

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

In Paris

As soon as Lily walked away with her group. Ryan swiftly approached Rose, his face clouded with concern. Gripping her arm gently but firmly, he asked in a hushed, anxious tone. "Rose, did she say anything? Who is he? Who is her husband? Is he here? Is he some rich, powerful, and influential man? Do we know him

Rose raised an eyebrow, her lips curling into a sly smile. "Why are you so flustered, Ryan? Are you planning to compare yourself to her husband? Or are you perhaps jealous?"

Ryan chuckled awkwardly, tapping her forehead lightly with his finger. "Come on, Rose. What nonsense are you thinking? Why would I be jealous of someone insignificant? I was just curious after all, this mysterious husband of hers nearly caused my business to crumble

Rose let out a small sigh, her shoulders relaxing. Tim sorry, Ryan. I shouldn't have doubted your intentions. It's just that... talking to her makes my head ache. I can't stand her attitude!

"I understand," Ryan said softly. "But tell me, did she give you any hints? Is he here?*

Rose shook her head. "No, she said he's not here yet. But Ryan, you know what's strange? She told me that I wouldn't believe her even if she revealed who he is. Doesn't that sound suspicious?"

Ryan's brows knitted together. "She said that? Could he be someone important, someone powerful?"

Rose shrugged casually. I doubt it. Think about it, Ryan. Who is Lily anyway? To the world, she's just the eldest daughter of the Miller Family. She has no fame, no power, nothing. Sure, she's pretty, but apart from her face and her figure, what else does she have to offer?"

Ryan frowned, deep in thought. "Let's wait and see who this mysterious husband is."

"Agreed," Rose said as they turned and walked away.

Meanwhile, across the grand hall, Lily and Mia made their way toward Director Young-

"Good evening, Director Young," they greeted in unison.

The older man's face lit up with a warm smile as he looked at Lily. "Ah, my beautiful actress, Lily! You look absolutely stunning tonight."

"Thank you, Director Young. Lily replied politely with a smile..

"Lily, have you heard about Director Amel Brext? Director Young asked.

Both Lily and Mia nodded.

"Excellent," Director Young said with a chuckle. "Director Amel Brext is an old friend of mine. He's currently working on a new thriller project titled Stabbed. He's been looking for a lead actress, and after seeing your talent, I recommended you to him. He's agreed to have you audition. Would you be interested?"

Lily's eyes sparkled with excitement. "Absolutely, Director Young! Director Amel Brext is such a renowned filmmaker, and being part of his project would be an incredible honor.

Director Young smiled approvingly. "That's the spirit! I'll make the arrangements for your audition. Best of luck, Lily."

With that, Director Young excused himself and moved on to speak with other investors.

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Mia grabbed Lily's arm, practically vibrating with excitement. "Lily, this is HUGE! Director Amel Brext is famous for being incredibly selective. He's a perfectionist! If you land this role, it could skyrocket your career."

Lily smiled shyly. "I hope so, Mia."

"And wait, do you know who's playing the male lead in this film? Mia asked, her voice dropping conspiratorially.

Lily shook her head. "No idea. Who is it?"

Mia's face lit up like fireworks. "Jelf! Can you believe it? THE Jeff! Oh, he's so handsome! Do you know how many actresses dream about working with him? If you get this role, I might faint from excitement just thinking about seeing him on set every day!"

Mia clutched her chest dramatically while Lily laughed, feeling both excited and nervous about the opportunity that had just landed in her lap.

Lily nudged Mia playfully with her elbow, a teasing smile on her face. "Sister Mia, does Big Brother James know about this little rival of his?"

Mia smirked mischievously. "Nope, and you better not tell him! Anyway, that's his problem, not mine"

Both women burst into laughter, their lighthearted giggles filling the space. However, their attention was soon drawn to the entrance as Ethan stepped into the room. His arrival immediately shifted the atmosphere. Every pair of female eyes locked onto him, captivated by his commanding presence.

Ethan exuded a cold and authoritative aura, one that demanded attention and respect. His tailored black suit paired with a deep red tie complemented Lily's dress perfectly, almost as if they had coordinated beforehand. His sharp features and confident stride made him undeniably magnetic, but it was the subtle intensity in his eyes that left an indelible impression on everyone.

Lily's smile faltered slightly as she noticed the open admiration-and borderline infatuation—on the faces of the women around her. But a sense of pride swelled in her chest. That incredible man was hers and hers alone.

Their eyes met across the room, and Ethan's cold expression softened ever so slightly as Lily offered him a radiant smile. Without breaking eye contact, he made his way toward the VIP section, settling into an exclusive corner of the room.

The party soon came alive with lively chatter, music, and clinking glasses. Guests mingled, couples swayed on the dance floor, and the air was filled with the scent

of luxurious delicacies and fine wine. With Ethan nearby, Lily found herself truly enjoying the evening, her earlier anxieties melting away.

After a while, feeling slightly parched, Lily reached for a glass of wine from a passing waiter's tray. But just as she was about to take a sip, she felt an intense gaze on her. Looking up, she saw Ethan watching her with a disapproving frown, shaking his head subtly.

Before she could react, a waitress approached with a polite smile and handed her a glass of juice "Ma'am, this is for you."

Lily sighed softly but accepted the juice with a smile. "Thank you." She exchanged her wine glass for the juice and cast a playful pout in Ethan's direction before walking away.

Ethan's stern expression melted into an amused chuckle as he shook his head. His gaze had been locked onto her from the moment she entered the room, and

he couldn't help but admire how stunning she

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looked in the dress he had personally chosen for her.

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Yet, despite his amusement, a flicker of jealousy bubbled within him. He had noticed the way other men in the room looked at his wife—with undisguised desire, admiration, and envy. It made his chest tighten with possessiveness.

Unable to suppress the impulse any longer, Ethan stood up from his seat. The room fell silent almost instantly. The music stopped, conversations ceased, and every eye turned to him in confusion and curiosity.

Lily froze as she realized he was walking directly towards her. Her heart raced uncontrollably in her chest, her breath catching in her throat. What was he doing? Ethan strode confidently across the floor, his sharp gaze locked onto her. He stopped just a step away from her, his presence overwhelming yet gentle.

The crowd watched with bated breath, questions swirling in their minds. Why was Ethan, a man known for his cold demeanor and disinterest in social interactions, suddenly approaching Lily so publicly?

Without hesitation, Ethan extended his hand towards her and spoke in a deep, smooth voice. "Miss Lily, may I have this dance with you?"

The room buzzed with excitement and curiosity as all eyes remained fixed on the pair standing in the spotlight.

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"Yes," Lily replied softly, her cheeks flushing with warmth as she nodded. Taking his outstretched hand, she allowed herself to be led toward the center of the dance floor. The room seemed to quiet down as they walked, the lights dimming until all that remained was a single spotlight illuminating the two of them.

Ethan moved with confidence, and with a graceful wave of his hand, the music began to play. The melody was gentle and romantic, wrapping around them like an embrace.

Lily froze for a moment, her eyes widening as the first notes reached her ears. The voice in the song was unmistakable. Her chest tightened, and her breath caught as the familiar lyrics floated through the air, evoking a flood of memories she hadn't expected,

We met yesterday yet,

Why does it feel like,

It's been a long time,

Since I met you.....

Now tell me if you know?

How will I live every moment without you?

Baby....

Come stand by my side,

Come and be my guide in life...

Every moment... every second,

I will keep you in my heart.

I'll be what you want me to be,

I give you my love and the whole of my life.

Your smiles are my strength,

And you are my hope.

Even if the whole world is cruel to me,

Your arms are my safe haven.

This soul of my mine,

This body of mine,

This heart of mine,

They are all yours.

Come stand by my side.

Come and be my guide in life....

Every moment... every second,

I will keep you in my heart.

I'll be what you want me to be,

I give you my love and the whole of my life.

Life has become beautiful with you in it,

Where else can I find heaven?

Even pain has become pleasant...

I know I am lost in love,

Your love...

Baby

Come stand by my side,

Come and be my guide in life....

Every moment... every second,

I will keep you in my heart.

I'll be what you want me to be,

I give you my love and the whole of my life.

I am drowned in your love,

What a unique bond we share,

Two souls become one.

We met yesterday yet,

Why does it feel like,

It's been a long time.

Since I met you...

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As the soft melody filled the air, Lily and Ethan moved gracefully across the dance floor, their movements perfectly in sync. The song enveloped them like a warm embrace, and Lily's eyes shimmered with tears as she listened to Ethan's deep, mesmerizing voice.

This song wasn't just any song-it was hers. She had written it recently, inspired by her feelings for Ethan. Every word and note had been crafted with him in mind though she hadn't had the chance to tell him

+ Pearls

about it. Now, hearing him sing it so beautifully, her heart swelled with surprise and joy. More than that, she felt a deep love and admiration for him.

"Why are you crying, love? Is my singing that bad?" Ethan teased, his lips curving into a soft smile.

Lily chuckled, wiping her tears as she shook her head. "No, silly. I love you, Ethan. You have the most beautiful voice in the entire world. In fact, I feel like kissing you right now."

Ethan's eyes darkened with a hint of desire. If it weren't for the dozens of eyes watching them, he wouldn't have hesitated to close the gap between them. Instead, he tightened his hold on her and spun her gracefully, their bodies swaying perfectly to the rhythm.

"So," he asked, steering the conversation to control his emotions, "do you like the female voice in the song?

Lily nodded with a bright smile. "I love it! It's wonderful..." But then her smile faded, and she narrowed her eyes suspiciously. "Wait a second-who is she, my dear husband?"

Catching the jealousy in her voice, Ethan smirked. "Are you jealous?"

"Very much!" she admitted without hesitation.

He laughed softly, enjoying the rare moment of possessiveness from her. "Don't worry, love. She's someone you'll be working with soon. In fact, she's going to help you against Riley."

"Really?" Lily's eyes lit up with excitement. For weeks, she and Mia had been searching for a way to deal with Riley, and now Ethan had already solved the problem. Her happiness was evident as she beamed at him. Sometimes, she couldn't believe how lucky she was to have Ethan in her life.

"Hm," Ethan said with a satisfied smile, pulling her even closer.

While the two were lost in their own little world, the crowd around them could hardly believe what they were witnessing.

"Is this really Ethan?" someone whispered in disbelief.

"I thought he hated being around women. Isn't he supposed to be cold and unapproachable?" another murmured.

"But look at him now! Doesn't he seem like a completely different person?"

"I think they look perfect together," a bystander commented.

"Absolutely," another agreed. "Mr. Ethan and Miss Lily are like a match made in heaven."

"Did you notice their outfits match? It's like they planned it!"

As the murmurs and excited whispers spread through the room, two people in the crowd weren't as thrilled -Ryan and Rose.

Standing off to the side, they exchanged uneasy glances. The more they observed Lily and Ethan together, the more unsettled they felt. Something wasn't right.

"Rose," Ryan began, his voice low, "do you think Lily's husband could actually be-

"Stop!" Rose interrupted sharply, cutting him off before he could finish. Panic flickered in her eyes as she shook her head vehemently. "Don't even think like that, Ryan!"

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But despite her denial, a creeping sense of dread began to take hold in her chest as she continued to watch the couple:

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van's gaze lingered on the dance floor, his eyes narrowing as he watched Ethan and Lily move in perfect harmony. His voice carried a hint of unease as he spoke. "Why? Hearing all these whispers.. I can't help but think they might be right."

Rose's face hardened, her fists clenching at her sides. "No, Ryan. That's impossible. Ethan can't be Lily's husband. There's no way! I refuse to believe it."

Ryan's brows furrowed as he gestured towards the couple. "But look at them. Everyone knows Ethan avoids women like the plague. He's cold, distant... but tonight, he's holding her like she's the most precious thing in the world. Doesn't that seem odd to you?"

Rose's jealousy bubbled to the surface as her voice turned sharp. "Maybe she tricked him. That woman has always been cunning. Don't forget her true nature, Ryan. If Ethan were really her husband, do you think we'd still be standing here, unharmed?"

Ryan paused, her words sinking in. Slowly, he nodded. "You might be right. But still-

"No 'but, Ryan!" Rose cut him off sharply. Her eyes gleamed with suspicion. "This must be one of her games. She's using Ethan to confuse us, to divert our attention. Her real husband must be here somewhere, blending in with the crowd. We just need to keep watching her."

Ryan's lips pressed into a thin line. "Alright, you're right. We'll keep an eye on her. If she interacts with anyone suspicious tonight, we'll know,"

Just then, Rose's phone buzzed in her clutch. She glanced at the screen and frowned. "Ryan, keep watching her. I'll be right back."

Without waiting for his reply, she turned and disappeared through the crowd, her phone pressed to her ear.

Left alone, Ryan's gaze wandered back to the dance floor. The vibrant energy of the ballroom contrasted sharply with the storm brewing inside him. Guests twirled across the floor in pairs, their laughter and joy filling the space. But his attention remained fixed on Lily.

He moved towards the bar, pouring himself a glass of whiskey. Sitting alone, he sipped slowly, his eyes never leaving her. The more he watched her graceful movements and radiant smile, the more his chest tightened with envy.

His mind spiraled into unwanted fantasies-images of himself dancing with her, holding her close, whispering sweet words into her ear. As the alcohol numbed his senses, his imagination grew bolder. crossing lines he knew he shouldn't.

The warmth of the whiskey couldn't ease the fire of jealousy raging within him. His grip on the glass tightened until his knuckles turned white. Then, out of the corner of his eye, he noticed Lily leaning in to whisper something to Ethan before stepping away.

Ryan's gaze sharpened, his intoxicated mind buzzing with curiosity. Without hesitation, he placed the empty glass back on the counter and stood up, his eyes fixed on Lily as she made her way toward the exit.

Whatever was happening, he was determined to find out.

Ryan grabbed a glass of alcohol and quietly followed Lily as she exited the hall. His eyes, clouded with intoxication and twisted desire, stayed fixed on her figure. He noticed she was heading towards the ladies' restroom. Choosing a dimly lit corner in the hallway, he positioned himself like a predator lying in wait for the prey.

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When Lily emerged from the restroom and began walking back toward the hall, Ryan seized the moment. He lunged forward, grabbing her arm and pinning her against the cold wall. The sudden aggression left Lily stunned, her eyes widening in shock.

"You! How dare you touch me, Ryan? Let go of me this instant!" she spat, her voice trembling with fury.

Ryan grimed lazily, the smell of alcohol heavy on his breath. "Lily... baby... you look so fiery when you're angry. So... incredibly... sexy," he slurred, his face inching dangerously close to hers.

"Shut up!" Lily hissed, struggling to free her arms from his iron grip. But no matter how much she twisted and turned, his hold remained unyielding. His reddened face and glassy eyes told her he was completely drunk.

"Let me go, Ryan!" she screamed, glancing desperately down the hallway. But the music from the hall was too loud-no one could hear her.

He chuckled darkly. "Why scream, sweetheart? If you're going to scream, save it for later... when we're alone," he sneered.

Lily's eyes burned with rage. "You're crossing a line, Ryan! Do you know who my husband is? If he finds out, he'll ruin you!"

Ryan let out a hollow laugh. "Your husband? That old man? Come on, Lily. You deserve someone young. someone who can truly satisfy you. Trust me, baby, one night with me and you'll be begging for more. Or... is it about the money? Don't worry, I can pay you too. Just tell me your price."

His words were vile, dripping with arrogance and disrespect. Lily's entire body trembled with anger as she glared daggers at him. "Ryan," she said coldly, "I warned you once before. You didn't listen then, and it seems you're not listening now,"

Summoning all her strength, she lifted her knee to strike him where it would hurt most. But Ryan anticipated the move and swiftly trapped her leg.

"Oh

no, sweetheart," he said mockingly. "You think I'd let you do that twice? Not tonight."

Fear crept into Lily's chest as she realized she was trapped. She thrashed against him, trying to break free, her voice cracking as she shouted for help. "Your lips... they look so soft, so inviting. Ryan muttered as he leaned closer. Just as his face was about to meet hers, a strong hand appeared out of nowhere, blocking his disgusting advance. In an instant, Ryan was yanked backward by his collar and thrown to the ground.

Before he could even comprehend what was happening, a fist connected sharply with his face-once, twice, then again and again. Ryan's screams of pain echoed in the hallway, but the assault didn't stop. The attacker's punches were relentless, filled with unbridled fury.

Through his blurred vision, Ryan caught a glimpse of his assailant-a towering figure radiating wanger.

A deep, chilling voice thundered through the hallway. "How dare you lay a finger on my wife?"

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That was all Ethan could see His vision was clouded with rage, his body surging with uncontrollable fury. He had never been this angry in his entire life. It felt as though a wild beast had taken over, leaving him powerless to stop the storm raging within. His fists slammed into Ryan over and over again, each punch fueled by the searing anger coursing through him.

"How dare you lay a finger on my wife!" Ethan's voice thundered, shaking with raw emotion.

Ryan was defenseless against Ethan's onslaught, his face swelling and bruising rapidly. From the side, Lily stood frozen for a moment, her heart pounding in panic. She had never seen her husband like this-so consumed by rage, so out of control. It terrified her.

When it became clear that Ethan wasn't going to stop. Lily rushed forward, desperation etched on her face.

Stop it! Ethan, stop!" she screamed, trying to pull him away.

But he didn't stop. He couldn't hear her. His mind was consumed by the image of Ryan daring to hurt her. His fists continued to land blow after blow, his fury unrelenting.

"Ethan, you're going to kill him! Please, stop! You're scaring me!" Lily's voice cracked as tears streamed down her cheeks. She grabbed at his arm, trying to hold him back. "Please, Ethan, look at me! He's going to die!"

Her desperate cries finally broke through the haze of his anger. Ethan's movements slowed, and he froze mid-punch. His chest heaved as he looked at her tear-streaked face. Then, his gaze dropped to Ryan, who lay unconscious at his feet, his face so battered and swollen it was barely recognizable.

Ethan straightened up, his expression unreadable. Lily's trembling voice broke the silence. "Ethan..."

But he didn't respond. Instead, he pulled out his phone with a cold, detached demeanor and called his bodyguards. His voice was calm, but there was an edge of steel in his tone as he ordered them to come immediately.

"Ethan..." Lily called again, her voice softer this time, reaching for his hand.

He recoiled, taking a step back. "Don't talk to me right now, Lily," he snapped, his voice sharp and biting

Her breath hitched as more tears spilled from her eyes. She couldn't understand his sudden coldness. Why was he acting this way? Had she done something wrong? Her voice shook as she tried to speak. "Ethan, why are you-"

"SHUT UP!" he roared, his anger flaring once more. "I said I don't want to talk to you right now. Can't you understand that?"

The harshness of his words cut deep, and Lily's heart felt like it was breaking. She stared at him, stunned and unable to stop her sobs. She had never seen him this way-not just angry, but distant, as though he were pushing her away.

Ethan, on the other hand, was battling a storm of emotions. When Lily hadn't returned after several minutes, a nagging feeling of unease had led him to the restroom area. What he saw there had nearly driven

him insane.

Ryan, harassing his wife.

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The realization sung. As her husband, how had he not known? How could the foregone through something so terrible without trusting him enough to share in? He wasn't just angry—he was hurt. And that pain only fueled his frustration.

Lily's sobs grew louder, her shoulders shaking uncontrollably. This was the first time Ethan had ever raised his voice at her, and it left her feeling shattered, hating seeing him angry, especially at her. She wanted to ask what was wrong, to understand why he was acting this way, but he refused to even look at her, let alone speak.

Moments later, two of Ethan's bodyguards entered the room "Pons, Mistress" they greeted in unison, their eyes scanning the scene.

They immediately noticed their Boss's fury, the Mistress's tear-streaked face, and the battered, unconscious man lying crumpled on the floor. The sight was bewildering, but they knew better than to question what had happened. They simply stood silently, awaiting their orders,

Ethan's voice was ice-cold as he addressed them. "You two, take this disgusting man, tie him up in a large box, and deliver him to the Mansion. Make sure to put a collar around his neck and attach a note to the box that says, "Watch over your dog!"

"Yes, Boss," one of the men responded immediately. Without hesitation, they grabbed Ryan's lifeless form and dragged him out of the room.

Once that despicable man was gone, Ethan let out a long breath, trying to regain some semblance of composure. But as his gaze shifted to Lily, his heart clenched painfully. Seeing her cry, knowing he was the reason behind her tears, cut him deeply. Yet, the anger still simmered beneath the surface—anger at what had happened, anger at her for not trusting him enough to share it.

"Come with me," he said tersely, taking her hand. His grip was firm, but his tone betrayed his frustration.

Lily didn't resist as he led her to his private room. Ethan always ensured that any restaurant, hotel, or club he owned had a personal suite ready for him. The staff regularly cleaned and maintained it, ensuring it was always in perfect condition.

Once inside, Ethan shut the door behind them with a sharp click. The room felt heavy with tension as he turned to face her. Before she could say a word, he pressed her back against the wall, his hands firmly gripping her arms.

Lily's wide, tear-filled eyes met his. Her heart raced, not out of fear but out of the overwhelming intensity in his gaze.

"Lily, what do you take me for? What am I to you?" Ethan's voice was low but filled with an edge of pain and anger. "Do you even care about my feelings? Do I mean anything to you?"

Lily blinked, utterly speechless. His words pierced her like daggers, leaving her confused and...rt. She tried to find her voice, but it came out as a trembling whisper. "E-Ethan, what are you talking about? Why are you so angry with me?"

"Answer me!" he demanded, his grip tightening slightly. "Do you think of me as your husband, Lily?"

Tears spilled down her cheeks as her body trembled beneath his intense stare. Shaking her head, she

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stammered, "Of course, you're my husband! Why would you even ask that? Why would you think otherwise?"

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Ethan let out a bitter scoff, his expression a mix of hurt and frustration. "If I'm your husband, then why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you tell me that Ryan had molested you before? Why did you hide something like that from me?"

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Lily stood frozen, her mind spinning. She hadn't realized this was the reason for Ethan's anger. Guilt settled in her chest as she took a shaky breath and tried to explain.

"Ethan, you've misunderstood," she said softly, her voice tinged with regret. "When I was at the shoot that day, Ryan tried to force himself on me. But I fought nothing serious happened. That's why I didn't tell you. I stabbed him and ran away. I wasn't hurt, and wasn't important."

I didn't want to worry you over something I thought

Ethan's eyes darkened as he listened, his jaw tightening. He stepped closer, cupping her face gently in his hands as he looked deeply into her eyes. "Not important? Lily, how can anything involving you ever be unimportant to me?" he asked, his voice filled with a mix of frustration and love. "You are my life. Even the smallest harm that comes your way feels like a wound to my soul."

He took a deep breath, trying to calm himself before continuing. "And, Lily, what happened wasn't minor or silly. Someone trying to hurt you in such a way is not something to take lightly. You may have been able to protect yourself that day, but what about today? What would have happened if I hadn't arrived in time? Can you even imagine what could've gone wrong?"

Ethan's voice softened, but his eyes still held a storm of emotions. I need you to understand something. This isn't about control, and it's not about me doubting you. I trust you with all my heart. But when it comes to things like this-your safety-it's different. I don't want you to feel like you have to deal with these things alone."

He paused, his voice dropping lower as his frustration gave way to pain. "Ryan tried to harm you in a place I own. Lily. If you had told me about what he did the first time, I would've handled it immediately, and today's incident could've been avoided. I am your husband, and it's my job to protect you. If I can't even do that, then what am I worth to you?"

His words pierced Lily's heart. Tears welled in her eyes as she realized how much her decision to stay silent had hurt him. She could see the depth of his love and the fear he carried for her safety. And then she thought about it from his perspective. If Ethan had hidden something like this from her, she knew she would have been just as upset.

Her voice cracked as she stepped forward and wrapped her arms around him tightly. "I'm so sorry. Ethan, she whispered, her tears falling freely. I was wrong. I

should've told you. I didn't think about how it would make you feel, and I hurt you. Please forgive me. Don't stay mad at me. I'm so, so sorry."

Ethan felt his anger dissolve in an instant as he held her trembling form. His heart ached at the sight of her crying, and he stroked her back soothingly. "It's okay, my love," he said gently. "I'm not angry anymore. Just promise me that next time, you'll tell me about things like this. Don't keep them to yourself. You know... in your past life, I failed to protect you. That failure still haunts me. I can't bear to go through that again."

"I'm sorry," Lily sobbed. "I promise I'll never hide something like this again."

Ethan wiped her tears away, leaning down to kiss her forehead tenderly. "Please stop crying, my love. I hate seeing you like this."

Lily sniffled, managing a weak smile as she looked up at him. "Okay," she said softly, her voice a whisper. After a moment, she asked hesitantly, "Are you still mad at me?"

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Ethan smiled warmly, shaking his head. "Not at all, love. And I'm sorry too. I shouldn't have raised my voice at you. I was upset and hurt, but I shouldn't have let my emotions get the best of me. Can you forgive me?"

Lily's lips curved into a small smile as she teased. "Maybe... if you kiss me. I might forgive you."

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Ethan chuckled, the tension between them finally easing. Without hesitation, he leaned down and captured her lips in a deep, passionate kiss. In that moment, all the pain, anger, and guilt melted away, leaving only love and the silent promise that they would always face everything together.

After their intense kiss, Ethan and Lily leaned against each other, catching their breath. Their foreheads touched as they shared a quiet moment together.

"Let's... let's go back to the party," Lily suggested, her voice still a little shaky.

Ethan raised a brow and looked at her with concern. "Are you sure you want to step out like this?" he asked carefully.

"Like this? What do you mean?" she questioned, frowning.

He gestured toward the mirror nearby. "You might want to take a quick look for yourself"

Curious and slightly nervous, Lily pulled away from him and hurried to the washroom. Ethan followed behind, chuckling to himself. As soon as she caught sight of her reflection, she gasped in horror.

"Ethan! Look at my face!" she exclaimed, turning to him with wide eyes. "My eyes are all puffy and red, and my makeup is completely ruined! Oh no, I look terrible!"

Ethan leaned casually against the doorway, a small smile tugging at his lips. "You don't look terrible," he said softly. "In fact, I think you look adorable."

Lily shot him a look of disbelief. "Adorable? Seriously, Ethan? Be honest. How am I supposed to go back to the party like this?" she asked, gesturing at her ruined appearance.

He stepped closer and gently took her hands. "How about this: instead of worrying about the party, back home? I'll cook you a delicious dinner," he offered, his tone warm and persuasive.

Her lips curved into a small laugh as she considered his suggestion. "Hmm, that's tempting. And maybe, if the dinner is good enough, I might just reward you," she teased, her voice playful.

Ethan's eyes lit up with intrigue. "Reward me? What kind of reward are we talking about?"

Lily leaned in closer, her voice dropping to a mischievous whisper. "Something that might involve lots of kisses, touches, and, well... no clothes."

His gaze darkened slightly, a playful smirk appearing on his face. Without wasting a second, he grabbed her hand. "Then let's not waste any time. Let's head home now."

She giggled at his impatience but suddenly paused. "Wait!"

Ethan groaned, clearly frustrated by the delay. "What now?" he asked, exasperated

Lily looked at him with a hint of concern. "What about Sister Mia and everyone else? They'll wonder why I suddenly disappeared from the party."

He waved off her worry. "I'll message her on the way. Now, come on," he urged.

With a playful sigh, she raised her hands in mock surrender. "Alright, fine. Let's go."

Meanwhile, back at the party, Rose was informed that Ryan had left due to an unexpected emergency. Shortly after, she learned that Lily had also left. With both of them gone, there was no reason for her to stay any longer. Deciding to head home, she made her way out

+8 Pearls

Around twenty minutes later, Rose arrived at her family's residence. As she approached the house, she noticed something unusual-a large, beautifully wrapped box sitting by the front door.

Her brows furrowed in confusion. "Dad? Mom?" she called out as she entered the house.

From the living room, her mother, Casey, looked up in surprise. "What's all this shouting about, Rose? How was the party? And where is Ryan?" she asked.

Instead of answering, Rose glanced around the house. "Where's Dad?" she asked urgently.

"He's upstairs in his study with Taylor. Why? What's wrong, dear?" Casey asked, concern lacing her tone.

Ignoring the question, Rose raised her voice. "Dad? Taylor? Come downstairs!"

Moments later, her father, Morgan, and her brother, Taylor, descended the staircase. Seeing the serious expression on her face, Morgan asked, "What's going on, Princess? And where's Ryan?"

"Dad," Rose began, her voice hesitant, "there's a big box outside the house."

"A box?" Morgan asked, confused. "Who's it from?"

"I have no idea," she admitted, shrugging. "It was already there when I got home."

"Let's go check it out," Morgan said, motioning for everyone to follow him as they

made their way outside to examine the mysterious package.

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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

"Wow... that really is a big box," Taylor remarked, his eyes fixed on the oversized package sitting near the

entrance.

"Servants!" Morgan called out sharply, and within moments, two male servants hurried over. "Bring this box inside." he instructed.

As the servants tried to lift the box, it became evident that it was heavier than expected. Two more servants joined in to help, and they managed to carry it into the living room. Once it was placed securely, the servants left, leaving the family staring at the mysterious package.

"What do you think is inside, Dad?" Rose asked, her curiosity piqued.

"Wait." Taylor interrupted, pointing at the top of the box. "There's a note on it. He reached for the note and quickly scanned it. The moment he read the words, a smirk appeared on his face, and he struggled to suppress his laughter.

"What's so funny?" Rose asked, growing impatient. "What does it say?"

Still chuckling, Taylor handed her the note. She read it aloud, her expression twisting in confusion: "Watch over your dog."

"What does that even mean?" she muttered, glancing uneasily at the box. For some reason, an unsettling feeling crept into her chest.

Morgan took the note from her hands and repeated the message aloud. "Watch over your dog? What kind of nonsense is this?"

"Could there be a dog in there?" Casey asked, her voice tinged with both confusion and nervousness.

Taylor, now nearly certain that this box was connected to his sister and her husband, stepped forward with curiosity. I'll find out," he said. He lifted the lid of the box and froze in shock. "Oh my God!" he gasped, his eyes wide. "That's not a dog... definitely not a dog. It's a person!"

"A person?!" Casey and Rose shrieked simultaneously, stumbling backward in fear.

"W-wait, is he... dead?" Rose stammered, trembling as her gaze darted between the box and her family.

Taylor leaned closer, inspecting the figure carefully. "We'll know once we get him out." With his father's help, they pulled the unconscious man out of the box and laid him on the couch.

The figure was in bad shape-his face was swollen and bruised, his suit torn and bloodstained. Despite the severity of his injuries, Taylor noticed the faint rise and fall of his chest. "He's alive," he confirmed, frowning as he studied the man. "But who is he? And why does he look like this?"

Just then, Rose let out a loud scream, rushing to the couch. "Ryan!" she cried, shaking the man frantically. "Ryan, wake up! What happened to you? Who did this to you?!"

Her outburst startled the others. "Rose, are you sure?" Morgan asked, stepping closer to get a bet... look. "This battered... I mean, this man is Ryan?"

"Yes, Dad! I recognize his suit!" Rose wailed, tears streaming down her face.

"Who could do something so cruel to him? He's been beaten mercilessly! Dad, we need to get him to the hospital right now!"

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+8 Pearls

The family hurried to the nearest hospital, where Ryan was admitted for treatment. They gathered in the waiting area, anxiously awaiting news. Rose clung to her mother, sobbing uncontrollably, while Casey did

her best to comfort her.

Morgan paced the hallway, his face etched with worry. His mind raced as he tried to piece together what had happened. Meanwhile, Taylor sat off to the side, quietly amused. He had to bite his lip to keep from laughing as he replayed the scene at home. Though he wasn't entirely sure what Ryan had done to deserve such a beating, the sight of his bruised, swollen face gave him immense satisfaction

For once, Taylor thought, justice had paid a visit-and he wasn't the least bit upset about it.

Moments later, the doctor emerged from the emergency room, her face stern. Rose quickly rushed over, anxiety clear in her expression "Doctor, how is he? Is he going to be okay?" she asked, her voice trembling,

The doctor sighed deeply before answering. "His condition is very serious. What exactly happened to him? Who attacked him so brutally?" she questioned, her tone sharp. "The patient has sustained severe injuries, including a broken nose, a fractured jaw, and a dislocated shoulder. We'll need to perform a minor surgery to stabilize his condition. Someone will need to complete the necessary paperwork before we proceed"

The news left everyone stunned. Gasps echoed through the hallway as Casey clutched her chest in shock. "Surgery?" she whispered, horrified.

Taylor, unfazed, stepped forward. "I'll handle the paperwork," he volunteered, following the doctor down the hall. He welcomed the excuse to step away from the tense atmosphere.

Back in the waiting area, Rose broke down, sobbing uncontrollably in her mother's arms. Casey gently stroked her daughter's hair, trying to comfort her. "Who could be so heartless?" she murmured, her own voice shaking. "Ryan is such a kind and gentle man. What could he have done to deserve this?"

"I have no idea," Morgan interjected, shaking his head as he sat down next to his daughter. His face was etched with concern as he turned to her. "Rose, sweetheart, do you have any idea who might've done this to Ryan? Did he mention anything unusual recently?"

Rose sniffled and wiped at her reddened eyes. Shaking her head firmly, she replied, "No, Dad, I don't know anything. I can't even imagine who would do something like this to him." She paused, standing up abruptly. "Excuse me, I need to wash my face."

"Of course, darling," Casey said, watching as she walked away.

Inside the washroom, Rose splashed cold water on her face, trying to compose herself. As she straightened up and looked at her reflection in the mirror, her expression hardened. Fury replaced her earlier tears. "Lily, you conniving little slut!" she hissed through gritted teeth. "I know this is your doing-yours and that insufferable husband of yours!"

Deep down, a voice in her head was whispering the same conclusion over and over. She didn't need proof to know; her instincts told her that this was Lily's handiwork. The realization only fueled her anger further.

Pulling out her phone, she dialed a number with trembling hands. After a few rings, the call connected.

"Hello, Rose!" a cheerful voice greeted from the other end. "How was the party?" Rose didn't bother with pleasantries. "Riley, when and where are you meeting Lily tomorrow?" she demanded, her tone sharp and impatient.

The woman on the other side, Riley, hesitated, confused by her friend's tone. "At Delight Café, around 10 in the morning," she answered cautiously. "Rose, are you okay? You sound upset. Did something happen?"

Chapter Thin

"I'm line, Rone replied curtly, her voice cold and devoid of emotion. I'll call you later Kye" the home up without waiting for a response

Turning back to the mirror, she stared at her reflection, her lips curling into a sneer.

she muttered venomously, "you've crossed the line this time. You've dared to challenge me, and now it's my turn to make you pay. Don't blame me for what happens next?"

Her eyes burned with determination as she clenched her fists, already planning her next move.

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

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The next morning, Lily stirred awake, immediately feeling the ache in her waist and the soreness in her body. She groaned softly, stretching her arms before catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror across the room. Her eyes widened slightly at the sight-her skin was dotted with faint marks, souvenirs of last night" passionate escapades. Shaking her head with a wry smile, she muttered to herself, "Ethan really went overboard

Turning to check the time, her casual glance at the clock turned into a double-take. "Oh, wonderful," she sighed. "It's already 10:30 Remembering she had plans to meet Riley at 10, she shrugged and chuckled. "Well, she can wait. What's another hour!

Unhurried, Lily stepped into the bathroom and treated herself to a long, soothing shower, letting the warm water ease her tired muscles. By the time she finished, she felt refreshed and ready to tackle the day. She made her way to the dining table, where Ethan had left a delicious breakfast for her before heading to work. After eating leisurely, she dressed up and finally left for the café.

When she arrived, it was nearly noon-an hour and a half past their agreed meeting time. Spotting Riley seated at a corner table, Lily casually walked over and slid into the chair opposite her. "Hey," she greeted simply.

Riley plastered on a smile, though it didn't quite reach her eyes. "Hi, you look gorgeous today," she said with forced enthusiasm. The last time she saw Lily, she hadn't looked nearly this radiant. Today, however, she seemed to exude confidence and elegance.

Riley's real goal was to win Lily's trust, so she had made an effort to arrive 30 minutes early to ensure she wasn't late. But what she hadn't expected was that Lily herself would keep her waiting for two hours. Still, she masked her irritation with a sweet smile. "How have you been?" she asked, trying to sound cheerful.

"Good, Lily replied curtly, offering no further explanation.

A passing waitress caught her attention, and she ordered a strawberry milkshake without bothering to acknowledge Riley's effort to make conversation.

Riley clenched her fists under the table, taking slow, calming breaths. Despite waiting for hours, there wasn't even a trace of apology on Lily's face. No explanation, no regret-nothing. But she couldn't let her frustration show. She needed to play her cards right.

"Look, Riley," Lily said, breaking the silence. "I don't have a lot of time to waste. So, let's cut to the chase. Why did you ask me to meet you?"

Riley forced a laugh, though it sounded awkward. "Lily, what's with the tone? We're best friends, aren't we? I just wanted to catch up with you and have a nice, friendly chat."

"Are we?" Lily asked bluntly, raising an eyebrow.

"What do you mean?" Riley asked, feigning innocence.

"As far as I remember, Lily replied, her tone calm but cutting, "you're Rose's best friend, not mine."

"Lily, what are you saying? Of course, we're best friends! You and I-

"Spare me the act, Riley," Lily interrupted, her voice firm. "Let's not waste time beating around the bush. Just tell me what you really want."

Riley's smile faltered for a moment before she quickly recovered determined to stick to her plan

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+8 Pearls:

Come and claim to... Don't forget to check in daily for great rewards! Riley's expression turned pale, she hadn't heard from Rose about the new Lucy, but witnessing it firsthand was unsettling. The confident, sharp-eyed woman sitting before her was unrecognizable from the soft-spoken girl she once knew.

For a moment, she could only gape at Lily, trying to make sense of the drastic transformation.

Lily arched a brow, breaking the silence. "What's wrong? Are you just going to keep staring at me, or do you plan to say something? If you want, I can save you some trouble—take a picture. That way, you can admire me all you want later," she quipped with a sly smile.

Riley flushed in embarrassment. "I-I'm sorry," she stammered. "It's just... you're so different from before. What happened to you, Lily? You've changed so much."

Lily leaned back in her chair, an amused smirk playing on her lips. "You're asking me what happened? That's rich. Her tone turned icy. "I thought your best friend would've filled you in by now."

"She did, sort of," Riley replied hesitantly. "She mentioned something about an argument, and that you left your family and cut ties with them. But she didn't go into details. What really happened?"

Lily chuckled darkly, her gaze sharp. "Riley, after I ruined your singing career, you should seriously consider acting. You're much better at it than Rose. If I didn't already know the truth, I might have believed that innocent, concerned face of yours."

Riley's eyes widened, panic setting in. "W-What do you mean? My career? Why would you ruin it?"

"Are you really that dense?" Lily's voice dripped with mockery. "I know everything. After what you and your best friend did to me, did you honestly think I'd just sit back and do nothing?"

"I didn't do anything!" Riley protested, her voice rising in desperation. "Lily, please believe me. I had no part in it, I swear!"

Lily's smile turned cold. "Calm down, Riley. People are watching. Remember, you're still a celebrity. You wouldn't want anyone to hear you shouting and uncovering your dirty secrets, would you?"

Riley froze, her throat tightening. The way Lily spoke, with that calm yet cutting demeanor, sent chills down her spine. She grabbed the glass of water in front of her, drinking in an attempt to steady her nerves.

Lily continued casually, as if the tension between them didn't exist. "Oh, by the way," she said, tilting her head slightly, "have you been to the hospital recently?"

Riley blinked, confused. "Hospital? No... Why would I go to the hospital?"

Lily raised an eyebrow, feigning surprise. "Really? Your best friend didn't tell you?" She clicked her tongue. "That's odd. I thought you two shared everything." Leaning forward slightly, she added, "Ryan is in the hospital."

"What?" Riley gasped, her voice filled with shock. "Why? What happened to him?"

Lily's laughter was soft but cold. "My husband beat him up."

The blunt statement left Riley speechless. She had heard rumors about Lily being married, but she had dismissed them. After all, she thought she knew how deeply Lily loved Ryan. But now it seemed everything she believed was wrong.

"You're really married?" Riley asked quietly, still trying to process the information. "But why would your husband beat him up?"

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Lily's expression turned serious. "Let's just say Ryan crossed a line he never should have. That's all you need

to know

Standing up, Lily picked up her purse, her tone dismissive. "Anyway, it was... interesting catching up. Riley. But I have other places to be."

As she turned to leave, Riley called out, her voice trembling "Wait, Lily!"

Lily stopped but didn't turn around, "What?"

"Can we... can we start over?" Riley pleaded, her desperation evident. "I'm sorry. I'll cut all ties with Rose and the Miller Family. I'll join your side. Just give me one chance. Please..."

Lily turned her head slightly, a cold smile on her lips. "Sweetheart, there's one thing I'll never forget-or forgive-and that's betrayal. Betrayal always comes with a price. Good luck."

With a mocking kiss blown in Riley's direction, Lily walked away, leaving her former "friend" frozen in shock and regret.

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

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

+8 Pearls

After leaving the café, Lily strolled along the quiet road, lost in her thoughts. Suddenly, a van screeched to a halt right in front of her. Startled, she froze as the vehicle's door slid open, revealing two masked men.

Before she could react, one of them grabbed her arm while the other clamped a hand over her mouth to muffle her screams. "Stay quiet!" one of the men barked as they shoved her into the van.

Lily struggled fiercely, her heart pounding with fear, but they were too strong. They blindfolded her, bound her wrists and ankles with ropes, and gagged her, leaving her no choice but to sit silently in a corner.

Her mind raced, panic gripping her as she tried to process what was happening. Yesterday, she had been assaulted, and now she was being kidnapped. What was going on? Taking deep breaths, she forced herself to stay calm, realizing that panic would only worsen her situation. She needed a plan.

Listening carefully to her captors' conversation, she gathered that this was their first time doing something like this. Their inexperience gave her a glimmer of hope. If they were after money, perhaps she could negotiate her way out-if only they hadn't gagged her.

The van jolted to a stop, causing her head to bump against the seat. She winced silently, the sting sharpening her resolve. One of the men yanked her out of the vehicle, dragging her along rough terrain. She stumbled but managed to stay upright as she was pulled along.

The eerie silence of their surroundings confirmed her suspicion-they were in an isolated area, far from help.

"Boss, she's a real beauty," one of the men said with a disgusting chuckle. "Can I go first?"

"No," growled a gruff voice, presumably their leader. "I'm the boss, so I go first. And don't forget-our client wants a nice video. Make it memorable." He laughed, the sound sending chills down her spine.

Lily's stomach churned with dread, but she refused to let her fear show. She knew staying calm was her only chance to think clearly. Panic would get her nowhere.

When they finally removed her blindfold and gag, she squinted against the sudden brightness. Her eyes darted around, taking in the barren field that stretched endlessly around them. They were on the outskirts of the city, far from anyone who might help.

The leader, a hulking figure with cruel eyes, stepped closer, licking his lips. "Well, well, aren't you a brave one?" he sneered.

Ignoring his taunts, Lily met his gaze with icy determination. "How much did Rose pay you to do this?" she asked, her voice steady despite her fear.

Her question seemed to catch them off guard. The men exchanged surprised glances before bursting into laughter. "An intelligent beauty!" one of them jeered.

Lily seized the moment. "Let me go, and I'll pay you triple whatever she offered," she said firmly, keeping her tone authoritative.

The men laughed harder. "You? A spoiled little miss of the Miller Family? How much could you possibly have?"

The boss smirked as he stepped closer. "And this isn't just about money, darling. Your sister did us a favor, and now we're paying her back. Nothing personal"

Chapter 158

+8 Pearis

He reached out as if to touch her, but just as he moved closer, a deep, mocking laugh rang out, cutting through the tension like a knife.

The men froze, their heads snapping toward the sound, their confidence faltering. Lily turned slightly, her heartbeat quickening. Whoever it was, their unexpected arrival might just be the lifeline she needed.

The thugs froze, their heads whipping around nervously. "Who's there?" the leader barked, his voice laced with suspicion.

A faint chuckle echoed in the distance.

"Listen, whoever you are," the boss growled, his tone growing sharper, "mind your own business and get lost!"

Another laugh rang out, louder this time, and a man stepped out of the shadows. His presence was calm commanding, and his lips curled into a sly smile. "And what if I don't feel like leaving?" he said, his voice steady. "What are you going to do about it?"

"This doesn't concern you," the leader shot back, his frustration evident. "Leave now, or you'll regret it."

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The man's laugh only grew louder, clearly unbothered. Irritated, the boss gestured toward one of his men standing nearby. The thug nodded and marched toward the stranger, ready to make an example of him. But before he could even raise his hand, he was on the ground, writhing in pain, his arm twisted at an unnatural angle.

The other goons stared, dumbfounded. Lily, bound and helpless nearby, was equally stunned. But for the first time, a flicker of hope shone in her eyes. She silently thanked the heavens for this unexpected savior.

The man's sharp gaze swept over the rest of the gang. "If you don't want to end up like him," he said, his voice calm but carrying an unmistakable edge, "I suggest you grab your friends and leave. Now

His dangerous smile made the thugs shiver. Without another word, they scrambled to their feet, dragging their injured companion along, and fled as fast as they could. Watching them retreat, Lily let out a long, shaky breath, relief washing over her.

"Are you okay?" the man asked, walking toward her. His tone was gentle, a stark contrast to the fearsome aura he had just displayed.

Lily looked up at him, still trying to process everything that had happened. "Thank you," she said sincerely. her voice trembling. "If you hadn't shown up, I don't know what would've happened to me."

He smiled politely and knelt to untie the ropes binding her hands and feet. "There's no need to thank me," he said, his tone warm. "I'm glad I was here to help.

Once free, she stretched her sore limbs and looked at him gratefully. "Thanks again," she said softly, her voice filled with gratitude.

The man gave her a knowing smile. "It's no trouble, Miss Lily. It's good to see you again."

Lily blinked, surprised. "Again? Have we met before?" she asked, puzzled.

The man chuckled. "Yes, at the hospital. You were in such a hurry that you bumped into me. I'm surprised you don't remember"

Her mind raced for a moment before it clicked. She vaguely recalled colliding with someone while rushing through the hospital where Ethan had been admitted. Her cheeks flushed in embarrassment. "Oh! I do

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remember now," she said, smiling shyly. "Mr...?"

"Pedro," he said, extending his hand. "It's nice to meet you properly this time."

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

Lily extended her hand with a polite smile. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Pedro, she said warmly.

+8 Pearls

Pedro smiled in return, but as his eyes landed on her bracelet, his expression froze. Without warning, he reached out and grabbed her hand, his attention fixed entirely on the piece of jewelry.

Startled by his sudden action, Lily frowned. "Mr. Pedro, is something wrong?" she asked, her voice tinged with concern.

Pedro didn't respond right away. His gaze remained glued to the bracelet as though lost in deep thought. The silence stretched on, leaving Lily confused. She gently shook his arm to get his attention. "Mr. Pedro? Are you alright?"

Snapping out of his daze, Pedro blinked a few times and finally looked up at her. "T... I'm sorry," he said, his tone soft and apologetic. "I didn't mean to startle you. But this bracelet.. is it yours?"

Lily gave a small nod, smiling slightly. "Yes, it is."

"Are you absolutely sure?" he asked again, his voice filled with a mix of curiosity and hesitation.

"Yes, Mr. Pedro. This bracelet has been with me since I was born," she replied, puzzled. "Why? Is there something special about it? You seem a bit emotional."

Pedro's lips curved into a faint smile. "It just reminded me of someone," he said quietly. "Someone who had a bracelet just like this one."

"Oh, I see," Lily said, nodding slowly. After a brief pause, she hesitated before asking, "Mr. Pedro, would you mind dropping me home? I... I don't have any other way to get back."

"Of course! I'd be happy to," Pedro agreed quickly. The two began walking toward his car, which was parked a little farther down the road.

As they walked, Pedro followed a step behind her, his mind racing. A faint smile lingered on his face. He couldn't believe the twist of fate that had brought them together. Of all days, it had to be today-his father's death anniversary. He had been visiting his father's grave, which was in the quiet outskirts of the city. On his way back, he had stumbled upon a disturbing scene: a group of men dragging a girl.

Initially, he had no intention of interfering. Pedro wasn't the type to meddle in other people's problems. But then the goons removed the blindfold from the girl's face, and everything changed. He recognized her immediately. She was the same girl he had seen at the hospital-the same girl who occasionally appeared in his dreams.

Something deep within him compelled him to step in. Without a second thought, he intervened. confronting the men and rescuing her. Now, as he walked alongside her, he silently thanked his instincts for leading him to her. Of all the unexpected

moments in his life, this one felt like a strange but welcome miracle. Finally, he had found her.

Inside the car, the atmosphere was calm yet carried an underlying tension.

"Mr. Pedro- Lily began, but he quickly interrupted her.

"Please, just call me Pedro. No need to be so formal," he said, offering her a warm smile.

"Alright, Pedro, she replied, hesitating for a moment before continuing. "I hope this doesn't sound rude,

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Pedro's smile faltered slightly as he answered, his tone tinged with sadness.

Today is my father's death anniversary. I was visiting his grave."

face softened with sympathy. "Oh, I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have asked."

"It's okay, he assured her, forcing a small smile. "It's not something I hide. Anyway, how is that person doing?"

"Who do you mean?"

"The one admitted to the hospital," he clarified, his curiosity apparent

Lily hesitated briefly before replying, carefully choosing her words. "Ah.. my fa-
"She caught herself jus time and corrected, "I mean, my family member. He's
doing much better now, thank you for asking"

Pedro nodded, his expression thoughtful. After a moment, he asked, "And about what happened earlier. you have any idea who might have sent those men?" His voice was low, restrained, but there was an edge of anger simmering beneath his calm tone.

Lily shook her head. "I really don't know," she admitted with a slight shrug.

Pedro gave a small nod, his jaw tightening as he fought to contain his frustration. The very thought of those goons enraged him. If he had known her true identity earlier, he wouldn't have hesitated to make them pay for what they did.

The rest of the ride passed in silence, and soon, they arrived at Lily's building. She turned to him with a grateful smile. "Thank you so much for bringing me home, Pedro. And for earlier... I can't thank you enough for saving me."

"It was nothing," he replied, his voice gentle.

She waved goodbye as she stepped out of the car. "Take care!" she called, heading toward her building.

Pedro watched her disappear into the building, his expression darkening with disappointment as soon as she was out of sight. Without wasting a moment, he pulled out his phone and made a call.

The line barely rang before the call was answered. "Hello, Boss," came the voice on the other end.

"I need a full report on Lily. Every detail, no matter how small. I want to know everything about her," Pedro ordered firmly.

"Understood, Boss," the voice replied without hesitation.

"Good," Pedro said, a faint smile tugging at his lips as his eyes flicked back to the building. With that, he started his car and drove off into the night.

Two hours later, Pedro arrived at his sprawling mansion. He stepped out of the car with urgency, rushing inside. His voice echoed through the halls as he called out, "Uncle Noel? Where are you? Uncle Noel!"

From the staircase, an older man in his mid-50s descended, adjusting the round glasses perched on his nose. His white beard and calm demeanor gave him a wise, gentle air. This was Uncle Noel, the housekeeper who had cared for Pedro since the death of his father. To Pedro, Uncle Noel was more than just a servant- he was family, someone he respected deeply.

"Pedro, what's the matter? Why are you so excited?" Uncle Noel asked, his curiosity piqued. It had been years since he had seen such enthusiasm in Pedro.

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"Uncle Noel, I found her!" Pedro said, barely able to contain his excitement. His face lit up with a rare joy. "After all these years, I've finally found her!"

Uncle Noel looked at him, stunned, as a flicker of hope crossed his own face.

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

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+2 Pearls

"You found our queen? Uncle Noel asked, his eyes lighting up with excitement. "That's incredible! Tell me everything-who is she? Where did you find her? How did it happen?"

Pedro's face softened as a dreamy smile spread across his lips. "Uncle Noel, she's beautiful. Her voice is so gentle and soothing, and when she laughs. It feels like the whole world is laughing with her. I can't even describe how happy I feel right now

Uncle Nock couldn't help but smile at Pedro's enthusiasm. I'm so glad you've finally found her, Pedro, he said, his tone warm and supportive.

Pedro nodded, his expression a mix of joy and longing. "Me too, Uncle Noel. For the first time in years, I feel truly happy. But... His voice trailed off, and a shadow of sadness crossed his face. "She doesn't remember me. Uncle Noel. She doesn't know anything about me."

Uncle Nock placed a comforting hand on Pedro's shoulder. "Don't be discouraged, Pedro. How could she remember? She was just a baby back then."

"I know.." Pedro sighed, his gaze distant as memories flooded his mind. He closed his eyes, letting himself drift back to the past, to the day he first met her. A faint smile tugged at his lips as the memory unfolded in his mind.

A young, chubby boy sat on a couch, intently focused on the game on his phone. He was waiting eagerly for his father to return home.

"Mr. Pedro, come and eat your dinner," Uncle Noel urged, trying to coax the boy away from his game. "Your father will be late tonight."

The boy shook his head stubbornly. "No! I'll wait for Dad," he replied firmly, his eyes still glued to his phone. Then he looked up, his expression hopeful. "Uncle Noel, do you know when Dad will come back?"

Uncle Noel sighed and shook his head. "I'm afraid I don't, Mr. Pedro."

Hearing that, the boy's face fell, disappointment shadowing his features. Uncle Noel was about to try convincing him again when a booming voice filled the house.

"Pedro, my dear boy!"

Pedro's face lit up instantly. Abandoning his game, he leapt off the couch and ran toward the source of the voice. "Dad!" he called excitedly.

Steven, his father, swept him up in his arms as he walked into the room. "How's my little prince doing?" he asked, planting a kiss on his son's cheek. "Did you eat something?"

Pedro shook his head earnestly. "No, Dad. I was waiting for you, he replied. Then his tone grew serious. "Dad, I don't like it here. When can we go back to our mansion?"

Steven sighed heavily, sitting down on the couch with his son on his lap. "Pedro, we won't be getting the mansion for a while," he said gently.

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Pedro looked up at his father, his wide eyes filled with worry. "Dad, is it true? Are Ethan's parents and Jame's parents really trying to hurt you?" he asked softly. "Dad, Ethan is my best friend. I'll talk to him. I'll ask him to tell his parents not to hurt you. And I'll talk to Uncle Arthur and Aunt Beatrice too! They like me-they'll listen to me. I'm sure."

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++8 Pearls

His innocence brought a bittersweet smile to Steven's face, Holding his son tightly, he said, "You're such a brave boy, Pedro. But there are some things even your best intentions can't fix. This is something I have to handle on my own."

The young boy clung to his father, not fully understanding the weight of his words but sensing the seriousness in his tone.

Steven chuckled softly, pressing a gentle kiss to his son's cheek. "It's late, my prince," he said with a warm smile. "They don't like us, and that's why they want to harm us."

"But Dad, Ethan-"

"Pedro, my boy," Steven interrupted, his tone firm yet calm, "do you remember what Ethan said? Do you recall why they hurt me so badly?"

Pedro nodded, his young face troubled.

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The boy's small hands clenched, and he looked into his father's eyes, his voice steady despite his young age. "You, Dad. I will always believe you."

A proud smile lit up Steven's face as he ruffled his son's hair affectionately. "That's my boy," he said with a nod of approval.

"But why did he betray me, Dad?" Pedro asked, his innocent eyes filled with confusion. "Why do they want to hurt us? What did we ever do to them?"

Steven sighed, his expression turning serious. "It's because they're jealous, my son. They don't like us because we're different. Our ancestors were of royal lineage, and that means we carry royal blood in our veins. Do you know what that makes us, Pedro?"

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Do

4

Rebiricher Being Betrayed by My Kushand

+2 Pearls

"You found our queen? Uncle Noel asked, his eyes lighting up with excitement. "That's incredible! Tell me everything-who is she? Where did you find her? How did it happen?"

Pedro's face softened as a dreamy smile spread across his lips. "Uncle Noel, she's beautiful. Her voice is so gentle and soothing, and when she laughs. It feels like the whole world is laughing with her. I can't even describe how happy I feel right now

Uncle Nock couldn't help but smile at Pedro's enthusiasm. I'm so glad you've finally found her, Pedro, he said, his tone warm and supportive. Pedro nodded, his expression a mix of joy and longing. "Me too, Uncle Noel. For the first time in

years, I feel Truly happy. But... His voice trailed off, and a shadow of sadness crossed his face. "She doesn't remember mr. Unde Noel. She doesn't know anything about me.

Uncle Nocl placed a comforting hand on Pedro's shoulder. "Don't be discouraged, Pedro. How could she remember? She was just a baby back then."

"I know.." Pedro sighed, his gaze distant as memories flooded his mind. He closed his eyes, letting himself drift back to the past, to the day he first met her. A faint smile tugged at his lips as the memory unfolded in his mind.

A young, chubby boy sat on a couch, intently focused on the game on his phone. He was waiting eagerly for his father to return home.

"Mr. Pedro, come and eat your dinner," Uncle Noel urged, trying to coax the boy away from his game. "Your father will be late tonight."

The boy shook his head stubbornly. "No! I'll wait for Dad," he replied firmly, his eyes still glued to his phone. Then he looked up, his expression hopeful. "Uncle Noel, do you know when Dad will come back?"

Uncle Noel sighed and shook his head. "I'm afraid I don't, Mr. Pedro." Hearing that, the boy's face fell, disappointment shadowing his features. Uncle Noel was about to try convincing him again when a booming voice filled the house.

"Pedro, my dear boy!"

Pedro's face lit up instantly. Abandoning his game, he leapt off the couch and ran toward the source of the voice. "Dad!" he called excitedly.

Steven, his father, swept him up in his arms as he walked into the room. "How's my little prince doing?" he asked, planting a kiss on his son's cheek. "Did you eat something?"

Pedro shook his head earnestly. "No, Dad. I was waiting for you, he replied. Then his tone grew serious. "Dad, I don't like it here. When can we go back to our mansion?"

Steven sighed heavily, sitting down on the couch with his son on his lap. "Pedro, we won't be getting the mansion for a while," he said gently.

more

:back to

Pedro looked up at his father, his wide eyes filled with worry. "Dad, is it true? Are Ethan's parents and Jame's parents really trying to hurt you?" he asked softly. "Dad, Ethan is my best friend. I'll talk to him. I'll ask him to tell his parents not to hurt you. And I'll talk to Uncle Arthur and Aunt Beatrice too! They like me-they'll listen to me. I'm sure."

09:46 Thu, 13 Mar D

83

++8 Pearls

His innocence brought a bittersweet smile to Steven's face, Holding his son tightly, he said, "You're such a brave boy, Pedro. But there are some things even your best intentions can't fix. This is something I have to handle on my own."

The young boy clung to his father, not fully understanding the weight of his words but sensing the seriousness in his tone.

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