

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

+8 Pearls

Mia leaned closer to Lily, curiosity lighting up her face. "Lily, I have a gay friend who's an expert in relationships. Do you think I should ask him for advice and pass it along to the boss? Maybe he'd be so happy, he'd give me a bonus!" she said, brainstorming ways to help her superior.

Lily chuckled and nodded. "That's actually a great idea, Sister Mia. Let's help our boss with his relationship with CEO Ethan. Just don't forget to share the credit if you get that bonus."

Meanwhile, in his office, Mr. Parker sat brooding, his face clouded with hesitation: He dreaded having a conversation with Ethan. But as a thought struck him, he suddenly burst into laughter.

Mustering up his courage, he called Ethan. "Ethan...ahaha! Your woman thinks you're gay! Hahaha! How do you plan on courting her now?" he teased.

Ethan's voice was calm but ominous. "It seems I'll have to visit you soon."

Mr. Parker laughter abruptly stopped. "Haha... No need, Ethan. I was just joking!" he stammered nervously before quickly changing the subject. "So, when are you going to meet her?"

"Soon." Ethan replied succinctly.

"Alright, take care then," Mr. Parker said, feeling relieved. But as he hung up, a smile spread across his face. This devil does have some feelings after all.

However, his relief was short-lived. Ethan's parting words came back to haunt him. "Not you... her."

Mr. Parker face fell. He muttered indignantly, "I take back what I said! This devil is heartless. All he cares about is Lily!"

Pouting, he grumbled, "Ethan, how could you treat your only friend like this? Fine, I won't help you woo Lily at all!"

Ethan's reply was sharp and dismissive. "Don't need your help."

Stunned into silence, Mr. Parker put his phone down with a huff. He smirked mischievously. "Let's see how you win her over when she thinks you're gay and in a relationship with me. Good luck, Ethan."

What he didn't realize was that in Lily's eyes, he too had been inadvertently labeled as part of this "relationship."

Elsewhere, in Mia's office, Lily remained blissfully unaware of the misunderstanding brewing. She was engrossed in discussing her next career move with Mia.

"Lily, here are some scripts for you. Let me know if anything catches your eye," Mia said, passing a stack of scripts to her.

Lily carefully examined the options before smiling. "As expected of you, Sister Mia. These are great roles." However, she placed the scripts back on the table.

Mia frowned. "You don't like them?"

Lily shook her head gently. "They're excellent, but I want to work in *Shades of Love*."

Mia raised an eyebrow. "Oh, I see. That's an ambitious choice. But I heard the lead female role has already...

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+8 Pearls

Noticing a flicker of determination in Lily's eyes, Mia hesitated. She had seen the tension between Lily and her sister. "I know things aren't great between you and Rose, and I have no doubt you'd make a phenomenal lead. But Rose has strong backing in the industry..."

Lily felt a warm sense of gratitude. In her previous life, no one had ever worried about her like this. Smiling softly, she said, "Thank you, Sister Mia, for believing in me. But I don't want to take Rose's role"

Mia blinked in surprise. "Then what role are you aiming for in the film?" she asked, only for a sudden realization to dawn on her. Her eyes widened. "Don't tell me... you want to play the psychotic sister?"

Lily nodded confidently. "That's right."

Mia gasped. "Lily, I've heard they have incredibly high expectations for that role. It's complex and demanding. Are you sure you're ready to take it on?"

"Absolutely," Lily replied, her resolve unwavering.

Lily smiled confidently. "Trust me, Sister Mia. No one can bring this character to life better than I can."

Mia studied Lily's calm determination and felt her own confidence grow. "Alright," she said with a nod.

Shades of Love was an exceptional script, a complex love triangle involving the male lead, the female lead, and her psychologically troubled sister. While Lily had portrayed the female lead in a past life, she had always been captivated by the psycho sister's character. It was a uniquely challenging role, one that demanded finesse and depth to convey the duality of the character—a seemingly sweet and innocent girl harboring a darker, fractured side.

The true brilliance of the role lay in its transitions. One moment, she was the epitome of kindness and vulnerability, and the next, she transformed into a menacing and dangerous individual. The audience had despised the psycho sister's actions but had also found themselves irresistibly drawn to her complexity and tragedy. It was a performance that left an indelible mark, and Lily vividly remembered how the character had sparked both hatred and fascination in equal measure.

Now, in this lifetime, she had the opportunity to claim the role. How could she possibly let it slip through her fingers?

"The audition for this role is at 5 p.m.," Mia informed her, handing over the *Shades of Love* script. "We'll

meet there."

Lily took the script with a bright smile. "Thank you, Sister Mia. I'll see you there."

With the script in hand, Lily left, her heart filled with determination. This was her chance to shine, to prove her capabilities, and to leave her mark on the role she had always admired.

Tue, 4 Mar

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

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

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38%

+8 Pearls

At 5 pm.. Lily arrived at the audition venue for the role of the psycho sister. Sister Mia had informed her earlier that she might be late, so Lily decided to go in alone.

The atmosphere inside the hall was heavy with tension. The room was filled with several familiar and popular faces. Some appeared visibly anxious, while others radiated confidence, certain the role was theirs to claim.

Lily had dressed thoughtfully for the audition, wearing a knee-length dress that balanced charm and sophistication. The outfit highlighted her natural elegance while reflecting the essence of the character she aimed to portray. To add a symbolic touch, she had pinned a delicate lily flower to her dress, knowing it was an integral part of the psycho sister's persona. The character's attachment to lilies was a subtle yet powerful detail, and Lily wanted to make a lasting impression. As she walked into the room, she felt the weight of many gazes upon her. Some were admiring, captivated by her poise, while others carried hints of hostility or envy. Ignoring the mixed reactions, Lily maintained her composure and took a seat. She folded her hands neatly and waited patiently for her turn, unaffected by the scrutiny around her.

Nearby, a girl named Abby sat observing Lily with a sharp, judgmental gaze. Among the contenders, Abby was one of the more prominent names. She had gained a following after playing the second female lead in a highly popular film. Her previous success had made her arrogant and self-assured, and she believed this antagonist role was as good as hers.

But the sight of Lily unsettled her. There was something about Lily's effortless grace and how perfectly she embodied the character's essence that made Abby uneasy. Despite her confidence, Abby couldn't shake a subtle sense of threat.

Who does she think she is? Just a rookie daring to compete with me? Abby thought, irritation flaring in her chest.

Unable to contain her disdain, she leaned slightly toward Lily and smirked. "You know, coming here is a waste of your

'time,' she said, her tone dripping with arrogance. "This role is mine. You should just leave."

Lily didn't respond. Her calm demeanor remained unshaken, and she continued to ignore Abby as if she hadn't heard her. This only fueled Abby's irritation further. Feeling slighted, Abby raised her voice, her eyes narrowing as she glared at Lily. "Hey, I'm talking to you!" she snapped, her voice laced with indignation. "Who do you think you are? You should feel honored that I'm even addressing you!"

Lily still didn't respond, her tranquil expression unchanged. Her silence was her shield, and her unbothered attitude only made her shine brighter in comparison to Abby's loud and petty behavior.

The room buzzed with anticipation, its occupants eagerly waiting for a spectacle to unfold. Nobody seemed interested in intervening as Abby continued her tirade against Lily. Some even hoped Lily would leave, thinking it might improve their own chances for the role.

Despite the growing tension, Lily remained calm, her composure unwavering. She sat quietly, ignoring Abby as if the insults weren't directed at her.

Abby's frustration boiled over. She jabbed a finger at Lily, her voice rising. "You! How dare you ignore me? A nobody like you dares to act this way in front of a senior? Do you even know who I am?"

The word "nobody" struck a nerve in Lily. Memories from her past life flooded her mind, recalling how her

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sister, Rose, had demeaned her in the same way. The corner of her lips lifted into a mocking smile as she finally looked up at Abby.

"If you're unsure of who you are, perhaps you should carry an ID card. That way, you won't need to rely on others to remind you of your name," she said, her tone sharp and biting.

Abby's face turned crimson with anger. "You insolent little-! I'm Abby! I have a huge fan base and starred in one of the most popular films. And yet, instead of showing respect, you dare talk back to me? I don't even understand how someone like you was allowed in this audition."

She sneered, her words dripping with malice. "Oh, I see. Did you rely on your looks to get here? Or are you planning to use your body to secure the role? People like you are disgraceful. You should leave before you pollute this space."

Some in the room began nodding in agreement, emboldened by Abby's accusations.

"Yes, she's right. We don't need someone who uses shortcuts like beauty or connections!"

"Get lost! Leave the audition to those of us who work hard!"

The murmurs of agreement swelled, and the crowd quickly turned against Lily, parroting Abby's words. without question.

Abby, reveling in the chaos she had incited, allowed a smug smile to cross her face. This was exactly the result she wanted. Without Lily in the picture, she felt certain the role would be hers. What will you do now, rookie? she thought gleefully.

As the crowd's jeers grew louder, a commanding voice cut through the noise. "Well, this audition certainly seems lively today."

The entire room turned toward the source of the voice, falling silent in an instant. Everyone stared in shock as Mia walked into the room, her aura radiating authority.

"Miss Mia!" someone whispered in awe.

"What is she doing here?" another murmured.

Mia's gaze swept the room before settling on Lily. Despite the commotion, Lily stood calmly, unbothered. by the crowd's accusations. Mia strode confidently toward her and stopped at her side.

Abby, oblivious to the connection between Mia and Lily, seized the opportunity to ingratiate herself. She flashed a charming smile and stepped forward. "Miss Mia! You look even more stunning than the last time we met. I've heard you recently signed a new artist under your agency. May I ask who the lucky person is?"

Her voice dripped with false sweetness, but her confidence faltered slightly as Mia's expression remained unreadable. The room grew tense as everyone awaited her response.

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

+8 Pearls

Mia had informed Lily earlier that she might be late for the audition due to traffic. Lily, ever composed, had reassured her it wasn't a problem. Feeling relieved, Mia hadn't expected to walk into a storm of insults. directed at her artist when she finally arrived at the venue.

As she entered, Mia's eyes narrowed at the scene before her. A group of people was openly ridiculing and cursing Lily. Her anger flared instantly. How dare they? she thought, her protective instincts kicking in. Who do they think they are to bully someone under my wing, especially someone signed with Marvellous. Universe?

From the moment Lily joined her agency, Mia had taken her under her care like a younger sister. Witnessing this blatant harassment enraged her. Determined to intervene, she stormed over to stand firmly beside Lily.

What caught Mia off guard, however, was Lily's demeanor. Despite the scorn and accusations being hurled at her, Lily remained calm and composed. Her serene expression made it seem as though she were entirely unbothered by the chaos

around her. Mia was both impressed and puzzled. Most people would crumble under such hostility, but Lily stood unmoved, exuding quiet strength.

Just as Mia was about to speak up, a voice interrupted her thoughts. She turned her attention to the woman addressing her, trying to place the vaguely familiar face.

Mia tilted her head slightly and asked, "And you are?"

Hearing the question, Lily let out a soft chuckle, which visibly irritated the other woman. Abby's confident smile faltered momentarily before she quickly recovered, masking her embarrassment with laughter. "Miss Mia, I'm Abby."

Mia's expression remained neutral as she nodded. "Ah, yes. You played the second female lead in Darkness, didn't you?"

Abby's face brightened at the recognition, and she gave Lily a sidelong glance before responding. "Yes, Miss Mia! It's an honor that you remember me."

Mia hummed noncommittally, her gaze flicking back to Lily. Her quiet observation unsettled Abby, who mistakenly assumed Mia might be siding with the crowd. Sensing an opportunity to curry favor, Abby decided to press her advantage.. Turning to Lily with a sneer, Abby's voice dripped with false righteousness. "Still not leaving, are you? I don't understand how someone can be so shameless. Everyone here has seen through your intentions to seduce one of the judges for this role. Why don't you stop wasting our time and leave? People like you are utterly disgusting."

Her words were loud, designed to provoke the others into agreement. Abby's expression betrayed her smug satisfaction, believing she had cemented her place in Mia's good graces. What she failed to notice, however, was the dangerous glint in Mia's eyes as she prepared to respond.

Abby turned to Mia with a self-assured smirk, hoping to solidify her narrative. "Miss Mia, you see, this person here is so shameless. Even after her schemes to seduce one of the judges were exposed, she still insists on going through with the audition."

Mia's expression darkened, her fists clenching tightly at her sides. Seeing this, Abby felt a wave of triumph. Just as

I thought, she mused. Miss Mia must despise people like her.

She eagerly awaited Mia's outburst against lily, but what came next made her blood run cold.

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38%

+8 Pearls

"I wasn't aware," Mia began, her voice dripping with mockery, "that my artist had to resort to seduction to land a mere role." She chuckled, her tone slicing through the room like a blade.

The room fell silent. Abby's jaw slackened, and the other onlookers stared in stunned disbelief. Artist? Did she just say her artist? Every eye darted between Mia and Lily, struggling to process the revelation.

Mia, clearly relishing the collective shock, let a satisfied smile curve her lips. Turning her attention to Abby, she raised an eyebrow. "Perhaps you should quit acting and consider a career in investigative journalism. Not even many at Marvellous Universe know about this yet, but somehow you do."

She took a deliberate pause, letting the weight of her words settle. Then, pointing directly at Lily, she declared. "This is my artist-the newest talent signed under my management. And you, a small-time actress, dared to bully her? Have you forgotten your place?"

Mia's voice grew sharper as she continued. "And what was that about using one's face and body? Did you forget your own past? Or should I remind everyone how you shamelessly attempted to seduce a director for

a minor role?"

Abby's face turned ashen, her confidence crumbling into panic. Mia's next words were the final blow: "Prepare to meet our lawyers for slandering an artist under Marvellous Universe."

Overwhelmed, Abby dropped to her knees, tears streaming down her face. "Miss Mia, I'm truly sorry! I didn't know she was your artist. If I had, I never would've-

"Never would've what?" Mia snapped, her voice cold and cutting. But before she could continue, a gentle hand rested on her shoulder. She turned to see Lily, calm and smiling-

"Sister Mia," Lily said softly, "let's let this go. Miss Abby must have some issues with her memory, or she wouldn't have said such ridiculous things. In fact, she even asked me earlier what her own name was. Isn't that right, Miss Abby?" Abby's nails dug into her palms as she fought back her anger and humiliation. Forcing herself to stay composed, she bit her lip and nodded.

Mia raised an eyebrow and waved dismissively. "If your memory really is that poor, you should see a good doctor. I'll overlook this incident for now. Otherwise, people might accuse me of bullying someone with... special needs."

The room was so silent you could hear a pin drop. Everyone stared at the scene, dumbfounded. Isn't this still bullying? they thought collectively. But no one dared to voice it. After all, they too had joined in berating Lily earlier.

Turning to the gathered crowd, Mia's gaze was sharp. "Let me make one thing clear-the artists under Marvellous Universe are not so easily bullied."

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With that, she took Lily's hand and led her to a seat, her actions sending an unmistakable message to everyone present.

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

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

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+8 Pearls

Mia's expression was firm as she turned to Lily. "The next time someone tries to bully you, just mention my name or Marvellous Universe. Trust me, they won't dare to mess with you again."

Lily noticed the lingering frustration in Mia's tone and gave a reassuring smile. "Don't worry, Sister Mia. If it happens again, I'll definitely use your name-or even Boss Parker's."

Mia nodded approvingly. "Good."

However, she couldn't help but grumble, "But honestly, why didn't you let me deal with Sierra legally? I would've shown her what real power looks like."

Lily laughed softly. "It's fine, Sister Mia. Let's just move on from it."

Mia frowned, her protective instincts kicking in. "You can't always be so kind and forgiving, Lily. If you're too soft, people will take advantage of you. You should be the one standing strong, not letting anyone walk over you."

Lily felt a warmth in her heart at Mia's words. She looked at her with a soft smile. "Thank you, Sister Mia."

Mia's frown eased, and she sighed, finally letting go of her frustration. "You're my artist, and more importantly, you're like a younger sister to me now. I'll always protect you."

"I know," Lily replied, her voice tinged with gratitude.

I've got

Mia turned her attention to the room, scanning the other contestants who were anxiously awaiting their turns. Taking Lily's hand, she added, "And don't stress about this audition. If you don't get the part, plenty of other opportunities lined up for you."

Lily's confidence shone through as she smiled. "Don't worry, Sister Mia. This role is mine."

Her words carried such assurance that Mia immediately felt her concerns melt away.

After the earlier incident, no one dared to glance their way, including Sierra, who sat silently in her seat while the whole drama was going on. She secretly wished Lily would be sent home. Contestants were called in one by one, and most emerged looking defeated. Gradually, the crowd thinned until only Sierra and Lily remained.

When the assistant called Sierra's name, she rose with an air of confidence, sparing a smug glance at Lily before striding into the audition room. After some time, she returned with a beaming smile, her demeanor brimming with self-assurance.

The whispers began almost immediately. "Look at Sierra. She seems really confident."

"Yeah, she probably nailed it. She's experienced, after all."

"Her acting is solid. The judges must've liked her."

Hearing the chatter, Sierra straightened her posture even more, practically glowing with pride. How could a rookie like her even hope to compete with me? she thought smugly. Having Mia and Marvellous Universe doesn't mean anything if you don't have the talent.

Finally, it was Lily's turn. As she stood up, she noticed Mia fidgeting nervously. Gently placing a hand on Mia's shoulder, Lily offered a calm smile. "Everything will be fine, Sister Mia."

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+8 Pearls

"Yes, yes, of course," Mia stammered, trying to sound composed. "All the best. Now go-show them what you're made off"

With a steady breath, Lily walked confidently into the audition room.

Inside, the atmosphere was heavy with frustration. The director, writer, and panel of judges appeared visibly drained, their expressions hinting at irritation.

"This role demands perfection," Director Young said, his voice tinged with exasperation. "We need someone who can seamlessly portray the transition from sweet to unhinged. So far, no one has come close."

Judge 1 groaned. "I don't understand what these candidates were thinking when they showed up. Not a single performance has been convincing."

Judge 2 nodded in agreement. "Exactly. It feels like I've been sitting through endless script readings. Where's the life in these characters?"

Judge 3 sighed. "We're looking for someone who can make this character leap off the page. Instead, we're stuck watching wooden performances."

Judge 4 hesitated before offering, "What about Sierra? Her acting was decent. She might be the best we've seen so far.

Director Young frowned thoughtfully. "Sierra was alright, but she didn't embody the character fully. Something was missing."

The panel fell into a contemplative silence, the weight of disappointment hanging over them. Just then, the door opened, drawing their attention. A young woman entered the room, her movements poised and her expression calm. Her beauty was striking, but it was the quiet determination in her eyes that captivated the judges immediately.

Their frustration seemed to lift, replaced by a spark of hope. Could she be the one they had been waiting

for?

Director Young and the panel exchanged glances, silently acknowledging the impeccable attention to detail in Lily's appearance. Her outfit was perfect, and the lily flower pinned to her dress added a subtle but striking touch. She looked the part—but could she truly become the character?

The room stilled as Lily stepped to the center, her posture calm and composed. Bowing respectfully, she greeted, "Hello, I'm Lily."

Without wasting a moment, Director Young called out, "Action!"

Lily closed her eyes briefly, taking a deep breath to center herself. When she straightened, the shift in her demeanor was visible. The atmosphere in the room transformed; an almost tangible chill swept through, sending shivers down everyone's spines. Anticipation crackled in the air.

When she opened her eyes and lifted her head, the gaze she cast upon the room was haunting. Her expression was so intense it felt as if her eyes could pierce through their souls. A collective unease gripped the judges as they watched her embody the character with chilling precision.

The scene required her to portray the obsessive and unhinged love of a woman confessing her feelings to the unconscious male lead. Lily began with a soft, unsettling smile as she mimed caressing an invisible face

before her.

"Lucas," she murmured, her voice tender yet eerie. "You look so handsome when you're sleeping... I just

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want to keep you all to myself, hidden away where no one else can see you."

38%

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Her smile brightened, becoming breathtakingly beautiful, and for a moment, the room felt spellbound, "I love you so much, Lucas," she whispered, her voice laced with longing. Then, in an instant, her expression shifted, her lips forming a delicate pout as tears brimmed in her eyes. "But why don't you love me?"

The vulnerability in her voice tugged at the audience's emotions. They felt an inexplicable urge to comfort her-until her expression darkened, and a sadistic grin spread across her face, sending an ity wave of fear through the room.

"Don't worry, Lucas," she continued, her voice soft yet menacing. "I know you love me too. It's just my sister... she's the one keeping us apart, isn't she?" She mined gripping someone by the collar, her fingers curling with intensity. "But it's fine... I'm better than her at everything. You love me, Lucas. You can only love me."

Her laughter rang out, manic and chilling, before her features softened into another radiant smile. It was enchanting but held an undercurrent of danger. "It's okay, Lucas. I've taken care of everything. We'll go far away, just the two of us. We'll get married and live where no one can find us. Isn't that romantic?" But then, the smile faded, replaced by an ominous glint in her eye. Her voice dropped to a chilling whisper, "If we can't live together... then we'll die together. Either way, you'll always be mine." Her laughter echoed through the room, sinister and bone-chilling.

Just as the tension reached its peak, she abruptly turned her head, as if hearing an unseen noise. The sudden motion startled everyone, their hearts racing as they instinctively followed her gaze. Then, as if breaking character, Lily turned back to the panel, bowed deeply, and said, "Thank you."

The room fell silent. The performance was over, but it left an electrifying charge in the air. For a brief moment, no one moved. The judges stared at her, wide-eyed, their breaths caught in their throats.

Was that i

they all thought. Wait... keep going. We want more!

Lily stood still, waiting for their verdict. The silence grew heavier, amplifying the sound of her own heartbeat. Why aren't they saying anything? she wondered. Did they not like it?

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38%

++8 Pearls

Lily stood still, her gaze shifting nervously between the panel of judges. Their silence was deafening, and for the first time, a flicker of doubt crept into her mind. She had given everything to the performance, drawing on her rich well of past experiences. Was it not enough? she thought. Was my acting really that bad?

Lowering her head, Lily stared at the floor, trying to hide the wave of disappointment washing over her.

eyes.

Then, a single sound broke through the quiet—a clap. It started slowly, then grew louder and more enthusiastic as others joined in. In moments, the entire room was on their feet, applauding her. Startled, Lily looked up, her heart pounding as tears of relief and happiness welled in her

"You're selected!" Director Young exclaimed, his laughter ringing with excitement. One of the judges leaned forward eagerly. "What did you say your name was?" "Lily," she replied, her voice steady despite the emotions coursing through her.

"Miss Lily, your performance was extraordinary," the judge said, his face glowing with admiration. "You'll be perfect for this role."

Another judge chimed in. "Absolutely! I still have goosebumps. It felt like the psycho sister had stepped out of the script and into the room."

The writer couldn't hold back her excitement either. "You brought my character to life in a way I never imagined. Your acting was so vivid, so real."

Lily felt warmth flood her chest as she bowed deeply, expressing her gratitude. "Thank you, everyone."

As the applause settled, Director Young gestured for her attention. "Miss Lilyly, if you don't mind, I'd like to ask you a few questions."

"Of course," she replied politely, standing tall.

"Have you acted in any films before?" he asked, curiosity evident in his tone.

Lily shook her head. "No, Director Young. I haven't."

"Have you taken any formal acting classes?"

"No, I haven't," she admitted.

Her response left the panel astonished. They exchanged glances, nodding in admiration. It was hard to believe that someone with no formal training could deliver such a powerful and nuanced performance.

"This girl is remarkable," one judge murmured. "Her talent is raw, yet so refined."

"And her demeanor," another added. "She doesn't just act the part-she carries herself with such confidence. You'd never guess she just portrayed a character so intense."

grace

and

Director Young's expression softened, a rare smile forming. "Miss Lilyly, you truly have a gift. Welcome to

the team."

"If you keep working hard, you will have an approving smile."

"You have the potential to become an extraordinary actress," Director Young said

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"Thank you, Director Young. Lily replied politely, her voice calm and humble.

Turning to his assistant, Director Young instructed, "Go and call her manager inside."

+8 Pearls

Meanwhile, outside the audition room, Mia paced nervously. She couldn't shake her concern about what was happening behind those closed doors. Suddenly, the door opened, and the assistant emerged, addressing the waiting crowd.

"Everyone can leave now," she announced with a polite smile. "The role has been decided. Miss Mia, the director would like to see you inside."

"What?" Sierra exclaimed, rising abruptly from her seat. "Did that rookie get selected?"

Mia shot her a sharp glare, but before she could say anything, the assistant responded with an annoyed expression. "That's none of your concern, Miss Sierra. What you need to know is that you weren't selected. You're free to leave."

Furious at chosen?"

the assistant's dismissive tone, Sierra's temper flared. "I demand to know! Was that rookie

"You'll find out when the movie is released, the assistant said coldly. "For now, I suggest you leave quietly and maintain your reputation. Creating a scene won't help."

Seething but left with no choice, Sierra stormed out of the building, Mia, too preoccupied with thoughts of Lily, paid no attention to the commotion as she quickly entered the room.

Inside, she saw Lily standing with the judges, who were all smiles. Relief washed over her as she approached.

"Ah, Miss Mia!" Director Young greeted warmly. "Now I see why Miss Lilyly is so exceptional-she's under your wing. I must say, you've discovered a real gem this time.

Mia's tension dissolved, and she smiled. "It's the other way around, Director Young. She found us."

The room erupted in laughter, and one of the judges, who was also the producer, spoke up. "Miss Lilyly, joining Marvellous Universe under someone as talented as Mia is a brilliant decision. It will help you hone your skills and shine even brighter."

Lily nodded with a grateful smile. "Thank you, everyone."

"Well, then, let's proceed with the formalities, Director Young said, pulling out the necessary paperwork.

After signing the contract and finalizing the arrangements for the film, Lily and Mia left the studio together.

"Sister Mia, since I got the role, let me treat you to a nice dinner," Lily said cheerfully.

"Alright," Mia agreed with a warm smile.

The two made their way to a nearby restaurant and ordered a hearty hotpot meal.

As they ate, Lily seemed thoughtful, her chopsticks pausing mid-air.

"Sister Mia," she said after a moment, 'tomorrow, the Miller Family is hosting a party to celebrate Taylor's recent success. Would you come with me?"

Min hesitated before shaking her head. "I'd love to, Lily, but I have an important engagement tomorrow that

I can't miss.

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"That's alright, Sister Mia," Lily said with a small smile.

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Mia looked at her hesitantly before gathering the courage to ask, "Lily, can I ask you something personal?"

"Of course." Lily said, meeting her gaze.

"Are you planning to attend the party at the Miller mansion tomorrow?"

"Yes," Lily answered without hesitation.

Mia hesitated, choosing her words carefully. "Don't take this the wrong way, but your family kept your identity hidden for a reason. Are you sure about revealing yourself now?"

Lily's expression turned serious. "At first, I believed they were doing it to protect me. But I've recently come to understand that their reasons were purely selfish. It's time to put an end to it."

Mia's heart ached for Lily. While she didn't know the full story, she could sense the pain and betrayal behind her words. Whatever the Miller Family had done, it must have been deeply hurtful to push her to such a decision.

Mia smiled gently, trying to lighten the mood. "Well, it sounds like I'm going to miss quite the spectacle

tomorrow.

Lily laughed softly. "You definitely will."

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38%

+B Pearls

The following day. Lily woke up with a surge of excitement. She rifled through her closet, her hands bCasey ng aside garments with disdain. The pile of cheap, second-hand dresses gifted by Rose and Riley over the years no longer had a place in her life,

She remembered how, in her naive past life, she had believed their lies—that these hand-me-downs were new—and had cherished them like treasures. Now, with fresh clarity, she saw them for what they truly were: symbols of her mistreatment.

"Where is it?" she murmured, determinedly searching. "I know it's here somewhere."

Her hands finally stopped as they brushed against a vibrant red dress. Her eyes softened as she pulled it out. This wasn't just any dress; it was her first design. In her previous life, it had been this very dress that had revealed her hidden talent to Rose. She had been the one to push Lily into opening her own fashion label, LX, reaping fame from her creativity while Lily remained in the shadows, forced to wear their cast-off clothes.

Not this time.

"Got it," she whispered, her lips curling into a determined smile. Holding the dress, she walked to the mirror. As she ran her fingers over the fabric, her mind wandered to the faces of the people who had kept her in the dark, using her as their puppet.

Her smile deepened into one of quiet triumph. "You wanted to bury me, to keep me hidden, but tonight, the world will know the truth. Just wait, Miller Family. Tonight will be a party you'll never forget.

At the Miller Mansion

The Miller Family gathered around the dining table, a morning routine filled with calculated pleasantries.

"Good morning, Dad. Good morning, Mom, Taylor greeted as he took his seat.

"Good morning, son," Morgan responded warmly. His wife, Casey, mirrored the smile.

"Good morning, Dad. Good morning, Mom, Rose said sweetly, placing kisses on both their cheeks before sitting beside her mother.

"Good morning, my princess," the couple chorused, their tone brimming with pride.

Morgan surveyed his children, his gaze filled with approval. On one side, his daughter was a celebrated actress; on the other, his son was an aspiring businessman poised for success.

Turning to Housekeeper Max, who stood silently nearby, Morgan asked, "Are the preparations for tonight's party complete?"

Housekeeper Max bowed slightly. "Yes, Master. Everything is ready."

"Good," Morgan replied with a nod, dismissing him.

As the family settled into their breakfast, Taylor hesitated before breaking the silence. "Dad, do you not trust me?" he asked, his voice tinged with frustration.

Startled, Morgan looked up. "What are you talking about, son? You and Rose are my pride. Why would I not trust you?"

de, 4 Mar

38%

+8 Pearls

"Then why do you always rely on Lily for ideas in the company? You never let me handle a project on my own. You take her work and make me take the credit. Do you think I'm incapable?"

Morgan chuckled, his tone laced with condescension. "Taylor, you misunderstand. It's not about doubting you. I know my son is talented. But Lily is... different."

"How so?" Taylor pressed, still feeling wronged.

"Son," Morgan said, leaning forward, "Lily is adopted. We gave her a home, a family name, and a life of privilege. Her work in the company is how she repays us. She's a tool, nothing more. What's the point of raising a tool if it doesn't serve its purpose?"

Understanding dawned on Taylor's face, and he nodded reluctantly, 'I see now. Thank you for explaining.

Dad."

"Good," Morgan said with satisfaction. "Remember, tonight's party is an opportunity. Influential families will be attending, so make sure to leave a strong impression."

Turning to Rose, Casey asked, "Is Ryan attending tonight?"

Rose blushed and nodded shyly. "Of course, Mom."

Morgan's expression grew stern. "Rose, don't forget-

Before he could finish, Rose interrupted, her tone playful but firm. "I know, Dad. I have to be careful. Lily mustn't find out about my relationship with Brother Ryan. But why does he still need to pretend to be her boyfriend?"

Morgan sighed indulgently, as though explaining something to a child. "Rose, you know how pliable Lily becomes when Ryan speaks to her. He's like a leash, keeping her in line. You must ensure she remains unaware of your relationship for now."

Rose smirked. "Don't

Sorry, Dad. She's too naive to suspect anything. And even if she does, I'll handle it."

"That's my girl, Morgan said proudly.

Rose's eyes glinted with malice as she clenched her fists under the table. "But Dad, once this charade is over. I want to deal with her myself. You'll let me, won't you?"

Casey laughed, her tone dripping with cruelty. "Of course, darling. She's yours to deal with however you see fit."

Morgan nodded in agreement. "Do as you wish."

"Thank you, Dad," Rose said, a cold smile spreading across her lips. Lily, once this is over, you'll regret ever thinking you could come near what's mine.

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22:05 Tue, 4 Mar

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

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

At the Ethan Mansion

Mr. Parker sighed, massaging his temples as he stared at his best friend, Ethan, who lounged like an emperor on the plush sofa. Why did he always have to endure this torment from the devil himself?

+8 Pearls

The room was tense, filled with trembling designers clutching expensive suits. Their pleading eyes often darted toward Mr. Parker, silently begging for salvation. He could only shake his head helplessly. If they thought their situation was bad, his was far worse.

Just hours earlier, he'd been in the middle of an important business meeting when the devil called.

"Come home."

That was all Ethan said before abruptly hanging up..

Without question, Mr. Parker had halted the entire meeting and rushed to the Ethan mansion, thinking it must be something critical. Instead, he found a moody Ethan surrounded by stressed designers.

"Ethan," Mr. Parker groaned after what felt like an eternity of waiting, "we've been sitting here for three hours, and you haven't liked a single suit."

"These are all terrible," Ethan replied, his voice cold and decisive.

Mr. Parker glanced at the pile of rejected suits, all designed by top-tier professionals whose work was considered fashion gold. But here, under Ethan's ruthless scrutiny, they were deemed garbage.

"What about this blue one?" he tried, pointing at a neatly tailored option.

"No."

"This gray one?"

"No."

"This blue one looks great; the color would suit you."

Ethan barely spared it a glance. "No."

Mr. Parker pinched the bridge of his nose, his patience wearing thin. "Ethan, it's just a business party. You're not meeting a royal delegation! Pick a suit, any suit!"

But Ethan's tone softened unexpectedly as he muttered, "I'm going to meet my wife."

The room fell into stunned silence.

Behind him, his assistant, Ben, and Housekeeper Zoe froze. Even the servants stopped in their tracks, their ears perking up in disbelief. The designers, despite their nervousness, exchanged quick, astonished glances.

Ethan's cold gaze swept across the room, breaking everyone's daze. They all quickly resumed their tasks as though nothing had happened, silently offering prayers for the brave woman who had managed to capture

this devil's heart.

Mr. Parker, stifling a laugh, tried to keep the peace. "Ethan, you look good in anything. Really, just pick

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38%

+8 Pearls

"No," Ethan said firmly. "The first impression has to be perfect. Do you think I want her to think poorly of me? Thanks to you, I already have a ridiculous reputation to undo."

"Because of me?" Mr. Parker thought bitterly. I didn't tell your future wife that you were gay! She assumed it on her own! And guess what? She thinks I'm gay too, and you don't see me whining about it! Where's the justice in this world?

But, of course, he wouldn't dare voice these thoughts aloud. Instead, he plastered on a patient smile.

Housekeeper Zoe watched the banter with a faint smile of his own. The Ethan family had been his lifelong employers, and he had witnessed their legacy grow stronger with each generation. The family was one of the County's most influential, and its current head, Ethan, was a force to be reckoned with.

Ethan, CEO of the Ethan Corporation, was known for his icy demeanor and an aura of nobility and danger that intimidated everyone in his presence. A perfectionist to the core, he tolerated no flaws, and his mysophobia kept most people at arm's length. The few exceptions were his younger sister, Ivy-a celebrated chef-his parents, and his best friend, Mr. Parker.

Ethan's piercing gaze swept over the array of suits displayed before him. Black lines of irritation marred his handsome face as he picked up a sleek black suit with a red tie. His voice, deep and magnetic, cut through the air like a knife.

"Is this all you have to offer?" he asked, his disdain evident. "Who even gave you the title of 'designer'? Would you wear these yourself? This is unacceptable-absolutely dreadful. You should consider changing careers because clearly, designing is not for you."

The designers winced at the scathing critique, but none dared to speak. Mr. Parker buried his face in his hands, wondering if he'd ever escape this ordeal alive.

The designers trembled, clutching their prized designs, which had been reduced to "trash" in Ethan's icy judgment. Their eyes darted to Mr. Parker, pleading for help.

Mr. Parker shook his head in silent sympathy. I can't save you; I'm barely surviving myself, he thought. But then, like a light bulb switching on, an idea sparked in his mind. Why didn't I think of this earlier?

Pulling out his phone, Mr. Parker dialed Mia.

"Hey, Mia," he began, keeping his voice low, "what color is her dress for tonight's party?"

Mia hesitated, puzzled by the odd question "Uh... she's wearing red. Why?"

A triumphant smile spread across Mr. Parkerface. "Thanks, Mia. You're a lifesaver."

Mia, still holding her phone, blinked in confusion. She recalled Lily showing her a picture of the dress-a stunning red creation. But why would the boss ask about it? Shrugging, she decided it wasn't worth overthinking.

Mr. Parker, now armed with the information, approached a designer holding a sleek black suit with a red tie. "Ethan," he said casually, "I think this one is perfect for you. I heard she's also wearing red tonight."

Ethan's eyes fell on the suit. He took it from Mr. Parker, inspecting it thoughtfully. The hint of approval in his expression was a rare sight.

"You should definitely wear this," Mr. Parker encouraged. "You two will look like a matching couple."

A satisfied smile tugged at Ethan's lips. The thought of matching outfits, of looking like a couple, seemed to

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please him immensely. "Hmm... this one's good. Definitely my style."

The room froze.

+8 Pearls

The designers and staff stared in disbelief as the notoriously emotionless Ethan actually smiled. His cold, intimidating aura momentarily melted, revealing a strikingly handsome and approachable demeanor.

Is this really Ethan? they thought collectively. This smile.. it's illegal to be this good-looking!

Oblivious to their shock, Ethan turned to the designer holding the black suit. His voice was uncharacteristically warm. "You're truly talented. This suit is excellent. Why didn't you show it sooner?"

The designers exchanged battled looks, their thoughts racing.

Didn't he just criticize that exact suit earlier, calling it trash?

What happened to "poor taste"?

Despite their confusion, no one dared to speak. Instead, they silently celebrated their small victory: they had survived Ethan's impossible standards for the day.

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22:05 Tue, 4 Mar

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My

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

+8 Pearls

The Miller Family's grand celebration was in full swing. The atmosphere buzzed with lively conversations and cheerful laughter as prominent guests mingled, savoring the event's elegant ambiance. Morgan and his wife, Casey, greeted each attendee with radiant smiles, exuding charm and sophistication.

Despite being in their 40s, the couple maintained a youthful appearance, which many guests couldn't help but compliment. Praise for their family poured in, with numerous guests lauding the success of their children and the family's rising status.

A soft melody played in the background, lending a soothing elegance to the gathering. Attentive servants floated through the crowd, offering refreshments to ensure the guests felt welcome.

The past year had been particularly transformative for the Miller Family. Under the stewardship of their young CEO, Taylor, their business had soared to new heights. This newfound prosperity attracted families eager to build alliances, many of whom brought their daughters in hopes of currying favor with the successful family.

Casey reveled in the attention, beaming at the admiration her family received. Meanwhile, Morgan and Taylor immersed themselves in discussions with other businessmen, exchanging ideas and basking in their achievements.

As the event reached a lively peak, the Miller couple moved to the center of the hall. Morgan's commanding presence drew everyone's attention. Smiling with pride, he began to speak.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I want to extend my heartfelt gratitude to all of you for joining us tonight to celebrate our success," he began warmly. "It is with great pride that I acknowledge my son, Taylor, whose dedication and talent have been pivotal in the growth of our business this past year. He is not only a dutiful son but also an exceptional leader."

Raising his glass, he continued, "Here's a toast to my son, Taylor, and to the prosperity of the Miller Family!"

The hall echoed with the clinking of glasses as the guests joined in the toast,

Though Morgan brimmed with pride, he discreetly observed a man standing at the far end of the hall. It was none other than Ethan, a figure both admired and feared in business circles. Morgan yearned to introduce his son to the formidable CEO, but caution held him back. Approaching someone of Ethan's stature without invitation could be disastrous.

Instead, he steered his wife toward a group of businessmen engaged in lively conversation.

As they joined the group, one businessman, Mr. Cooper, greeted them warmly. "Mr. Morgan, congratulations! Truly, I must say, I'm envious of you. A beautiful wife, two accomplished children-what more could one ask for?"

Another chimed in with a grin, "Indeed! Rose is a gifted actress, and Taylor is not only talented but also strikingly handsome."

Morgan chuckled, basking in the praise, while Casey's cheeks flushed with delight. Thank you! My children are indeed our pride," she said, her voice brimming with affection.

Yet beneath their glowing smiles, the truth lay buried. The accolades their children enjoyed were built on the toil and talent of another. For now, that secret remained theirs alone.

Amid the chatter a man's wife glanced around curiously "By the way" she asked "where is Rose? I haven't

seen her this evening.

+8 Pearls

Morgan and Casey exchanged quick glances, their smiles faltering for a fleeting moment before they quickly recovered, ready to redirect the conversation. The show had only just begun.

Casey's lips curved into a pleased smile as her eyes rested on the staircase. "There she is," she murmured softly.

All eyes followed her gaze, and the room fell into an anticipatory hush. Descending the staircase was Rose, dressed in an elegant white gown that seemed to shimmer under the chandelier's soft light. Her arm was linked with none other than Ryan, the dashing CEO whose commanding presence complemented her perfectly. Together, they exuded an ethereal charm, as if they had stepped out of a dream.

"Oh my goodness, look at her," someone whispered, admiration dripping from their tone. "Rose looks stunning. So graceful, so pure."

"And Ryan ! He's so handsome and accomplished. They're like a match made in heaven," another chimed

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"Exactly. Don't they look like an immortal couple?"

The murmur of admiration spread quickly, with guests nodding and whispering among themselves.

"Did you hear? Rose landed the female lead role in *Shades of Love*!"

"Yes. I heard about that. She's so lucky. Everything seems to be going her way."

Rose's lips curled into a satisfied smile as she caught snippets of the murmured praises. She and Ryan held their heads high, exuding pride and confidence as they approached her parents.

"Dad, Mom, I'm sorry we're a bit late." Rose said apologetically, her voice sweet and endearing.

Her father, Mr. Morgan, chuckled warmly. "It's quite alright, my dear," he said, his chest swelling with pride as he looked at his radiant daughter. Turning to a group of his business associates, he introduced her with evident delight.

One of the women, the wife of a prominent businessman, couldn't hold back her admiration. "Casey, your daughter is absolutely stunning. Truly, her beauty is unmatched."

Casey's smile deepened, and Rose blushed modestly. "Thank you so much, Auntie. That's very kind of you," she replied politely.

As the crowd buzzed with admiration for Rose, a ripple of astonishment suddenly swept through the room. The reason became clear as a striking figure stepped through the grand entrance.

Clad in a breathtaking red gown, the newcomer captivated everyone's attention. She seemed almost otherworldly, her delicate features accentuated by her flawless complexion. Her mesmerizing eyes sparkled under the lights, her cherry-red lips curved in a faint smile, and her jet-black hair flowed like silk. The crimson dress hugged her figure perfectly, the rich color making her porcelain-like skin appear even more radiant. Every step she took was poised and graceful, as though she were gliding across the floor.

Gasps and whispers erupted among the guests.

"Who is she? She's absolutely gorgeous!"

"She's even more beautiful than Rose," someone murmured, earning nods of agreement.

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+8 Pearls

"And that dress! Have you ever seen anything like it?" another exclaimed. "It must be custom-made. It's stunning."

The women's envious gazes followed the mysterious beauty, while the men couldn't take their eyes off her. Meanwhile, Rose's smile stiffened, though she maintained a composed demeanor. Beneath her mask of poise, her heart churned with jealousy.

Who is she? How can anyone outshine me?

The Miller Family's attention was also drawn to the newcomer. As she approached, her face became clearer, and their expressions shifted from curiosity

to shock. Their hearts skipped a beat as realization dawned on them.

Lily.

She walked with an air of quiet confidence, seemingly unaffected by the stares and whispers. Her composure was regal, her every movement exuding elegance. Pausing briefly, she picked up a drink from a passing waiter and sipped it, entirely unbothered by the attention she commanded.

The room seemed to hold its breath, the once lively atmosphere now brimming with tension and intrigue. Who was this woman who had so effortlessly stolen the spotlight? And why did her presence seem to shake the very foundation of the Miller Family?

Lily stood there, calm and poised, as the night took a sudden and unexpected turn.

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

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

38%

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The Miller Family's expressions darkened instantly at the sight of Lily. A single question echoed in their minds: What is she doing here?

Lily, unfazed, sipped her drink with a leisurely air. From across the room, she noticed her parents, Morgan and Casey, striding toward her with fury radiating from every step. Her lips curled into a faint, mocking smile. Well, well, well... let the drama begin, she thought.

Meanwhile, Rose's grip tightened around Ryan's arm, her usual sweet facade crumbling as jealousy and rage flickered across her face. Her gaze locked on Lily, and a storm brewed in her mind. What is she doing here? Who gave her the audacity to defy orders and show her face? And where on earth did she get that dress?

The thought burned through her. She dares to steal my moment in the spotlight. Rose's nails dug into Ryan's arm as the urge to confront Lily surged within her.

"Rose, you're gripping my arm too tightly. What's wrong?" Ryan's voice snapped her out of her thoughts. He had noticed the pressure on his arm and glanced at her in concern. For a fleeting moment, he wondered if she'd caught him admiring the striking woman in red. But one look at her serious expression told him it was something else.

His curiosity piqued as he watched Mr. and Mrs. Li march toward the mysterious woman. "Who is she?" he asked, puzzled.

Rose's voice dripped with disdain. "Who else? That... woman is none other than Lily."

-beautiful?"

Ryan's eyes widened, and his jaw slackened in disbelief. "That's Lily? When did she become so..... he blurted out, unable to hide his shock.

Rose's face turned an unflattering shade of green as she glared at him. "Beautiful, huh?" she

snapped.

Ryan quickly realized his mistake and chuckled nervously. "No, no! Of course not, love. So what if she's attractive? You're far more stunning-the most beautiful woman in the room, and the only one in my heart. You know that, right?"

Satisfied, Rose's scowl softened into a smile. "Hmm, that's better," she murmured, though her mind still simmered with jealousy.

Ryan's gaze lingered on the stunning figure across the room before flicking back to Rose. He couldn't help but marvel at Lily's beauty. Beautiful felt like an understatement. In his mind, he had never realized just how captivating she was. A sly grin crept onto his face as a new thought took root. If only I could have her, even just once...

The more he watched her, the more his hidden, predatory nature stirred. A glint of desire flashed in his eyes. After all, I'm already her boyfriend in name. Shouldn't I be entitled to certain privileges?

As these thoughts swirled in his mind, he smirked to himself. This is going to be interesting.

"I don't know," Rose mumbled beside him, snapping him out of his reverie. Her voice carried frustration, and she tugged at his arm. But Ryan gently removed her hand, taking a step back.

"Rose, keep a little distance for now," he said, his tone measured.

She frowned. "Why?"

Chapter 19:

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With a helpless shake of his head, he replied, "Lily is here, Rose. She might misunderstand if she sees us like this, and all our plans could fall apart."

Rose's scowl deepened, but she relented. "Fine," she muttered.

Ryan's expression softened into a practiced smile. "Always remember, I love you," he said, his voice dripping with sincerity,

A faint blush rose to Rose's cheeks. She cast a glance toward Lily, thinking. It doesn't matter how beautiful you are. The man you want only loves me.

Ryan, however, smirked inwardly. Women in love are fools, he mused. Even the sharpest and most cunning ones lose all sense when they fall for someone. That was exactly how he saw Rose. He had known her since childhood and understood her deeply. Their families shared a close bond, and he cared for her in his own way. But to him, that didn't mean she would be the only woman in his life.

The others were mere distractions, fleeting pleasures. Rose, however, was different. He envisioned her as a permanent fixture-a woman who was beautiful, cunning, and ruthless, yet loyal and obedient. She fit perfectly into his plans for the future.

Meanwhile, Morgan and Casey made their way toward Lily. The sight of her had disrupted their carefully curated evening. Morgan's anger simmered, but he restrained himself, knowing he couldn't afford an outburst here.

Lily watched them approach, a smirk tugging at her lips. She knew exactly why they were upset, and she relished their discomfort. Let's see how they handle this.

When they finally reached her, she greeted them with a sweet smile. "Father, Mother," she said warmly.

Their faces paled, and Morgan quickly hushed her. "Lily, not so loud," he whispered harshly. "What are you doing here?"

Casey's tone was sharper. "Why are you dressed like this? Didn't I tell you to keep your beauty hidden?" Her eyes betrayed her true feelings. She couldn't stand the thought of this orphan upstaging her own daughter.

Tears welled up in Lily's eyes. "I knew it," she said, her voice trembling. "Mother, Father, you don't love me anymore. You don't want me here."

Morgan panicked at her reaction. "Of course not, Lily," he said hastily. "That's not what we meant. It's just that your identity must remain a secret. You understand that, don't you?"

Lily nodded slowly. "Oh, I see. But why are you hiding it?" she asked, her tone innocent yet probing.

Her question made Morgan's head ache. She's never questioned us like this before. Why now? He sighed heavily. "Lily, your life could be in danger if the truth comes out."

"I understand, Father. But how long are you going to hide me? Sooner or later, people will find out that I'm the eldest daughter of the Miller Family. Why am I the only one who has to stay hidden? What makes my life more dangerous than anyone else's?" Her voice carried a mixture of hurt and defiance.

Casey interjected sharply. "We'll talk about this at home when there's no one around. For now, listen to me and leave.

Lily bit her lip, her head bowing slightly. "Okay," she whispered. She turned and began walking toward the door, her steps slow but deliberate.

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Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

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

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As Lily began walking toward the exit, the atmosphere in the Miller Family gathering shifted. Some members appeared pleased, others confused, while Ethan and Mr. Parker exchanged troubled glances.

"Ethan, looks like your wife is planning to leave," Mr. Parker teased, noticing Ethan's intense gaze fixed on Lily.

Ethan's expression darkened. "If my wife walks out that door today," he said coldly, "you can forget about ever getting a wife yourself."

Feigning despair, Mr. Parker clasped his hands dramatically. "Why do I even put up with this tyrant as my friend?" he lamented to no one in particular. "Don't worry, Ethan. As her boss, I'll personally make sure she stays."

Lily, striding confidently toward the door, concealed a smirk. Today was her moment to assert her rightful position as the eldest daughter of the Miller Family. Morgan and Casey must have thought she'd retreat quietly, but they were gravely mistaken. Every step she took brought her closer to revealing the truth.

In her mind, she silently counted:

Five... Four... Three...

As she neared the exit, a businessman who had been observing her graceful departure turned to Morgan. "Mr. Morgan, who is that young lady?" he asked, intrigued by her poise and elegance. Her demeanor suggested she belonged to a prestigious family.

Before Morgan could answer, a malicious voice interrupted, loud enough for the crowd to hear:

"She's nothing more than a prostitute pretending to be from an influential family, luring wealthy men into her traps.

The words spread like wildfire; and the crowd erupted with murmurs.

"How shameless to show up at an event like this!"

"She's leaving? Good riddance! A woman of such low character has no place here."

"I thought she was someone important. Turns out she's just a gold digger!" "Her dress must be a gift from some rich man. Disgraceful!"

Among the murmuring crowd, Rose inwardly celebrated. It had been her comment that ignited the hateful remarks. Watching the insults pour in, she felt a sense of triumph. Lily wouldn't dare reveal her identity, and this public humiliation was the perfect punishment.

Meanwhile, Ethan's anger reached a boiling point. His clenched fists trembled as he scanned the room, his piercing glare silencing a few murmurs. Standing beside him, Mr. Parker shuddered, feeling the chill in the air. "This is her own family's house," Mr. Parker muttered under his breath, pity evident in his tone. "And they're just letting this happen..."

Lily, however, remained composed, her face devoid of emotion. She knew exactly who was behind this smear-Rose. The insults, though infuriating, were mere distractions. Her focus remained sharp.

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A sudden, thunderous crash shattered the room's tension. The chandelier above the main hall came crashing down, landing mere meters from where Morgan and Casey stood. Startled, the couple screamed, scrambling to safety.

"Father! Mother!" Lily cried, running toward them with genuine concern. The room fell silent.

Father? Mother?

Guests stared in disbelief. What was going on?

"Oh no! Are you hurt?" Lily fussed, her voice laced with urgency. "Rose, Taylor! Why are you standing there like statues? Call a doctor, now!"

Confusion spread through the crowd. Why was she addressing the Miller's as her parents?

Rose, momentarily paralyzed by shock, failed to react. Lily seized the opportunity. "Rose, don't just stand there! Can't you see they're shaken? Prolonged shock can have lasting effects. Do you care so little for Father and Mother?"

The crowd began to murmur again, but this time, curiosity replaced disdain.

Morgan, visibly flustered, waved off the concern. "No need for a doctor. We're fine," he said weakly.

"Thank goodness!" Lily exclaimed with relief, though the glint in her eyes betrayed her amusement. "I was so worried, Father, Mother."

The guests exchanged bewildered looks. The businessman who had inquired earlier stepped forward. "Mr. Morgan, why is this young woman addressing you as her parents?"

"Yes," another chimed in. "I thought she was a prostitute. Why is she claiming to be your daughter?"

The disdainful remarks resumed:

"She's trying to seduce Mr. Morgan, isn't she?"

"How audacious to lie like this in public!"

"Everyone knows Mr. and Mrs. Miller have only two children, Rose and Taylor. Who does she think she is?"

"Her parents must be just as shameless as she is!"

Lily's fists clenched at that final insult. Though she was here to expose the truth, any slight against her real parents stoked a fire in her heart. Nobody, not even this crowd of self-important elites, had the right to speak ill of them. "Enough!" Lily's voice rang out, sharp and commanding, silencing the room. Her usually calm demeanor gave way to a fiery determination that captivated everyone's attention.

"Say whatever you want about me," she continued, her voice unwavering, "but I will not allow a single word against my parents. Not today, not ever!"

Her defiance hung in the air, a stark contrast to the scornful whispers that had dominated moments earlier.

Morgan, standing nearby, felt a jolt of panic. The situation was spiraling out of control, and every word

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from Lily only made it worse. "Lily, please," he tried to interject, stepping forward. "Listen to me

"No, Father." Lily interrupted, her gaze now firmly fixed on him. "Not today."

The room collectively stiffened. Did she just call him Father again?

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Lily turned to the crowd, her voice gaining strength with each word. "You all want to know the truth? Fine. I'll give it to you." She raised a hand and pointed directly at Morgan. "This man," she said with a conviction that made her words undeniable, "is my father."

Gasps rippled through the gathering. Guests exchanged shocked glances, their earlier arrogance replaced by confusion.

"What is she talking about?" someone whispered.

"Is this true? Is she really Mr. Morgan's daughter?" another murmured.

The once-vocal crowd now buzzed with uncertainty.

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