

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

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband-

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"They are my parents... and none of you have the right to say anything about them!" Lily's voice rang through the room, filled with determination and a touch of defiance.

The crowd murmured in confusion until someone finally spoke up, "Mr. Morgan, what is going on? What is this girl talking about?"

Standing tall, Lily met their bewildered gazes. "Allow me to clarify. My name is Lily, and I am the eldest daughter of the Miller Family. I am Rose and Taylor's sister."

A collective gasp echoed through the room. Shock spread across the faces of the guests as their eyes darted between Lily and the Miller couple, searching for confirmation.

Lily turned to her father with an apologetic expression. "Father, I'm truly sorry, but I had no choice but to reveal my identity. I could tolerate their insults directed at me, but I will not stand by while they disrespect you and Mother. My parents are my bottom line."

Taking a deep breath, she continued, "I think it's time you acknowledged the truth. Let them know I am your eldest daughter. It was me who helped Rose and Taylor-"

Before she could finish, Morgan raised his hand, cutting her off. His voice was steady, yet there was an undertone of reluctance. "She's telling the truth," he said. "This is Lily, my eldest daughter."

The room fell silent, the weight of his words sinking in. Morgan's heart churned with unease. How had it come to this? He had intended to keep this secret buried, and yet here it was, exposed for all to see. He couldn't allow her to reveal more. If the truth about Rose and Taylor's circumstances came out, it would unravel everything they had worked to build.

Though outwardly composed, the Miller couple seethed internally. Their polite smiles masked their frustration and anger.

As the realization dawned on the guests, panic began to set in. Just moments ago, they had openly slandered the eldest daughter of the prestigious Miller Family, and in her own home no less. It was as if they had dug their own graves with their words.

Many had attended this gathering hoping to curry favor with the powerful Miller Family. Now, they found themselves on the verge of ruining any chance of forming connections. Embarrassed and flustered, they scrambled to make amends.

"Mr. Morgan, we deeply apologize," one of them stammered. "We had no idea she was your daughter. We would never have said such things if we had known."

They turned to Lily, their voices laced with regret. "Miss Lilyly, we are truly sorry for everything. Please forgive us. We acted out of ignorance and did not recognize your importance."

Lily, maintaining her composure, offered a small, gracious smile. "It's alright, everyone. There's no need for such formal apologies. It was simply a misunderstanding. None of you knew my identity, so let's not dwell on it. Please, let's put this matter behind us."

Her words, though calm and forgiving, carried a quiet strength that left the room subdued. The guests nodded in agreement, grateful for her magnanimity, even as a sense of unease lingered in the air.

From the beginning, Lily didn't care what these people thought or said about her. Her focus had always been on her goal, and now that it was achieved, nothing else mattered.

However, her composed demeanor and forgiving nature seemed to win the crowd over. The same businessmen who had slandered her earlier now approached her with regret.

"We're truly sorry, Miss Lilyly," one of them said, his tone filled with shame. "It's alright," she replied graciously, her polite smile adding to

her charm.

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The man laughed nervously, trying to ease the tension. "Morgan, you are a lucky man! Your eldest daughter is truly remarkable—so beautiful and kind-hearted."

Morgan nodded stiffly, his expression forced. "Thank you. That's very kind of you to say."

Others quickly chimed in, eager to smooth things over.

"Yes, Mr. Morgan, your daughter is not only stunning but also incredibly graceful!" "She didn't even retaliate when we said such terrible things about her. What a big heart she has."

"Miss Lily is truly beautiful, both inside and out."

"She's also so filial. You're fortunate to have such a wonderful daughter."

Amid the praise, Rose stood to the side, her hands clenched into fists, her nails digging into her palms. Her anger burned hotter with every word of admiration directed at Lily. Only moments ago, the crowd was ridiculing her sister. How had the narrative changed so drastically?

Her mind raced, searching for an explanation. Something felt off. Lily was different—too different. She had refused to audition for her, even after Ryan's insistence, and now she had boldly revealed her identity. Could all of this really be a coincidence?

Interrupting her thoughts, someone in the crowd asked, "Mr. and Mrs. Lily, why didn't you ever introduce Miss Lily to us before?"

"Yes," another chimed in. "We only knew about Rose and Taylor. How could you keep such a remarkable daughter hidden?"

Morgan felt a sweat bead on his forehead. The questions were coming faster than he could manage, and the situation was spiraling. He had to think quickly to protect the image he had so carefully constructed.

Before he could answer, Lily opened her mouth to speak, "Actually, I was—"

"Actually," Morgan interrupted smoothly, "my daughter just returned from the States to congratulate her brother on his recent success. I had planned to introduce her to all of you properly, but she wasn't feeling well, so I sent her home earlier. Isn't that right, Lily?"

Lily smiled faintly, nodding. "Yes, Father. That's right."

Inside, she couldn't help but admire her father's cunning. He had neatly cut her off and provided an excuse that sounded plausible to the guests. Still, she thought. Let him enjoy this little victory. He doesn't realize that his plans are slowly falling apart. One by one, I will make sure they crumble.

"Oh, I see," the guests murmured in understanding

With the situation under control, Morgan let out a sigh of relief and addressed the crowd. "I sincerely apologize for the misunderstanding earlier. But now that everything is cleared up, let's enjoy the rest of the evening.

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The atmosphere gradually relaxed. Servants were called to clean up the mess, and the guests returned to mingling and chatting.

Across the room, Lily was soon surrounded by a group of ladies eager to befriend her. Watching this from a distance, Mr. Parker chuckled softly. "I never knew she could act this well," he remarked, amused by the

Ethan, however, stood silently, his gaze fixed on Lily. From the very beginning, his eyes had never left her. Seeing those people insult her had stirred a deep anger within him. He had wanted to step forward, to shield her from their harsh words.

But he held himself back. He understood that she needed to handle this on her own. Watching her strength and composure filled his heart with admiration. "Everything about her is extraordinary," he said softly, his eyes glowing with love,

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Under the lights, the black patterns on his mask looked mysterious and eerie as he gazed at her with amusement.

"Have you considered what I discussed with you earlier?" he asked.

Evie frowned immediately. "Mr. Mendez, I already turned you down."

On the plane, he boldly told her that he was attracted to her and wanted her to be his mistress!

She had laughed in disbelief at his audacity!

"Your way of pursuing someone is unique," she had retorted. "Why not ask me to be your girlfriend?"

Douglass maintained a slight smile on his lips. "Because I already have a fiancée.

I will get married eventually, but not to you."

Evie wanted to slap him across the face!

The nerve of him to hit on her while having a fiancée!

But since Mabel had been sitting on the plane, she had controlled her anger and kept her hands to herself. Still, she could use her words.

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She had leaned close to his car and hissed an insult, "You have no shame."

After that, she ignored him completely.

But even after they got off the plane.

He followed her like a shadow, popping up everywhere she went.

He showed up everywhere she went, the same hotel, the breakfast restaurant, and tourist spots, and kept sending her strange gifts.

She immediately booked a return flight, deciding to cut her stay in Lanceser short!

She was constantly on edge, terrified that the truth about four years ago would come out, that he'd discover Mabel was his daughter, that he'd take her baby away!

She needed to figure out a way to get far away from him!

Douglass made himself comfortable on the couch. His broad shoulders and slim waist cut an imposing figure. His tall frame and long legs radiated an unmistakable air of aristocracy.

He fidgeted with the silver band on his pinky finger, amusedly eyeing her. "You should seriously reconsider my offer. Being my mistress would work well for you. I'll give you anything you want!"

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His tone was casual, but his words dripped with arrogance.

Evie pointed to the door. "Mr. Mendez, please leave, or I'm calling the police."

Her face was cold, her brows furrowed, her eyes burning with barely contained anger.

She was genuinely furious.

She felt insulted by his words!

He was new in town and didn't understand how things worked here.

Back home, women would kill to be his mistress, but this woman had flat-out rejected him.

How interesting!

No one had ever turned him down before.

This was quite a novel experience!

"Mommy..."

The bedroom door opened, and Mabel walked out, rubbing her sleepy eyes. She had just woken up.

Evie rushed over to hug her. "Sweetie, are you hungry? Would you like to go out for dinner with Mommy?"

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Mabel wrapped her arms around her mother's neck and kissed her affectionately, then noticed Douglass in the room.

"Mr. Mendez, why are you here?"

Douglass's expression softened when he addressed her, "I was waiting for you. I wanted to take you out for dinner. Would you give me that chance?"

Evie felt her chest tighten!

She wanted to explode with anger!

But with her daughter present, she couldn't say a word!

This man was genuinely shameless!

How dare he try to get to her through Mabel!

Mabel blinked her big eyes and thought carefully before shaking her head. "No, thanks."

"Oh?" Douglass looked surprised. "Why not?"

Mabel's voice was childlike but profound. "You're trying to date my mommy, but you're trying to be my friend first. That's taking a shortcut. What you're doing isn't right, so I can't have dinner with you."

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"Ahickey!"

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Rose froze, her hands instinctively flying to the spot on her neck where the mark was visible. Panie flickered across her face as she realized she hadn't concealed it properly. She had been too careless, assuming everyone knew Ryan was her boyfriend. Lily's unexpected presence and all the chaos had thrown her off, making her forget such a crucial detail.

Ryan standing beside her, felt his stomach twist. A flash of irritation passed through him as he mentally cursed Rose. Before they had come down, he'd reminded her multiple times to hide the mark, warning her not to leave room for suspicion. Yet, here they were. If Lily grew suspicious, it could jeopardize everything he'd worked so hard to maintain.

Rose quickly composed herself, though a hint of embarrassment lingered. She offered a nervous laugh before speaking. "Elder Sister, this isn't what you think. It's just... a mosquito bite"

"A mosquito bite?" Lily asked, tilting her head as if genuinely confused.

"Yes, Elder Sister," Rose confirmed, nodding firmly.

Ryan smirked slightly, watching the interaction. This was what he appreciated about Rose-her quick thinking and ability to spin a situation to her advantage. She could be quite crafty when the moment called for it.

However, Lily shook her head and let out a small chuckle. "Rose, that's not a mosquito bite. It's unmistakably a hickey."

Rose's composure wavered as her face flushed. "Elder Sister, you're mistaken!" she insisted, her voice a bit sharper than intended.

Lily raised an eyebrow, clearly amused. "Oh, I know what a hickey looks like, Rose. There's no mistaking it."

That statement hit Rose like a slap. Her grip on Ryan's arm tightened, a surge of anger and jealousy coursing through her. How does she know what a hickey looks like? The thought sent her mind spiraling. Could she and Brother Ryan? No, that's impossible. He couldn't possibly like her, right?

Ryan wasn't faring much better. His eyes widened as doubts began creeping into his mind. Does Lily have another man in her life? Is she cheating on me?

Seeing their reactions, Lily calm exterior.

almost laughed aloud. Their discomfort was satisfying, but she maintained her

"How do you know?" Rose finally asked, her tone laced with irritation.

"Oh, I've seen it in movies," Lily replied casually, a playful glint in her eye.

Both Rose and Ryan visibly relaxed at her explanation, speaking in unison, "Oh, you've seen it in movies!"

Rose let out a relieved sigh and nodded, choosing to confess, "Fine, Elder Sister. You're right. It's a hickey. I'm sorry for lying to you."

Lily waved a hand dismissively, her smile warm but unreadable. "It's fine, Rose. But tell me, who's the lucky person that managed to win your heart?"

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man. He loves me deeply and would do anything for me."

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Lily laughed lightly. "That's good to hear. It's important to be with someone who treats you well. So, who's this amazing man?"

Rose giggled, her coyness returning. "It's a surprise, Elder Sister! I'm not telling you just yet." In her mind, she thought smugly. If I told you, Lily, you'd be too shocked to handle it.

Lily smiled indulgently. "As you wish. But do be careful, Rose."

Rose's brows furrowed in confusion. "Careful? What do you mean, Elder Sister?"

Lily's expression turned serious, though her tone remained light. "Rose, you have to understand-many young men today aren't as loyal as they seem. Some are skilled at weaving a web of lies, trapping innocent, naive girls while keeping mistresses on the side. They hide their true selves so well that you wouldn't even know when you're being betrayed. Not every man is like Ryan-so faithful and loyal. Isn't that right, Ryan?"

"Huh? Oh yes, of course... You should definitely be careful, Rose," Ryan stammered, trying to mask his discomfort. Lily's words had struck a nerve, leaving him with an uneasy feeling he couldn't shake off.

Rose laughed lightly, her voice tinged with nervousness. "Don't worry, Elder Sister. He's not that type of person."

Lily gave her a small nod. That's good to hear. But it's always better to stay cautious. You know, I once came across a story about two stepsisters who fell in love with the same man. The guy was infatuated with the younger sister, but the older one-who was quite cunning-seduced him. She managed to carry on an affair with him right under her sister's nose. And as if that wasn't enough, the man turned out to be a complete scoundrel, wanting to have both sisters for himself. Can you imagine, Rose? Situations like that can be so messy. You really have to be careful"

Rose froze, her laughter dying in her throat.

Ryan's face turned ashen, beads of sweat forming on his forehead. "..

"..."

Both stared at Lily, their expressions betraying their inner turmoil. The story sounded eerily familiar. Too. familiar. It was as if she was talking about them. "Lily, where did you come across that story? Ryan finally asked, his voice strained.

"Oh, it was from a novel, Lily replied nonchalantly, a faint smile playing on her lips.

Ryan forced a laugh. "Lily, you shouldn't compare fiction to reality. Stories like that are just made-up

nonsense."

Lily tilted her head slightly, her eyes glinting with amusement. "Is that so, Ryan ? Don't you: know that many stories are inspired by real-life events? I've even heard of countless tales about sisters betraying each other for the same man. Some men are so vile they toy with both siblings without a shred of remorse. Don't you agree, Rose?"

"Hehe... Of course. Elder Sister. But I would never do something like that!" Rose forced an awkward laugh, her voice quivering slightly. "You're my real sister, after all."

"Of course, I know that, Lily said with a sweet smile. "I wasn't talking about you. You shouldn't take it so seriously. I just wanted to remind you to stay vigilant so no one takes advantage of you,"

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"Yes, Elder Sister. I understand, Rose replied, nodding quickly.

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Lily's gaze shifted across the room, landing on their father. "It looks like Dad wants

to talk to you both," she said, gesturing towards Mr Morgan.

Grateful for the excuse to leave, Rose smiled stily. "We'll go see him then. Enjoy the party, Elder Sister!" Grabbing Ryan 's arm, she hurriedly dragged him away.

As they disappeared into the crowd, Lily let out a quiet sigh of relief. Finally, those two scums are gone.

Looking around the room, she saw groups of people engaged in their own conversations, some laughing, others gossiping. Despite the lively atmosphere, an overwhelming sense of loneliness washed over her.

Picking up a glass of wine, Lily made her way to the balcony. The cool night air greeted her as she stepped outside. The sky was a deep shade of indigo, with the moon casting its silvery glow over the city. The gentle breeze brushed against her skin, carrying with it a sense of calm and introspection.

She stared at the vast expanse above, her thoughts drifting to questions that had haunted her for years. Who are my real parents? Where are they now? Will I ever get to meet them? If I do, will they accept me? Are they even thinking about me?

Her grip on the glass tightened as emotions welled up within her. She tried to push the thoughts aside, but they lingered like shadows in the corners of her mind.

With her low tolerance for alcohol, even the single glass of wine was beginning to affect her. A light shiver ran through her as the cold wind picked up. She decided it was time to head back inside, turning to leave- when she felt a sudden warmth envelop her shoulders.

Startled, she looked down to find a man's coat draped over her. The deep, velvety voice that followed sent a shiver down her spine.

"I never imagined that the mastermind behind Miller Corporation could also be this breathtakingly beautiful, the man said, his tone low and hypnotic, his presence looming just behind her.

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Lily turned to face the man standing behind her, and for a moment, she was struck speechless. He was undoubtedly the most handsome man she had ever encountered, in this life or the one before it.

Everything about him seemed flawless. It was often said that a beautiful woman could bring down nations. but this man's looks seemed powerful enough to conquer the entire world. He exuded an indescribable noble aura, and every inch of him radiated a magnetic charm that was almost impossible to resist. His hypnotic eyes seemed to draw her in, making her feel as though her very soul was being captured.

"How did you know?" she asked, her voice slightly slurred as she swayed unsteadily.

Ethan's brows knitted slightly as he noticed her unsteady stance. "I have good eyes," he replied simply.

Lily chuckled, her laughter soft and light. "That you do... Your eyes are truly mesmerizing. It's like they can capture someone's soul."

Ethan had heard countless compliments about his appearance before. Many people admired his looks, and he was well aware of the effect he had on others. Yet, something about her words made his heart swell. Just that one line from her felt more meaningful than all the admiration he had received in his entire life.

As she laughed, her balance faltered, and she seemed on the verge of falling. Ethan instinctively opened his arms, ready to catch her, but she managed to steady herself at the last moment. He frowned slightly, lowering his arms in disappointment.

His gaze lingered on her, concern creeping into his expression. Was she drunk? He moved a little closer. leaning in to sniff the air around her. To his surprise, there

was no strong smell of alcohol. His eyes dropped to the glass of wine in her hand, realization dawning on him. One glass-just one-was enough to make her tipsy.

He nodded to himself, filing the thought away. Note to self: never let Lily drink wine again.

While Ethan was busy assessing her state and making mental notes about how to take care of her, Lily was lost in her own thoughts. Strangely, she didn't feel any discomfort when he leaned in close. In fact, his proximity amused her. She let out a small laugh.

"Why are you sniffing me? Are you a dog?" she teased, her tone light and playful. Ethan froze, momentarily at a loss for words."..

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Before he could respond. Lily stepped closer, her curiosity evident. She reached out and touched his face. Her fingers brushed against his cheek, then traced the line of his nose before moving to his ears. The unexpected contact made Ethan's entire body tense. Her touch was soft, almost tentative, but it was enough to send a jolt through him.

He stood frozen, his mind racing as she continued her innocent exploration of his features. For a man who was used to being in control, the effect she had on him was both startling and undeniable.

Ethan felt an unfamiliar sensation coursing through his entire body as Lily's hands wandered over him, her touch innocent yet completely disarming. It was as if her presence had awakened something deep within him-something he had never experienced before. A growing warmth spread through him, a bubbling desire he struggled to suppress.

She seemed blissfully unaware of the effect she was having on him, continuing to trace her fingers over his chest and arms. Ethan's restraint was pushed to its limit. He wanted to pull her close, to kiss her senseless, but he held himself back. She was drunk and he couldn't bring himself to take advantage of her vulnerable

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Just as he was about to gently stop her wandering hands, she withdrew them on her own and tilted her head, holding her chin thoughtfully as she scrutinized him from head to toe.

"You don't have cute cars, and your nose doesn't look like a dog's," she murmured, her tone filled with mock seriousness,

She then walked behind him, inspecting him further. "And you definitely don't have

a tail," she added with a playful mutter.

Ethan stood there, speechless, watching her antics.

front of him. Her expression brightened as it

"You know what?" she said, stepping back in she had uncovered a groundbreaking revelation. "You're not a dog at all! You look like a very handsome human being.

She laughed, the und light and carefree, as she patted his arm as though reassuring him of her discovery. "Listen, handsome human, take my advice. Don't go around sniffing people. They might misunderstand you. Not everyone has sharp eyes like mine to figure out the truth."

Ethan remained silent, his expression a mixture of amusement and exasperation.

She poked his chest, her curiosity unabated. "By the way, who are you?" she asked, her tone turning inquisitive.

Ethan sighed inwardly, gazing at the intoxicated woman in front of him. This wasn't how he had envisioned their second meeting. He had imagined it to be perfect, filled with meaningful words and heartfelt emotions. Instead, here they were-an unpredictable, chaotic encounter he hadn't prepared for.

"Oh, you have muscles," she suddenly remarked, her hands resuming their exploration. "A nice body and a handsome face. So, who are you?" Grabbing her playful hands to still them, he replied with a faint smirk, "I'm

your man."

"My man?" she repeated, her head tilting in confusion. Ethan nodded, his grip steady as he held her swaying form in place.

Lily's brows furrowed as she processed his words. "I've heard of Iron Man, Superman, Batman... and now there's even an Aquaman. But who is 'My Man'? I've never heard of him. Are you new?"

Ethan blinked, caught off guard by her earnest curiosity.

"You don't have an iron suit like Iron Man, no cape or underwear over your pants like Superman, no mask like Batman... and what does Aquaman have?" she mused aloud, her tone turning thoughtful.

Ethan's lips twitched as he struggled to hold back a laugh.

"Do you know what Aquaman has?" she asked, looking up at him with wide, innocent eyes. Her expression melted any lingering frustration in his heart.

"A scepter," he answered softly, his gaze affectionate.

"Ah, yes! A scepter!" she exclaimed, a smile lighting up her face. "You have good brains too." She reached up and pinched his cheek playfully, a gesture that would have earned anyone else a one-way trip out of his sight

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don't have a scepter either," she continued, her tone suddenly serious. "Who's your costume designer? Who gave you these clothes?"

She grabbed his collar with both hands, her expression stern as she leaned in close. "Handsome human being, next time, take me with you. I'll teach them how to design proper clothes."

Her proximity left Ethan frozen in place. His mind blanked as his gaze drifted to her lips, soft and inviting. tempting him in ways he struggled to ignore. He was brought back to reality when she patted his cheek, frowning slightly. "Handsome human being, you'll take me, right?" she demanded, her tone expectant.

"En," he nodded, taking a deep breath to steady himself. His heart raced as he fought to maintain his composure. Damn it. He wanted to kiss her so badly.

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"Lily, let's go home." Ethan said gently, steadying her by her waist.

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Lily blinked up at him, her expression clouding with sadness. "Home? I don't have a home... she murmured, her voice trembling.

Hearing her words, Ethan's chest tightened. He knew everything about her struggles and the loneliness she carried in her heart. It pained him to see her like this, and he silently vowed to erase every trace of sorrow from her life.

Cupping her face tenderly in his hands, he gazed into her teary eyes and promised, "Lily, I'll take away every reason that makes you cry. I won't let anything hurt you again.

Even in her drunken state, Lily felt the warmth in his words. A faint smile tugged at her lips, and without thinking, she reached up, holding his face in her small hands. Rising on her tiptoes, she pressed a quick kiss to his lips and giggled. "You're so sweet, Handsome Human Being...

Ethan froze. His entire body went rigid as his mind struggled to process what had just happened. His eyes widened in disbelief as he looked at the woman in his arms, now smiling at him innocently.

Did she just... kiss me?

To confirm he wasn't imagining things, he pinched his arm lightly. The faint sting told him it was real. She had kissed him. A small peck, but a kiss nonetheless.

A boyish smile spread across his face, and a spark of joy lit up his usually stoic features. For the first time in his life, Ethan felt a happiness so profound it made his heart race. It didn't matter that she was tipsy-this was their first kiss, and it was perfect in its own way.

He was about to say something, but a familiar voice interrupted the moment.

"Ethan! I've been looking for you everywhere, and I-

Mr. Parker voice trailed off as he turned the corner and spotted the two of them. His jaw dropped slightly as he took in the scene: Ethan standing with a woman in his arms, clearly caught in a tender moment.

Who would've thought this cold, untouchable devil could charm someone so quickly? He's only just met her, and she's already melting in his arms!

Mr. Parker couldn't help but smirk to himself. If this continued, he'd better start planning a wedding gift. And maybe, he mused, it was time to start searching for a wife of his own.

Lost in his thoughts, Mr. Parker didn't notice the icy glare aimed directly at him until it made the hair on his neck stand on end. He snapped out of his daydream to find Ethan staring daggers at him, his expression a clear warning.

"Oh no, I'm interrupting something, aren't I?"

Clearing his throat awkwardly, Mr. Parker took a cautious step back, raising his hands as if to surrender. "I, uh... I'll just leave you two alone," he muttered, beginning to turn away.

But before he could retreat, Lily's cheerful voice called out, "Boss Parker!"

Mr. Parker froze in his tracks the moment Lily called his name.

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"Ethan.... Is this handsome human being actually Ethan? GEO Ethan?" she asked, pointing at Ethan with a mix of curiosity and confusion.

Handsome human being?

Caught off guard, Mr. Parker nodded hesitantly. Before he could say anything, Lily suddenly pushed Ethan away and gasped dramatically. "So this handsome human being. I mean, CEO Ethan, is your Ethan?"

Ethan blinked, his expression unreadable.

Mr. Parker stood frozen, unsure whether to laugh or run.

Ethan frowned as the warmth of Lily in his arms vanished. He watched her sway unsteadily and instinctively stepped forward to steady her again.

Lily, however, seemed to be in her own world. "Boss Parker," she said, her voice a mix of guilt and determination, "it's not

what to think. Really, there's nothing going on between me and Handsome Human Being-I mean, CEO Ethan. He didn't even touch me! We weren't hugging, and we definitely didn't kiss!"

Mr. Parker brows shot up in surprise. "Kiss?" he muttered, his tone laced with disbelief. Ethan? The ice-cold CEO? Kissing someone? He almost wanted to applaud.

But Lily misinterpreted his reaction entirely. Guilt flooded her face as she explained, "Boss Parker, you don't need to be upset! CEO Ethan loves you so much! He told me himself how deeply he cares for you. He'd never cheat on you- not with someone like me. Never!"

Both men froze.

"And you're so much prettier than me," she continued, nodding earnestly. "Your hair is silkier, your lips are pinker, and... and softer, too!" She clutched her head in frustration. "Boss Parker, you have to believe in your love! You two make such a beautiful couple!"

Mr. Parker opened his mouth to respond but found himself utterly speechless. Meanwhile, Ethan's face darkened with every word she spoke. All the joy from their earlier kiss had been drained away by her absurd conclusions.

Seeing the storm brewing in Ethan's expression, Mr. Parker instinctively took a step back. I am so dead, he thought. With one sharp glare from Ethan, Mr. Parker straightened up and quickly excused himself, retreating with the speed of someone escaping certain doom.

Lily, seeing Mr. Parker leave in such a rush, assumed the worst. "Oh no! He's heartbroken!" she exclaimed, clutching her chest in distress. "Lily, what have you done? You've caused a misunderstanding in their relationship! Poor Boss Parker must feel so betrayed!"

Ethan pinched the bridge of his nose, a rare look of exasperation crossing his face. He grabbed her gently by the shoulders and made her look up at him. "Lily, listen to me. Mr. Parker isn't heartbroken."

he must be!" she argued, her voice rising. "It's like when a wife catches her husband with his mistress!"

Ethan closed his eyes for a moment, taking a deep breath to calm himself. "And you," she added, poking him in the chest with an accusing finger, "why didn't you tell me you were Ethan? If I'd known, I wouldn't have kissed you! And why are you still standing here? You should go after Boss Parker! How can you be so heartless? He must be crying somewhere right now!"

Ethan's jaw tightened, and he finally said softly. "Lily. I'm not gay. I'm straight."
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Lily stared at him for a few seconds, her expression blank. Then she patted his arm with a knowing look. "It's okay, Handsome Human Being I mean, CEO Ethan. Eknow your secret. You don't have to hide it from

Ethan let out a heavy sigh, realizing this conversation was going nowhere. "Lily," he said patiently, "there's nothing going on between me and Mr. Parker"

She frowned, clearly unconvinced. "Nothing at all? He's not your girlfriend?"

He shook his head firmly. "No.

Her frown deepened. "So.... he's your boyfriend?"

Ethan's eye twitched. "We're not a couple, Lily. We don't have that kind of relationship. Mr. Parker and I are best friends. Do you understand?"

She tilted her head. "No love?"

"No."

"You're not a couple?"

"No."

Suddenly, her eyes widened, and she clapped her hands together as if she'd made a brilliant discovery. "Ohhh, I get it now! You're friends with benefits!" Ethan groaned, running a hand through his hair. At that moment, he wanted nothing more than to find whoever had started these ridiculous rumors and make them disappear. "Lily..." he began, then shook his head in defeat. "Forget it. You're drunk. There's no point in explaining."

Turning to her, his voice softened. "You must be tired. Let's go home." Yawning, Lily nodded and stretched out her arms. "Mmm, I'm tired. Let's go home," she murmured, leaning forward and wrapping her arms around his neck. Ethan smiled as he scooped her up in his arms, carrying her bridal-style. Looking at her peaceful face, he pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead and whispered, "Sleep well, my love."

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

Finished

When Ethan arrived at Lily's apartment, he carefully searched her bag for the keys, doing his best not to wake her. After unlocking the door, he carried her inside and made his way to the bedroom.

In his arms, she looked peaceful, her face nestled against his chest as if this was where she belonged. Ethan hesitated for a moment, reluctant to let her go. But eventually, he gently placed her on the bed, taking care to cover her properly with the duvet.

As his eyes scanned the room, a frown formed on his face. The apartment was modest-too modest for his liking. The furniture was sparse, and the signs of wear were hard to ignore. How does she live here? he wondered. The thought unsettled him. He made a mental note to find a way to improve her living conditions once she became a permanent part of his life.

He turned to leave, but just as he was about to rise, he felt a soft tug on his hand.

"Don't leave me alone. Lily murmured in her sleep, her delicate fingers wrapping around his

Ethan's chest tightened at her words, his heart aching for her. Sitting down beside her, he allowed her to keep hold of his hand. He leaned forward and kissed her forehead, his hand brushing a stray strand of hair away from her face. She looked so vulnerable, yet so precious.

As he watched her sleep, his thoughts wandered back to the day they first met. It had been six months, but the

memory was still vivid, etched into his heart like a permanent mark.

It was a day like any other-or so he'd thought. He was en route to an important meeting, his car weaving through the usual city traffic. Ethan had been on the phone, giving instructions to his assistant, when the car stopped at a red light.

That was when he saw her.

His words faltered mid-sentence, his attention stolen by the sight of a young woman across the street. She wasn't doing anything particularly remarkable, yet everything about her seemed extraordinary.

The wind played with her silky hair as she crouched to pet a group of stray dogs. Her smile, bright and unguarded, radiated a warmth that seemed to pierce through the chaos of the bustling street.

For a moment, Ethan forgot to breathe. His heart, usually steady and unyielding, skipped a beat.

"Sir? Are you there?" his assistant's voice crackled through the phone.

"Shut up," Ethan snapped irritably, unable to tear his eyes away from her. The world seemed to blur, leaving only her in sharp focus.

The light turned green, and his car began to move. Panic set in as he realized she was slipping away from

his view.

"Stop the car!" he barked, his tone urgent.

The driver obeyed instantly, pulling over to the side of the road. Without waiting, Ethan stepped out and hurried back toward where he'd seen her. His gaze darted across the street, searching for her, but when he reached the spot, she was gone.

He stood there, scanning the area with growing desperation. The dogs had disappeared too, as if the entire scene had been nothing more than a fleeting dream.

Was she real?

Finished

His shoulders slumped as disappointment settled in. It was as if she'd vanished into thin air, leaving nothing but the lingering memory of her radiant smile.

Just as he was about to turn away, something on the ground caught his eye. Bending down, he picked up a small silver bracelet. It was simple yet elegant, and engraved with the initials "LX"

Ethan's fingers tightened around the bracelet as he straightened up, a strange sense of hope blooming in his chest. She might have disappeared for now, but this bracelet was proof she had been real.

And he was determined to find her.

Picking up the bracelet, a gentle smile crossed his lips. "Wherever you are, my love, I'll find you," he murmured softly. Yet, the moment he turned around, the warmth in his expression vanished. His face hardened, transforming back into the cold, emotionless mask he always wore.

He got into the car and gave his driver a curt order to drive. The driver, though puzzled by his master's unusual behavior, kept his questions to himself and followed the instructions without hesitation.

Arriving at his office, he immediately contacted his private investigator. "Find her," he commanded with an edge of determination. For three long months, the detective searched for the girl who had captured his heart, but no matter how hard they tried, they couldn't uncover a single trace of her.

Despite the fruitless efforts, he refused to give up hope. Each time he held the bracelet in his hand, memories of her radiant smile flooded his mind, reigniting his resolve to find her.

One evening, at the grand opening of his newest club, Dark Ivy, he sat in his private room overlooking the lively crowd below. The music thumped, and people danced, drank, and laughed together. He owned several such establishments but rarely visited them. This world of superficial indulgence and fleeting pleasures didn't appeal to him. To him, these places were where men flaunted their wealth, and women sought attention with shallow displays.

Lost in thought, he sighed, whispering under his breath. "Where are you?" Just then, his gaze was drawn to a figure near the bar—a lone presence amidst the chaos. An unexplainable jolt ran through him, like a lost wanderer stumbling upon an oasis in a barren desert.

Without a moment's hesitation, he left his secluded room and approached her. Sitting beside her, he couldn't take his eyes off the girl in a pink hoodie and white pants. She looked so delicate, so innocent-a refreshing contrast to everything around her.

For the first time in his life, he felt something stir deep within. He was mesmerized, drawn to her in a way he had never experienced before. His usual disdain for women was well-known, fueled by his aversion to physical contact and mistrust of their intentions. Those who dared to approach him often faced harsh rejections.

Because of his detached demeanor, rumors swirled about his disinterest in relationships, even speculating about his sexuality. But the truth was simpler-he just hadn't met the one meant for him. And now, sitting beside this girl, he realized she was the one. She was the person he had been waiting for all along.

Nervously fidgeting with his hands, he finally mustered the courage to speak. His voice was soft, tinged with uncharacteristic vulnerability. "Getting drunk?" he asked, his heart pounding as he awaited her response.

08:21 Wed, 5 Mar

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

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

Finished

The girl sitting in front of him didn't even glance up as she snorted, "Can't you see? Are you blind?"

Ethan blinked in surprise. Her blunt words would have angered anyone else, but not him. He wasn't upset No one had ever dared to talk to him this way-yet, somehow, it felt refreshing coming from her.

"I can see just fine," he said calmly. "But why are you getting drunk? Are you facing some kind of problem?"

"I don't talk to strangers," she replied flatly, still not looking at him.

"Then let's change that," he said with a small smile. "We could get to know each other, and then we wouldn't be strangers anymore."

"No," she said sharply. "I don't want to know you."

For the first time, Ethan felt at a loss. What could he do to make her talk to him? Helplessly, he muttered. "But I want to know you.... His tone took on a boyish charm, one he didn't even realize he had.

She looked up briefly, her tone tinged with frustration. "Aren't you ashamed to make such a request to a complete stranger? Who do you think you are, anyway? Some bigshot? Are you the owner of this place? Or maybe a king?"

Ethan blinked, stunned. This was the first time anyone had ever snapped at him like that. He pursed his lips slightly, feeling strangely amused. "Okay, okay. Don't be mad," he said gently, trying to placate her.

"Then stop bothering me!" she snapped again, grabbing another shot and downing it swiftly.

"I can stop," he offered with a nod. "But only if you tell me your name."

She paused for a moment, finally lifting her head to look at him. Her face was

mere inches away from his. and Ethan froze. She was breathtaking. Her skin was flawless, her cheeks flushed a soft pink from the alcohol. Her lips, naturally rosy and slightly moist, were mesmerizing.

He couldn't take his eyes off her.

"You really want to know my name?" she asked, her words slightly slurred but carrying an unintentional allure that sent his heart racing.

"Yes," he said, nodding eagerly.

"Lily," she said, her voice soft and hazy but so captivating it felt like music to his ears.

Lily.

The name rolled around in his mind. It was perfect. "That's a beautiful name," he murmured. "I'm—"

"Hey," she interrupted, narrowing her eyes at him. "Didn't you say you'd leave after getting my name? Why are you still here?"

"Not leaving," he said firmly. "I've decided I want to get drunk too."

She arched a brow at him, skeptical. "Why do you want to get drunk?"

Ethan tilted his head and smiled mischievously. "First, you tell me why, and then I'll tell you."

08:21 Wed, 5 Mar

"That...

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Finished

expressuallly makes sense," she conceded, nodding slightly. He smiled, feeling victorious. But then her

expression shifted. She pouted, her lips curving downward in the most adorable way. "Even if I told you, you wouldn't understand."

"Try me." he said, his voice steady and assuring. "I can help you. I promise."

She shook her head sadly. "No one can help me... and I don't need anyone's help. This is my responsibility. They're my family. I love them too much to let them suffer."

Ethan watched her, his heart clenching as he tried to decipher her words. Though her speech was cryptic, he understood enough to sense that her struggles were tied to her family. Judging by her modest clothes, she didn't seem to come from wealth. Maybe they were struggling financially? If that was the case, he could help. He was rich-unimaginably so.

"I'm very wealthy," he blurted out, his tone confident. "I can help you."

Her demeanor changed instantly. She looked up at him sharply, her lips curling into an enigmatic smile. "You want to help me?"

"Yes," he nodded, eager. "I can help with anything. Money, whatever you need."

She chuckled, but there was an edge to her voice, a trace of something he couldn't quite place. "With money?" she repeated, her tone laced with something akin to sarcasm-or was it anger? Ethan felt a flicker of doubt but quickly brushed it aside. He hadn't said anything wrong, had he?

"Yes," he said again, more firmly this time. "I have plenty of it, and it's yours if it can solve your problems."

Ethan felt a rush of satisfaction, imagining her gratitude and perhaps even affection for his generous offer. In his mind, this was the first step in winning her over, his noble gesture sure to make her fall for him.

But as he lost himself in his fantasy, he failed to notice the calculating glint in her eyes. She was clearly thinking something entirely different from what he assumed.

"Alright," she said, her voice sweet but layered with something unreadable. "I'll accept your help... but only if you can fulfill a condition."

"I'll accept your help... but only if you fulfill one request," she said, her voice soft and sweet, so disarming Ethan felt his heart skip a beat. The way she spoke, so effortlessly captivating, made him feel as if his chest might burst.

One request? he thought to himself. My dear, just say the word. I'd fulfill not but all your requests.

just one

"Alright," he agreed with a firm nod, eager to grant her wish.

She chuckled lightly, her laughter carrying a playful edge. "Close your eyes and count to twenty," she said, her tone teasing yet sincere.

Ethan blinked, confused. "That's your request?" he asked, genuinely puzzled. Out of all the things she could ask for, this seemed... odd. But who was he to question her? This was the first time she had asked anything of him, and there was no way he would deny her-even if the request made little sense.

She nodded with a smile, and he obliged. Closing his eyes, he began counting, his voice steady, "One... two.... three..." His mind raced with thoughts of her, imagining how this small act might bring them closer together.

By the time he reached twenty, he opened his eyes eagerly, a soft smile tugging at his lips. "Lily, I'm done,

and-"His voice faltered. The seat where she had been moments ago was empty.

Finished

His eyes darted around the room, searching for her, but she was nowhere to be found. Panic flickered through him. Not again. This was the second time she had vanished right before his eyes.

Then he noticed it a small piece of paper resting on the table where she had been sitting. Picking it up, he saw messy handwriting sprawled across it:

"Sorry, Mr. Mask,

I'm not the kind of girl who sells herself for money. And, for the record, I don't have any financial problems. There are plenty of women here who would be more than happy to spend a night with you.

Enjoy yourself....and have a good night."

Ethan read the note slowly, his fingers tightening slightly on the paper. For a moment, he froze. Then, unexpectedly, a small smile crept onto his lips. He couldn't help but feel amused.

"She's really something else," he murmured to himself, his admiration for her growing even more. Her sharp wit and unapologetic confidence set her apart from anyone he'd ever met.

But his amusement quickly turned into resolve. Now he had something he hadn't before-a name. Lily. Finding her would be much easier now. Still, a flicker of doubt crossed his mind. With all the alcohol she had consumed and the mask obscuring his face, would she even remember him?

No matter. Ethan had no intention of giving up. Rising from his seat, he left the club without a second thought. Once outside, he pulled out his phone and dialed a number.

"Her name is Lily," he said with calm determination. "I want all the details about her on my desk by tomorrow morning. No exceptions. Goodnight."

Ending the call, he slipped his phone into his pocket, his mind already racing with plans. Finding her was no longer a question of if-only when.

08:21 Wed, 5 Mar

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

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

Finished

The next morning. Ethan sat at his desk, a cold, unreadable expression on his face. The private investigator cautiously entered, placing a stack of documents in front of him. The man hesitated, clearly wanting to speak, but thought better of it.

Ethan, maintaining his stoic demeanor, picked up the file and began flipping through the pages. For a brief moment, his lips twitched upward in satisfaction as he read the initial details. However, as he reached the final page, his joy vanished, replaced by a fury so intense it seemed to radiate off him.

The atmosphere in the room shifted dramatically, heavy with an almost suffocating tension. The investigator and his assistant stood frozen, trembling under the weight of Ethan's murderous aura.

With a sharp intake of breath. Ethan crumpled the last page in his hand and hurled it across the room. "Anything else?" he demanded, his voice dangerously low but sharp enough to cut through steel.

The investigator's hands shook as he managed to stammer, "S-sir. Miss Lily... she has a boyfriend."

The words hit Ethan like a blow, and his eyes narrowed. "She has a boyfriend?" he repeated, his tone cold and laced with disbelief.

The investigator nodded hesitantly, while his assistant looked utterly confused, glancing between the two

men.

"GET OUT!" Ethan roared, the force of his voice making both men flinch. Without a moment's hesitation, they bolted from the office, practically stumbling over themselves in their haste to escape.

Left alone, Ethan clenched his fists, his chest heaving as he struggled to rein in his anger. But it was futile. The rage clawed at him, refusing to be subdued. In an instant, he grabbed a paperweight and hurled it across the room. It shattered against the wall, the sound echoing like a gunshot. The glass table in front of him bore the brunt of his fury next, splintering into pieces as he smashed it with his fist.

But even with the destruction surrounding him, his anger didn't wane.

"How dare they?" he muttered, his voice shaking with suppressed emotion. "How dare they make Lily live like this?"

His mind spiraled as he thought about her life. Because she was an orphan, the Miller Family had treated her like a pawn, using her talents for their gain while denying her an identity, a rightful place in their family. His Lily-so innocent, so good-hearted-had been blind to their manipulation, her love for them making her oblivious to their selfishness.

Ethan's jaw tightened. He had seen the details in the report. She was incredibly talented, excelling in both business and acting, but what good was it when her so-called family exploited her without a second thought? They didn't care about her happiness, only what she could do for them.

He wanted nothing more than to make the Miller Corporation crumble, to obliterate the people who dared to treat her this way. But he stopped himself. That company represented her hard work and dedication. Destroying it would only hurt her, and the last thing he wanted was to see her sad.

The thought of targeting her vile stepsister crossed his mind. It would be easy to ruin the girl's career and expose her for what she truly was. But again, he couldn't do it. Lily had likely played a role in building her sister's success, and hurting her sister, no matter how vile, would wound Lily too,

For the first time in his life, Ethan felt utterly powerless.

Finished

What could he do? How could he protect her, free her from the chains of manipulation, without causing her pain? His chest tightened at the thought of her enduring so much, yet still managing to smile through it all. He wanted to shield her, to see that pure, radiant smile on her face every day without a trace of sorrow or burden.

And then there was him-the so-called boyfriend, Ryan.

Ethan's teeth clenched at the name. If Ryan was supposed to be her partner, why wasn't he doing anything to support or protect her? What kind of boyfriend stood by while she was treated this way? His jealousy burned, mixing with a bitter hatred for a man he had never met but already despised.

His thoughts were a turbulent storm of anger, jealousy, helplessness, and heartbreak.

Outside the office, the investigator and Ethan's assistant, Ben, stood rooted in fear. The crashing and shattering sounds from within had left them pale and shaken.

"I've never seen him this angry." Ben murmured, his voice barely audible. After a moment of hesitation, he pulled out his phone and made a call. "Ceo Parker, we need you here. Something's happened."

It didn't take long for Mr. Parker to arrive. He nodded grimly at Ben before pushing open the door to Ethan's office. Inside, the room was dark, the only light filtering in through the blinds. Amid the chaos of shattered glass and upturned furniture stood Ethan, his silhouette imposing.

He looked like a figure straight out of a nightmare-a man consumed by fury, his presence radiating an aura so dark it felt as though he'd risen straight from the depths of hell.

Taking a deep breath, Mr. Parker stepped into the office and shut the door behind him. As he flicked the lights, his jaw dropped in disbelief. The room was in shambles-broken glass and smashed alcohol bottles littered the floor, while overturned furniture lay scattered around like a battlefield.

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Parker had known Ethan since childhood and was no stranger to his fiery temper, but this was on an entirely different level. Carefully, he navigated through the mess, his steps crunching over shattered glass, until he reached Ethan. His friend sat motionless on the couch, gripping an almost-empty bottle of alcohol.

Ethan wasn't one to drink often, let alone to this extent. The sharp scent of alcohol hung heavily in the air around him.

"Ethan, what on earth happened?" Parker asked gently, crouching beside him. He carefully took the bottle from his friend's hand, his concern deepening as he noticed Ethan's dazed, almost lifeless expression.

"I fell in love," Ethan said suddenly, his lips curling into a bittersweet smile. The statement caught Parker off guard, and for a moment, he didn't know how to respond.

"Uh..... isn't that supposed to be a good thing?" Parker asked, scratching his head in confusion. "Most people celebrate when they fall in love. Sure, maybe a drink or two, but this..." He gestured around the destroyed room. "Why would falling in love make you tear the place apart?"

Ethan's forlorn expression didn't waver. Instead, he let out a deep sigh. Parker's thoughts raced, and an odd suspicion crept into his mind. Could it be...?

"Wait a minute." Parker stammered, his voice laced with hesitation. "Don't tell me... it's... a guy?"

Ethan snapped his head up, fixing Parker with a glare so sharp it could cut through steel. "A girl," he said firmly. Then, almost in a whisper, he added, "Lily"

Parker's eyes widened, and his jaw nearly hit the floor. This was news he hadn't expected in a million years

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The notorious Ethan-the cold, unapproachable man everyone feared-had fallen in love?

Finished

"You... fell in love with a girl?" Parker repeated, still processing the revelation. "That's incredible! Why are you sulking about it? This calls for a celebration!" Ethan's expression darkened, and his voice trembled slightly as he said, "She has a boyfriend."

The words hit Parker like a bucket of cold water, but he quickly shook it off. "So what?" he said, determined to cheer up his friend. "You're Ethan, the most amazing guy out there! I'm sure the moment she gets to know you, she'll fall head over heels for you."

Ethan shook his head, his disappointment evident. "I've already met her."

Parker's eyebrows shot up. "Wait, you've already met her? That's great! So what's the problem? You're so ridiculously handsome-she must've felt something when she saw you, right?"

"No." Ethan said with a pout. "She didn't."

Parker was baffled. "What?!" he exclaimed. "Is her boyfriend better looking than you?"

Ethan's icy tone returned. "No."

"Then what's the issue?" Parker asked, utterly confused.

"I was wearing a mask, Ethan admitted, his voice heavy with regret. "She didn't see my face."

fix!"

Parker blinked, then let out a loud laugh, much to Ethan's irritation. "Oh, come on! That's an easy Parker said, grinning. "Next time, just meet her without the mask. Problem solved! She'll definitely fall for you once she sees your face."

Ethan frowned, still unconvinced. "And if she doesn't?"

Parker smirked, his tone turning mischievous. "Then we'll just steal her away from that guy. Make him look like a fool, and she'll hate him. Easy."

Ethan's lips twitched, a reluctant hint of amusement breaking through his gloom. Parker's carefree optimism was infectious, and though his solutions were far from practical, they managed to chip away at the heavy weight on Ethan's heart.

30

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

Finished

Ethan shot a sharp glare at Mr. Parker, his cold demeanor cutting through the tension in the room. Parker raised his hands defensively. "Why are you glaring at me? I gave you such a brilliant idea!"

Ethan's expression didn't soften. "Only an idiot like you would think that was a good idea," he said icily.

Parker's jaw dropped. "A stupid idea? Really?" He pouted, visibly offended. "Fine, my idea's stupid. So, genius, what's your grand plan?"

"Nothing." Ethan replied flatly.

"Nothing?" Parker's eyes widened in disbelief. "You're just going to sit back and let someone else take your girl?"

Ethan nodded. "If that's what it takes for her to be happy

Parker stared at him as if he'd grown two heads. "You're serious? You're really going to do nothing?"

"What else can I do?" Ethan said, his voice tinged with melancholy. "She loves him."

"So what?" Parker exclaimed. "Make her see his flaws. Make her hate him if you have to."

Ethan's brows knitted in a frown. "If I do that, she'll be hurt. I don't want her to be sad. I want her to be happy-always."

Parker let out a frustrated groan and buried his face in his hands. He knew his friend all too well. Once Ethan made up his mind about something, there was no changing it. Logic, persuasion, even threats-none of it worked on him when he was this resolute.

As his mind whirled for a better solution, Parker's eyes landed on a crumpled piece of paper on the floor. Curious, he picked it up and straightened it. The contents caught his attention immediately, and as he read through the details, his shock deepened.

"Whoa," Parker muttered, his voice laced with disbelief. "I never knew the Miller Family had skeletons like this in their closet."

The more he read, the more the pieces fell into place. He now understood why Ethan was so captivated by Lily. Her photo, attached to the report, radiated innocence and purity. Her naive, untainted expression stirred something protective even in Parker.

"She's really beautiful," he said, glancing at Ethan. "It's no wonder you fell for her. But this...." He waved the paper. "This is insane. The way they've treated her- it's disgusting."

Ethan didn't respond. His face remained stoic, but the intensity in his eyes spoke volumes. It wasn't just about love anymore; it was about justice and giving Lily the life she deserved.

"Listen," Parker said carefully, sitting across from him. "You're not going to let this slide, are you? If you won't make her see the truth about that guy, at least help her break free from the people who are using her. She deserves better."

Ethan remained silent, staring at the photo of Lily on his desk. His mind was already working, calculating the next steps. While he might not force his way into her life, he wasn't going to let her suffer in silence,

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Hearing this, Mr. Parker felt a pang of sorrow. To him, Ethan was an unshakable force, someone who could weather any storm. Seeing his best friend like this was unsettling.

"What's your plan then?" Parker asked softly.

Ethan hesitated before responding. "I'll just watch over her from a distance. I'll help her in any way I can without interfering in her life. If she's truly happy with Ryan, then I'll step away.

Neither of them spoke after that, lost in their own thoughts. For the next few days, Ethan devoted himself to observing Lily and her relationship with Ryan. Every smile on her face brought him a strange sense of peace. As long as she was happy, that was all that mattered. Ethan had already concluded that if Ryan could keep her content, then he would keep his distance and disappear from her life.

But as time went on, two months passed, and Ethan threw himself into his work, trying to distract himself. One day, while preparing for a meeting, his phone buzzed. It was Mr. Parker.

"Ethan, guess who I just saw!" came Parker's excited voice.

"Who?" Ethan asked indifferently, not expecting much.

"Ryan !" Parker said, his excitement evident.

"So?" Ethan replied flatly.

"Don't you want to know who he was with?" Parker teased. Without waiting for a response, he continued, "Let me tell you-you're going to be thrilled. I saw Ryan with another woman. They were headed to a hotel room, practically glued to each other. You know what I mean."

Ethan's grip on the phone tightened, his jaw clenching as fury ignited within him. "How dare he? How dare he betray Lily like that?"

Parker chuckled on the other end. "It's awful, but this is your chance! Get rid of that scumbag and win your future sister-in-law's heart."

"You're sure it was him?" Ethan asked, his voice icy and restrained.

"Absolutely. And that's not all," Parker added. "I've learned something else. He's in

a relationship with Rose! That guy's nothing but a sleazy opportunist."

Ethan's anger simmered, but he maintained his composure. "Good. That'll make what happens next easier."

"Best of luck!" Parker cheered before the call ended.

Ethan smirked as he put his phone down, his anger now laser-focused. The Miller Family and Ryan had made a grave mistake by treating Lily so poorly. He vowed that he wouldn't stand idly by while they took advantage of her.

In the days that followed, Ethan tried everything to get close to Lily or find a way to reveal the truth about her so-called family and Ryan. Yet every effort was met with frustration. Her life revolved entirely around the Miller Family and that deceitful man. She rarely ventured out without them, leaving Ethan feeling like he was trying to breach an impenetrable fortress.

The days dragged on, but Ethan's determination never wavered. He refused to let them slowly destroy Lily's spirit. Then, he received news that she had signed a contract with Marvellous Universe. It was a surprising

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move, one that signaled to him that something significant had happened to push her in this direction.

At the Miller Family's grand party not long after, Ethan finally saw the crack in her armor-the concealed hatred in her eyes as she interacted with her so-called family. It was a turning point. He realized that she was beginning to see the truth for herself.

Ethan was both relieved and resolved. This was his chance to step in, to support her and become the pillar she needed. He

anyone. He would move mountains to ensure her happiness and safety.

anyone. 1 to himself that nothing would stand in her way-not the Miller Family, not Ryan, not

And, most importantly, he would do whatever it took to win her heart.

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Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband.

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

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Finished

Ethan, lost in thought, suddenly noticed Lily trembling beside him. Her body shook, and her soft murmurs reached his ears. He frowned and leaned closer, trying to catch her words.

"Please don't leave me... save me... help... she whispered, her voice tinged with fear.

Realizing she was having a nightmare, Ethan's expression softened. Gently, he lay down beside her, wrapping his arms protectively around her. He stroked her hair with soothing motions, leaning in to press a comforting kiss on her forehead. In a gentle voice, he whispered, "It's okay. You're safe now. I'm here, and I won't ever leave you."

As if sensing the reassurance in his words, Lily began to relax. Her trembling subsided, and she instinctively snuggled closer to him. A faint smile graced her lips as she settled into a peaceful sleep.

Watching her serene expression, Ethan felt a wave of relief. He kissed her softly on the lips, then closed his eyes, content that her nightmares were finally at bay.

The next morning, Lily stretched her arms, waking up with an unusual sense of peace. A bright smile lit her face as she realized this had been the best sleep she'd had in a long time. Since her rebirth, she had been plagued by the same terrifying nightmare-trapped in a raging fire, calling out for help but finding no

escape.

But last night had been different. In her dream, as the flames engulfed her, she cried for help, and a man appeared. He extended his hand, and she took it, stepping out of the fire unscathed. He had kissed her forehead and promised to protect her from any harm before disappearing, leaving behind only the warmth of his presence.

The dream felt oddly real, and it brought an unexplainable comfort. Lily chuckled softly to herself, brushing the thoughts aside as she looked around. That's when confusion struck. She realized she was back in her own bed, in her own room, still wearing the same clothes from last night.

But how had she gotten here?

Her memories of the previous night were hazy. She recalled being at the party, drinking wine while thinking about her parents. Beyond that, the details became muddled. Frowning, she tried piecing everything together.

Suddenly, flashes of the evening began to surface. Her eyes widened in horror as the scenes played in her mind-one by one, blurry images became clearer.

"Oh no." Lily groaned, clutching her head. The realization hit her like a bolt of lightning.

She had rambled nonsense in front of CEO Ethan. She had kissed CEO Ethan! And, worst of all, it might have upset Boss Parker!

"What was I thinking?" she muttered, mortified. Even if her arrangement with Mr. Parker was purely casual, she knew better than to involve someone else in her mess-especially someone as prominent as Ethan.

Lily buried her face in her hands. "What have I done?" she whispered. She considered walking straight into a wall to knock some sense into herself.

She needed to fix this. First, she had to find Mr. Parker and apologize, explaining that her actions with Ethan were a mistake and that nothing had happened between them.

But another pressing question lingered in her mind-how had she ended up back at home?

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Her thoughts came to an abrupt halt as an unsettling idea crossed her mind. Could Ethan have been the one to bring her here?

Lily decided not to dwell on her suspicions. Her focus remained on figuring out how to explain herself to Mr. Parker. After shaking off her thoughts, she hurried out of bed and stepped into the shower.

A quick rinse later, she dressed casually in a gray top paired with black jeans. After tying her hair into a neat ponytail, she grabbed her purse and phone, ready to leave. As she reached for the door, her phone buzzed. Smiling, she assumed it was Sister Mia calling, but her expression froze when she saw the caller ID.

It was her so-called loving father.

Suppressing the irritation rising in her chest, she composed herself and answered sweetly, "Good morning. Father."

"Good morning, Lily, came Morgan's gruff voice. "Come to the Miller Mansion and join us for breakfast

She wanted to decline but held back. "Of course, Father. I'll be there soon," she replied in a sugary tone before ending the call.

As she placed her phone down, her smile faded, replaced by a frown. Why were they calling her now? Could it be about last night? Either way, she decided to go and find out.

At the Miller Family's dining table, the tension was palpable.

"Dad, why is Lily coming here?" Rose complained as she sat down, having just finished speaking with Ryan.

"I don't want her here," she whined, her voice laced with annoyance.

Ryan, sitting beside her, reached for her hand gently. "Rose, he's your father. Don't speak to him like that."

She huffed. "Fine, whatever."

Morgan smiled indulgently at his daughter. "Rose, you understand why this is necessary. After what happened yesterday, her identity is out in the open. I need to talk to her about it."

"Couldn't you just call her instead?" she retorted, clearly unhappy.

"Princess, we need to keep her close. Sometimes, face-to-face interactions are unavoidable if we're to maintain control," he explained calmly.

Rolling her eyes, Rose relented. "Fine, but I don't have to like it."

Morgan nodded in approval. "Good. She'll be here any minute. Let's all be on our best behavior."

Moments later, Housekeeper Max escorted Lily into the dining room. As she entered, everyone turned to greet her with overly polite, yet fake, smiles.

Seeing her, Rose clenched her fists under the table, her jealousy simmering. How could this woman look effortlessly beautiful?

Meanwhile, Ryan's gaze lingered shamelessly on Lily, his eyes filled with desire

as he took in every detail of her appearance. His thoughts wandered to how badly he wanted to get closer to her.

Lily, maintaining her composure, walked in gracefully behind the housekeeper. When she approached the table. Morgan smiled warmly. "Lily, come and sit with us," he said, gesturing to an empty chair.

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Before she could respond, Ryan chimed in with an here beside me?"

exaggerated affectionate tone. "Lily, why don't you sit

His actions were met with a wave of jealousy from Rose, who was fuming internally.

Lily returned a polite smile. "No, thank you, Mr. Quinn. I'd like to sit next to Mother.

I miss her." She moved to sit beside Casey, ignoring the subtle tension building in the room.

Rose's initial satisfaction at Lily rejecting Ryan turned sour as she watched her mother's welcoming attitude. toward Lily. Narrowing her eyes, she began to feel a new wave of suspicion.

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