

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

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

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The heavy iron door creaked as it swung open, and Rose was roughly dragged into a dimly lit room by two guards. The cold air smelled of rust and oil, and the faint glint of sharp, sinister tools gleamed under the flickering light of an old bulb.

"Elder sister... please, don't do this! I beg you!" Rose's voice trembled with desperation, her tear-streaked face twisted in fear.

Standing a few feet away, Lily observed her sister with an expressionless face, her arms crossed over her chest. Though she knew this was merely a scene for the cameras, a flicker of satisfaction stirred within her. Seeing Rose in such a vulnerable, terrified state felt... right. Her heart clenched as memories of her own suffering resurfaced—the unbearable pain, the suffocating smoke, the helplessness.

Clenching her fists tightly, Lily took a slow breath, forcing herself to remain composed. This is just a scene, she reminded herself. But if she could draw even a sliver of real fear from Rose in this fabricated scenario, she wouldn't stop herself.

From the shadows, Stella stepped forward, her heels clicking sharply against the concrete floor. Her cold smile was sharp enough to cut glass as she approached Rose, her eyes glinting with malice.

"Hannah," she said softly, her voice dripping with false sweetness. "I'll ask one last time. Are you going to end things with Lucas or not?"

"No!" Rose's voice cracked, but her defiance remained intact. "I love Lucas, and I will never leave him! Never!"

Stella's smile widened into something predatory. "So brave... so foolish."

-She leaned closer, her face mere inches from Rose's. With a cruel gentleness, she cupped Rose's chin, her

nails digging slightly into her soft skin. Then, she placed a mocking kiss on her forehead.

"Very well," Stella said coolly. "You made your choice. Don't blame me for what happens next. Tie her to the chair."

"Yes, Ma'am," one of the guards responded obediently, dragging Rose to an old, rickety wooden chair in the center of the room. Despite her frantic struggling and muffled screams, they managed to secure her wrists and ankles with thick ropes.

"Pour the kerosene," Hannah commanded coldly.

The guards complied, dousing the ropes with a clear, pungent liquid. The smell of kerosene filled the air, sharp and nauseating. A moment later, a small flame danced to life at the end of one rope, its glow casting eerie shadows across Rose's panicked face.

"No... no... please! Stop!" Rose's voice was hoarse as she struggled against her bindings, her wide eyes locked onto the slowly advancing flame.

But her terror wasn't just because of the fire. It was Lily's expression that truly chilled her to the bone. The cold hatred in her sister's eyes was something primal, something terrifyingly real. For a brief moment, Rose forgot this was just a staged scene. In her heart, she felt an unsettling certainty: if this were real, Lily wouldn't hesitate to let those flames consume her.

The fire crackled closer, and Rose's screams echoed through the dark room, mingling with the flickering light and the suffocating scent of smoke.

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Lily stood frozen, her eyes locked on the flames inching dangerously close to Rose. Though she knew the fire was fake, part of her wished it were real—that Rose would truly suffer the way she once had. Her fists clenched involuntarily, and for a brief moment, the line between reality and acting blurred in her mind.

Everyone on set sensed something was off. It was time for Lily to deliver her next line, but she stood still, as if rooted to the spot. Director Young and Mia exchanged nervous glances. While her expression matched the scene perfectly, something in her eyes seemed... too real.

Just as Director Young was about to call for a cut, Lily finally spoke.

"Pour all the cold water over her!" Her voice was sharp, cutting through the heavy silence.

The assistant holding the bucket of ice water sighed in relief and quickly stepped forward. Without hesitation, he tilted the bucket, letting the freezing water cascade over Rose's trembling form.

Rose let out a sharp scream as the icy water drenched her, the shock sending shivers through her entire body.

Lily's cold voice followed, each word carrying weight. "This is just the beginning, my dear little sister." Her gaze lingered on Rose's quivering figure before she turned to the guards. "Keep torturing her until she agrees to leave Lucas. And remember, do not touch her."

"Cut!" Director Young's voice echoed across the set.

The tension in the room shattered as applause erupted. Crew members moved quickly to assist the actors. Ryan rushed forward with a large towel, wrapping it carefully around Rose, while an assistant handed her a steaming cup of hot chocolate.

Mia intercepted Lily as she walked off set, gently grabbing her hands and guiding her to a nearby chair. She handed her a bottle of water and asked softly, "Lily, are you alright?"

Lily took a sip, her hands slightly trembling. "I'm fine, Sister Mia," she replied, her voice steady but distant.

She wasn't fine. For a brief moment during that scene, her desire for revenge had consumed her entirely. The thought of Rose burning alive had felt... satisfying. And that scared her. Revenge was a poison, one that could consume her if she let it.

But she wouldn't let herself be swallowed by it. Her revenge would be precise and calculated. She would strip Rose of everything she held dear-her wealth, her status, her fame, her love.

Taking a deep breath, Lily pushed those thoughts aside and focused on something else-Ethan. The thought of him brought a soft smile to her lips, and she clung to it as an anchor.

By evening, the shoot had wrapped up. Ethan was already waiting outside in his car. Lily and Mia slipped into the backseat discreetly.

The drive was quiet, though Mia fidgeted nervously the entire way. Her mind was clearly elsewhere.

When they arrived at the restaurant, Mia hesitated as they stepped out of the car. Lily noticed her pale face and asked, "Sister Mia, are you okay?"

"Actually, Lily, my stomach-" Mia started to make an excuse, but Ethan's smooth voice interrupted her.

"Lily, Sister Mia, let's go."

Mia swallowed her words and sighed. With a resigned expression, she followed the couple into the

restaurant.

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The restaurant Ethan had chosen for dinner was one of the finest establishments owned by the Ethan Group. A private dining room had been reserved and

elegantly decorated for their arrival. The manager personally guided them to their room with a warm smile.

Inside, Parker was already waiting. "Sister-in-law," he greeted with a bright smile as Ethan and Lily entered.

Lily returned his smile and took a seat beside Ethan. Mia was just about to sit next to Parker when her phone rang.

"Excuse me," she said quickly and stepped out to take the call. "Hello, Mom?"

Before she could say another word, an overly excited voice called from behind her. "Baby!"

Startled, Mia spun around to find James standing there with his signature grin. Her shoulders slumped, and she sighed heavily. "Why me..."

"Baby, I'm back! Did you miss-"

"Shh!" Mia hissed, covering his mouth with her hand.

"Mia? What was that?" her mother asked over the phone.

"N-nothing, Mom! I'm just having dinner with Boss, Mr. Ethan, and Lily," she stammered, glaring at James.

"But dear, I heard someone calling you 'baby'?"

"Hehe, Mom, you must've misheard. He was talking to someone else," Mia said awkwardly.

James smirked under her hand and-to her horror-licked her palm.

"Ew!" Mia yanked her hand away and wiped it furiously on James's shirt. "Are you stupid?"

"Dear? Are you speaking to me like that?" her mother asked.

Mia froze, realizing her mother thought she was being scolded. "No, no, Mom! I wasn't talking to you!"

James leaned closer. "Mother-in-law, she was-"

"Mom, Boss is calling me! I'll talk to you later, bye!" Mia cut him off and ended the call.

She glared at James, who stood there with a pout. "Baby, why didn't you let me talk to my mother-in-law?"

"Mother-in-law, my foot! James, stop with your nonsense!"

James clasped his hands over his heart dramatically. "Baby, I'm back after months! Is this how you treat me? Didn't you miss me?"

"No. Not even a little," Mia snapped, her irritation clear.

James opened his arms wide. "Baby, don't be so cruel. Come on, give me a hug!"

Mia took a deep breath and pinched the bridge of her nose, praying for patience.

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stomping on his foot and turning sharply towards the private dining room.

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"Ow!" James winced but quickly recovered, amusement dancing in his eyes as he watched her retreating figure. With a playful smirk, he followed after her, hands casually tucked into his pockets.

"My dear future wife! My darling Mia, wait for me!" James called out dramatically, grabbing her wrist before she could escape.

Mia spun around, her eyes blazing with irritation. "James, what is your problem? Why do you insist on clinging to me like this?"

James raised his hands in surrender, though his grin remained firmly in place. "Alright, alright. Calm down, Mia. Let me explain-

"Don't call me Mia like we're close!" she snapped.

"Okay... baby?"

Mia's eyes narrowed dangerously. "Don't call me that either!"

James tapped his chin, pretending to think. "Hmm... honey? Sweetheart? Cupcake? Babygirl?"

"Stop!" Mia barked, exasperated. "Just call me Mia and nothing else. Got it?"

"Sure thing... baby," James said with an innocent smile.

Mia groaned and rubbed her temples. She knew this was how it would go; James was incorrigible.

"Look, Ethan is already married. Don't you think it's time we tie the knot too?" James teased, leaning closer.

Mia pointed a stern finger at him. "Don't you dare say anything ridiculous in front of Lily, or I swear-"

"What will you do, baby?" James smirked as he closed the distance between them.

Mia's face flushed crimson. Her voice wavered as she stuttered, "I-I'll... I won't let you get away with it!"

James leaned in, his voice a husky whisper. "Then don't ever let me go, Mia." Before she could react, he playfully nipped at her earlobe.

Mia froze, her body going rigid as if struck by lightning. Her face turned scarlet, and she shoved him away with all her strength. "You... you... you're impossible!" she stammered before bolting towards the dining

room.

Once inside, Mia leaned against the door, clutching her chest as she tried to calm her racing heart. "Why does he affect me like this? Ugh, Mia, you're such an idiot!" she muttered to herself.

She risked a glance behind her and saw James still standing in the hallway, a cheeky grin plastered on his face. She shot him one final glare before taking a seat next to Parker, who was deep in conversation with Ethan.

Moments later, James strolled into the room confidently. Lily glanced at the newcomer with curiosity as he took the seat beside Mia.

James was tall, almost matching Ethan in height, with sharp features and a charming aura that made him immediately likable. Where Ethan exuded a cold, domineering presence, James was warm and effortlessly

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charismatic.

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"Hello, beautiful sister-in-law," James greeted Lily with a bright smile. "I'm James, Ethan's best friend... and Mia's future husband."

Mia choked on her water, coughing violently. "You absolute idiot!" she sputtered under her breath.

Lily froze for a second, her expression caught between amusement and surprise. Parker blinked, momentarily stunned. "Uh... am I missing something here? Did I wander into a soap opera?"

Ethan, on the other hand, remained unfazed, calmly sipping his tea as if he had fully expected this chaos.

Mia buried her face in her hands, silently vowing to strangle James later. Meanwhile, James simply grinned like a mischievous child who had successfully caused mayhem.

The atmosphere in the room shifted into one of lighthearted amusement, and even Mia couldn't help but crack a small smile despite her embarrassment. James, as always, had managed to make his presence unforgettable.

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Mia felt the weight of everyone's gaze on her. The air caught in her throat as James's words rang out, leaving her momentarily speechless. Future wife? Not in a million years!

She lifted her head, her eyes shooting daggers at James, who had the audacity to flash her a smug smile. Before she could set the record straight, Lily's voice chimed in. "Sister Mia, why didn't you tell me about this?" she asked, her tone accusatory.

"Yeah, Mia! When did this happen? I'm your boss. Shouldn't I have been the first to know?" Parker pouted, crossing his arms for dramatic effect.

Lily wasn't about to back down. "Brother Parker, I'm her little sister. If anyone deserves to know first, it's me! Isn't that right, Sister Mia?"

"No way! As her boss, I have more authority here," Parker argued. "Mia, how could you hide something so big from us? When were you planning to tell us about your relationship?"

Mia wanted to cry but found herself too overwhelmed to shed a single tear. Relationship? What relationship? There has to be a relationship for me to announce one!

Her glare snapped back to James, her frustration clear. This is all his fault! He was the one who started this mess with his absurd claims. James, catching her deadly look, merely smiled and even had the audacity to wink at her.

Just as she opened her mouth to clear the air, she was cut off. "Sister-in-law, my baby's just a little shy. That's why she hasn't told you anything," James interjected smoothly, pinching her cheek with an affectionate grin. "Baby, now that everyone's here, don't you think it's time we announce our relationship officially?"

Mia stared at him, utterly flabbergasted. "What relationship are you even talking about? James, stop spouting nonsense!" she snapped, finally finding her voice. Turning to the others, she clarified, "Lily, Boss, you've got it all wrong. There's nothing-absolutely nothing-between me and this lunatic!" She jabbed a finger in James's direction.

"Baby, don't be so harsh," James pouted, pointing at himself. "This 'lunatic' happens to be your future

husband."

"Shut up, James!" she barked, her patience hanging by a thread.

Ignoring her protests, James turned to Lily. "Sister-in-law, don't you think Mia and I make the perfect couple? Doesn't it seem like she was handcrafted by God just for me?"

Mia couldn't stop herself from nodding, though her expression was anything but agreeable. "For once, James, I actually agree with you. God really did make someone for everyone."

James's eyes sparkled. "Baby, you agree with me? Finally!" His excitement was short-lived as Mia delivered the punchline.

"But the person God made for you is a psychiatrist. Trust me, James, you desperately need one. Get your empty head checked and stop building these ridiculous fantasies!"

James froze. "..." His future wife's sharp tongue had struck again.

James refused to give up, his persistence unshaken. "Come on, baby. Don't be like that. We're among family here. You don't need to make excuses. No one's going to tease you." He boldly reached for her hand and

kissed it

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Mia yanked her hand back, her glare intensifying. "You...!" she fumed before sighing in exasperation. "Forget it. Talking to you is pointless."

Lily and Parker were thoroughly entertained as they watched the lively exchange between Mia and James. Initially, Lily had been caught off guard when James introduced Mia in such a bold manner, but the more she observed their playful banter, the more endearing it seemed.

James and Mia actually made a surprisingly good match, she mused. Smiling softly, she tugged at Ethan's sleeve and asked, "Ethan, don't you think they'd make a great couple?"

Ethan turned to her, his eyes warm as he leaned down to kiss her cheek. "They do, but no one can beat us. We're the best-looking couple," he teased.

Lily grinned and returned his kiss. "Of course, we are!" she said with a playful sparkle in her eyes.

While the two shared their tender moment, Parker looked on, feeling increasingly left out. Surrounded by couples and their unintentional displays of affection, he sighed inwardly. Why am I the only single one here? He resolved right then and there that he would find himself a partner soon-someone to end his lonely streak and save him from constantly being fed this "dog food" by his friends.

Dinner that evening was a delightful affair. The food was excellent, and the ongoing banter between James and Mia added a lighthearted charm to the atmosphere. Amidst the laughter, Lily also learned more about James and his

efforts to uncover the truth behind her mysterious birth. Unfortunately, there hadn't been much progress on the investigation, leaving her feeling a bit disheartened.

Sensing her disappointment, everyone quickly rallied to cheer her up, showering her with encouragement and support. By the end of the meal, her spirits had lifted again, and the evening concluded on a high note.

As the group prepared to leave, Parker climbed into his car, heading off into the night. James, ever the persistent one, insisted on driving Mia home. Naturally, Mia flatly refused, but with everyone else urging her to accept, she eventually gave in, albeit reluctantly.

Watching the pair walk toward James's car, Lily couldn't hide her happiness. It was clear to her that James genuinely liked Mia, and she felt deep down that her sister deserved someone like him-someone who could match her fiery personality with unwavering devotion.

Determined to help the two get closer, Lily silently vowed to create more opportunities for them. Who knows? With a little push, they might someday become a couple as harmonious as she and Ethan.

As the night wore on, Ethan noticed her growing tired. "Feeling sleepy?" he asked softly.

Lily nodded, leaning her head against his shoulder. "A little," she admitted, her voice tinged with contentment.

Ethan smiled, scooping her up effortlessly into his arms. "Let's get you home," he said, carrying her toward their car.

As they left, the evening's joyful moments lingered in her mind, a perfect end to a warm and memorable gathering.

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Inside the car, Mia pressed her forehead against the cool window, staring at the passing scenery. She was doing her best to tune out James's relentless chatter, which filled the confined space like an endless loop of a cheesy love song.

James had a knack for getting under her skin, and tonight was no exception. Every time he was around, it felt like his sole purpose was to drive her up the wall. And right now, his words were doing exactly that.

"Baby, do you know what I realized while I was away these past two months? A single second without you feels like a thousand years of longing," he said dramatically.

Mia rolled her eyes but didn't reply.

"Baby, when I'm apart from you, all I do is think about you. And when I'm with you,

all I know is that I love you," he continued with an exaggerated sigh, glancing at her with hopeful eyes.

Still, silence.

"Baby, the only person in my heart is you. And I know I'm the only person in yours."

Mia bit back a groan. In my heart? You're not even on my radar.

"Baby, you're like my most precious treasure..."

And you, James, are like a treasure I'd happily bury six feet underground, Mia thought, her lips twitching in irritation.

"Baby, why are you ignoring me? Are you upset? Did I do something wrong?" he asked, leaning closer, his tone dripping with concern. "Baby, why won't you talk to me?"

Mia sighed deeply. Why, God? Why me?

"Baby-"

"James," she interrupted, her voice sharp. "I'm not upset. I just need you to stop talking! Can you please do that?"

James blinked, momentarily stunned. "Oh! I thought you were upset because of me. Phew, what a relief!" he said, his grin quickly returning. "Anyway, baby, don't you think it's time we went on our first date?"

Mia stared at him, her patience wearing thinner by the second.

"I've already planned everything, baby. All you need to do is say 'yes,' and I promise you it'll be the most amazing date of your life," he rambled on, clearly undeterred by her silence.

Mia let out another heavy sigh.

His smile faded slightly, and he tilted his head, concern creeping into his voice. "Baby, are you okay? You've been sighing a lot. Are you not feeling well? Should I take you to the hospital? Or maybe I should call a doctor for you? Baby-"

"James, STOP!" Mia finally exploded, clutching her head in frustration. "For the love of God, just stop being so annoying!"

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furrowed in concern.

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Mia shot him a withering glare. Worried? More like the source of all my problems! She resisted the urge to yell again, instead opting for silence, hoping it would save what was left of her sanity.

Seeing the genuine concern on James's face, Mia felt a flicker of doubt in her heart. She knew he was kind, thoughtful, and someone she cared about. Yet, one lingering question held her back, preventing her from fully stepping toward him.

She sighed, glancing at his worried expression. "My head hurts," she murmured. "Can you please be quiet for a while?"

James immediately nodded, his usual chatter replaced with silence. "Okay, baby," he said softly, focusing on

the road ahead.

Mia leaned back into her seat, closing her eyes. The tension in her mind slowly eased as the soothing melody of soft music filled the car. A small smile tugged at her lips. Without realizing it, she drifted off into a peaceful sleep.

When she woke up, the surroundings were dark, and she quickly realized they had already reached her home. Glancing at her phone, she was surprised to see it was past 11 p.m.

"James, why didn't you—" she started to ask, but her words trailed off when she turned to look at him.

James was asleep in his seat, his head tilted slightly toward her. His hand gently held hers, as though afraid to let go even in his sleep. The sight softened her heart. In that moment, he looked so vulnerable, almost childlike.

Shaking her head, she smiled faintly. Leaning closer, she gave his shoulder a light shake. "James, wake up," she called gently.

He stirred, letting out a yawn before his eyes fluttered open. "Baby, you're awake,"

he murmured groggily, a lazy smile spreading across his face.

Mia raised an eyebrow. "Why didn't you wake me up when we got here?" she asked, her tone tinged with exasperation.

James stretched slightly and grinned. "I wanted to, but you looked so peaceful. I couldn't bring myself to wake you. Besides," he teased, "I didn't want to interrupt your beautiful dreams about me."

Mia rolled her eyes. "For the record, I wasn't dreaming about you," she retorted, though her cheeks flushed faintly. "Anyway, thanks for dropping me off."

James opened his mouth to say something but hesitated, letting out a quiet sigh instead. Deep down, he didn't want her to leave. But he knew if he asked her to stay, he might push her further away.

Mia opened the car door but stopped midway, turning back to face him. Her expression was serious. "James, do you love me?"

Her unexpected question made James's heart leap. His eyes brightened as he sat up straighter. "Of course, baby. I love you so much," he said eagerly.

Mia shook her head slightly. "No, James. I mean, do you really love me? Or is this just because of that incident?" she asked, her gaze searching his.

At the mention of "that incident," a warm smile spread across James's face.

Instead of answering right away,

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he reached for her hand and placed it over his chest.

"Feel that?" he asked softly.

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Mia's fingers rested against his chest, and she could feel the rapid thudding of his heartbeat. Her own cheeks. warmed as a blush crept over her face. Slowly, she nodded.

"This," James said earnestly, "is the effect you have on me. I loved you even before that incident, and I love you even more now. No matter what, I'll love you in the future too. That's a promise."

Mia opened her mouth to respond but hesitated.

"Baby, please," James continued, his voice tender. "Give me a chance. Let me show you how much I care for you."

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"Baby, please," James continued, his voice tender. "Give me a chance. Let me show you how much I care for you."

For a moment, silence filled the car. The seconds felt like hours to James as he watched her, his heart pounding with nervous anticipation. Finally, Mia nodded shyly.

"Okay... James," she whispered. "I'll give you a chance. But please, don't break my heart." James's face lit up with a mixture of relief and joy. "Never, baby," he promised,

pulling her into a gentle hug. He pressed a kiss to her forehead and whispered, "I'll never hurt you."

After a few more moments, Mia stepped out of the car, glancing back one last time before heading inside.

James leaned back in his seat, a triumphant smile spreading across his face. He couldn't believe it-Mia had finally agreed to give him a chance. His heart soared with excitement and determination. This is just the beginning, he thought, driving away in the best mood he'd been in for months.

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

Finished

James vividly recalled the first time he met Mia. Before that encounter, he had already heard plenty about her from Parker. But truthfully, he wasn't particularly interested. She was just another name, another person in the vast sea of Parker's acquaintances.

However, the moment he actually met her, everything changed. There was something about Mia that immediately captured his attention. It was like being drawn to a flame-irresistible, magnetic, and all-consuming.

What fascinated him the most was her fiery personality. He loved the way her face lit up in irritation whenever he teased her or the sharp, fierce glint in her eyes when she yelled at him. But what truly melted his heart was her blush. That delicate, rosy flush on her cheeks whenever he said something cheeky was nothing short of enchanting.

James had been in relationships before, but nothing compared to what he felt for Mia. With her, everything seemed brighter, as if the entire world revolved around her presence. He didn't know when it happened, but somewhere along the way, he realized she wasn't just someone he liked-she was the one he loved.

For the longest time, James kept his feelings to himself. He didn't want to rush things or scare her away. But after that night, everything changed. Even now, he wasn't entirely sure how it all unfolded, but he was grateful for it because it brought them closer than ever.

It all started at a party Parker hosted to celebrate the success of his entertainment business. That evening, James drank far more than he should have, and the details of what happened became blurry. But the next morning, he woke up to find Mia sleeping beside him.

From that day on, James made it his mission to stay close to her. He wanted to be there for her, to protect her, and to find a way into her heart. And now, she had

finally given him a chance-a chance he was determined to make count. James vowed to do everything he could to prove his love to her and win her over completely.

The next morning, Lily dressed in a casual yet stylish outfit: white jeans paired with a pink floral top. She tied her hair into a loose, messy ponytail and grabbed her purse. Ethan, as always, insisted on dropping her off.

Before leaving, he held her close and kissed her thoroughly, as if to make sure she wouldn't forget him for even a second. "I'll see you later," he said with a grin, his mood noticeably lifted as he drove off.

Lily entered the coffee shop they had agreed upon and immediately spotted Mira seated at a corner table. She walked over with a polite smile. "Hello, Miss Mira. I'm Lily," she said warmly.

Mira returned the smile, gesturing for her to sit. "Miss Lily, please have a seat."

A waitress soon arrived to take their orders. As they waited for their drinks, Lily took a moment to study the woman sitting across from her.

Mira, Leon's fiancée, had a natural elegance about her. Her beauty wasn't loud or ostentatious, but it carried a quiet grace that made her stand out. There was something serene in her demeanor, as though she was entirely confident in herself and her place in the world.

The conversation between the two women began on a cordial note, but Lily couldn't help but wonder what lay beneath the surface. What kind of person was Mira, really? And how much did she know about Leon's involvement in everything that had been unfolding?

"Leon mentioned that you wanted to meet me?" Lily asked. her tone polite yet curious.

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Mira offered a warm, professional smile and nodded, "That's correct, Miss Lily. I'm not one for beating around the bush, so I'll get straight to the point. Would you be interested in partnering with me for a business venture?"

Lily blinked, slightly taken aback. "A business venture?" she echoed, unsure where this was going.

Mira chuckled softly, sensing her surprise. "Yes. You see, I know that you're LX, Miss Lily. I've admired your designs for a long time, and I was wondering if you'd be interested in collaborating with me."

Lily's eyes narrowed slightly, a mix of surprise and intrigue flashing across her face. "You know that I'm LX?" she asked. While she had anticipated the possibility of Mira wanting to discuss LX, she hadn't expected her to deduce her identity so accurately.

Mira nodded confidently. "It was mostly an educated guess," she admitted. "But now that you've confirmed it, I'm glad I was right. You've been the only person seen wearing LX's designs publicly, and each time, it created an undeniable buzz. Your designs are distinct-unique, captivating. They caught my attention immediately."

She leaned forward slightly, her voice softening as she continued, "I became curious, so I did some research. While LX has kept a low profile, the patterns and connections pointed back to you. It wasn't easy, but eventually, everything lined up."

Lily nodded slowly, genuinely impressed. "That's quite resourceful of you," she said with a faint smile. Her mind briefly wandered to her past life, where her LX brand had been taken over by Rose, stripping her of the creative control she had once cherished.

"So, what do you think of my proposal?" Mira asked, her composed exterior betraying none of the nervousness she felt inside. While she appeared calm, her heart was racing. Ever since she discovered LX's identity, she had been determined to approach Lily and convince her to collaborate. Mira had been deeply moved by LX's designs and felt compelled to create something extraordinary together.

After a moment's consideration, Lily smiled. "I'd love to work with you, Miss Mira," she replied, sealing the partnership.

Mira exhaled quietly, relieved and overjoyed by Lily's acceptance. Trying to keep her excitement in check, she nodded. "Thank you, Miss Lily. I've already thought about some ideas for the studio," she began, her tone filled with enthusiasm.

Lily gestured for her to continue. "I'm listening," she said.

Mira leaned forward slightly, her expression lighting up. "I propose that we open a studio and a retail space where we can showcase and sell your designs. I've scouted several potential locations for this project. These spaces are in high-traffic areas, perfect for drawing in customers and building the LX brand's presence."

Lily listened intently, her brows furrowed in thought. After a few moments of silence, she nodded. "That's a fantastic idea. I think it could work really well."

Encouraged by her agreement, Mira pressed on. "Wonderful! If you're free today, perhaps we could visit some of the locations I've shortlisted?"

Lily smiled. "I'm free today. Let's do it."

With their plans aligned, the two women left the coffee shop together, ready to take the first step toward building a shared vision for their collaboration.

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

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

Finished

Lily and Mira spent the entire day exploring potential locations for their new studio. During this time, they shared stories about their lives, growing closer as they got to know each other better.

Mira had carefully selected all the places they visited, and each option was impressive. Some were located in upscale neighborhoods, while others were in busier areas with high foot traffic. Remarkably, the rental prices for these locations were reasonable, which surprised Lily. She was impressed by how much Mira had already taken care of, making the process smooth and efficient.

After visiting multiple spots, they finally chose a location that both of them loved. It was a spacious two-story building situated on a well-known and bustling street. The location was ideal for their business, and they were thrilled about its potential to attract customers and drive success.

Once they finalized their decision, they spoke with the owner to complete the paperwork. With the formalities out of the way, the building was officially theirs. The excitement of owning their future workspace fueled their discussions about how they would transform the space into their dream design studio.

After much brainstorming, they came up with a plan. The ground floor would serve as a store to display and sell their clothing and designs, while the upper floor would house their creative studio and office. All their designing and tailoring work would take place upstairs, while the downstairs area would showcase their creations for customers.

With their plans set, both Lily and Mira were overjoyed. Just as they were wrapping up their discussion, Mira suddenly paused, struck by an idea.

"Lily, have we thought about a name for our studio?" she asked.

Lily smiled and responded, "I have two names in mind: 'LX Creations' or 'LX Designs. What do you think?"

Mira took a moment to consider the options before her face lit up with a smile. "I think 'LX Designs' has a nice ring to it," she said.

And so, the name of their studio was decided: LX Designs. Satisfied with their decision, they spent a little more time in their newly acquired building before leaving.

Mira had already called her fiancé, Leon, to come and pick her up. Meanwhile, Lily called Ethan, who told her he was on his way.

Curious, Mira asked, "So, who's picking you up?"

Lily hesitated for a moment before replying shyly, "My-umm... my boyfriend."

Mira grinned mischievously. "Ooh, a boyfriend! Who is he?"

"That's a secret," Lily replied with a playful wink.

The two women laughed and began chatting about their love lives, sharing stories about their partners as they waited.

Meanwhile, Ethan was working on his laptop in the backseat of his car as it made its way toward Lily's location. The sun was setting, and the roads leading there were eerily quiet, with barely any vehicles in sight.

Ethan checked his watch and frowned. He didn't want Lily waiting too long, nor could he bear the thought

of delaying their meeting. Turning to his driver he instructed firmly "Drive faster"

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"Yes, sir," the driver responded, picking up speed as they cruised down the road.

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About halfway there, the driver noticed a large car speeding straight toward them in the opposite lane. Alarmed, he pressed the horn repeatedly, but the approaching car showed no signs of slowing down. The loud blaring noise pulled Ethan's attention away from his laptop, his irritation evident as he looked up to reprimand the driver.

But what he saw froze him in place—an out-of-control car was hurtling directly toward them. "Turn left! Now!" he yelled.

The driver instinctively swerved left to avoid the collision, but in his haste, he failed to notice another vehicle speeding in from that direction.

BANG!

The second car rammed into them from behind, forcing Ethan's car off the road. The impact sent their vehicle skidding toward the side of the road before it smashed violently into a large tree.

CRASH!

The front of the car crumpled on impact. The driver slumped over the steering wheel, unconscious and bleeding heavily from a gash on his head. Ethan, though less injured, was disoriented. His head had struck the car window, leaving him bleeding and barely conscious. He blinked, trying to fight off the darkness clouding his vision as he fumbled weakly for his phone.

"Lily..." he murmured faintly before his body gave out, and his surroundings dissolved into silence.

Minutes later, a sleek black car pulled up near the crash site. A man dressed in black stepped out, surveying the wreckage with a whistle. "Boss is going to love this," he muttered, a smug grin spreading across his face.

The road was eerily deserted, leaving the man alone with the wrecked vehicle and its two occupants. He approached the car, peering through the shattered windows.

"Are they dead?" he mumbled, frowning as he noticed the motionless bodies of Ethan and his driver. A bead of sweat formed on his brow. "If they're dead, the boss is going to kill me..."

Unbeknownst to him, Ethan was semi-conscious and could hear fragments of his words, but his body refused to respond. His strength was gone, and his vision dimmed completely as he slipped into unconsciousness.

The man in black crouched and checked their pulses. He sighed in relief upon finding both alive. "Good," he said under his breath, pulling out his phone.

He dialed a number, and a deep, cold voice answered on the other end. "Is it done?"

"Yes, boss. Everything went as planned," the man replied.

"And Ethan? Is he alive?"

"Yes, boss."

"Perfect," the voice chuckled darkly. "Take him to the nearest hospital and stay there. Inform his assistant about the situation. I'll handle the rest."

"Yes, boss."

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The man in black ended the call and got to work, dragging Ethan and his driver out of the wreckage and into his car. Once he arrived at the nearest hospital, he ensured they were admitted and stable before pulling out his phone again.

This time, he called a different number. After a few rings, a sleepy voice answered, "Hello?"

"Your boss has been in an accident," the man said curtly. "He's currently at Life Care Hospital. You might want to check on him."

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

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Lily and Mira stood outside chatting when a car pulled up in front of them. The door opened, and Leon, Mira's fiancé and a popular actor, stepped out. He wore a mask to conceal his identity, avoiding unnecessary attention in public.

"There you are," Leon greeted warmly as he approached. He placed a gentle kiss on Mira's forehead, a small gesture that made her smile. Turning to Lily, he added, "Hi, Lily"

"Hello, Leon," Lily replied politely with a smile.

"Why don't we give you a ride home?" Leon offered, taking Mira's hand in his as he spoke.

Before Lily could respond, Mira giggled and interjected, "Oh, no need! Lily's boyfriend is coming to pick her up." She grinned mischievously and added, "I think we should wait until he gets here."

Leon nodded in agreement. "Of course. It wouldn't feel right to leave her here alone at this hour."

Lily immediately shook her head. "That's really not necessary. You two should go ahead. I'll be fine," she insisted, not wanting to trouble them.

Mira, however, wouldn't hear of it. "No way, Lily. We're staying. It's too late to leave you by yourself, and it won't be long anyway." She turned to Leon for support. "Right, baby?"

Leon gave a small nod, siding with his fiancée. "She's right. We'll wait with you."

Mira smirked playfully. "Besides, maybe I'll get a chance to meet this mysterious boyfriend of yours."

Lily chuckled softly at the teasing. "Sure, if you insist." But as she glanced at her phone, a strange uneasiness settled in her chest. She couldn't explain it, but something felt off. Shaking her head, she tried to push the

feeling aside.

Meanwhile, Assistant Ben was having a rare good evening. The past week had been overwhelming, with Corporations taking on numerous new projects. He had worked tirelessly, often sacrificing sleep, to keep up with the demands of his role. Today, however, felt different. To his surprise, his boss, Mr. Ethan, had allowed him to leave work early. Though Ben liked to imagine it was because his boss genuinely cared for him, the reality was far less flattering-Ethan simply needed to pick up his wife, and no urgent tasks required Ben's attention.

Still, Ben was secretly grateful to Lily for bringing a positive change to the workplace. Since her arrival in Ethan's life, everyone at the Corporations had enjoyed a slightly less stressful environment.

After finishing a simple dinner at home, Ben changed into his pajamas, ready to catch up on much-needed sleep. Just as he was about to climb into bed, his phone buzzed loudly on the bedside table.

Frowning at the interruption, Ben grabbed his phone. The call was from an unknown number. Confused but curious, he answered, "Hello?"

A harsh male voice came through on the other end. "Your precious boss has been in an accident. He's currently admitted at Life Care Hospital."

The words hit Ben like a thunderbolt. "What?!" he nearly shouted, his voice trembling with shock. His hands began to shake as panic set in.

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stared at his phone, his mind racing.

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Assistant Ben stared at his phone in disbelief, his mind racing. The person on the other end had already hung up, leaving him in a state of panic. Shaking himself out of the shock, he hurriedly opened his closer and threw on the first clothes he could grab.

As he ran toward the door, a sudden thought froze him in his tracks. Miss Lily! He slapped his forehead in frustration. How could he forget her? Without wasting another moment, he pulled out his phone and quickly dialed her number. Meanwhile, Lily stood outside with Mira and Leon, anxiously waiting for Ethan to arrive. She had tried multiple times to convince the couple to leave, but they insisted on staying with her. Though she appreciated their company, her growing unease gnawed at her.

Ethan was late-far later than usual. Something didn't feel right.

She pulled out her phone, ready to call him, when it buzzed in her hand. The screen lit up with a name she hadn't expected: Assistant Ben.

Frowning, she answered the call. "Hello, Assistant Ben?"

The voice on the other end was frantic. "M-Miss Lily... It's about the boss. He... He's been in an accident. He's at Life Care Hospital."

For a moment, Lily's world came crashing down. Her breath caught in her throat, and her knees buckled. "W-what?" she whispered, her voice trembling.

"Lily!" Mira cried out, rushing to catch her before she collapsed completely. Leon stepped closer, alarmed by the sudden change in her demeanor.

Clutching Mira's arm for support, Lily pressed the phone back to her ear. "What did you say? Are you sure?" she stammered, desperately hoping she'd misheard.

"Yes, Ma'am. I'm on my way to the hospital now. Please come as soon as you can," Ben's voice pleaded before the line went dead.

Lily's hands trembled, and the phone slipped from her grasp, falling to the ground. Tears welled up in her eyes as she whispered, "Ethan..."

"Lily, what happened?" Mira demanded, her voice filled with concern. "Who was that? Why are you crying?"

Leon placed a steady hand on her shoulder. "Talk to us, Lily. What's going on?"

Choking back a sob, Lily managed to speak through her tears. "Mira... Leon... please take me to Life Care Hospital. Ethan... he's had an accident."

Mira gasped, her hand flying to her mouth in shock. "Oh my God! Leon, let's go. Now!"

Leon nodded without hesitation. "Get in the car," he urged.

Mira guided a distraught Lily into the back seat, settling her safely before climbing in herself. As soon as the doors were shut, Leon started the engine, the car roaring to life as they sped toward the hospital.

In the backseat, Mira held Lily's trembling hand and gently rubbed her back in an attempt to console her. "Don't worry, Lily. Everything will be fine. He'll be okay," she said softly.

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Lily nodded, though tears continued to stream down her face. "Yes... He'll be alright. He has to be." She clung to that hope, repeating it like a mantra in her mind. Please be alright, Ethan. Please.. for me.

The journey felt unbearably long, each second stretching into eternity as Lily prayed silently for Ethan's safety. She was grateful for Mira's comforting presence and Leon's calm efficiency during this terrifying

moment.

The moment the car screeched to a stop in front of Life Care Hospital, Lily didn't wait. She threw open the door and rushed inside, her heart pounding as she searched desperately for any news of Ethan.

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

At the Hospital

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While Ethan and his driver were being treated in the ICU, a strikingly handsome man stood outside the operation theater. His sharp features were accentuated by an impeccably tailored black suit, radiating an aura of authority and menace.

Nearby, the man in black who had brought Ethan to the hospital stood silently in a corner, his head bowed as he awaited further instructions.

"How's the driver?" the suited man asked, his voice calm but laced with an undercurrent of coldness.

"The driver is severely injured, Boss," the man in black replied. "He's being treated in another room."

The suited man nodded thoughtfully. "Find out if he has any family. If he does, send them some money to keep them quiet."

"Yes, Boss," the man in black acknowledged with a slight bow.

"What about the CCTV footage?" the suited man continued, his tone sharper now.

"It's all taken care of. The footage has been completely destroyed. No one will be able to retrieve it," the man in black assured him.

"Good." A satisfied smirk spread across the man's face. He waved his hand dismissively, signaling the man in black to leave. With a respectful bow, the subordinate disappeared down the corridor.

The man's gaze shifted back to the operation theater. A dark chuckle escaped his lips as he muttered under his breath, "Ethan, my dear ex-best friend... Do you like my little welcoming gift? This is just the beginning. The pain you feel now is nothing compared to what's coming."

His eyes gleamed with malice as he whispered, "I'm back, Collins Ethan. The families you hold dear-the Astor's, the Collin's, and the Baldwin's-will all crumble. You destroyed my family, took my father from me, and left me with nothing. You betrayed me, shattered our friendship... and now, you'll pay. Every single one of you will pay."

Clenching his fists tightly, he turned to face the operation theater one last time, his jaw set in determination. Just then, a nurse approached him, holding a clipboard and

pen.

"Excuse me, sir," she began, her tone polite but professional. "Are you related to the patient?"

The man's icy demeanor returned in an instant. "No," he replied curtly, his voice clipped. Without another glance at the theater, he turned on his heel and strode away.

As he walked down the sterile hospital corridor, his thoughts churned with plans for vengeance. Suddenly, he spotted Assistant Ben rushing past him, his face pale with worry. The man paused, a cold smile forming on his lips. This is just the beginning, he thought, his smirk deepening.

He continued down the hallway toward the elevator, his polished shoes clicking against the tiled floor. As he reached the elevator and pressed the button, the doors opened with a soft ding. Just as he was about to step inside, someone collided with him forcefully.

Caught off guard, he stumbled slightly but instinctively reached out to steady the person who had bumped into him. "Are you bli-" he started to snap, irritation flashing in his eyes. But the words froze on his tongue

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It was a woman-young, beautiful, and utterly captivating, even as tears streamed down her face. Her sorrowful expression tugged at something deep within him, a feeling he hadn't experienced in years. For reasons he couldn't explain, he felt an unexpected urge to wipe away her tears.

"Are you alright, Miss?" he asked, his tone softening as he gazed at her.

"I'm sorry, sir," Lily said quickly, her voice trembling. She stepped back, bowing slightly in apology before hurrying past him toward the operation theater.

"Wait, listen—" he called out, raising his hand to stop her. But she was already gone, disappearing down the corridor before he could say another word.

For a moment, he stood frozen in place, staring after her retreating figure. A strange sense of emptiness washed over him, one that lingered long after she had left. Frowning, he shook his head and stepped into the elevator, but his thoughts remained with the woman who had so briefly been in his arms.

He stood frozen, watching her disappear into the hallway. A strange impulse surged within him, compelling him to follow her. But just as quickly, he stopped, realizing the absurdity of his actions.

"What's happening to me?" he muttered under his breath, frustrated with the uncharacteristic pull he felt. His brows furrowed in annoyance as he forced himself to turn away and stepped into the elevator.

After hastily apologizing to the man, Lily hurried toward the operation theater. Her heart pounded as she approached and saw Assistant Ben seated outside, his usually composed demeanor overshadowed by visible

worry.

"Assistant Ben!" she called, breathless from running. "How is he? What's happening?"

Assistant Ben looked up, his expression troubled. "Miss Lily, I don't know the full details yet," he admitted, shaking his head. "When I arrived, I was informed by the hospital staff about Boss's condition. He sustained a serious injury on the left side of his head and has a fractured left shoulder. He's still in surgery."

Lily's breath hitched. "What about the driver?" she asked, her voice trembling. "The driver's injuries are more severe. He's in a separate room being treated," Assistant Ben said, motioning toward another part of the hospital.

Hearing this, Lily felt the strength drain from her legs. She sank into a chair, her face pale and stricken. "Ethan....." she whispered, her voice cracking as tears streamed down her face.

"Miss Lily, please don't cry," Assistant Ben said softly, trying to console her. "Boss is strong. He'll get through this. Everything will be okay." But despite his reassurances, her grief was overwhelming.

Determined to stay composed, Assistant Ben pulled out his phone and began making calls. Within moments, he had informed Ivy, Parker, and James about the accident.

Through her tears, Lily managed to regain a semblance of control. "Assistant Ben," she said, her voice shaking but firm, "please contact the driver's family immediately. Make sure they know we'll cover all medical expenses."

"Yes, Miss Lily," he replied without hesitation.

"Also," she added, wiping her eyes, "ensure that no information about Ethan's accident leaks to the media. Speak with the doctors and staff to guarantee confidentiality."

"Understood," Ben said with a nod, already planning how to execute her instructions.

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As Lily issued these orders, Leon and Mira rushed into the waiting area. Their eyes widened in shock when they recognized Assistant Ben. Known as Ethan's trusted right-hand man and a prominent figure in the business world, his presence confirmed their suspicions about the identity of the man in the operation theater.

Mira immediately hurried to Lily's side, sitting down next to her. She gently clasped her friend's trembling hands. "Lily, we're here for you," she said softly, her voice filled with concern. "Ethan is strong. He'll pull through."

Lily nodded weakly, grateful for their support but unable to stop her tears. Assistant Ben, seeing that she was not alone, excused himself to carry out the tasks she had assigned.

A nurse approached moments later, holding a clipboard. "Excuse me, are you a family member of the patient?" she asked politely.

Lily stood, her legs still unsteady. "Yes," she said firmly, her voice steady despite the tears. "I'm his wife."

The nurse nodded. "Please come with me, ma'am. There are some forms that need to be completed."

Without hesitation, Lily followed the nurse, her focus entirely on Ethan's well-being. She didn't notice the stunned expressions on Leon and Mira's faces.

"Wife?" Mira whispered, turning to Leon with wide eyes.

"She's Zhang Ethan's wife?" Leon repeated, equally astonished.

The revelation left them both speechless. Lily, the woman they had known as an actress, stood, her legs still unsteady. "Yes," she said firmly, her voice steady despite the tears. "I'm his wife."

The nurse nodded. "Please come with me, ma'am. There are some forms that need to be completed."

Without hesitation, Lily followed the nurse, her focus entirely on Ethan's well-being. She didn't notice the stunned expressions on Leon and Mira's faces. "Wife?" Mira whispered, turning to Leon with wide eyes.

"She's Zhang Ethan's wife?" Leon repeated, equally astonished.

The revelation left them both speechless. Lily, the woman they had known as an actress and friend, was married to the illustrious Ethan, one of the most powerful men in the country.

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

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

** Finisher

After completing all the necessary formalities, Lily returned to the waiting area and sat quietly next to Mira. Closing her eyes, she clasped her hands together, silently praying for Ethan and the driver's recovery.

Every passing minute felt like an eternity, and her heart pounded erratically with worry. Sitting outside the operation theater, it seemed as if time itself had come to a halt. The anxiety was unbearable, and with each tick of the clock, her fears grew.

As she sat there, Lily's thoughts spiraled, leading her to a profound realization—her love for Ethan was deeper than she had ever imagined. It wasn't just affection or admiration; it was an all-encompassing, soul-deep connection. She couldn't imagine a life without him. The thought of losing him made her feel like the ground beneath her was slipping away.

In her past life, she had loved Ryan, or so she thought, but that love paled in comparison. What she felt for Ethan was incomparable. He had brought a wholeness to her life that she never knew was missing. With him, she felt truly alive.

As she reflected, Lily realized how fragile life could be. Waiting outside the operation theater, she learned a valuable lesson: when you love someone, you should never hesitate to tell them. Life was unpredictable, and the chance to express your feelings might not always come again.

She felt fortunate that Ethan's injuries weren't life-threatening, but all she wanted now was for him to open his eyes. She wanted to hold him close and confess how much he meant to her. She wanted him to know that he wasn't just her husband; he was her world.

A little while later, familiar voices filled the waiting area. James, Parker, Mia, and Ivy arrived, their faces etched with worry. Assistant Ben approached them and quickly brought them up to speed on Ethan's condition. The group then made their way to Lily.

"Sister-in-law, are you okay?" Parker asked gently.

Lily nodded faintly, her eyes never leaving the operation theater doors. "I'm fine," she replied softly, though her voice lacked strength.

Ivy, the youngest of the group, couldn't hold back her tears. She rushed forward and hugged Lily tightly. "Sister-in-law," she sobbed, "nothing's going to happen to my brother, right?"

Lily pulled back slightly, holding Ivy's tear-streaked face in her hands. "Ivy, don't cry," she said firmly, though her own voice wavered. "Nothing will happen to him."

He's strong. He'll come back to us." She wiped Ivy's tears and gently rubbed her back, trying to comfort her.

Despite her inner turmoil, Lily knew she had to stay strong, not just for herself but for everyone around her. She couldn't let her fear show.

Two hours crawled by, each moment heavier than the last.

"Sister-in-law, are you hungry? Have you eaten anything?" Parker asked, his concern evident.

Lily shook her head. "I'm not hungry, Brother Parker," she said softly. Her mind was far from food; all she wanted was to see Ethan awake and healthy.

"No, she hasn't eaten anything," Mira chimed in, looking pointedly at Parker. "Bring something for her."

"Brother Parker, I really don't want anything," Lily protested weakly. "I can't—"

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Before she could finish, Mia interjected, her tone firm yet caring. "Lily, you need to eat. How do you think Ethan will feel when he wakes up and sees you pale and weak? Do you want him to feel guilty because you neglected yourself?"

Lily looked down, her emotions a storm inside her. "I just don't feel like eating, Sister Mia," she whispered.

Mia sighed but didn't push further. The group exchanged worried glances, knowing they had to support her through this difficult time.

Everyone exchanged glances, letting out an exaggerated sigh. James, with a teasing smirk, finally broke the silence. "Fine, Lily, if you don't want to eat, then don't. But when Boss Ethan wakes up, we'll make sure to tell him that his beloved wife was starving herself because she was too worried about him. Let's see how he feels about that."

Lily blinked, realizing what he was implying, but before she could respond, Mia chimed in. "Jun, let the nurse know we have another patient here-Mrs. Ethan- who seems determined to make herself ill from not eating."

Lily frowned, her resolve breaking. "No, no! I'll eat, okay? I'll eat." Her voice was hurried, and her response drew smiles from everyone around her. She couldn't bear the thought of Ethan waking up only to blame himself for her neglect.

"Good," Parker said with a nod, his expression softening. He and Assistant Ben left briefly and returned with food for everyone. Handing out the packets, they ensured each person had something to eat.

Lily, however, only managed a few bites before setting her food aside. Her focus remained on the door of the operating room, her gaze unwavering. Meanwhile, her left hand rested on Ivy's back, gently rubbing it to provide comfort.

Time seemed to drag endlessly, but about an hour later, the doors to the operating room finally swung open. A doctor emerged, removing his gloves as he approached the group. Lily immediately stood, rushing toward him.

"Doctor, how is he?" she asked, her voice trembling with both hope and fear.

"The patient is stable now," the doctor reassured her. "He suffered a concussion and a fracture in his left shoulder. He's currently unconscious but should regain consciousness in two to three hours."

Lily exhaled deeply, the weight on her chest lifting. "Thank you, Doctor. Thank you so much."

"You're welcome," the doctor replied with a small nod. "He'll be moved to another room shortly, and once that's done, you may see him." With that, he excused himself and left.

Relief washed over Lily, and she felt her knees weaken slightly. Ivy and Mia hugged her tightly, sharing in the relief. Meanwhile, Assistant Ben and James headed to check on the driver's condition, ensuring everything was under control.

Not long after, Ethan was transferred to a VIP room. By then, it was late, and Mira and Leon decided to leave. Lily thanked them sincerely for their support before they departed.

Inside the room, a nurse was present to provide instructions on Ethan's post-operative care. Lily listened attentively, committing every detail to memory before the nurse left.

Taking a seat by Ethan's bedside, she reached for his hand, holding it tightly in hers. She leaned forward, placing a gentle kiss on his forehead. "Thank God you're

okay, Ethan," she whispered, her voice filled with emotion. "I love you so much. Please wake up soon."

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Finished

Now that Ethan was safe, the tension in the air began to dissipate. The atmosphere in the room grew lighter as the group relaxed. Lily remained by Ethan's side, while Parker, Mia, Ivy, and James sat on the couch, chatting quietly about various topics.

The quiet hum of conversation was interrupted when the door suddenly opened. Two figures stepped into the room, their presence commanding attention. The man exuded authority, his posture straight and his gaze sharp, while the woman beside him carried an air of grace and elegance.

Ivy's eyes widened in surprise as she shot up from her seat. "Mom? Dad?" she exclaimed, rushing over to embrace them.

"When did you arrive?" Ivy asked, her voice filled with excitement and relief.

The man, Arthur Collins, looked at his daughter with a faint smile before turning his gaze toward the bed. "How is your brother?" he asked, his tone steady but laced with concern.

At the same time, Beatrice, Ethan's mother, directed her attention to the young woman seated beside the bed. "And who is this lovely young lady?" she asked with curiosity, her eyes warm but inquisitive.

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

Finished

Lily's eyes widened with realization as she took in the presence of her in-laws. Despite the nervous flutter in her chest, she managed to steady herself, forcing a calm expression onto her face. This was not how she had imagined meeting them for the first time-in a sterile hospital room, with her husband lying unconscious on the bed. If Ethan were awake, he would have been her shield, holding her hand and giving her strength to face this moment.

At the start of their marriage, Lily had insisted on keeping their relationship a secret. The constant intrusion of paparazzi and the weight of societal expectations had been too overwhelming to bear. Back then, she wasn't ready to face her in-laws either. But now, things had changed. She was no longer afraid of the world finding out about their marriage. She loved Ethan deeply, and though she still wished for privacy, she was ready to stand by his side, regardless of public opinion.

"Mom, Dad... she... she is..." Ivy stammered, her voice trembling with fear and hesitation. She looked caught between loyalty to her brother and fear of her parents' reaction.

Beatrice, her sharp gaze fixed on her daughter, frowned. "Ivy, why are you stammering? What's going on?" Her attention then shifted to Lily, her eyes narrowing. "Young lady, who are you? And why are you holding my son's hand?"

It was only then that Lily realized she was still clutching Ethan's hand tightly. Slowly, she released it and rose from her seat. Taking a deep breath to steady her nerves, she spoke firmly, "Mr. and Mrs. Collins, my name is Lily. I am Ethan's wife... and your daughter-in-law."

A stunned silence filled the room. Beatrice gasped audibly, while Authur's brows knitted into a deep frown.

"What nonsense is this?" Authur demanded, his voice sharp with disbelief. "Can someone please explain to me what's going on here? Our daughter-in-law? Is this some kind of joke?"

Beatrice turned her piercing gaze to her daughter. "Ivy, is this true? Is this young woman really your brother's wife?"

Ivy hesitated for a brief moment, her lips trembling as she nodded. "Yes, Mom. It's true. She's my sister-in-law."

"Absolutely not!" Authur snapped, his voice booming in the enclosed space.

Before anyone else could speak, James, Ethan's close friend, stepped forward. "Uncle, it's true. Ethan married Lily willingly. She is his wife, your daughter-in-law."

Authur's face turned red with anger. "When did this happen? Why were we kept in the dark? How could something so important be hidden from us?"

Beatrice's voice dripped with icy disbelief. "No. I refuse to believe this. My son would never make such a life-changing decision without informing me. Miss Lily," she said, her tone sharp and unyielding, "I don't know how you manipulated my son into this marriage, but whatever this is-it ends now."

"No!" Ivy cried out, her voice breaking with emotion. "Mom, Dad, please listen to me. Brother loves her. He wasn't forced into anything. He married Lily because he wanted to. He loves her deeply!"

But her words fell on deaf ears. The couple stood firm in their disbelief, their anger and confusion clouding any chance of understanding.

Lily stood silently, her heart aching as she watched the family unravel before her. She knew this confrontation was inevitable, but she hadn't expected it to cut so deenly. All she could do now was stand her

ground and hope that, in time, they would come to see the truth.

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Finished

Authur's expression softened slightly as he addressed his daughter. "Princess, stay out of this. You're still too young to understand." But when his gaze shifted back to Lily, his eyes turned cold. "Young lady, I have no idea how you managed to convince my son into all of this. I don't know your motives, but I suggest you leave right now and stay away from him forever. We will never accept you as our daughter-in-law."

"Dad" Ivy began, but Lily shook her head, silencing her gently.

Turning her attention to her in-laws, Lily spoke with calm determination. "Mr. and Mrs. Collins, I love Ethan with all my heart. I have no ulterior motives, nor did I manipulate him into marrying me. He chose me willingly, just as I chose him. I promise to be a good wife to Ethan and a good daughter-in-law to you. All I ask is for a chance to prove myself."

Beatrice let out a sharp laugh, her voice dripping with disdain. "You? A good wife? A good daughter-in-law? Do you know how many women are out there fighting for the title of Mrs. Ethan? Women far more capable, far more suitable than you. What makes you think you're worthy of our son?"

Lily met Beatrice's piercing gaze without flinching. "Mother-in-law, I know there are women out there who might be more accomplished, more fitting in your eyes. But I can promise you this-no one will ever love Ethan as deeply and sincerely as I do."

Authur scoffed. "You're an actress, aren't you? Do you expect us to believe these melodramatic lines? Let's cut to the chase. Tell me your price."

"Dad, no!" Ivy exclaimed, her voice trembling with disbelief. "They truly love each other. Please don't say such things."

Lily's voice remained steady. "My price, Mr. Collins? What exactly are you asking me to sell?"

"For leaving Ethan. For walking away from him and divorcing him. How much do you want?" Authur said firmly.

A faint smile tugged at the corners of Lily's lips. "Are you certain, Mr. and Mrs. Collins, that you can afford the price I'd ask for?"

The room fell silent, a heavy tension filling the air as everyone stared at her in shock. No one had expected such a bold response from her.

"Sister-in-law, what are you saying?" James, Parker, and Ivy exclaimed almost in unison.

But Lily paid them no attention. Her focus remained solely on her in-laws. "Well, Mr. and Mrs. Collins? Are you prepared to meet my price?"