

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

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

Finished

Ethan wanted to say the words lingering on the tip of his tongue, but he held back. "No, I don't like you," he said instead, knowing full well the truth was far more profound. He wanted to tell her he loved her, but he feared that revealing his feelings now might end their fragile bond before it even began.

He was acutely aware of how deeply her past heartbreak had scarred her. The betrayal she suffered from Ryan had left her distrustful, and Ethan had vowed to himself to heal her wounds. He wanted to be the one to fill the cracks in her heart, but he knew he had to tread carefully. He couldn't afford to scare her away. Slowly but surely, he would work his way into her heart, ensuring that when he took his place there, it would be forever.

Hearing his reply, Lily sighed in relief, though an unexpected pang of sadness crept into her chest. She didn't understand why his words left her feeling so conflicted. "Good," she muttered, suppressing a yawn.

"Why did you ask?" Ethan inquired, his curiosity piqued.

"No reason," she shrugged, avoiding his gaze.

"Liar," he said with a teasing smile. "I know why you asked."

Her eyes widened slightly. "You do?"

He nodded confidently. "It's because you've started liking me, right? My kiss made you fall in love with me. And let's not forget how handsome and irresistible I am. You couldn't help yourself, could you?"

Lily rolled her eyes but decided to play along. "Yeah, that's exactly it, Ethan. I've completely fallen for you."

Her response caught him off guard. He had only meant to tease her and hadn't expected such a bold reply. "Really?" he asked, leaning closer to her.

She smirked. "Of course not. You're delusional if you think one kiss is enough to make me fall in love with you."

Relief washed over him, and his lips curled into a mischievous smile. Unbuttoning the top of his shirt, he leaned in slightly, his tone turning playful. "Would you like more, then?"

Lily's cheeks flushed a deep shade of red as her gaze inadvertently fell on his collarbone. She hadn't expected him to be so shameless. Noticing her momentary daze, Ethan decided to push his luck further.

"Lily," he drawled, "I don't mind you staring, but if you're going to ogle me, it's only fair that I get to do the same."

Realizing where his eyes were wandering, Lily's embarrassment quickly turned to indignation. "Pervert!" she shouted, grabbing the duvet and pulling it over herself.

Ethan couldn't help but laugh at her reaction. Tugging at the edge of the duvet, he whined, "Lily, this isn't fair. You saw me, so I should get to see you too."

She peeked out from beneath the covers, her glare sharp. For a moment, she was captivated by his playful expression, but his shameless words snapped her back to reality. "How shameless can you be?" she huffed.

He chuckled and waved his hand dismissively. "Fine, I'll stop. Besides, there isn't much to see anyway."

Her jaw dropped. "What did you just say?" she asked, her tone dangerously calm.

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"I said there isn't much to see," he repeated, emphasizing each word with a teasing smirk.

Finished

Furious, Lily grabbed a pillow and began hitting him with it. "How dare you insult me like that! I am beautiful, okay?"

"Ow, Lily! Stop! Why are you hitting me?" Ethan protested, trying to dodge her attacks. "I was just telling the truth!"

"The truth?" she mocked. "So you're saying I'm not beautiful?"

He caught her wrists, gently taking the pillow from her hands and tossing it aside. Looking into her fiery eyes, he smiled softly. "No, you're not beautiful," he said, his voice lowering. "You're so much more than that."

Her anger faltered for a moment, replaced by a flicker of confusion and something else she couldn't quite name. Before she could respond, he pinched her nose lightly, breaking the tension. "But how can I say for sure if you keep hiding?"

Flustered, she shoved him away. "You've had your fun. Now leave!" she snapped, pulling the duvet tightly around herself. In her mind, she was calling him every name under the sun-shameless, pervert, idiot, brainless...

"I'm not going anywhere," Ethan said, moving to the other side of the bed. He lay down casually and gave her a cheeky smile. "Goodnight, beautiful."

She glared at him, but his relaxed demeanor made it impossible to stay angry for long. As much as she hated to admit it, this man was dangerous-not because of his teasing words or shameless actions, but because of the way he made her heart race.

Lily stood frozen in disbelief, her eyes fixed on Ethan, who had shamelessly made himself comfortable in her bed. Anger flared in her chest as she shook him, her voice sharp. "Ethan, get up! This is my bed."

He didn't even stir, his expression relaxed as if he had every right to be there. "This is my house, Ethan! You can't just do this!" she yelled, her frustration growing.

When he still refused to budge, she crossed her arms, her tone laced with warning. "If you don't leave, I swear I'll pour cold water all over you. Don't say I didn't warn you."

Ethan remained as still as a rock, ignoring her threats entirely. No matter how much she pushed or shouted, he wouldn't move an inch. Her patience snapped. Narrowing her eyes, she climbed onto the bed, raising her leg with the intent to kick him off.

But just as she was about to strike, his hand shot out, grabbing her ankle. "Ahh!" she yelped as he pulled her off balance, causing her to fall onto his chest. His arms wrapped around her, trapping her securely.

"Lily," he said with a teasing smile, "how much longer are you planning to shout? Do you want to wake the neighbors?"

She struggled against his hold, her face flushed with anger. "Whose fault is that? This is my house! Why are you even here? Let me go and get back to your own place!"

Her squirming only made matters worse. Ethan's playful demeanor shifted as a look of discomfort crossed his face. His voice dropped, carrying an edge of warning. "Stop moving so much..."

"Why? So you can take advantage of me, you shameless pervert?" she shot back, rolling her eyes. "Do you think I'm that naive?"

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Finished

His gaze darkened, and his voice dropped to a husky murmur. "If you don't stop moving, your wish might just come true."

Her movements halted abruptly, her breath catching. "What wish?" she asked, confused. But then she felt it -something firm pressing against her leg. Her eyes widened in shock as realization dawned.

She looked up at his face, now shadowed with tension. Terrified, she tried to wriggle free, but his arms only tightened around her in a bone-cCasey ng embrace. "Stop moving, please," he whispered, his tone almost pleading. Startled by the uncharacteristic vulnerability in his voice, she froze. The room fell into an uneasy silence, her racing heart the only sound she could hear. In that moment, she was torn between fury, embarrassment, and something she couldn't quite define.

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For the first time, Ethan found himself in a situation he had no control over. He focused on steadying his breath, trying to distract his mind from the warmth of the woman in his arms. As he glanced down at her, now lying obediently still, a tender smile tugged at his lips. "I wish I could hold her like this forever," he thought.

After a moment, Lily tilted her head up to look at him. "Hey, are you okay?" she asked softly. "Hmm," he nodded, his ears turning crimson. Feeling the need to apologize, he added, "I'm sorry." Her gaze caught his reddened face, and a playful smirk spread across her lips. "Are you blushing?" she teased.

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"No," he denied quickly, avoiding her eyes. "I'm not blushing."

Finished

"You are. The cold and emotionless CEO is blushing!" she laughed, the sound light and melodic. Her

laughter warmed him, and he found himself smiling despite the situation.

"What are you going to do about Sierra?" he asked, steering the conversation elsewhere.

Her laughter faded, and she shrugged. "You'll know tomorrow. By the way, how did you know it was Sierra?" she asked, her curiosity piqued.

"I just know," he replied, offering no further explanation. How could he not know when it came to matters concerning her?

She yawned, dismissing his cryptic answer. "Whatever. If you don't want to tell me, it's fine."

"Lily," he called after a moment of silence.

"Hmm?" she responded sleepily.

He hesitated before asking, "Do you still have any feelings for Ryan?"

The question hung in the air, and when she didn't immediately answer, his chest tightened. Anxiety bubbled within him. Did she still harbor feelings for that man? He knew she despised Ryan, but was it enough to erase all the emotions she once felt?

The thought of her lingering attachment to her ex twisted his stomach. Yet, he couldn't stop himself from asking again. "Lily, do you have any feelings for him?"

When she still didn't respond, he raised his head to look at her. A smile tugged at his lips when he realized she had fallen asleep in his arms. Her peaceful expression melted his worries, and he chuckled softly.

"Goodnight, Lily," he whispered, pressing a gentle kiss to her lips. With that, he closed his eyes, a serene smile gracing his face. That night, Ethan slept soundly, wishing the moment would never end.

The next morning, Lily woke up with a stretch, her eyes scanning the room. Not seeing any sign of the shameless man, she smiled in relief. "Looks like he left last night," she thought.

Humming to herself, she got out of bed and headed to the bathroom. After her morning routine and a refreshing shower, she dried her hair and changed into a comfortable dress.

As her stomach growled in hunger, she made her way to the kitchen, whistling a light tune. Little did she know, the day ahead would bring its own set of surprises.

Lily hummed softly to herself, feeling unusually cheerful. For the first time in a while, her sleep had been uninterrupted by nightmares. She couldn't help but smile as she went about her morning routine.

"You look like you're in a good mood," a voice suddenly broke her thoughts.

"Yes, I—" She paused mid-sentence, her brows knitting in confusion. Wait, who was she talking to?

Turning around, her jaw dropped. Standing right before her, completely at ease, was Ethan-bare-chested, with nothing but a towel wrapped loosely around his waist.

"Good morning," he greeted casually, stepping closer to plant a quick kiss on her lips.

Blinking in stunned silence, she touched her lips reflexively before snapping out of her daze. "You... W-why

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are you walking around my house half-naked?"

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"Tsk, tsk," Ethan clicked his tongue, feigning disappointment. "Lily, I think you need your eyes checked. I'm not naked-I'm wearing a towel."

"That's my towel!" she exclaimed, throwing her hands over her eyes. She could feel her cheeks burning and cursed inwardly. Why did this man have to be so ridiculously handsome?

"Oh, I didn't realize it was yours," he said with a mischievous smirk. "Should I take it off, then?"

"Don't you dare!" she shrieked, peeking at him through her fingers. "And why are you even here? Didn't you leave last night?"

Ethan chuckled, his tone light. "No."

Her stomach dropped. "Then...where did you sleep?"

"In your bed," he replied nonchalantly, shrugging. "With you."

Lily's face turned bright red, her eyes wide with indignation. "You... How dare you sleep in my bed!"

Amused by her reaction, Ethan reached out and pinched her nose playfully. "Careful, Lily. If you keep getting this worked up, you'll get wrinkles before your time."

Before she could fire back, he grabbed her arm and began dragging her toward the kitchen. "Come on. I made you breakfast."

Her stomach growled in response, and she stopped in her tracks, eyeing the spread of food laid out on the table. The aroma alone was enough to make her mouth water. How long had it been since she'd had a proper, home-cooked meal?

"Is it edible?" she asked hesitantly, narrowing her eyes at him.

Ethan shot her a look of mock offense. "Why don't you try it first? I bet you'll be begging for more."

Rolling her eyes, she picked up a fork and took a tentative bite. Her eyes widened in surprise as the flavors hit her taste buds. "This is... amazing!"

She didn't waste another second, diving into the meal with gusto. Between bites, she muttered, "You're really a good cook. Your future wife is going to be so lucky." Her words made Ethan pause. For a moment, he just stared at her, a soft smile tugging at his lips. It was the first time he had cooked for someone else, and her praise sent an unfamiliar warmth through him.

Clearing his throat, he leaned closer. "Just make sure to thank me properly in the future."

Lily glanced up, confused by his cryptic comment. "Thank you properly? What's that supposed to mean?" Ethan didn't respond, his smile growing wider as he watched her enjoy the food. It was enough for now that she was happy. The meaning behind his words? That, he decided, could wait for another day.

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Finished

After finishing her breakfast, Lily leaned back in her chair and patted her stomach in satisfaction. If only I could eat meals like this every day...

Her gaze shifted to Ethan, who was scrolling through his phone, seemingly unbothered by anything around him. As she observed him, a thought crossed her mind: never believe everything you hear until you see it for yourself. The man in front of her was nothing like the rumors.

People described him as cold, ruthless, emotionless, even terrifying-a devil in human form. But she couldn't reconcile that image with the person she'd come to

know. To her, he was shameless, occasionally a flirt, an unexpectedly skilled cook, and slightly overbearing-but not frightening. Quite the opposite, in fact. When he was around, she felt oddly secure, as though nothing in the world could harm her.

Sure, he kissed her and teased her more than she was comfortable admitting, but his touch never felt intrusive or repulsive. Instead, it carried an inexplicable warmth that left her at ease, though she wouldn't dare admit it aloud.

She was pulled from her thoughts when Ethan suddenly looked up, catching her staring. His lips curved into a smirk. "I know I'm handsome, but do you have to stare so much?"

Rolling her eyes, she scoffed. "I wasn't staring at you. I was wondering why you're still sitting here in just a towel. Don't you have clothes to wear?"

"My assistant is bringing them," he replied without looking up.

Just then, the doorbell rang. Lily stood up quickly. "Must be your assistant," she muttered, walking to answer the door.

Opening it, she found a young man with square-framed glasses holding a neatly pressed suit. He straightened his posture when he saw her. "You must be Ethan's assistant?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied politely.

"Please, call me Lily," she said, stepping aside to let him in.

As Assistant Ben entered, his jaw nearly dropped at the sight of his boss lounging casually in a towel. He had been stunned earlier that morning when Ethan had instructed him to bring clothes to an unfamiliar address. But now, seeing the beautiful woman in front of him, everything made sense.

So this is the reason behind the boss's unusual behavior!

His shock gave way to excitement as he studied Lily. She was stunning, no doubt about it. For years, he'd watched his boss remain cold and distant from everyone, but now there was someone who could make him smile. Madam Ethan would be thrilled to hear about this, Ben thought, already planning to report this news to Ethan's family.

Lost in his thoughts, Ben was jolted back to reality by the weight of Ethan's sharp glare. The young assistant gulped, quickly handing over the suit. "Boss, Miss Lilyly

and you look beautiful together. Truly a match made in heaven!" he whispered with a nervous smile.

Ethan's stern expression softened slightly, and he nodded. "Hmm. Add a bonus to your salary this month."

"Thank you, Boss!" Ben said eagerly, a grin spreading across his face.

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ready for my opening ceremony.

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"Lily, I'll change and be right back," Ethan announced, heading toward her bedroom with the suit in hand.

"Sure, go ahead. Treat this place like your own house," she muttered sarcastically under her breath.

Left alone with Assistant Ben, a mischievous idea popped into her head. Her eyes sparkled as she approached him with a sly smile.

Ben's instincts immediately kicked in, and he stepped back nervously. "M-Ma'am, do you need something?"

Lily frowned at his reaction. "Why are you stepping back? I'm not going to bite. Come here!"

"M-ma'am, I'm not sure the boss would like this," he stammered, visibly panicked.

"I just want to ask you something," she said, her tone firm but her smile playful.

Ben hesitated, still unsure. But when she pouted and added, "If you don't listen, I'll tell Ethan you were being difficult," he reluctantly stepped forward, resigned to his fate.

Assistant Ben swallowed hard, fighting the urge to groan in frustration. His loyalty to his boss and his survival instincts clashed as he stood nervously before Lily. He edged closer at her request but kept a cautious distance, wary of the probing questions she might throw his way.

Lily's expression softened into a playful smile as she noticed his hesitance. "Assistant Ben," she began in a low, conspiratorial tone, "tell me something. Has Ethan ever had a girlfriend?"

Caught off guard, Assistant Ben blinked rapidly before replying, "No, ma'am. He hasn't."

Her eyebrows shot up in surprise. "No girlfriend? Then how does he know how to kiss so well?" she muttered, half to herself but loud enough for Ben to hear.

Feeling his face heat up at her bold comment, Ben remained silent, unsure of how to respond. Before he could regain his composure, she fired another question. "So, how many women are chasing after him, hoping to become his girlfriend?" This time, Ben hesitated. "N-no one," he lied, his voice faltering. He knew better than to spill any details that might jeopardize his boss's carefully curated image in her eyes. After all, Ethan was in the early stages of winning her over, and Ben didn't want to ruin that.

Lily tilted her head, her sharp gaze cutting through his flimsy excuse. "Assistant Ben, there's no need to lie to me," she said with a hint of impatience.

"I-I'm not lying, ma'am," he stammered, looking anywhere but at her. "There really aren't any women chasing after the boss."

She raised an eyebrow, clearly unconvinced. "Really? Then maybe it's men lining up for him instead. Come on, you can tell me. I promise it'll stay between us. Ethan doesn't have to know about this little chat."

Ben looked as though he wanted to disappear. He hesitated again before finally conceding. "Well... there are a few women who are interested in him. But you don't need to worry, ma'am. Boss doesn't care about any of them. He only-" "What are you two whispering about?"

Finished

A low, icy voice cut through the air, making both Ben and Lily jump. They turned to see Ethan standing a few feet away, his piercing gaze fixed on them.

Why now? Lily inwardly groaned. Ben had been on the verge of spilling something interesting, and now Ethan's untimely arrival had ruined it. She quickly stepped forward, forcing a casual tone. "Oh, Ethan! I was just asking Assistant Ben about your schedule."

Ethan's eyebrows lifted in mock curiosity. "Really?" he drawled, his eyes narrowing as he turned to his

assistant.

Caught in the crossfire, Ben nodded furiously. "Yes, boss. Miss Lilyly was asking if you'd be busy later," he said, his voice trembling slightly.

Ethan's gaze lingered on both of them for a moment longer before he moved toward Lily. His expression softened into a sly smile. "I knew it. You're so eager to spend time with me," he teased.

"Eager?" she repeated, blinking in confusion.

He reached out and gently pinched her nose, his smirk deepening. "Of course. You even asked about my schedule to make sure I wasn't too busy. How thoughtful of you."

The memory of his earlier words suddenly hit her—he had told her to wait for him after the opening ceremony. Her face burned with irritation as she realized how her questions had unintentionally given him ammunition for his teasing.

"I didn't—" she started, only for him to interrupt smoothly, "That's why you were so curious, wasn't it?"

Lily felt like banging her head against a wall. Any answer she gave now would only dig her into a deeper hole. Why do I keep falling for his traps? she thought miserably.

Seeing the mix of frustration and helplessness on her face, Ethan laughed softly. Before she could react, he leaned in and planted a quick kiss on her lips. "Don't forget to wait for me," he murmured, brushing his fingers lightly against her cheek.

He turned to Ben, who stood frozen like a statue, and signaled for him to follow. "Let's go, Ben."

"Y-yes, boss," Ben stammered, practically scrambling after Ethan as they left the room.

As the door closed behind them, Lily exhaled loudly, her fists clenched at her sides. "Ethan, you shameless pervert!" she hissed under her breath. "Wait for you? My foot! I'm running away the first chance I get."

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

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband Chapter 44

The Opening Ceremony of Shades of Love

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The grand opening ceremony of Shades of Love was a dazzling spectacle. The venue buzzed with energy as photographers' flashes lit up the red carpet, and reporters crowded in like storm clouds before a downpour. Fans gathered in throngs, their excitement palpable, particularly around the lead actress, Rose, and the male lead, Leon.

Rose, a celebrated star of Motion Pictures, stood confidently, her dazzling smile captivating the crowd. Beside her was Leon, an Academy Award-winning actor whose refined charm made him a fan favorite. Together, they radiated an irresistible charisma that drew the audience like moths to a flame.

Adding to the anticipation was the film's director, Jackson, renowned for his ability turn any project into a blockbuster. With Shades of Love adapted from a beloved novel, expectations for the film were sky-high.

A reporter pushed through the crowd and aimed a question at Rose. "Miss Rose, this is your first time acting alongside Leon. How do you feel about it?"

Rose's lips curved into a gracious smile. "Leon is incredibly talented and charming. I'm confident we'll make a fantastic on-screen couple."

The reporter laughed. "Haha! That's wonderful, Miss Rose. But tell us-won't Mr. Ryan feel jealous?"

Rose chuckled softly, her tone teasing. "Ryan is very protective, so he might feel a little jealous. But he knows how much I love my work, and I'm sure he'll support me."

Her response sent the reporters into a frenzy. It hadn't been long since Rose had revealed she was in a relationship. Initially, the identity of her boyfriend was a mystery, but a paparazzi photo had unveiled him as none other than Ryan. Rich, handsome, and humble, Ryan seemed like the perfect man, leaving countless fans heartbroken but happy for the couple.

The revelation had boosted Rose's popularity, further cementing her status as an A-list star. The reporters couldn't get enough of her, firing questions with renewed enthusiasm.

"Leon," another reporter called out, turning the attention to the male lead, "what are your thoughts on your character in this film?"

Leon's polite smile never wavered. "It's a beautifully written role. The author has done an exceptional job crafting a nuanced character, and I'm honored to bring him to life."

The crowd cheered at his humility and charm. Leon was not only a talented actor but also a man of the moment, with a wedding on the horizon that had the media abuzz. Naturally, questions about his personal life followed, adding a lively dynamic to the event.

After some time, the spotlight shifted to Sierra, the actress playing the role of the supportive best friend. Although her role was secondary to the leads, Sierra's talent and poise had garnered her a solid fanbase. The questions aimed at her, however, signaled the reporters' eagerness to delve into more controversial topics.

The atmosphere, which had been light and cordial until now, took on an edge of curiosity. The preamble was over; the real story was about to unfold.

The press was buzzing with energy, all eager to question Sierra after her name was recently linked to a brewing controversy. Reporters jockeyed for position, their cameras and microphones pointed at her, waiting for her response.

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"Miss Sierra," one reporter began, his voice cutting through the noise. "It's widely known that you secured the role of the second female lead. However, there's a rumor circulating that you initially auditioned for the antagonist role. Can you confirm this?"

Dressed in an elegant baby-pink gown that enhanced her youthful beauty, Sierra smiled gracefully, "Yes, that's true," she replied with a calm demeanor. "I did audition for the antagonist role."

The reporters pounced on her response, their questions coming in rapid succession. "What do you think about the actress who ultimately got the antagonist role? And what are your thoughts on the controversy surrounding her selection?"

Maintaining her composed expression, Sierra answered with a seemingly innocent smile. "I trust Director Young's vision. If he chose her, it must be because she has talent."

Her words, though diplomatic, carried an undercurrent of subtle implication. The gathered crowd soon turned their attention to Director Young himself, who stood nearby. A swarm of reporters surrounded him, their questions echoing above the murmurs of the audience.

"Director Young," one journalist pressed, "is it true that you cast a newcomer in the antagonist role?"

Director Young nodded calmly. "Yes, the role of the antagonist was given to a newcomer."

The atmosphere shifted as another reporter's question carried a sharp edge. "There's speculation that this actress used unethical means to secure the role. Is there any truth to that?"

At this, Sierra's serene smile widened imperceptibly. She had paid for that particular reporter to stir the pot, ensuring the questions would corner both the director and the so-called "newbie." Her mind raced with satisfaction as she thought, Where is she? Did Lily back out of coming? Is she too scared to face this crowd?

But her moment of triumph soured as her brow furrowed. Sierr

wanted Lily to show up-to endure the same public humiliation that she herself had faced during the auditions.

Director Young, however, remained unshaken. He let out a short laugh before addressing the crowd. "That's not entirely true," he clarified. "The online post you're referring to has been twisted to fit a narrative. Yes, she's a newcomer, and yes, she auditioned for the role. But I want to make one thing absolutely clear: she earned this part through her performance, not by resorting to any inappropriate methods."

His firm tone briefly quelled the murmurs, but the reporters weren't done.

"Director Young," another voice chimed in, "this role is said to be incredibly challenging. How can a complete novice outperform someone as experienced as Miss Sierra? Doesn't this cast doubt on your decision?"

More voices joined in, their accusations gaining momentum. "Exactly! How can an inexperienced newcomer deliver a better performance than Miss Sierra?"

"She must have done something underhanded to get the role!" someone shouted from the crowd.

"We demand justice for Miss Sierra!" another added, their voice filled with indignation.

The crowd's anger grew, their voices rising in a chaotic wave. Sierra stood to the side, her smile widening ever so slightly as she reveled in the mounting tension.

Director Young, sensing the situation spiraling out of control, raised his hands to pacify the crowd. "Please, everyone, calm down!" he called out, his voice firm.

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But the murmurs of discontent only hinted at the storm brewing on the horizon, one that Lily would soon have to face head-on.

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The room was abuzz with questions, but Director Young remained composed. "Everyone, please calm down," he said firmly. "The actress chosen for this role will not be replaced. Once the movie is out, you'll all understand why we picked her."

A curious reporter broke the silence. "Director Young, is it true that she's exceptionally beautiful?"

"Yes," he replied confidently. "She's stunning-beyond comparison. And I'm not exaggerating. When she arrives, you'll see for yourselves."

The reporter pressed further, his tone edging on provocation. "So, are you saying she used her beauty to secure the role?"

Director Young's expression tightened, though he maintained his composure. "She's a newcomer, but she's incredibly talented. I'd appreciate it if people refrained from making baseless accusations."

Frustration flickered across his face as his sharp gaze settled on the persistent reporter. It was clear to him that the questions weren't innocent; someone was orchestrating this chaos. The sudden controversy, the missing audition tapes-everything pointed to an intentional scheme, with Lily as the target.

But where was she? As the grilling continued, Director Young grew restless. His patience was wearing thin.

"Director Young, where is this actress you've been praising?" the same reporter asked aggressively. "Why hasn't she shown up yet? Is she avoiding the spotlight because of her scandal?"

Director Young was on the verge of losing his temper when a collective gasp rippled through the crowd. His eyes shifted to the red carpet, and for a brief moment, he froze. Then, a small smile curved his lips. "She's here," he announced.

All eyes turned to see who he was referring to, and the room fell into stunned silence. Lily had arrived, and she was breathtaking.

Draped in a black lace gown, her dress was a masterpiece that accentuated her every feature. The fitted silhouette highlighted her slender waist, while the

neckline beautifully framed her delicate collarbones. The long slit in her dress revealed just a hint of her flawless legs, and the subtly cut sleeves teased glimpses of her fair skin.

Although the gown was elegant and modest, Lily exuded an undeniable allure. Her beauty was so captivating that the crowd was momentarily dazed. Cameras flashed furiously as she walked the red carpet, her every move radiating confidence and grace.

For Lily, this was a first. In her previous life, she had worked in her sister's shadow, never gracing a red carpet herself. Nervous though she was, she masked it with a radiant smile that mesmerized everyone watching. Her poise and elegance made it seem as though she had been doing this for years.

The reporters, who had been relentless with their questioning moments ago, now stood in stunned silence before snapping back to reality. The air filled with the clicks of cameras and murmurs of awe.

"Is this the actress chosen for the role?" someone whispered. "She's even more stunning than Director Young described. He wasn't exaggerating at all!"

Lily paused midway down the red carpet to pose for photos, her elegance leaving the crowd spellbound. She then moved to the backdrop to sign her name, each gesture so graceful it seemed choreographed. Every glance, every smile, only deepened the admiration of those watching.

III

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Finished

But just as the audience was recovering from her dazzling entrance, their astonishment doubled. Walking in behind Lily was none other than Mia,

Why was Mia standing behind her? The sight stunned everyone, leaving them to speculate wildly. Could it be that Lily was one of Mia's artists? The thought alone was enough to make their minds race.

The reporters, who had been eager to confront Lily with invasive questions like, "Did you sleep with someone influential to land this role?" or "Did you seduce a higher-up?" suddenly hesitated. If she was indeed represented by Mia, one of the most respected figures in the entertainment industry and a key player at

Marvellous Universe, would such accusations even make sense? With Mia's backing, Lily wouldn't need to resort to underhanded tactics to secure a role. Amidst the commotion, no one noticed the storm brewing in Rose's expression. Her face had gone pale, her carefully composed demeanor slipping as she glared daggers at Lily, Fury bubbled within her as questions roared in her mind. This woman again? How could this happen? How did she manage to snag the role of the antagonist in this film? And how dare she flaunt herself so openly!

Memories of past conversations surfaced, only fueling her anger further. Didn't she promise our parents she would never step into the spotlight as an actress? Rose seethed. And yet, here she is, trying to steal my thunder and overshadow my success. Bold of her to defy me like this!

Her hands clenched into fists, trembling with barely suppressed rage. If her manager hadn't intervened, Rose might have stormed across the room and slapped Lily right then and there. Instead, she stood rooted in place, her narrowed eyes brimming with malice. You've crossed the line this time, Lily. I won't let you get away with this.

Lily, who had been basking in the spotlight, suddenly felt the weight of Rose's venomous stare. A knowing smirk tugged at her lips as her gaze met her stepsister's. So, you're watching me, aren't you, Rose? she thought. Good. Watch closely-because this is only the beginning.

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Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

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

Finished

Lily stepped forward with an air of confidence, her voice calm yet captivating as she addressed the gathered reporters. "Hello, everyone. I'm Lily, and I'll be playing the antagonist in this movie," Standing just behind her was Mia, her presence lending an air of authority to the moment.

Excitement rippled through the crowd. At last, their curiosity was about to be satisfied.

"Miss Lilyly, have you signed a contract with Marvellous Universe?" one reporter asked eagerly.

"Yes, I have," Lily responded with a composed smile. "And Sister Mia is my manager."

The questions came quickly after that. "Miss Lilyly, you're incredibly beautiful. May we ask which designer created your gown?"

Lily's smile deepened as she replied, "This dress is by a new designer named LX. It's her creation."

LX? The name was unfamiliar to the reporters, sparking even more curiosity. Who was this unknown designer capable of crafting such an exquisite gown? The murmurs of interest grew louder as they wondered about this mysterious talent.

"Miss Lilyly, is it true that this is your first movie and that you've never acted before?" another reporter inquired.

Lily glanced briefly at Rose, who was glaring daggers at her from the sidelines. If looks could kill, Lily might have been struck down right then. Suppressing a small laugh, she turned back to the reporters. "Yes," she

I've never been in any production said, her tone light yet firm. "This is my first time acting in a movie

before."

A bolder question followed. "Miss Lily, you've been mentioned in a recent online post. What are your thoughts on that?"

The atmosphere shifted slightly as the reporter glanced nervously at Mia, whose cold gaze warned them not

to overstep.

"The claims made in that post are completely false," Lily stated firmly. "I attended the auditions for this role, and my selection was based solely on my acting skills- nothing else."

From the sidelines, Sierra watched with a dark expression. Narrowing her eyes, she subtly signaled a reporter, who quickly caught on.

"Miss Lilyly, are you saying the rumors about you sleeping with higher-ups are untrue?"

"Yes, they are entirely untrue," Lily replied without hesitation, her calm demeanor unwavering.

"But, Miss Lilyly," the same reporter pressed, "if the rumors aren't true, why would someone spread such claims about you?"

Lily's expression didn't falter as she prepared to respond. The room waited in tense anticipation, eager to hear her answer.

Lily's sharp gaze locked onto the reporter, her expression calm but her eyes

piercing. It was clear to her now-someone had sent this reporter with the sole intention of causing trouble.

"So, you're implying that anything posted online should automatically be considered the truth? How

should!" she said in a calm yet cutting

Finished

The reporter wasn't deterred and pressed further. "Then why would someone go out of their way to tarnish your reputation, especially since you're not even famous yet?"

The question made the crowd murmur in agreement. It seemed logical-if she wasn't well-known, why would anyone bother to slander her? Unless, of course, the accusations were true.

Another reporter chimed in. "Miss Lilyly, you're a newcomer. You haven't even started your career yet, so why would someone target you like this?"

The crowd buzzed with speculation.

"She probably did sleep with someone," someone whispered.

"Look at her. Doesn't she look like the type to seduce someone for a role?" another commented.

"Maybe she's some rich man's mistress," a third voice added.

Rose stood in the crowd, her lips curling into a smug smile as she soaked in the accusations being hurled at Lily. You thought entering the entertainment world would be easy? she thought with disdain. A shameless woman like you deserves this humiliation.

Despite the chaos, Lily remained calm, even smiling faintly as she listened. By her side, Mia looked visibly furious, but she held herself back, choosing not to escalate the situation.

Finally, the reporter's voice rose again, pressing for an answer. "Miss Lilyly, do you deny the allegations? Did you or did you not sleep with someone to get this role?"

Lily's gaze swept over the crowd. Her lips curved into a calm, confident smile. "Let me ask you all a question," she said, her voice steady and clear. "Do you think an artist under Marvellous Universe would need to sleep with someone to secure a role?"

The crowd quieted. Everyone knew the answer to that question. Marvellous Universe was one of the most prestigious entertainment agencies, known for its stringent talent selection and reputation. The murmurs softened into an unspoken agreement: No, that wouldn't make sense.

But the reporter wasn't ready to let it go. "Then are you saying you used the power and influence of Marvellous Universe to claim the role? Isn't that still unfair?"

He didn't stop there. "Miss Lilyly, you're a complete rookie with no prior acting experience. There were other talented contenders at the audition, like Miss Sierra, who have far more experience. Don't you think taking this role away from someone more deserving is unjust?"

"And let's not forget," he added, his voice growing louder, "this role is extremely challenging to portray. Don't you think it's unfair to the audience, who expect a skilled performance? Would they even accept someone with no experience as the antagonist?"

The murmurs in the crowd grew louder.

"She's right. Why is a rookie taking this role?" someone said.

"They should replace her with Miss Sierra!" another shouted.

"Give justice to the experienced artists! Change the actress!"

The accusations flew thick and fast, but Lily stood firm, her expression unshaken. Two figures in the crowd -Rose and Sierra-watched with satisfaction, enjoying the storm of hostility directed at her.

Finally, Lily turned back to the persistent reporter, her calm gaze cutting through the tension. "Mr. Reporter," she said evenly, "may I ask you something?"

Finished

The reporter hesitated for a moment, glancing nervously at Mia, whose icy glare hadn't wavered. But he nodded. "Go ahead, Miss Lilyly."

"You keep repeating the claims that I either slept with someone or used the power of Marvellous Universe to get this role. Do you have any proof to back up your statements?" she asked, her tone polite but unyielding.

The reporter froze, caught off guard by her directness.

"And to the person who posted those baseless accusations online," Lily continued, her voice unwavering, "I'd like to ask the same question: Do they have

any evidence to support their claims?"

Her words hung in the air, silencing the crowd momentarily. The tables had turned, and everyone was waiting to see how the reporter would respond.

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

birth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

Finished

The crowd fell into an uneasy silence, the tension thick in the air. The reporter, who had been bribed by Sierra, felt a cold sweat trickling down his back. Proof? He had none. His sole purpose here was to create trouble for Lily, but he hadn't expected her to counter so confidently.

Those in the crowd who had been clamoring for "justice" on Sierra's behalf also began to waver. The entire uproar had stemmed from an unverified online post, and now they realized how baseless their accusations seemed.

Summoning what little courage he had left, the reporter stammered, "No, Miss Lilyly. I don't have any proof."

Lily gave him a composed smile, her gaze sweeping over the assembled crowd. "When something is posted online, it's the responsibility of reporters like you to investigate and confirm its authenticity before presenting it to the public," she said evenly, "Your job is to report the truth, not to spread misinformation or mislead others."

Her words struck a chord. The other reporters in attendance shifted uncomfortably, as though they had just been chastised. It dawned on them that they had been fueling a controversy with no solid evidence, simply chasing drama without fulfilling their professional duty,

But the reporter wasn't ready to back down entirely. "Miss Lilyly, you say you earned the role through your talent. Do you have any proof of that?" he challenged.

Lily's eyes narrowed slightly. "Do you want me to perform here, in front of everyone, to prove my abilities?"

The reporter quickly shook his head. "No, Miss Lilyly. I'm sure you're talented. But can your skills as a rookie truly surpass those of an experienced actor?"

Lily's tone remained steady as she replied, "If you don't want me to act for you now, then what exactly do you expect me to do?"

"The audition tape," he said quickly, repeating the line Sierra had instructed him to use. "If you show us your audition tape, we can judge for ourselves. The truth will be clear once the tape is played."

The crowd, still caught up in the drama, began to murmur in agreement.

"Yes, show us the tape!"

"We want to see what made the judges choose you over someone like Miss Sierra!"

Lily paused, her expression unreadable. "The audition tape?" she echoed, her voice tinged with hesitation.

The reporter's confidence surged at her hesitation. He had been told the tape was destroyed, so there was no way she could produce it.

In the crowd, Sierra smirked triumphantly. Let's see what you do now, Lily, she thought. Without the tape, you'll be exposed as a fraud. You should have stayed in your place instead of challenging someone like me.

"Miss Lilyly," the reporter pressed, sensing victory. "Why are you hesitating? Don't tell us you can't show the tape. And please, no excuses-everyone here wants to see it."

The murmurs turned into chants.

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"We want proof!"

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Lily's calm demeanor remained unchanged. She raised an eyebrow at the reporter and smiled faintly. "Who said I'm not going to show you the tape?"

Her response stunned the reporter, and even Sierra's smug smile faltered for a moment.

"If everyone here wants to see my audition tape," Lily continued, her voice steady and confident, "then I'll gladly show it to you."

She gestured toward Mia, who immediately sprang into action. With a quick motion, Mia signaled for two guards to set up a projection screen. As the

preparations were underway, Mia took the microphone from Lily and addressed the crowd, her icy gaze fixed on the reporter.

"Before we play the tape, I have something to say," Mia began, her voice sharp and commanding. "Lily is one of my artists, and she is under the banner of Marvellous Universe. Let me make one thing clear: no artist working with us needs to resort to underhanded methods like using power or seduction to secure a role."

Her words silenced the murmurs instantly.

"Every artist we represent is selected for their talent and hard work," Mia continued, her gaze sweeping over the crowd. "Before you accuse someone or spread baseless rumors, ensure that you have the facts. Verify the truth before making reckless claims."

The room fell silent, anticipation building as yone waited for the tape to play. Sierra's smirk had vanished, replaced by a look of unease. How is this possible? she thought. The tape was destroyed. What are they going to show?

Lily stood calmly, her confidence unwavering, ready to let her performance speak for itself.

Lily cast a sharp glance toward Sierra, her lips curling into a confident smirk. "Let me add," she said with calm authority, "that no one at Marvellous Universe is an easy target. I hope the person responsible for spreading that vile post online remembers this well."

Mia nodded, her expression firm as she turned to the technicians. "Play the video," she instructed, then stepped to Lily's side, a commanding presence of support.

Sierra, meanwhile, stared at the blank screen, her confidence wavering. The audition tape was destroyed, she thought, panic creeping in. What could they possibly have to show?

A chill ran down her spine as she recalled the sharp look Mia had given her moments ago. The piercing gaze had sent goosebumps racing across her skin. Could they know that I orchestrated all of this? she wondered, shivering slightly at the thought.

Trying to regain her composure, Sierra narrowed her eyes at the screen and scoffed inwardly. Even if they have something to show, it won't change anything. Lily is just a rookie-there's no way her performance could be better than mine.

The room grew silent as the screen flickered to life, the video beginning to play. Excitement rippled through the crowd, and all eyes were glued to the screen, eager to witness the truth that was about to unfold.

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

Finished

From the beginning to the end of the audition tape, everyone watched in rapt attention. The atmosphere was so still and quiet that it seemed as if the entire venue was holding its breath. When the video concluded and the screen went blank, the silence lingered, heavy with awe and disbelief.

Director Young and Mia, who had already seen the tape, couldn't hide their excitement. Even on a second viewing, the sheer brilliance of the performance gave them chills. The audience, too, was visibly shaken by what they had just witnessed. Goosebumps rippled through the crowd as the weight of Lily's talent sank in.

Wait, why did it stop? many thought, inwardly groaning. Play more! We need to see more!

Mia stepped forward, holding the microphone with a confident smile. "Now, does anyone still have an issue with Lily playing the antagonist?" she asked, her voice clear and steady.

An issue? How could anyone have an issue after seeing that performance? The reporters, fans, and onlookers exchanged astonished glances. They all had the same thought: Is she really a rookie?

Her performance was far beyond what anyone expected from someone new to acting. It was raw, powerful, and mesmerizing-on par with, if not better than, seasoned actresses.

Mia, noticing their stunned silence, smirked slightly. She was relieved that she'd made a copy of the audition tape to show to Boss Parker earlier; she hadn't expected it would serve a much bigger purpose today.

As Mia's words broke the spell, the crowd erupted into thunderous applause. The sound reverberated through the room, a unanimous declaration of their admiration. Everyone-fans, reporters, and even skeptics-clapped with genuine enthusiasm.

Lily froze, overwhelmed by the outpouring of approval. She had never imagined this response. Her eyes brimmed with tears of joy, and her heart swelled with gratitude. It was the kind of validation every artist dreams of but few experience.

Mia gently placed a hand on her shoulder, offering her comfort and encouragement. Then she turned her gaze back to the crowd. "Now," she asked, her tone firm and decisive, "do we still need to replace the actress?"

Finally, Mia's sharp eyes landed on the flustered reporter who had tried to stir trouble. Her expression hardened as she addressed him directly, her voice cutting like steel. "Well? Do you have anything else to say?"

The reporter's face drained of color as he nervously shook his head. "N-no... I have nothing more to say. Best of luck with the movie..." His voice faltered under the weight of the tension.

Mia raised her eyebrow and gave him a dismissive "Hmm."

Another reporter, still awestruck by Lily's performance, hesitated before asking, "Miss Lilyly, are you absolutely sure you've never acted in a movie before?" His voice quivered, his emotions clearly stirred by what he'd just seen.

Lily smiled gently. "No, I haven't. This is my first time acting in a film."

"Unbelievable! You're so talented," the reporter said, his admiration shining through. "I can't wait to see you on the big screen."

One by one the reporters began to praise her.

Finished

"Miss Lilyly, we're truly sorry for our earlier doubts. Now it's clear only you can play this role, Director Young, please don't even think about changing the actress!"

"Miss Lilyly, your performance gave me goosebumps. For a moment, it didn't even feel like acting-it felt like you were the character!"

"Miss Lilyly. I've officially become your number one fan. I'm counting down the days until this movie releases. Director Young, please shoot the film quickly!" someone from the crowd yelled, prompting laughter.

"Yes, Director Young, hurry up! We can't wait any longer to see Miss Lilyly in action."

"Miss Lilyly, you've stolen our hearts. You've turned into the goddess of this role!"

One fan added, "I know Miss Sierra is a talented actress, but this role belongs to you, Miss Lilyly. No one else could do it justice."

Another voice chimed in, "Not only are you stunning, but your acting is incredible. I've been converted into a lifelong fan!"

The atmosphere was electric with admiration as the reporters swarmed around Lily, bombarding her with questions and compliments. She responded humbly, bowing slightly and saying, "Thank you, everyone. Your support means so much to me."

Unbeknownst to her, she had already secured a place in the hearts of many, earning both their respect and admiration.

From the sidelines, Sierra seethed with anger. Her hands balled into fists as she glared at the scene. I destroyed that tape! How did they still have one?

Her mind raced. How could she be this good? This role was supposed to be mine! I planned everything so carefully-what went wrong? I've clearly underestimated this woman.

Meanwhile, Rose's perfectly manicured nails dug painfully into her palms as her face twisted in barely contained rage. The scene before her was unbearable.

This... this slut! How dare she steal my moment, my spotlight!

As the crowd's comments and applause continued, anxiety clawed at Rose's chest. Deep down, a sliver of fear crept into her heart. She had always known how talented Lily was. It was why she had used her as a stand-in so often in the past. But this... this was a different Lily-a confident, unyielding version who refused to be controlled.

Why is she acting like this now? She's never disobeyed before. What changed?

Her instincts screamed that something was wrong, and it terrified her. If this continued, keeping Lily under her thumb would be impossible.

No, I can't let her rise. I'll make sure she's thrown out of this industry. She belongs beneath me-as my shadow, my servant. Nothing more!

At that moment, Lily glanced at Rose and smirked, her gaze daring and full of purpose. Picking up the microphone, she addressed the crowd with a smile. "Today, I'd like to share a few things about myself."

Rose's heart dropped as an unsettling tremor ran through her. Her hands began to shake.

What is this woman planning to say now?

Finished

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

Chapter 49

Finished

Lily stepped forward, her voice steady as she made an announcement that left the entire room in shock, "Today, I'd like to share something about my identity. My name is Lily, and I am the eldest daughter of the Miller Family. Yes, that means I'm Rose's elder sister."

A collective gasp echoed through the room. The reporters stared at her, stunned,

"Rose's elder sister?!"

This revelation sent the reporters into a frenzy. They had only ever heard about Rose and Taylor, the two publicly known children of the influential Miller Family. The existence of another daughter was groundbreaking news. Cameras clicked rapidly, capturing every angle of Lily as the questions started flying.

"Miss Lilyly, you're saying you're Rose's sister?!"

"Yes, that's correct," she confirmed with a calm smile.

"Why was your identity kept a secret? Why has no one heard about you before? Were you deliberately hidden from the public?" a reporter asked.

Lily shook her head gently. "It wasn't exactly a secret. I spent most of my life in the States, away from the media spotlight. That's why not many people knew about me."

"Then why did you choose to join Marvellous Universe instead of working with Motion Stars, a company affiliated with your family? Is there some kind of rivalry between you and your sister?"

Lily chuckled softly at the question. "Rivalry? That's an interesting way to put it," she replied, suppressing the bitter truth. If only they knew about the real battlefield between us.

She continued with poise, "The truth is, I wanted to build my career based on my own abilities, not because of my family name or connections. Everyone knows that Motion Stars is partially owned by my family. If I worked there, people might assume I got roles through favoritism. That's not what I want.

"Also, when given a chance to work under someone as amazing as Mia, wouldn't anyone take it? I'm incredibly lucky to be part of Marvellous Universe."

The reporters seemed satisfied with her response, though one couldn't help but dig further. "But Miss Lilyly, Marvellous Universe is one of Motion Stars' biggest competitors. If a situation ever arises where you must choose between Marvellous Universe and your family, who will you stand with?"

Lily's gaze didn't waver. "That's a good question. To me, both are important but in different ways. Professionally, my loyalty lies with Marvellous Universe. Personally, I will always love my family. I believe I can honor both without conflict."

Her thoughtful and diplomatic answer earned her nods of approval from the crowd.

Meanwhile, the reporters turned to Rose, eager for her reaction. "Miss Rose, what do you think about this revelation? Did you know from the beginning that your sister would be playing the antagonist role?"

Rose, masking her seething rage behind a warm smile, replied with practiced ease. "I was completely surprised when I found out. Seeing my elder sister here was unexpected but also a pleasant shock. I'm genuinely happy for her."

"And how do you feel about your sister working with Marvellous Universe, a rival company?"

Finished

Feigning support, Rose answered, "I'm thrilled for her. She's pursuing her dreams, and I couldn't be happier to see her succeeding."

One reporter pressed further. "Miss Rose, what do you think of your sister's acting skills?"

Rose forced a laugh, her fists clenched out of view. "I've always known my sister had exceptional talent. I'm proud that we now have the opportunity to work together in the same movie."

Her sugary words masked the simmering fury in her heart. The praise showered upon Lily was unbearable. This was supposed to be my moment. How dare she take the spotlight from me?

Lily, fully aware of her sister's inner turmoil, watched her with a subtle smirk. How does it feel, Rose? To see your worst enemy stealing the attention you thought was yours?

The tension between the two sisters remained hidden under their polished facades, but the unspoken battle between them was only beginning.

In her heart, Lily couldn't help but laugh bitterly. Who would understand better than me? The memory of her past life was still vivid-how devastated she had felt when the truth had finally come to light.

This is just the beginning, Rose, she thought with icy determination. Watch closely as I dismantle everything you hold dear, piece by piece. For every ounce of pain you caused me, I promise to return it a hundredfold.

As the opening ceremony came to an end, the atmosphere was filled with excitement. The reporters left satisfied, armed with sensational headlines, while those who had come to criticize Lily walked away as her new admirers. Passing through the crowd, Mia suddenly stopped in front of Sierra. With a calm but cutting tone, she said, "Miss Sierra, may I have a word with you?"

Sierra stiffened. Though she felt intimidated by Mia, she maintained her composure, forcing a polite smile. "Of course, Miss Mia. What can I do for you?" Mia leaned in slightly, her words sharp enough to cut. "Let me offer you some advice, Sierra. There are certain people you should think twice about offending. I happen to be one of them. Next time you plan to spread lies or post nonsense online, at least make sure your little scheme has a chance of succeeding."

Feigning innocence, Sierra tilted her head. "I'm not sure I understand what you're implying, Miss Mia."

"Oh, perhaps your memory is failing you," Mia retorted, her smile razor-sharp. "You might want to get your brain checked. It could help you make smarter decisions in the future. And let me warn you, Sierra, if you dare to target my artist again, I'll make your life a living hell."

Before Sierra could respond, Mia grabbed Lily's hand and walked away.

Sierra clenched her fists so tightly that her nails dug into her palms. Mia's words were like a slap across her face. Watching them disappear into the crowd, she sneered to herself. Fine, Miss Mia, you've won this time. But don't get too comfortable. I'll have my revenge-sooner or later.

Meanwhile, Rose stood nearby, her barely controlled fury simmering beneath her carefully maintained exterior. Her manager, Nathan, stepped in quickly, placing a hand on her arm to stop her.

"Not here, Rose," Nathan whispered urgently. "Control yourself and go home. Don't create a scene. You need to protect your image."

Finished

"Fine," Rose hissed through gritted teeth before storming off, her heels clicking angrily against the floor.

Mia, watching her retreating figure, pouted playfully. "Lily, look! Your lovely sister is running away"

Lily chuckled softly. "She's only running because she can't control her temper. She knows better than to lose face in public."

Mia sighed theatrically, "I was hoping for some drama. But the main character fled! What a disappointment."

Lily shook her head at Mia's playful antics, a faint smile tugging at her lips. "Don't worry, Sister Mia. So what if the main character is gone? We still have her loyal supporting character right here."

Her gaze shifted meaningfully toward Nathan, Rose's manager. Memories of her previous life resurfaced- how Nathan had treated her coldly and ordered her around like a servant. But things were different now.

This time, Lily had the upper hand. Let's see what you have to say now, Nathan.

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

Chapter 50

"Manager Nathan, why did Rose leave?" Lily asked, looking concerned.

Nathan smirked, "Leave? She didn't leave. She just wasn't feeling well and had to go."

"Really?" Mia teased. "I thought she ran away after seeing my Lily..."

Nathan chuckled, "She's Rose's sister, Miss Mia. Why would she run off after seeing her own sister?"

Mia shrugged with a sly smile. "Maybe she has some deep secrets she's afraid will come out..."

Finished

Nathan's expression changed slightly. Did that orphan say something to Mia? She thought, her fingers clenching tightly. She couldn't believe that the person she had always been able to control would talk back like this.

Nathan knew the dynamics of the Miller Family well, and she had enjoyed being part of it for so long. But now, she wasn't sure what had gotten into Lily to make her act like this.

Noticing Nathan's uneasy expression, Mia smirked. "Manager Nathan, why are you so tense? I was just joking!"

Nathan forced a smile and then turned to Lily. "Can I speak to you alone for a moment?"

Before Lily could respond, Mia interrupted. "What is it that Manager Nathan can't say in front of me? I'm your artist's agent after all."

Nathan, trying to remain polite, smiled thinly. "Miss Mia, it's just a personal conversation. I hope you don't mind."

But Mia wasn't having it. "I do mind."

Lily smiled reassuringly at Mia. "It's okay, Sister Mia. I'll be fine."

"Are you sure?" Mia asked, her gaze flickering to Nathan. Lily nodded.

"Yes, I'm sure. Don't worry."

"Alright then." Mia reluctantly agreed and stepped aside, watching as Lily followed Nathan to a quiet corner.

Once they were alone, Nathan's tone became sharp. "Lily, why did you do this?" Lily feigned innocence. "Manager Nathan, what do you mean? What did I do?" "You know how much Rose wants to be an actress. It's her dream! Why are you taking it away from her? She was devastated when she saw you on the red carpet. As her older sister, why would you do this to her?" Nathan asked, her voice accusing.

Lily crossed her arms, an unreadable expression on her face. "Manager Nathan, are you saying that I don't have the right to dream? Shouldn't my younger sister be happy for me? It's my life, and I deserve to pursue my own dreams too."

Nathan paused, taken aback by Lily's response. After a moment, she asked, "But you were fine with being a stand-in for Rose. Why the sudden change? Did she do something to hurt you?"

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follow my own path and achieve my dreams. What's wrong with that?"

Finished

"Wrong? Everything is wrong with it!" Nathan wanted to shout, but she held herself back. She knew how talented Lily was as an actress. Rose, on the other hand, didn't compare. At first, Nathan had been okay with Lily substituting for

Rose, but now, if Lily kept pushing for the spotlight, it could ruin everything for Rose. As her manager, she couldn't let that happen.

Nathan knew that if Rose's career fell apart, hers would too. She had to stop Lily, or else her own life might be in jeopardy.

"As her older sister, shouldn't you be helping Rose with her career?" Nathan demanded.

Lily raised an eyebrow. "Manager Nathan, I have helped her, many times. But I am her sister, not her servant. I hope you understand that."

Nathan hesitated, but Lily continued, her voice firm. "I'm going to be an actress, and no one can stop me. As a manager, your job is to train your artist so well that you don't need to rely on substitutes. Rose needs to work hard for her own career."

She took a step back, ready to leave. "Manager Nathan, I hope you understand me. I have to go now. Goodbye."

As Lily walked away, Nathan clenched her teeth, a dark look crossing her face. She had to act. She couldn't just stand by and let Lily interfere with her artist's career. Something needed to be done.

"Are you alright?" Mia asked when she saw Lily Casey ng toward her. "Everything's fine, Sister Mia," Lily replied, looking around nervously. She grabbed Mia's hand and started walking quickly toward their car. "Let's go."

"Why are you in such a hurry, Lily? Did something happen?" Mia asked, noticing how fast Lily was moving. She looked like she was running from something.

"Sister Mia, if we don't leave now, something bad is going to happen," Lily said, her tone serious.

Mia was confused. "What do you mean? I don't understand, Lily..."

Lily paused by a black car and explained in a low voice, "That creepy guy told me to wait here, so we need to leave before he shows up."

"Oh!" Mia's eyes widened. "Let's get out of here, then."

As they talked, they didn't notice someone sitting inside the car they were standing next to.

"I wonder who this creepy guy is..." Mia said, raising an eyebrow.

"Of course, it's eth-" Lily began to say Ethan's name, but then she froze as she saw him in the car, staring at her.

"Well, speak of the devil..." Lily muttered under her breath. Mia chuckled, not knowing what she had just said. Ethan, who hadn't heard her, called out, "Did you say something?"

Lily straightened up and looked at him, her expression turning sharp. "What are you doing here?"

Ethan smirked. "I told you to wait for me. But why were you trying to run away from me? Do you want me to increase your payment?"

Finished

Lily rolled her eyes. Increase the payment? This is already more than enough. She shook her head with a smile. "I wasn't running away from you... I was running toward you."