

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

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The host blinked in surprise at Lily's answer. "Really? You mentioned his name? When?" he asked, racking his brain to recall the interview. He couldn't think of any moment when she had dropped a name.

It wasn't just the host who was stunned. Everyone watching the live broadcast was equally baffled. The same question echoed in the minds of viewers everywhere: When did Miss Lily reveal her boyfriend's name?

Lily smiled gently, her expression calm yet enigmatic. "I did mention his name during the interview. If you listen carefully, I'm sure you'll figure it out. I hope you all enjoy discovering it."

The host chuckled, clearly impressed by her playful yet mysterious approach. "Miss Lily, I must say, that's quite clever. I'm certain this episode is going to set a record. People will rewatch it countless times, dissecting every word you said just to uncover the truth."

Lily nodded with a soft smile, her demeanor remaining composed and confident.

Sitting beside her, Rose couldn't hide the tension building within her. Despite her deep hatred for Lily, she had paid close attention to every word spoken during the interview. Like a hawk, she had been watching her rival from the start, waiting for any slip or clue.

Rose replayed the interview in her mind. Aside from Lily's strange description of love, the rest of the discussion seemed ordinary. But clearly, she had missed something. What was the clue? What detail had escaped her notice?

Her thoughts churned. If you want to defeat your enemy, you must first understand them, she reminded herself. And yet, she knew so little about Lily's mysterious husband. Whoever he was, he had thwarted her every scheme against Lily. Every time she set a trap, he was there, unseen but effective, shielding his wife from harm.

Who was this man? Rose's unease grew. Whoever he was, he wielded immense power. The way Ryan's company was brought to its knees overnight could only mean one thing-Lily's husband held a status and influence that were unparalleled.

It didn't matter to Rose whether this man was young, old, or if Lily was his wife or mistress. What mattered was the sheer power he commanded. And if his influence surpassed that of the Miller Family, then she was in deep trouble.

A cold dread gripped her. She could imagine the worst-case scenario: a day when everything she and her family had built was stripped away, a day when the Miller Family was reduced to a laughingstock. Lily was determined to exact her revenge, and with her husband's power, she could very well succeed.

But what about her? What did Rose have to defend herself? To protect her family? She clenched her fists, forcing herself to stay composed. This was her chance to act, to strategize for the future. If she didn't, she feared the day her world would crumble under the weight of the truth and her rival's relentless determination." Rose's mind raced with determination. If she could uncover the name of Lily's mysterious husband, wouldn't it be much easier to take action against her? A sly smile spread across her lips as she replayed the interview in her head. But the burning question remained: Where? When during the interview did Lily reveal his name?

Suddenly, a thought struck her like a bolt of lightning. That odd description of love!

Yes, that was it! The peculiar way Lily had described love now made perfect sense. The words she had chosen-Zeal. Happiness. Everlasting. Heartfelt. Affection, and Nice-weren't random. Rose pieced it

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together, her eyes widening with realization.

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Lily's husband was Ethan. But who was he? That was the next mystery she had to solve. I'll figure out who this Ethan is if it's the last thing I do, she thought with a steely resolve.

Meanwhile, in another part of the city, Ethan was grinning from car to car as he watched the interview. His joy was palpable, radiating from him like sunlight. He felt as though he was walking on clouds.

Two things had filled his heart with happiness. First, Lily had confessed her love for him on live television. And second-his personal favorite-her confession meant that everyone now knew she was taken. No one would dare try to compete for her heart now.

As he thought about her subtle yet meaningful gesture, his grin widened. She was so clever, so perfect, and -most importantly-his. Feeling an overwhelming surge of love, Ethan picked up his phone. He had to call his assistant and set some plans in motion. He wanted to surprise his wife and make her feel as cherished as she had just made him feel.

At the same time, in Pedro's house, the atmosphere was the complete opposite. The room was engulfed in darkness, its heavy gloom suffocating anyone who dared enter. The air was thick with tension, punctuated by the sounds of objects smashing against walls, shattering into pieces.

Pedro's face was a mask of rage as he watched the interview. The moment Lily confessed her love, his fury ignited. A murderous intent burned brightly in his eyes, his thoughts spiraling into a dark abyss.

He imagined storming into Ethan's home, dragging him out, and subjecting him to a slow, agonizing punishment. He would shoot Ethan's right leg, then his left. He would pierce his heart for daring to love Lily. He would destroy his brain for even thinking of her. He would gouge out his eyes for looking at his queen and slice off his tongue for speaking her name. Piece by piece, he would make Ethan suffer, leaving him to rot in despair.

Pedro's lips curled into a wicked smile at the thought.

His gaze shifted back to the screen, where Lily's radiant smile was on full display.

It made his heart ache. He knew that smile wasn't for him; it was for Ethan-his former friend and now his greatest enemy.

Pain stabbed at his chest as he whispered to himself, She's so beautiful, so pure... like a fairy. That smile should be for me, not him. Why does she love him? Why doesn't she see me?

Pedro's obsession consumed him. He couldn't stand idly by and watch the woman he loved belong to someone else. He couldn't accept her devotion to Ethan.

No! His mind screamed. I won't let this continue. I have to act before it's too late.

Fueled by desperation and jealousy, Pedro stood abruptly from his couch. His fists clenched, his jaw tightened, and his eyes burned with anger as he marched toward the door, ready to put his c motion.

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As Pedro stormed out of the house, frustration boiled within him. One thought consumed his mind: he needed to act, and he needed to act now. If he didn't, Lily would remain ensnared in Ethan's deceitful clutches. He couldn't allow her to be trapped in that man's web of lies. He had to save her, no matter what it took.

Noticing Pedro's furious departure, Uncle Noel, the housekeeper, hurried after him. "Pedro!" he called out, his voice laced with urgency. "Stop right there, Pedro!"

Despite Uncle Noel's shouts, Pedro kept moving, his steps quick and resolute. Frustrated by his lack of response, Uncle Noel turned to the guards stationed nearby, who stood frozen like statues. "What are you all doing standing there like fools? Stop him!" he barked.

The guards exchanged nervous glances, hesitation etched on their faces. They hadn't forgotten the last time they'd dared to cross their boss-Pedro's wrath had left them battered and terrified. Summoning a sliver of courage, they began to approach him cautiously.

But before they could act, Pedro abruptly stopped and turned around, his cold gaze slicing through them like a blade. "If any of you value your lives, go ahead- try to stop me," he warned, his voice dripping with

menace.

The guards froze in place, their faces pale with fear. None of them dared to take another step forward. Glancing uneasily between Uncle Noel and Pedro, they quickly retreated, resuming their posts without a word.

Pedro smirked at their cowardice. "Smart choice," he muttered. "Now stay where you are." Without sparing another glance, he turned and continued toward the door.

Uncle Noel's frustration grew as he watched the guards shrink back. "Useless fools!" he bellowed. "What good are you if you can't even follow a simple order? Cowards! The lot of you!" Ignoring them, he quickened his pace, determined to catch up with Pedro.

"Pedro, listen to me!" Uncle Noel shouted, his breath coming in short gasps. "Don't do this, my boy. Please!"

But Pedro was determined. His mind was made up, and nothing Uncle Noel said could dissuade him. Reaching his car, he yanked the door open, ready to leave. Just as he was about to step inside, Uncle Noel grabbed his arm, pulling him back forcefully.

"Pedro, stop!" Uncle Noel pleaded, panting heavily.

"Not today, Uncle Noel," Pedro said firmly, shaking his head. "I'm done listening. I've had enough!"

"She'll hate you for this," Uncle Noel warned, his tone desperate.

Pedro's expression remained unyielding. "I don't care," he replied without hesitation.

"She'll despise you, Pedro. Is that what you want?"

"I said I don't care," Pedro repeated, his voice steady but filled with determination.

"She'll never forgive you," Uncle Noel pressed, his voice growing softer, almost as if he were trying to appeal to whatever shred of doubt might linger in Pedro's heart.

At that, Pedro snapped. "I DON'T CARE!" he roared, his voice echoing in the still air. His fists clenched at his sides, his anger threatening to explode. "I can live with her hatred if it means she's away from him! If T

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have to spend the rest of my life being despised by her, so be it. But at least she'll be with me. I can't stand the thought of her loving that man!"

His chest heaved with emotion as he continued. "I believe in my love for her. One day, she'll understand. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but that day will come. And when it does, she'll forgive me. Until then, I'll bear the weight of her anger if it means keeping her safe."

"What about our plan, Pedro?" Uncle Noel demanded, his voice sharp with frustration. "What happened to everything we discussed? You said you'd take it slow—first becoming her friend, and then gradually winning her heart. Wasn't that the strategy? What changed?"

Pedro let out a humorless laugh, his eyes glinting with resolve. "Uncle Noel, let me tell you something. Those plans? They're useless. Absolute nonsense."

Uncle Noel stared at him, stunned into silence.

"Do you know what would happen if I tried to be her friend?" Pedro continued, his tone laced with sarcasm. "She'd friend-zone me faster than you can blink. And then what? Let's say I somehow manage to become her friend and start trying to win her over. Do you know what she'll see me as then? A brother, Uncle Noel. A brother!"

Uncle Noel remained speechless, his lips pressed into a thin line.

Gripping Uncle Noel's shoulders tightly, Pedro leaned closer, his voice soft but firm. "I don't want to be her friend, and I definitely don't want to be her brother. I want her to love me. I want to be the man she chooses, the man she feels for just as deeply as I feel for her."

Uncle Noel sighed deeply, his shoulders sagging. "Pedro, I understand how much you care for her. But right now—"

"No, Uncle Noel," Pedro cut him off sharply. "I can't wait. If I stop now, it'll be too late. She's slipping away, and I won't let her fall for that traitor. I need to act, and I need to act now."

Seeing the fierce determination in Pedro's eyes, Uncle Noel realized there was no changing his mind. "Where are you going?" he asked quietly, his voice carrying a trace of resignation.

"To bring my queen back where she belongs," Pedro declared, his words brimming with confidence. He climbed into his car and turned to glance at Uncle Noel one last time. A faint smile curved his lips as he said, "Don't worry, Uncle Noel. Get the house ready-decorate it. My queen is coming home."

Without waiting for a reply, he started the engine and sped off, his car disappearing down the driveway.

For a moment, Uncle Noel stood motionless, watching the vehicle vanish into the distance. The worry etched on his face gradually faded, replaced by a sly, calculating grin. As the car passed through the gates, a low, sinister chuckle escaped his lips.

"This is perfect," Uncle Noel murmured to himself.

Turning briskly, he headed back into the house. His voice rang out sharply as he addressed the guards. "What are you standing around for? Didn't you hear what the boss said? Start decorating the house. Now!"

"Yes, sir!" the guards responded in unison, hurrying to obey the command.

Uncle Noel's grin widened as he watched them scatter. His expression darkened with an unsettling intensity. "The decorations won't be for the return of a queen," he muttered under his breath. "They'll mark the beginning of a war."

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

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Seated in the car, Pedro pulled out his phone and quickly dialed a number. After a

few rings, the familiar voice of one of his men came through.

"Hello, Boss?"

"Where is Lily right now?" Pedro asked, his voice sharp and to the point.

"Boss, Miss Lily is still at the studio," the bodyguard replied.

"And Ethan? Is he there?"

"No, Boss. He's not around," the bodyguard confirmed.

A small smile tugged at Pedro's lips. "Good," he muttered under his breath. "How many guards has Ethan placed around Lily?"

"There are two bodyguards with Miss Lily and ten hidden guards in the surrounding area," the bodyguard reported.

Pedro let out a low chuckle, his eyes narrowing. "Ten hidden guards from the Collins Family, huh? Impressive. It seems someone has finally started taking me seriously," he said with a smirk.

"How many of them can you handle on your own?" Pedro asked.

"Boss, I can take down at least seven or eight," the bodyguard replied confidently. "Good," Pedro responded curtly.

The bodyguard hesitated for a moment before speaking. "Boss... should I act now, or "

"No," Pedro interrupted. "Stay put. I'm on my way." With that, he ended the call.

After a moment of thought, Pedro dialed another number.

"Hello, Boss," another voice answered.

"Where is Ethan right now?" Pedro asked.

"Boss, Mr. Zhang is at his house," the man replied.

"Alright. Keep an eye on him and let me know the moment he leaves," Pedro ordered.

"Understood, Boss," the man affirmed.

"And be cautious," Pedro added. "Make sure you're not detected. Ethan isn't easy to fool."

The man chuckled lightly. "Don't worry, Boss. I'm the best at this job. Even his guards won't notice me."

Pedro laughed at the man's confidence but quickly sobered. "Overconfidence can be dangerous. Remember, Ethan is smarter than you think. Don't let your guard down."

"Got it, Boss. I'll stay sharp," the man reassured him.

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thoughts as he gripped the steering wheel tightly.

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Every move he made was calculated, every precaution taken with care. He had positioned his men strategically around both Ethan and Lily. This wasn't just about keeping an eye on Ethan's activities; it was also about ensuring Lily's safety.

He couldn't forget the day he first met her. The memory of her vulnerability and helplessness haunted him. She had been in such a dire situation, and Ethan? He was nowhere to be found. Neither he nor his so-called loyal guards were there when Lily needed them most.

If Pedro hadn't been there to protect her, he couldn't bear to imagine what might have happened. It was a thought that fueled his determination. From that day on, he had vowed to keep her safe, even if she never knew about it.

Yes, Ethan had stationed guards to watch over her now, but Pedro trusted his own men far more. His guards were well-trained and highly capable-far superior to anything the Collins Family could muster.

As Pedro started the car, his gaze was firm, his heart resolute. This wasn't just about protecting her. This was about bringing her back to where she truly belonged: by his side.

For generations, the four prestigious families had relied on elite hidden guards to shield them from danger. These guards were not ordinary protectors; their roots traced back to ancient traditions, and their loyalty to the families they served was

absolute. Each family maintained its own group of hidden guards, ready to act in times of crisis.

In the Steven Family, only Pedro remained alive, making him the sole person with the authority to command these guards. After his father's untimely death, Pedro grew up under the care and guidance of Uncle Noel. With his help, Pedro infiltrated one of the most dangerous organizations working under a notorious underworld boss.

As the heir to the Steven Family, Pedro had been rigorously trained from a young age alongside his peers, including Ethan, James, and the Baldwin brothers. His training encompassed a wide array of skills, and he excelled in many of them. These abilities proved invaluable as he undertook dangerous missions assigned by the underworld boss. Over time, Pedro's reputation grew. His name became synonymous with fear, and people began to tread carefully around him.

Pedro reveled in the power his reputation afforded him, and it wasn't long before he was promoted to the position of the underworld boss's left-hand man. It was at this point that Pedro decided it was time to exact revenge on the so-called prestigious families who had wronged him.

Upon returning to China, his first goal was to locate the Steven Family's hidden guards. After painstaking efforts, he found them and immediately began retraining them. He was well aware of their existing strength, but he wanted them to be even more ruthless and unyielding. Under his command, these guards became a force to be reckoned with. A single one of his guards could now neutralize six or seven of Ethan's guards.

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As their master, Pedro knew they were bound to follow his orders without question. It was an among hidden guards: loyalty to the family's leader was absolute. With his already formidable team of skilled operatives and the addition of these elite guards, Pedro felt confident in his ability to confront and dismantle his enemies.

Glancing at his watch, he realized he needed to act swiftly. Ethan could arrive at any moment to pick up Lily, and Pedro had no intention of letting that happen. A grin spread across his face as excitement bubbled within him. The thought of seeing Lily again quickened his heartbeat.

"My queen, I'm coming for you," he whispered with a smirk, his anticipation growing.

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Back at the studio, the interview was wrapping up. The host turned to the camera with a bright smile and spoke enthusiastically.

"Once again, I'd like to thank Director Young and the talented cast of the upcoming movie *Shades of Love* for joining us today. I wish you all the best, and I hope your film smashes all the records this year!"

She turned to the audience and added, "So don't forget to watch *Shades of Love*, hitting theaters this Friday! With that, we've come to the end of tonight's show. I hope you enjoyed this episode. Good night, everyone, and take care!"

The cast and crew, including Director Young, Leon, Rose, and Lily, thanked the host warmly. The segment concluded with a group photo that was quickly shared on the show's official website.

As the cameras turned off, the studio buzzed with activity. Fans and crew members eagerly approached the cast for autographs and selfies. Lily found herself surrounded by admirers, smiling as she signed autographs and posed for photos. The energy in the room was infectious, and she was enjoying the attention.

However, amid the cheerful chaos, she suddenly felt a light tap on her shoulder.

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Lily turned around to find Rose standing before her, wearing a smug smile that hinted at trouble. Before Lily could figure out what this was about or say anything, the host of the show hurried over to them.

"Can I get a picture with both of you?" the host asked excitedly.

Before Lily could respond, Rose quickly smiled and grabbed her arm. "Of course!" she said sweetly, holding onto Lily as though they were the best of friends.

Lily felt a pang of suspicion at Rose's overly friendly demeanor. What was this woman up to? Since when did Rose act like this?

After the pictures were taken, Lily politely excused herself, intending to walk away. However, just as she turned to leave, Rose grabbed her arm again.

"Where do you think you're going, Elder Sister?" Rose said, her tone falsely sweet. "I need to talk to you."

Lily frowned and tried to pull her arm free. "I don't want to talk to you," she said firmly.

Leaning in, Rose's voice dropped to a low whisper. "Do you really want to create a scene here, Elder Sister?"

Before Lily could respond, Mia stepped forward, her eyes blazing with irritation. "And what if she does?" Mia shot back, clearly fed up with Rose's antics. "Why don't you leave her alone?"

Rose's composure faltered for a moment, but she quickly regained it. With an exaggerated sigh, she forced a smile and turned to Mia. "Miss Mia, I'll let your rude behavior slide today because I'm in a good mood," she said. Then, shifting her gaze back to Lily, she added with a smirk, "I just want to have a little chat with you, Elder Sister. What's the harm in that? Unless... don't tell me you're scared of me?"

Lily rolled her eyes at the provocation. Turning to Mia, she offered a reassuring glance, signaling that she could handle this herself. She then removed Rose's hand from her arm and led her to a quieter corner of the room.

"First of all," Lily said sharply, crossing her arms, "I'm not scared of you. The reason I don't want to talk to you is that seeing your face ruins my mood. Do you understand that, Miss Rose?"

She gave Rose a hard look before continuing, her voice dripping with irritation. "Now stop wasting my time and spit it out. What do you want?"

Rose's expression darkened, and she gritted her teeth. "What do you mean by 'spit it out'? Don't cross your limits, Lily," she warned, her tone laced with anger.

Lily smirked at her attempt to sound threatening. "Oh, really? And what will you do if I cross my limits?" she mocked. "Are you going to send your pathetic fiancé

after me? Or maybe hire some more of those weak goons? What's your plan this time, huh?"

Before Rose could respond, Lily continued with a shrug, her tone taunting. "Honestly, it's not I'm wrong. Isn't that what you and your lapdog of a fiancé do best? Barking all day without achieving anything?"

Lily's words hit their mark, and she could see the fury simmering in Rose's eyes. Without waiting for a response, Lily turned on her heel. "Whatever you wanted to say, I'm not interested," she called over her shoulder. "And I definitely don't have time to waste on you."

But just as she began to walk away, Rose's voice stopped her in her tracks.

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"Ethan," Rose said, her tone smug and deliberate,

Lily paused, her back still facing Rose. Slowly, she turned around, her eyes narrowing as she took in the self-satisfied smirk on Rose's face.

"Your husband's name is Ethan, isn't it?" Rose said, her voice dripping with triumph.

Lily's expression froze. She said nothing, but her silence spoke volumes.

Lily remained silent, her expression calm, as she watched Rose smirk arrogantly. Misinterpreting her silence as shock, Rose puffed up even more.

"Surprised, aren't you?" Rose sneered. "I knew you'd be speechless. Well, now I know your husband's name is Ethan..."

"So?" Lily replied nonchalantly, cutting her off.

The sudden indifference in Lily's tone threw Rose off. She studied her elder sister's face, trying to decipher her reaction, but something didn't feel right.

"Aren't you shocked? I mean, I know your husband's name, Lily!" Rose exclaimed, her smugness faltering slightly.

"Shocked?" Lily chuckled, shaking her head in amusement. "Oh, I'm shocked, alright. But not for the reason you think."

Her response made Rose frown in confusion.

"Tell me something," Lily continued, raising an eyebrow. "You're still living with Morgan and Ryan, right?"

Rose hesitated for a moment but nodded.

"And yet, despite living with those two clowns, your brain is still functional enough to piece this together. That's what shocks me, little sister," Lily said, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "But honestly, what are you planning to do with this information? Oh, wait, let me correct myself-what can you even do about it?"

Rose froze, the realization hitting her like a slap. That was true-knowing Lily's husband's name didn't actually give her any leverage. Her mind scrambled for a retort. "I... I'll..."

"Nothing," Lily finished for her, laughing lightly. "You can't do anything."

Rose's face turned red with frustration. Her fists clenched tightly as she glared at Lily, her anger boiling

over.

"Aww, don't be like that, little sister," Lily teased, feigning concern. "Why the death glare? I didn't drag you to a corner and force you to parade around like a proud peacock shouting my husband's name."

Lily's tone softened into mockery as she leaned closer. "So tell me, what exactly were you trying Did you really think I'd be scared just because you know my husband's name? How utterly ridiculous."

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The color drained from Rose's face as she stood there, stunned and speechless. Lily, however, was thoroughly enjoying the spectacle.

"Since you're so interested in my husband," Lily continued, casually draping her arm over Rose's shoulder, "why don't I share a little more information with you? Maybe you and those fools you live with can come up with a master plan."

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Lily's smile widened. "His name is Ethan."

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"Ethan?" Rose repeated slowly, her confusion evident. She searched her memory, trying to recall anyone significant by that name. There weren't many people with that name, but it still didn't click.

"Does that name ring a bell?" Lily asked, tilting her head.

Suddenly, Rose's eyes widened in horror as the pieces fell into place.

"No... That's impossible!" she gasped, taking a shaky step back. Her voice trembled as she continued, "Ethan... The heir of Collins Corporation? The prince of one of the four prestigious families?"

Lily nodded, her smirk growing more pronounced.

"No! It can't be true. He's... he's a prince, and you're..." Rose stammered, unable to complete her sentence. "You're lying!"

Lily shrugged, her expression calm and confident. "Believe whatever you want. It doesn't matter to me. Anyway, I should get going. My husband's probably waiting for me outside."

Without sparing Rose another glance, Lily turned and walked away, her demeanor poised and unbothered.

Rose stood frozen, trembling with a mix of fear and disbelief. Was Lily toying with her, or was she actually telling the truth? Could Mr. Ethan-one of the most

powerful and influential figures-truly be Lily's husband?

The possibility sent a chill down her spine.

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"What did she say to you?" Mia asked as soon as Lily rejoined her.

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"Just some meaningless nonsense. She's not worth our time, Sister Mia. Let's go," Lily replied dismissively.

"You're absolutely right about that," Mia said with a chuckle as they headed toward the entrance. "By the way, while you were talking with Rose, Director Young reminded me to tell you about the audition."

"Oh, that audition? Don't worry, Sister Mia, I haven't forgotten," Lily assured her with a smile.

As they approached Mia's car, the manager teased, "So, should I drop you off, or is your Mr. Everything- zeal, heartfelt, happiness, and affection-coming to pick you up?"

Lily's cheeks turned pink, and she playfully swatted Mia's arm. "Sister Mia, stop teasing me!"

Mia laughed heartily. "But I have to say, you really surprised me when you mentioned his name on live television. For a moment there, I nearly had a heart attack!"

Lily shrugged sheepishly. "Honestly, I didn't plan to say his name. It just... happened."

Mia gave her a knowing smile, fully understanding the depth of Lily's emotions. She felt genuinely happy for her. After everything Lily had endured, finding love with someone like Ethan was the kind of happiness she deserved. Sometimes, all it takes is one person's love to erase years of pain and fill life with vibrant colors of joy and hope.

And for Lily, Mia knew that Ethan was that person.

As the two chatted about various topics while waiting for Ethan to arrive, they suddenly heard someone calling out Lily's name.

"Lily..."

Both women turned to see a strikingly handsome young man standing a short distance away.

Lily looked at the familiar figure and smiled warmly. "Oh, Mr. Pedro..."

Pedro's expression darkened slightly at how formal and distant her greeting sounded, but with someone else present, he chose to remain silent.

"And who is this lovely lady?" Pedro asked, gesturing toward Mia.

"Oh, Mr. Pedro, this is my manager, Mia," Lily said, introducing her with a polite smile. "Sister Mia, this is Mr. Pedro..."

Mia extended her hand as Pedro stepped forward. With his signature swoon-worthy smile, he said, "Miss Mia, it's a pleasure to meet you."

"Likewise," Mia replied, shaking his hand.

As Pedro evaluated Mia, she subtly did the same. He was undeniably handsome—perhaps even more striking than most men she had ever encountered. If she compared him to Ethan, they would rank equally in terms of looks. However, where Ethan carried an aura of cold detachment that kept people at arm's length, this man had an enigmatic charm tinged with a dangerous edge, making him even more captivating.

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"I had some work nearby," Pedro replied smoothly. "By the way, I watched your interview earlier. You did well. And as always, you looked stunning."

"Thank you," Lily said, blushing slightly.

"Are you waiting for someone, or should I give you a ride?" Pedro offered, glancing at the two women.

Lily hesitated briefly before replying, "Actually, Mr. Pedro, someone's already on their way to pick me up."

Suddenly, Mia's phone buzzed, and she glanced at Lily with hesitation. "Umm... Lily, this is an important call. I need to take it. Are you sure you'll be okay...?" she asked, casting a wary glance toward Pedro.

"It's fine, Sister Mia. Go ahead," Lily replied with a reassuring smile. She understood why Mia seemed uneasy. To her, Pedro was an unfamiliar presence, but Lily wasn't worried. After all, Pedro had once saved her life, and on top of that, Ethan had stationed guards nearby for her safety. She had no reason to feel threatened.

Relieved by Lily's assurance, Mia sighed and excused herself. She stepped a short distance away to take the call but kept her eyes discreetly on Lily and Pedro. Something about Pedro made her uneasy. Call it a gut feeling or intuition, but Mia couldn't shake the sense that there was something dangerous about him. Once Mia was gone, Pedro exhaled quietly. He had wanted a moment alone with Lily, and now he had his chance. Turning his attention back to her, he found her looking at him with a polite smile.

"I hope Mr. Pedro doesn't take offense," she said gently. "Sister Mia is just protective of me."

Pedro shook his head with a small smile. "No offense taken. It's good to have someone who looks out for you."

"She's like an elder sister to me," Lily said, glancing fondly at Mia, who was engrossed in her phone conversation but still keeping a watchful eye on her.

Pedro nodded. "She cares for you deeply, and that's a blessing. It's rare to have such people in your life."

There was a quiet undertone in his voice that caught Lily's attention. It sounded like a hint of sadness, almost as if he was reflecting on his own life. Hesitating for a moment, she asked softly, "Are you okay, Mr. Pedro?"

He looked at her, his gaze softening as he saw the genuine concern in her eyes. With a faint smile, he replied, "I'm fine. Just... thinking about some people I've lost."

Lily's expression shifted to one of empathy. "I'm sure they miss you too," she said, her voice gentle.

"They can't," Pedro said with a hollow chuckle, his tone tinged with despair. "They're already gone."

Her heart sank at his words. "I'm so sorry," she murmured, unsure of what else to say.

Pedro didn't respond immediately. Instead, he gazed up at the sky, his eyes reflecting the soft glow of the moonlight as if seeking solace in its light. His expression was distant, lost in memories that Lily couldn't begin to imagine.

For a while, neither of them spoke, the quiet night enveloping them like a fragile cocoon. It was a moment of shared silence, carrying unspoken emotions and stories too painful to put into words.

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

+8 Pearls

For a moment, neither of them said a word. Lily glanced at Pedro, who seemed lost in the glow of the moon. She let out a soft sigh and broke the silence. "Whenever I miss someone, I like to look at the moon

100."

Pedro turned his gaze slightly toward her, his voice low and tinged with sadness. "You do?"

Lily nodded thoughtfully. "Yes. You know, there's an old belief that when someone passes away, their soul becomes a star in the sky. They're always watching over us from above. Even when you can't see them during the day, they're still there."

She looked up at the glittering sky, her voice steady but gentle. "Whoever you're missing, Mr. Pedro, I'm sure they're watching over you right now. And when you feel sad, that star you're thinking of won't shine as brightly. So, to let them sparkle with happiness, you should cheer up and try not to feel too heavy-hearted. They wouldn't want to see you sad."

Her words hung in the air like a soothing melody. She didn't know why she had said them, but she felt it was the right thing to do. Deep down, perhaps she understood what it was like to feel the aching void left by someone's absence.

After her rebirth, she had often missed her parents. The loneliness she felt during those days had been almost unbearable, a gnawing emptiness that had left her questioning who she could truly

trust.

It was terrifying to live in a world where you could only depend on yourself, unsure of who might genuinely care for you or who might betray you. But all of that had changed when Ethan entered her life. He had become her anchor, the one person she could trust completely.

Pedro finally turned to look at her, his dark eyes softening. A small smile appeared on his face, and in that moment, the tension in the air seemed to melt away. The moonlight cast a serene glow over them, creating an atmosphere of warmth and tranquility.

For the first time in what felt like forever, Pedro experienced a deep sense of peace. He couldn't explain it, but Lily's words had touched something within him. They reminded him that even though his father was no longer there, he wasn't truly alone.

His gaze lingered on her, taking in her gentle expression and the way her eyes sparkled with kindness. She reminded him of a memory from long ago—a tiny, bright-eyed baby he had once held in his arms. Those same curious, shining eyes had always followed him back then, and whenever he left her side, she would cry until he returned.

The memory made his smile widen, a rare and genuine expression that seemed to light up his face.

Lily noticed the shift and laughed softly. "There, see? Now your star must be shining brightly again."

Pedro chuckled at her comment, the sound light and carefree. But his expression soon grew thoughtful as he tilted his head. "Miss Lily, why do you keep calling me so formally? I thought I told you to just call me Pedro. After all, aren't we friends now?"

"Friends?" Lily repeated, caught off guard.

Lily took a moment to think. She didn't see any harm in being friends with Pedro. After all, he was her savior, and she always felt a warm, positive energy around

him. Smiling, she nodded. "Alright then, we're friends now, Pedro. But since we're friends, you should call me by my name too-just Lily."

"Got it, Lily," Pedro replied with a cheerful smile. "You know, you're my first friend in a very long time." His tone was light. but those words carried an unmistakable weight.

09:44 Fri, 14 Mar

48 Pearls

Before Lily could say anything in response, Pedro glanced around as if noticing something. "Wait here, Lily. I'll be right back," he said and darted off without waiting for her reply.

"Hey! Where are you going?" she called after him, puzzled. Watching his retreating figure, she couldn't help but reflect on what he had just said.

First friend?

The thought made her heart ache a little. She didn't know much about Pedro's life, but it seemed lonely. Still, she was glad to be someone he could consider a friend.

She glanced over at Mia, who was still on the phone, deep in conversation. With a sigh, Lily pulled out her own phone and dialed Ethan's number. It rang only twice before his familiar, warm voice answered.

"Baby?"

"My dear husband," she said playfully, "where are you?"

"I'm so sorry, baby. I'm on my way," Ethan replied, though his voice carried a hint of irritation.

"What's wrong? Are you okay?" Lily asked, immediately concerned.

"I would've been there already," Ethan explained, his tone exasperated. "But the road is blocked. Two guys got into some petty accident, and now they're standing there shouting at each other like it's a village wrestling match. If they want to fight, fine, but why block the entire road for it?"

Lily chuckled softly at his frustration. "Hey, calm down. There's no rush."

"Calm down?" Ethan retorted. "How can I not hurry? You're standing there all alone-"

"Who said I'm alone?" Lily cut in. "Sister Mia is here with me. And there's a handsome guy keeping me company."

The line went silent for a beat before Ethan's anxious voice came through. "Handsome guy? Who? Lily, who is this man? Don't talk to strangers. What if he has bad intentions? Also, why does this guy think he can keep you company? Didn't he hear you already have a boyfriend? Or were his ears shut during your interview? Is it Leon Haris? If it's not him, don't talk to any so-called 'handsome' guys. Actually, who even said he's handsome? I'm sure he's not. I'm the most handsome man, and that's final!"

Lily stifled her laughter as Ethan ranted.

When he finally paused for a breath, he asked in a quieter voice, "Lily, why aren't you saying anything? Wait... is he really that handsome?"

"Hmmm...." Lily replied honestly, her tone teasing but truthful. There was no denying it-Pedro was handsome.

"Looks like I need to get there faster," Ethan muttered, and before she could say another word, he ended the call.

"Hey! Ethan, don't drive too fast! Be careful!" Lily said into the phone, but the call had already disconnected.

She stared at her phone in disbelief. "This jealous guy dared to hang up on me?" she muttered, though a smile crept onto her face. His jealousy was endearing-childish yet so utterly adorable.

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+8 Pearls

Lost in thoughts about her husband, Lily was startled when she saw Pedro returning. He was rushing toward her, carrying something in his hands.

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

+8 Pearls

Lily noticed Pedro approaching her with a smile, holding two chocolate ice cream cones. As he reached her, he extended one toward her. "Here," he said warmly.

She accepted the ice cream, her expression puzzled. "What's this for?"

Grinning, Pedro held up his cone and replied, "To celebrate the start of our new friendship."

Lily smiled back, taking a small bite of her ice cream. "Cheers to that," she said playfully.

They both enjoyed their treats in comfortable silence for a moment before Pedro broke it. "Was that Mr. Ethan on the phone just now?" he asked casually.

Lily, still savoring her ice cream, nodded. "Yes... wait. How do you know his name?"

Chuckling, Pedro gave her a knowing look. "I saw your interview. It wasn't hard to figure out."

"Smart and observant," she teased, smirking.

"Thanks," he said, nodding. "By the way, I'm really excited about your movie. I have a feeling it's going to be a huge success."

"I hope so too," Lily replied, her voice filled with quiet optimism.

After a brief pause, she asked hesitantly, "Since we're friends now, can I ask you something?"

"Of course," he encouraged her.

Taking a deep breath, she cautiously began, "Earlier, you said I'm your first friend. What did you mean by that? If it's too personal, you don't have to answer."

Pedro sighed softly. "I had a friend once, but he betrayed me. Because of one lie, my life changed in ways I couldn't imagine. After that, I found it hard to trust

people, so I stopped making friends altogether. You're the first person I've called a friend in a long, long time."

Understanding his pain, Lily nodded empathetically. "I get it. I've been betrayed by people I trusted too. But don't worry, Pedro. You won't regret being my friend," she promised with a cheerful laugh.

As her laughter lit up the moment, Pedro couldn't help but be captivated by her smile. He wanted to confess his deeper feelings but stopped himself. The timing wasn't right.

To shift his thoughts, he looked up at the glowing moon and said, "You asked me a personal question, so can I ask you one too?"

"Of course," Lily replied, intrigued.

Taking a moment to gather his thoughts, he asked, "I know you spoke about this in your interview, but I want to hear it directly from you. What does love mean to you? Do you truly love Ethan as much as it seems?"

Her expression softened, and she smiled deeply. "I do. I love him with all my heart. To me, he's everything. If I were the heart, he'd be my heartbeat. If I were the destination, he'd be my journey. I know it might sound cheesy or like something out of a movie, but that's genuinely how I feel when I'm with him. He completes me."

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

+8 Pearls

Mia cleared her throat, her expression reflecting surprise as she observed Lily's candid question. It struck her as unusually personal, and it made her wonder if Lily was more familiar with Pedro than she had let on.

Pedro, caught off guard, raised an eyebrow. "My relationship?" he echoed.

Lily nodded with an encouraging smile.

After a moment of thought, Pedro smiled softly, his gaze meeting hers. "I'm not in a relationship right now," he admitted. "But there is someone I love."

"Oh?" Lily's interest piqued. "Then why aren't you with her? Haven't you confessed your feelings yet? You seem like a great guy, and with your good looks, I'm sure any girl would fall for you."

Pedro chuckled lightly, the corners of his lips lifting. "You think I'm good-looking?" he teased, though her compliment warmed him more than he expected.

Lily nodded confidently. "Of course! Don't you agree, Sister Mia?"

Mia gave a noncommittal shrug. "I guess," she replied, though her tone was far less enthusiastic.

Pedro turned back to Lily, his smile fading slightly. "The girl I love... she's already with someone else. She's in love with him, and she doesn't even know how I feel." His voice softened, tinged with sadness. "The problem is, the man she loves isn't a good person. He betrayed me once, and I'm terrified he might hurt her too. I want to protect her, to tell her how much I care, and make her the queen of my heart. But I'm scared. If I try to take her away, she might hate me forever. What if, in trying to save her, I lose her completely?"

Lily sighed empathetically. "That sounds really complicated," she murmured.

Pedro chuckled bitterly. "It is. If you were in my shoes, what would you do?" Before she could answer, the bright headlights of an approaching car lit up the scene. Shielding her eyes from the glare, Lily smiled brightly. "He's here."

Pedro's expression turned unreadable as he glanced at the car. He didn't need to see the driver to know who it was-Ethan. Though the dim lighting obscured Ethan's face, Pedro could feel the weight of his stare.

Inside the car, Ethan's sharp eyes were fixed on the man standing beside Lily. The darkness masked Pedro's features, but the intensity in his gaze was undeniable. Ethan's chest tightened with a strange mix of emotions he couldn't quite name. The man seemed familiar somehow, yet no clear memories surfaced.

Something about Pedro's posture and confident demeanor suggested he was someone of significant standing, someone who could rival Ethan on every level. However, Ethan didn't feel the hostility he might have expected. Instead, a strange, overwhelming emotion coursed through him-an emotion he couldn't explain.

Did he know this man? And why did his presence feel so unsettling?

Ethan sat in his car, his eyes fixed on the man standing beside Lily. A strong urge to step out and confront him welled up inside him, but he hesitated. If he revealed himself now, their relationship might come to light. What if there were paparazzi lurking in the shadows? Lily had made it clear she wasn't ready for their relationship to be public.

Although her heartfelt confession of love earlier had filled Ethan with joy and reassurance, he couldn't deny

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+8 Pearls

Pedro, on the other hand, struggled to keep his emotions in check as he glanced toward Ethan's car. Turning to look at Lily, he noticed the radiant smile on her face. It wasn't just any smile-it was one filled with love, a light in her eyes that he had never seen before. Even though Ethan remained out of sight, her entire demeanor lit up with the thought of him.

Mia's voice interrupted the moment. "Lily, he's here. We should go," she reminded gently.

Lily nodded and turned to Pedro. "If I were in your position," she said with a kind but firm tone, "I would do whatever it took to protect the person I love, no matter the cost. But now, I really have to leave. Goodbye, Pedro. I truly hope you find all the happiness you deserve."

Pedro managed a faint smile and nodded. He stood motionless as he watched her walk away, step by step, until she reached Ethan's car and got inside. His gaze followed the vehicle as it drove off into the night, long after it had disappeared from view.

Mia glanced back at him briefly before heading to her own car and leaving as well. Alone under the pale light of the moon, Pedro remained rooted to the spot, his thoughts swirling. A hollow laugh escaped his lips, a sound laden with sorrow and unspoken grief.

Tonight had not gone as he had planned. He had come with the intent to take Lily away, determined to separate her from Ethan, even if it meant earning her hatred. His mind had been made up-he was ready to fight for her, regardless of the cost. But then he saw her smile. That one moment of pure happiness, the way she laughed so freely, and the calm joy he felt simply being near her made him stop. It

was as if that single, fleeting moment had washed away all the dark thoughts in his mind.

He realized he couldn't destroy her happiness, even if it meant sacrificing his own. She saw him as a good man, and for her, that's the image he wanted to maintain.

Taking a deep, steadying breath, Pedro turned and walked toward his car, each step feeling heavier than the last. As he drove away into the quiet night, his heart carried the weight of unspoken love and a sorrowful acceptance of what could never be.

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

79%

+8 Pearls

When Pedro arrived back at his mansion, he was greeted by an unexpected sight. The entire estate was adorned with an elaborate array of lights and flowers, creating a magical ambiance. From the grand gates to every corner of the sprawling mansion, decorations radiated splendor. Vibrant flowers in a rainbow of colors were carefully arranged, lending the place a festive charm.

The bodyguards stood in a disciplined line, their heads bowed in respect, while Uncle Noel waited by the grand entrance, a wide smile lighting up his face.

Taking in the sight, Pedro was momentarily unsure whether to laugh or cry. This extravagant welcome was meant to celebrate the arrival of the "Queen," but she wasn't with him. He hadn't brought Lily back. Torn between disappointment and a strange sense of contentment, he wondered: Should he mourn the fact that Lily wasn't by his side, or should he cherish the precious moments they had shared, fleeting yet meaningful?

"Pedro, where is she?" Uncle Noel's eager voice cut through his thoughts as he noticed Pedro entering the mansion alone. The confusion and concern on Uncle Noel's face were evident. "Didn't you leave to bring her here? Then why are you alone?"

Pedro gave him a faint smile. "I changed my mind," he said quietly.

"What?" Uncle Noel's voice rose in surprise, nearly shaking with anger. "You didn't bring her?" He quickly caught himself and took a deep breath, softening his tone slightly. "I mean... you were so determined to bring her back. What happened, Pedro?"

"I did leave to bring her back," Pedro admitted. "In fact, I was fully prepared to take her by force if necessary. But when I saw her, Uncle Noel, something changed. I realized that if I forced her to come with me, she would only end up hating me. That's not the kind of relationship I want with her."

Uncle Noel's brows furrowed in frustration. "But we already discussed this!" he protested. "You said you'd bring her here no matter what, even if you had to use force. You said "

"I know what I said," Pedro interrupted with a sigh. "I wasn't thinking clearly back then. I was hurt, angry, and desperate. But now I understand-it's not the right way."

For a moment, Uncle Noel was speechless, his fists clenching and unclenching at his sides. Finally, he asked, "So, are you just going to leave her? Let her stay with Ethan?"

Pedro tilted his head slightly, confusion flickering in his eyes. "Leave her?"

"I mean, are you giving up on Lily entirely?" Uncle Noel clarified, his tone turning sharp. "Are you abandoning your revenge? Have you forgotten that Ethan and his family are responsible for your father's death?"

Pedro's expression darkened, and he shook his head firmly. "No, Uncle Noel. I haven't forgotten anything. I remember everything, and I will get my revenge. But taking Lily by force isn't the way to do it."

"Then why didn't you bring her here?" Uncle Noel demanded, his voice rising in exasperation. "By tak her away from Ethan, you could have killed two birds with one stone. You'd have her, and at the same time, you'd strike a blow to him. Isn't that what we agreed on?"

Pedro remained calm, his voice steady as he replied, "Revenge isn't just about striking impulsively, Uncle Noel. It's about planning, waiting for the right moment, and hitting where it truly hurts. Taking Lily against her will might have

satisfied a momentary need for control, but in the end, it would have destroyed everything I hope to build with her."

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+8 Pearls

Uncle Noel stared at him, his frustration clear, but he said nothing. Pedro's conviction left no room for further argument, and the air between them was heavy with unspoken tension.

Pedro turned away, his mind already racing with plans, his heart heavy with unresolved emotions. He would seek justice for his father. But he wouldn't do it at the cost of Lily's happiness-or his image in her eyes.

Pedro let out another deep sigh and spoke with quiet determination. "Uncle Noel, I don't want her to hate me. That's why I've made my decision. I won't take her away from that man by force, and I won't let myself become someone who causes her pain. I can't hurt her like that, and I won't."

Uncle Noel frowned, his tone laced with frustration. "Then what's your plan, Pedro? What are you going to do now?"

A small smile appeared on Pedro's face. "She will come to me willingly, Uncle Noel. My queen will come to her king on her own terms."

Uncle Noel stared at him in stunned silence, his brows furrowing deeply. He shook his head as if trying to process the unexpected turn of events. "But Pedro, I still believe you should have brought Lily back with you. For you to change your mind so suddenly-something must have happened. Did something happen when you met her?"

Pedro chuckled softly. "No, Uncle Noel, nothing happened to me on the way there. But after meeting her, everything changed in my heart. Do you know, today is one of the happiest days of my life? I can't describe how full my heart feels. Just being with her, seeing her smile, and talking to her gave me a joy I can't put into words."

He sounded almost like a child, recounting every detail of his time with Lily. A peaceful, almost blissful smile played on his lips as he spoke, his emotions laid bare. Uncle Noel listened in silence, grumbling inwardly, his frustration growing. Once Pedro finished, Uncle Noel hesitated but eventually spoke.

"If being with her for such a short time brought you this much happiness, then you should have brought her back. This was a wasted opportunity, Pedro," Uncle Noel insisted. "Don't worry, though. You'll have another chance. We can come up with a way to bring her here. Think about it-your enemy will be furious. This would be the perfect way to strike at him. I still believe we should take action."

Pedro's smile faded slightly, replaced by a resolute expression. "No, Uncle Noel. She would hate me for that, and I can't bear to see her hate me. I know you're worried about me, but my decision stands. I'm not going to change my mind."

His tone softened as he added, "Don't worry, Uncle Noel. I know what I'm doing. For now, I'm exhausted. I'm going to bed. Good night."

Without waiting for a response, Pedro turned and walked away, leaving Uncle Noel standing there with gritted teeth. Fury simmered beneath the surface as Uncle Noel watched Pedro disappear into the mansion. This wasn't how things were supposed to go. Pedro was meant to bring Lily back, triggering the war against the Zhangs. Instead, everything was unraveling.

"This can't continue like this," Uncle Noel muttered under his breath, his eyes darkening with determination. "If Pedro won't act, I will."

Steeling himself, Uncle Noel resolved to take matters into his own hands. He had a role to play in this grand scheme: to push Pedro to the edge, to ignite the fire of war between the Stevens, Collins, Baldwins, and Astors. That was the only way to fulfill his master's instructions and ensure success. With a chilling determination, Uncle Noel turned and walked away, already scheming about how to set the next stage of the

conflict in motion.

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

43 Pearls

As Lily settled into the car, Ethan quickly leaned in, pressing her gently against the seat and planning a passionate kiss on her lips. Their tongues met, and it felt as though he had been longing for this moment for months.

Lily felt a shiver run through her, almost as if her very soul was touched by his intense kiss. She was relieved that no one around could witness their intimate moment. After a few moments of that fervent kiss, Ethan softly kissed her forehead before the car started moving, leaving her breathless, a bit dizzy, and flushed from their embrace.

After a few minutes, Lily took a deep breath to regain her composure and looked over at her husband, who was driving the car. She admired his handsome profile, feeling grateful and lucky to have him as her partner. It wasn't just his looks that she adored, but also his kind heart, which made her love him even more deeply.

"What was that for?" she asked, a playful tone in her voice.

"Why? Can't I kiss my own wife?" Ethan replied with a light chuckle.

Lily nodded thoughtfully. "You can, but I have a feeling there's another reason you kissed me."

Ethan glanced at her briefly before returning his attention to the road. Lily laughed softly at his evasive response. "Do you want to know what that reason is?"

"Nope," he responded, shaking his head slightly.

"But I want to tell you anyway," she insisted with a smile. "You're jealous, aren't you?"

Ethan remained silent, not responding to her accusation. Lily knew she had hit the nail on the head. He was

indeed jealous—so much so that he felt compelled to kiss her. She noticed the way he looked at her, not with mere admiration or affection, but with a deeper longing that one might reserve for someone they truly desire. Whether it was because she was beautiful or because of her celebrity status, he couldn't hide his jealousy. He might think it petty or immature, but he couldn't stand that the other man was as handsome as he was.

Not hearing a reply, Lily chuckled and moved closer to him. "Ethan, be honest with me. You're jealous of that man, aren't you?"

"What if I am jealous?" he replied, his tone guarded.

"You should be," she continued. "He's incredibly handsome. I can't believe someone could be that attractive -the way he carries himself, his voice, his eyes, everything about him."

"Lily..." Ethan began to warn her, but she interrupted with a laugh, raising her hands in surrender. She stopped teasing him and rested her head on his shoulder. "No matter how handsome he is, you belong to me. My dear husband, there's no need for you to be jealous."

Ethan softened, feeling the warmth of her affection. Lily's reassurance eased his insecurities, remind of the strong bond they shared. He wrapped an arm around her, pulling her closer, and smiled gently. In that moment, all his worries melted away, replaced by the deep love he felt for his wife.

him

Hearing her reply, Ethan's heart swelled with warmth and affection. As Lily rested her head on his arm, he leaned down and gently kissed her forehead. "There's another reason for that kiss," he admitted with a soft smile. "By the way, who was that man?"

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+8 Pearls

"Oh, him? He's the one who saved me from those goons that day. My savior," Lily explained casually, yawning softly as she nestled closer. "But let's not talk about him. What's the other reason?" she asked, her voice laced with exhaustion as her eyes fluttered shut. "Tell me..."

Ethan looked at her lovingly and answered from his heart. "Because I love you, and I feel incredibly lucky to have you as my wife."

Hearing his heartfelt words, a small smile spread across Lily's lips. Too tired to respond, she let sleep overtake her while leaning against him. Watching her peaceful expression, Ethan's smile deepened. She looked like an angel when she slept.

As he drove, a thought crossed his mind. "Lily, what's the name of that man?" he asked, realizing he hadn't caught her savior's name. But the only response he got was the sound of her soft breathing. Glancing over, he saw that she had fallen completely asleep. Chuckling softly, he adjusted her gently to make her more comfortable and continued driving toward their destination.

Half an hour later, Ethan stepped out of the car with Lily cradled carefully in his arms. As he carried her, she stirred slightly, her arms instinctively wrapping around him. With a sleepy smile, she mumbled, "Are we there yet?"

"Hmm," he replied, his voice low and gentle.

Still groggy, Lily slowly opened her eyes. However, as her surroundings came into focus, her drowsiness vanished in an instant. She was stunned to see they weren't at their apartment but at a gorgeous lake house. The area was beautifully decorated with flowers, twinkling lights, and tiny lanterns that seemed to dance in the night. The serene ambiance left her speechless.

Ethan carried her inside, where the interior was just as enchanting as the outside. The warm glow of candles illuminated the room, and the delicate floral arrangements filled the air with a sweet fragrance. He carefully placed her on a chair before heading to the kitchen. Moments later, he returned with an array of dishes, setting them neatly on the table.

Lily was too overwhelmed to speak, her heart racing as she took in the romantic atmosphere. Ethan sat beside her, serving her a plate. Noticing her silence, he frowned slightly. "Don't you like it?" he asked, a hint of concern in his voice.

"Huh?" she snapped out of her daze, her cheeks flushing. "I-I love it... When did you do all of this?"

"When you were busy confessing your love to me," he teased with a mischievous smile, picking up a spoon to feed her.

Lily giggled at his remark and picked up her spoon as well. They took turns feeding each other, their laughter and smiles filling the room. The evening was filled with delicious food, intimate conversations, and heartfelt confessions.

Later that night, the love they shared culminated in a passionate embrace, as they reaffirmed their devotion to each other over and over again. The lake house became a sanctuary of love, sealing their bond even deeper in their hearts.