'll order us some food."

"Uh... okay," James muttered, still trying to process his friend's odd behavior. As Ethan walked toward the kitchen, practically dancing, James shook his head in disbelief.

That's it. My cold, emotionless best friend is officially gone. He's completely lost in Jove.

Meanwhile, back on set, Lily was mentally kicking herself.

"Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!" she muttered under her breath, lightly smacking her forehead.

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Why did she have to say it now? She had spent so much time planning a heartfelt confession, imagining how special the moment would be for both of them. But when Ethan had said, "I love you," the words had simply spilled out in reply, unplanned and impulsive.

"Ugh, what's wrong with me?" she groaned, pacing back and forth in frustration. "I wanted it to be perfect, and now I've ruined everything!"

Despite her embarrassment, a tiny smile tugged at her lips. Ethan had confessed his love, and for a fleeting moment, she had allowed herself to express her feelings openly. Even if it wasn't how she had imagined, it still felt..... right.

Taking a deep breath, she decided to focus on her work. The perfect confession could wait. For now, she had a scene to shoot and a growing warmth in her heart that she couldn't quite ignore.

Lily blushed, her cheeks warm as she pressed her hands against them. She couldn't stop smiling. Her heart felt light and fluttery, filled with excitement. I can't wait to confess my feelings to him! she thought, giddy with anticipation. Still smiling to herself, she returned to her seat beside Mia.

"Sister Mia?" Lily called softly.

Mia glanced up from her phone, her eyes curious. "Hmm? What is it, Lily? Do you need something?"

"Well..." Lily hesitated, then broke into a sheepish grin. "Ethan planned a dinner tonight, and he wants you to join us."

Mia raised a playful eyebrow. "A dinner? Lily, I don't want to be a third wheel on your romantic date. Have some compassion for us single folks!" she teased, laughing.

Lily pouted, her voice turning whiny. "Sister Mia! It's not a date. His friends are coming too." She folded her arms, trying to look serious but failing miserably as her smile peeked through.

"Oh, really?" Mia tapped her chin thoughtfully. If it wasn't an intimate dinner and other people were coming, there was no harm in attending. Finally, she nodded. "Alright, I'll come."

"Great!" Lily beamed, clapping her hands together.

But then Mia's curiosity piqued. "Wait a second... you said Ethan's friends are coming. Which friends?" she asked, narrowing her eyes as if a particular thought struck her.

Lily opened her mouth to respond, "Boss Parker and Ja-"

Before she could finish, an assistant approached and interrupted, "Miss Lily, your next scene is ready. We need you on set."

"Oh, okay!" Lily nodded, quickly getting up from her seat. She turned back to Mia and finished her sentence, "Boss Parker and James will be there."

As Lily hurried off to prepare for her shot, Mia's cheerful demeanor shifted. Her previously smiling face now wore a look of pure annoyance, her brows furrowed and her lips pressed in a tight line.

James! she thought, her irritation bubbling up. I should've known. This sudden dinner invitation is probably his doing. That annoying man must have come back. Mia tapped her fingers against the armrest, debating whether she still wanted to attend. Her initial

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agreement now felt like a mistake. I don't want to deal with him. What should I do?

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While Mia stewed in her dilemma, Lily, completely unaware of her manager's internal struggle, made her way onto the set. Her steps were light, and her confidence soared. She smirked mischievously as she glanced at Rose, who sat nearby, glaring daggers at her.

This is going to be fun, Lily thought, her smirk deepening.

"Action!" Director Young's voice echoed across the set, and the scene began.

of me! Let go!" Hannah, played by Rose, shouted, struggling desperately against the guards holding

"Let

her arms.

"Take her to the torture room!" Stella, portrayed by Lily, barked with cold authority.

A wicked smile spread across her face as she laughed maliciously.

The guards nodded, their grip on Rose firm as they began dragging her away.

"No! Please, no! Stop! Elder sister, please don't send me there!" Rose screamed, her voice cracking as tears streamed down her face. Her struggles grew frantic, but the guards didn't relent.

Lily, staying in character, watched her co-star's pitiful display with a twisted grin. She tilted her head slightly and asked, her voice calm yet menacing, "Have you made up your mind? Will you break up with him?"

"No!" Rose cried, shaking her head furiously.

Lily's smile vanished in an instant, replaced by a sharp glare. "Drag her!" she ordered, her voice low and full of venom.

The guards tightened their grip and began hauling Rose toward the set's mock torture room. Her cries of protest and pleas for mercy filled the air, but they were met with cold indifference.

Off-camera, the crew watched in awe as the two actresses brought their characters to life. The intensity of the scene had everyone captivated, and even Director Young couldn't help but smile in satisfaction.