

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

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

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Ethan's strides quickened as he approached Lily, his sharp eyes seeing right through her facade. Yet, despite knowing she wasn't being truthful, his pulse inexplicably quickened. Arching an eyebrow, he questioned with a hint of amusement, "Really?"

"Of course! Can't you see I'm standing right here beside your car?" she replied, feigning confidence.

Ethan's lips curled into a knowing smile. "Alright, I'll take your word for it. Now, get in the car."

Lily's composure faltered as his command made her uneasy. Narrowing her eyes, she asked, "And why exactly should I get in your car?"

Ethan's smirk deepened, and he leaned in slightly, his voice low but teasing. "Oh? Would you prefer I kiss you right here instead? That's fine with me. But what will you do if the paparazzi snap a photo of us? Imagine the headlines."

Her eyes darted around nervously, suddenly aware of their surroundings. This wasn't a place she could risk being seen with Ethan. The potential fallout was enough to make her stomach churn. With a resigned sigh, she moved to open the back door of his car.

"Where do you think you're going?" Ethan's voice cut through the air, cold and firm. "Do I look like your chauffeur, Lily?"

Lily froze, her hand on the door handle. She turned to glare at him, a silent accusation in her eyes. When did I ever call him a driver?

Grumbling under her breath, she stepped away and reluctantly slid into the front passenger seat. Ethan's grin widened as he watched her comply. Turning his attention to Mia, who stood nearby, he said cheerfully, "Sister Mia, I'll be taking her with me."

Lily's brows knitted together in confusion. "Sister Mia isn't coming with us?"

"Nope," Ethan replied simply.

Her lips pursed in a slight pout. "Why not?"

Mia offered an awkward smile, her tone light but meaningful. "Lily, it's fine. I'd rather not play third wheel on your.. date."

Lily's eyes widened in protest. "Sister Mia, it's not a—"

Before she could finish, Ethan cut her off smoothly. "Sister Mia is very perceptive. Thank you for understanding. We'll be off now. Goodbye, Sister Mia."

Mia watched as the car pulled away, a soft chuckle escaping her lips. She hoped, with all sincerity, that Lily might find happiness this time. Her best wishes went out to both of them as she turned and walked toward the company car, her heart light with hope.

As the car rolled smoothly down the road, Lily glanced sideways at Ethan, her curiosity piqued. "Where are you taking me?" she asked, her voice tinged with suspicion.

Ethan's lips curled into a mischievous smile. "Somewhere special," he replied cryptically.

Her brows furrowed in irritation. "Somewhere? That's not an answer. If this is about that ridiculous commanation on mansinned whare via desaing me off in came unbuaum nlace?"

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Without missing a beat, Ethan's tone turned playful. "It's a place you'll love. And as for the compensation, I'll decide how you repay me. For now, just relax and be good company."

Lily snorted, crossing her arms. "That doesn't mean I'll listen to everything you say."

His gaze flicked to her briefly, his smile softening. "Trust me, Lily, you're going to enjoy this."

"Fine," she muttered, leaning back against the seat. The day's events had taken a toll on her, and her eyelids grew heavy as she surrendered to the quiet hum of the car.

She reflected on how well the event had gone, but her thoughts drifted to Rose's furious exit. A storm was brewing, and she knew it. Still, she resolved to face whatever came her way with determination.

The car came to a sudden stop, jolting Lily awake. She rubbed her eyes and glanced around. They were in a secluded area surrounded by towering trees and dense foliage. She frowned. "Where are we? Is this the place?"

Ethan nodded, stepping out of the car and circling around to open her door. "We've arrived," he said, offering his hand to help her out.

Reluctantly, she took his hand and stepped out, her gaze sweeping over the surroundings. All she saw were trees and overgrown plants. "What's so special about this place? You brought me to look at dead trees?"

Ethan chuckled, clearly amused. "You're so perceptive. How did you guess?"

Her eyes narrowed. "Are you mocking me, Mr. Ethan?"

He leaned closer, his voice soft and teasing. "How could I mock the goddess of my heart?" Taking her hand, he began leading her along a narrow path.

Ignoring his flirtation, she asked, "Where exactly are we going?"

"You'll see soon enough," he replied, a hint of mystery in his tone.

Lily groaned, gesturing at her feet. "Ethan, I'm wearing heels. How do you expect me to walk through a forest?"

He paused, glancing down at her feet. A flash of guilt crossed his face before he acted without hesitation. Bending down, he scooped her up into his arms in a bridal carry.

"Ah! Put me down, you pervert!" she shrieked, clutching at his shoulders for balance.

Ethan's grip remained steady as he smirked. "If you keep yelling, I might just drop you."

Her protests immediately died down, and she glared at him in silence. Despite her annoyance, a sense of safety washed over her as he carried her through the trees. His arms felt strong and protective, and for a fleeting moment, she allowed herself to relax.

After a short walk, the path opened up to reveal a breathtaking scene. Lily's eyes widened in awe as she took

it all in.

Before her lay a serene lake, its surface shimmering under the moonlight. Elegant swans glided across the water, their movements graceful and calming. In the middle of the lake stood a charming wooden house, accessible by a small arched bridge. Surrounding the lake was a garden bursting with vibrant lilies, her favorite flower.

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"It's beautiful," she whispered, almost afraid to break the spell of the moment. She pinched her arm lightly, half expecting to wake up from a dream.

Ethan's voice brought her back to reality. "Shall we?" He extended his hand toward her, his expression warm and inviting.

With a sparkle in her eyes, Lily placed her hand in his, allowing him to guide her toward the enchanting house. The peaceful ambiance of the place was a stark contrast to the storm she knew was raging back at the Miller Mansion. For now, in this magical setting, she felt truly at peace.

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From the moment Rose stormed into the house, it was clear to everyone that she was in a blind rage. Her fury was palpable as she turned the entire living room into a battlefield, flinging anything she could grab.

"How dare she..... That wretched girl! I'll make her pay!" she screamed, hurling one of her mother's prized antique vases against the wall.

CRASH! The sound echoed through the house as shards of porcelain scattered across the floor. Another antique quickly met the same fate as Rose's tirade continued.

"I'll ruin her life!" she bellowed, her voice so venomous that the maids and servants froze in terror. The house staff, including the usually unshakable Housekeeper Max, stood trembling, their eyes darting between the furious young woman and the fragile objects still intact in the room. They all knew their young mistress's temper well-her arrogance and sense of entitlement often made her insufferable to those

around her.

The commotion quickly drew the attention of Morgan and his wife, Casey, who rushed downstairs to find their daughter in a frenzy. The scene that greeted them was chaotic: shattered glass, overturned furniture, and their enraged daughter in the center of it all.

Carefully navigating the mess, Morgan approached Rose. "Rose, my darling, what happened? Tell me who upset you. Was it Ryan? Did he do something to hurt you?" His voice was soft, laced with concern.

Morgan was deeply unsettled. He had never seen his daughter in such a state. Today was supposed to be a momentous occasion for her-the grand opening ceremony. Could this be related?

"Rose, did something go wrong at the ceremony?" Casey chimed in, her tone filled with maternal worry.

At the sound of her father's voice, Rose's sobs intensified. She flung herself into his arms, her voice breaking as she cried, "It's all because of that horrible girl, Dad. That shameless brat!"

Morgan gently stroked her back, trying to calm her. "Who are you talking about, Rose? What did she do?"

"That girl," Rose spat, her voice trembling with rage. "She can't keep her mouth shut! She's always creating a scene. That day wasn't enough for her-she had to show her true colors again today. She's stealing my spotlight, Dad! I'm Rose! How dare she try to compete with me?"

Morgan's frown deepened. He noticed the servants cowering in the background and quickly dismissed them. "Everyone, leave us."

Grateful for the reprieve, the staff quietly filed out of the room. Casey sat beside her daughter, gently patting her head in an attempt to soothe her. "Rose, sweetheart, who is this girl you're talking about?"

"It's that..." Rose began, but her words were interrupted by a hurried voice calling out her name.

"Rose!" Ryan's worried tone cut through the tension as he rushed into the room. Without hesitation, he wrapped her in a protective embrace. His eyes scanned her anxiously, searching for any sign of harm.

"Are you okay?" he asked, his voice laced with urgency. "Your manager called me and said something happened. What's going on?"

Seeing Ryan so concerned for her softened Rose's anger momentarily. Tears streamed down her face as she clung to him. "It's her fault," she sobbed. "That awful girl, Lily! I hate her! I hate her so much!"

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to do with this? Weren't you at your opening ceremony? How did she get involved?"

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Morgan ran a hand through his hair, frustration evident on his face. Once again, this was about Lily. He had taken great care to keep that orphan girl out of Rose's way, ensuring the illusion of a harmonious family until his plans came to fruition. Despite his precautions, it seemed that Lily had managed to provoke his daughter yet again.

Morgan couldn't help but feel his patience wearing thin. His carefully laid plans, years in the making, seemed to be teetering on the edge of collapse-and his own daughter's meddling wasn't helping. If things continued this way, how could he keep Lily under control? She wasn't even his biological daughter, but until his scheme reached fruition, he had to maintain the charade of being a doting father.

Suppressing a sigh, Morgan looked at his daughter. "Rose, what happened this time? What did you do?"

Rose, her face a mask of frustration, stomped her foot. "I didn't do anything, Dad! Just look at what she's done!" Grabbing the TV remote, she switched on the news, gesturing toward the screen with an accusatory finger.

The Miller Family's attention turned to the television. The headlines flashed across the screen, each one worse than the last: "The Hidden Daughter of Morgan," "A Rising Star: The Gem Called Lily," and "Rose's Talented Elder Sister."

Casey's hand flew to her mouth, her face pale. Morgan's heart sank as he read the headlines, each word fueling his simmering anger. And then there she was- Lily, her image splashed across the screen, walking the red carpet with a regal confidence. Her elegance, her poise-everything about her defied his control. She had dared to step out of line, to challenge the boundaries he'd carefully set. "Why?" Morgan's voice was a low growl, his fists clenched so tightly his knuckles turned white. "What made her do this?"

Ryan, standing nearby, was equally stunned. His eyes were fixed on the screen, where Lily's striking figure demanded attention. She looked radiant, every step exuding confidence. A flicker of something dark crossed his expression. She was stunning-irresistibly so-and his desire for her grew even stronger. But this only solidified his resolve; he needed to accelerate his plans and keep them hidden. Morgan's voice snapped him out of his thoughts. "Where is she?" he demanded, his tone sharp and unyielding.

Rose shrugged, her indifference only stoking his fury. "I don't know."

"Call her!" Morgan's roar filled the room, making everyone flinch. "Tell her to come home. NOW!"

The sheer force of his anger silenced the room. If Lily had been present, he might have lost all control. His plans-two decades of meticulous plotting-were at risk. The only saving grace was that she didn't resemble the Miller Family closely enough for the connection to be immediately apparent. But this unexpected publicity was a dangerous crack in his carefully constructed facade.

Taking a deep breath, Morgan forced himself to think. He couldn't let this derail him. First, he needed to confront Lily. Then, he would figure out how to salvage the situation before everything unraveled.

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Casey tried to reach Lily repeatedly, but every attempt failed. Frustrated, she sighed and turned to her husband. "She's not answering her phone."

"Keep trying," he instructed firmly.

Meanwhile, at the tranquil lake house, Ethan and Lily were enjoying a peaceful lunch together. Lily's face radiated happiness as she relished her meal, soaking in the breathtaking beauty of the surroundings.

"Thank you for bringing me here," she said, her voice filled with heartfelt gratitude.

"Do you like it?" Ethan asked, his tone gentle.

"I love it! This is the most beautiful place I've ever seen," she replied enthusiastically, her eyes sparkling with joy.

Seeing her so happy warmed Ethan's heart. "If you ever want to come here again, just let me know. I'll bring you," he promised.

"Really?" Lily's excitement was unmistakable.

He nodded with a sincere smile, hiding the fact that the lake house already belonged to her. It was his special wedding gift, a secret he was keeping for the right moment.

After finishing their meal, Lily couldn't contain her curiosity and got up to explore the house. Its rustic charm enchanted her as she eagerly wandered through each room, Ethan trailing behind her like a quiet guardian.

"Where exactly is this place?" she asked, her curiosity piqued.

"It's on one of the Ethan family's properties," Ethan replied casually, glancing at their joined hands. Lily hadn't even noticed that she was holding his hand.

"Oh," she murmured, nodding thoughtfully.

As she continued to explore, she found herself falling in love with the house. She silently made a resolution: one day, she would have a home like this—a place to share with her loved ones, where they could create beautiful memories together.

Stepping into the garden, she delicately brushed her fingers over a bed of lilies. "Does someone in your family love lilies?" she asked, her voice soft with curiosity. "Yes," Ethan said, his gaze fixed on her. "Someone very special to me."

Lily hesitated. She wanted to know more about this "special someone" but decided it wasn't her place to pry. Still, a strange pang of jealousy stirred within her. She envied this mysterious person who, in her imagination, must have had such a beautiful place all to themselves.

"Won't that special person be upset with you for bringing me here?" she asked cautiously.

"No," he said with a small smile. After all, she's standing right beside me, he thought.

Later, Lily wandered into a meadow filled with lilies and lay down amidst the blossoms, a serene smile gracing her face. Ethan quietly joined her, lying beside her as the gentle breeze carried the fragrance of the

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silent companionship.

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Lily closed her eyes, a serene smile gracing her lips, as though she were trying to engrave this tranquil place into her soul. Here, there was no chaos, no betrayal, no thirst for revenge-just an overwhelming sense of peace.

"Lily, do you still have feelings for Ryan ?" Ethan's sudden question broke the silence.

Startled, Lily turned to face him, her mind racing for a response. The intensity in his gaze caused her heartbeat to quicken, but she managed an awkward smile. "He's Rose's boyfriend. Why would I love him?"

Ethan's expression remained firm. "After everything he's done to you, do you still love him? Is there any place for him in your heart? If one day he returns, would you forgive him? Would you accept him back?"

His words struck a chord, causing Lily's heart to pound in her chest. A complicated mix of emotions flashed across her face. Narrowing her eyes, she asked cautiously, "I'm not sure I understand what you mean, CEO Ethan."

Her formal tone irked Ethan, but he pushed past his displeasure. He needed answers, even if it meant risking her discomfort. "Lily, I know everything about you," he said, his gaze unwavering.

Lily's body tensed. She sat upright, her eyes fixed on the ground as a shiver ran down her spine. His words sent waves of anxiety crashing through her. "W-What do you mean by that?" she stammered.

"I know about your past-your birth, the Miller Family's lies, that worthless ex-boyfriend, and the hardships you've endured living with them."

Her eyes widened in shock, her body trembling slightly. These were secrets she believed no one could uncover. The Miller Family had hidden her true identity so well that even her biological parents couldn't find her. How did he know?

"W-What else? What else do you know about me?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper, her fear evident.

Ethan could see the vulnerability in her eyes. He wanted to reach out, to hold her and reassure her that she wasn't alone anymore. But he held himself back. "That's all I know," he replied honestly.

Relief washed over Lily as she exhaled deeply. At least he doesn't know about my rebirth, she thought. But the question still lingered-how had he discovered so much about her otherwise?

"Did you investigate me? How do you know all of this?" she asked, her tone laced with suspicion.

"Yes, I did," Ethan admitted, though he chose his words carefully. "You work closely with Mr. Parker, and he's my best friend. I had to ensure everything was fine."

It wasn't entirely the truth, but he didn't want to burden her further. She was already grappling with enough pain-her broken trust, her toxic family, and the scars left by her past. Revealing the depth of his actions might scare her away, and that was the last thing he wanted.

Ethan wondered silently: If I told her the whole truth, would she run from me?

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Lily nodded slowly, her anxiety easing just a little. If Ethan's investigation was connected to MM Parker it made sense. For a moment, she had been truly frightened, but his explanation reassured her.

"Do you still love him?" Ethan asked again, his voice tinged with nervousness..

She shook her head, her expression resolute. "No. I don't love him anymore. Whatever happened to him died the day I learned the truth." Her tone was firm, yet a shadow of pain flickered in her eyes. Other, everything connected to Ryan had perished in the flames of betrayal.

Now, she had only two goals: to exact her revenge and to find her real family.

Hearing her answer, a small smile tugged at Ethan's lips. Her words filled him with hope. Her heart no longer belonged to Ryan, then perhaps he had a chance. He wasn't in a rush to win her over. He would be patient, slowly making his way into her heart, ensuring that one day it belonged to him entirely.

Lily's expression softened, but moments later, her gaze grew distant, and tears began welling in her eyes. "Ethan, just because I'm an orphan... does that give people the right to treat me like I'm worthless? I loved them so much, but why? Why couldn't they love me back?" she whispered, her voice ticking.

Ethan watched helplessly as her tears began to flow.

"They made me do so much for them, and I did it all without question. But they treat me like this. I thought they were my family. But to them, I was just a servant.." she cried bitterly, her words trembling with anguish.

"Are orphans not human? Don't we deserve love? If they didn't want their daughter, why did they adopt me? Why fake all that love and then stab me in the back? Why can't I just commit to deserve this? Maybe.... maybe it would've been better if I had just stayed an orphan."

The pain in her voice shattered Ethan's composure. Without thinking he pulled her into a tight embrace, holding her trembling form close to his chest. He didn't speak. He let her cry freely, her sobs shaking his heart to its core. His arms wrapped around her protectively, like a shield against all the hurt she had endured.

As she cried, Ethan struggled to suppress the fury boiling inside him. Every tear she shed made him hate the people who had caused her pain even more. If he could, he would destroy them all for what they had done to her.

In his arms, Lily felt a warmth she hadn't known in years. Licence was comforting, like a sanctuary where no harm could reach her. Slowly, her sobs subsided, and a sense of safety enveloped her.

Ethan gently cupped her tear-streaked face, his thumb brushing away the remaining tears. "Don't cry anymore," he said softly, his voice filled with tenderness. "I hurt so to see you like this."

He gazed into her eyes, his sincerity unwavering. You are an orphan, Lily. You have me now. Those selfish people only care about themselves, and one day, they will face the consequences of their actions."

His words, spoken with such conviction, brought a sign of comfort to her wounded heart. Though her pain remained, his presence felt like a balm, soothing the ache she carried inside.

"I believe that one day, someone will come into your life and heal your broken soul, give you the happiness you deserve, and protect you from all the hardships you face!" Ethan said softly, his gaze steady on her. I just

hope that someday that person will help me. But

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Suddenly, before she could think or question her emotions, Lily leaned forward and pressed her lips to his. The action surprised even her. For a moment, Ethan was stunned, his mind blank. But as the realization sank in, he responded with equal intensity, pouring all his love into the kiss.

What began as a gentle brush of lips quickly grew into a passionate embrace, leaving them both breathless. When the kiss finally ended, Lily pulled back, her chest heaving as the gravity of her actions dawned on her.

I kissed him. Oh, my God, I kissed him! Her thoughts spiraled into panic. Why had she done that? What had come over her? And if he asked why, what could she possibly say?

Because your lips looked irresistible? No, that sounds terrible! Because I wanted to? That's even worse! She felt her cheeks burn with embarrassment. The more

she thought about it, the redder her face became. She dared not look at Ethan, feeling utterly mortified.

Ethan, on the other hand, couldn't help but smile at her flustered expression. Her sudden boldness and subsequent shyness were endearing. Although he wanted to tease her, he held back, mindful of how emotional she had been earlier.

"You kissed me as a form of compensation, didn't you?" he asked, his tone light and playful.

Lily's head shot up, and she nodded frantically, seizing the lifeline he offered. "Yes, yes! That's exactly why I kissed you-for compensation!"

Ethan chuckled at her quick response but decided not to push her further. "Alright then. Shall we head back?"

Her smile faltered. She glanced around the picturesque place, reluctant to leave. Sensing her hesitation, Ethan reached out and playfully pinched her nose. "Don't worry. I'll bring you back another time."

"Okay," she said, her smile returning. With his help, she stood up, taking one last wistful look at the serene surroundings before they left.

This time, when Ethan scooped her into his arms, she didn't resist. Instead, she looked at him quietly, her emotions swirling in her eyes. There was gratitude, confusion, and something more-something she couldn't quite name.

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He placed her gently in the car and settled into the driver's seat. As he started the engine, she spoke, her voice soft, "Drop me at the Miller Mansion."

Ethan nodded but cast her a concerned glance. The journey was quiet, each of them lost in their thoughts. For Ethan, it was a silence filled with hope. For Lily, it was tangled with emotions she couldn't untangle.

When they reached the Miller Mansion, she stepped out of the car and turned to him. "Ethan, thank you for everything today."

"Lily, are you sure about this?" he asked, his worry evident.

She gave him a reassuring smile. "Don't worry. Everything will be fine."

Ethan wanted to believe her but couldn't shake his unease. "Come here," he said, motioning for her to approach.

Curious, she leaned closer, thinking he had something to say. But instead, Ethan leaned in and captured her lips in a brief yet heartfelt kiss.

"Remember, no matter what happens, I'll always be here for you," he said softly.

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Her eyes widened in surprise. "You...!" she exclaimed, glancing around to ensure no one had seen them. Relieved to find the area empty, she sighed.

"Take care," Ethan said, starting the car.

As his car disappeared down the road, Lily turned to face the towering mansion.

Her lips curled into a confident smirk. Let the battle begin.

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Inside the grand hall of the Miller Mansion, a tense silence hung in the air. The maids had discreetly cleaned away the shattered glass, leaving no trace of the earlier chaos, and quietly retreated to avoid the looming storm. On the large couches, the family members sat with varying expressions-anger, frustration, and, for some, a simmering sense of betrayal.

As Lily entered the hall, she felt a thrill course through her veins. Her sharp eyes swept over the room, landing on each disgruntled face. Their reddened

expressions were priceless, and a sly smirk tugged at her lips. Looks like my little "gift" was well received.

Rose was the first to notice her presence. Her eyes narrowed as she took in Lily's calm demeanor and the infuriating smile playing on her lips. Rage and jealousy burned in her chest, but she kept her tone mocking.

"The rebellious sister returns," she sneered. Just wait, Lily. Dad's furious this time, and you've definitely crossed the line. He won't spare you.

Her words drew the attention of everyone in the room. All eyes turned to Lily as she strolled in, her poise and serenity a stark contrast to the tension surrounding her.

Casey, the matriarch, was the first to break the silence. "Lily, dear, why didn't you answer your phone?" she asked, her tone a mix of concern and accusation.

Lily feigned an innocent expression, tilting her head slightly as if confused. "I'm sorry, Mother. I didn't have my phone with me," she replied sweetly. Then, turning her gaze to Rose, she added with mock concern, "Rose, are you okay? Manager Nathan told me you weren't feeling well. I was so worried."

Rose's face twisted into an angry sneer. "Cut the act, dear eldest sister. After everything you've done, you think I'd believe your fake concern? Spare me!" she snapped, her voice dripping with contempt.

The om tensed further as she continued, her voice rising. "How could you? Did you even think about your family before doing something so cruel? You've stabbed us all in the back! And for what? After everything we've done for you, this is how you repay us?"

Tears glistened in her eyes, but her words lacked sincerity. "You're not my sister anymore. You've hurt all of us, especially Father. Do you have any idea how much pain you've caused him?"

Lily struggled to suppress the laughter bubbling inside her. Love? Family? These hypocrites wouldn't recognize love if it hit them in the face. She wasn't falling for their cheap performance-not this time, not

ever.

Feigning confusion, she tilted her head and asked, "Rose, what are you talking about? What have I done?"

Her calm question only fueled Rose's anger. "Don't pretend you don't know!" she spat. "Do you feel no shame asking that, eldest sister?"

Casey interjected, trying to calm Rose. "Rose, speak clearly. What exactly happened?"

But Lily already knew where this was headed. She could see the cracks in their carefully constructed facade and was more than ready to watch their charade crumble. Let's see how far they'll go with their lies.

"Rose, speak clearly. What exactly have I done to deserve these accusations?"

Lily asked firmly, her voice calm but sharp.

Rose's face twisted in fury as she shouted, "Stop pretending, you bitch!"

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Lily drew in a sharp breath, her gaze hardening as she glared at her younger sister. "Rose, watch your tongue," she snapped, her voice ringing with authority. "I am your elder sister, and you owe me respect!"

Her sudden outburst left everyone in the room stunned. This was a side of Lily they had never seen before. The once meek and submissive girl now stood before them, bold and unyielding. Even Morgan, the head of the household, was taken aback.

Rose, however, was seething with rage. How dare Lily, an orphan who had always been beneath her, raise her voice? How dare she demand respect? Clenching her fists, Rose's thoughts raced. I'll put her in her place. She needs to be reminded who she really is.

"You've gone too far!" Rose roared. "Who do you think you are, acting like this? You're nothing but a worthless orph-"

"Rose, ENOUGH!" Morgan's thunderous voice cut through the air, halting Rose mid-sentence. "Not another word! Is this how I raised you to speak to your elder sister?"

To an outsider, it might have seemed as though Morgan was chastising his daughter, but Lily saw through the act. She knew he wasn't protecting her; he was saving Rose from letting the truth slip out. The word "orphan" had been on the tip of Rose's tongue, and Morgan had intervened just in time to prevent further damage.

"But, Dad, she-" Rose began, only to be silenced by a sharp glare.

"I said enough! You will stand there quietly, and I don't want to hear another word from you!" Morgan commanded, his voice laced with barely restrained anger.

Rose huffed in frustration, crossing her arms and glaring daggers at Lily.

Lily, unfazed, turned her attention back to her father. Her eyes burned with defiance as she said, "Why did you stop her, Father? I want to hear what she has to say. Why is she calling me such vile names? What am I to her? A slut? A bitch? A mere what?" Her piercing gaze shifted back to Rose.

The tension in the room was palpable. Ryan, who had been silently watching the exchange, decided to intervene before things escalated further.

"Lily, please calm down," he said, stepping forward hesitantly.

Lily's eyes narrowed as she turned to him. "Calm down? Oh, really?" she sneered. "And tell me, Ryan, what exactly did Rose mean by calling me a slut and a bitch? Enlighten me."

Ryan was caught off guard. "She... she didn't mean it like that," he stammered awkwardly. "She was just angry. She didn't mean those words."

Lily let out a bitter laugh. "So being angry gives her the right to hurl insults at me? Is that how it works?" Her gaze bore into him, making him shift uncomfortably.

"And you," she continued, pointing a finger at him. "You're supposed to be my boyfriend, aren't you? Yet, here you are defending her instead of standing up for

me. If you truly cared, wouldn't you call her out for her behavior? Or maybe I should start wondering who your real girlfriend is."

Ryan opened his mouth to respond but found himself at a loss for words. Beads of sweat formed on his forehead as he realized how cornered he was.

Why is she so difficult to deal with? he thought to himself, his frustration growing.

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"Don't you dare speak to Brother Ryan like that!" Rose roared, her voice trembling with rage. How dare this woman snap at my man! If only I could get rid of her right

now...

Lily turned her sharp gaze toward her sister, her tone biting. "I'll speak to him however I want. He's my boyfriend. Who are you to interfere?"

"You-!" Rose's face turned crimson with anger. She was seething, her fists clenched tightly by her sides. "I'll kill you, you little-Ryan is my-

"Rose, enough!" Morgan's thunderous voice interrupted, silencing her. "Shut your mouth and stop spouting nonsense!"

Lily couldn't help but smirk at the scene unfolding before her. Watching her so-called father chastise his beloved daughter felt like sweet vindication. In my previous life, he never raised his voice against her, no matter what she did. This... this feels incredible.

For the first time, Morgan felt genuinely exasperated with Rose. If she doesn't stop this recklessness, she'll push Lily further away. I need to regain control, not drive her into outright rebellion.

But would Lily give him that chance?

She smiled coldly and turned to Rose, her voice icy. "No, let her speak. Go on, Rose. What were you about to say? What exactly is the relationship between you and Ryan?"

Ryan, sensing the dangerous direction of the conversation, quickly intervened. "Her best friend! I'm her best friend, Lily. Don't overthink it. She's just angry and speaking nonsense. Isn't that right, Rose?" His tone was firm, and his sharp gaze bore into Rose, a silent warning clear in his eyes.

Despite her overwhelming fury, Rose understood the unspoken message. No matter how much she despised Lily at that moment, she couldn't openly contradict Ryan. Swallowing her pride, she nodded reluctantly. "He's my best friend," she muttered through gritted teeth. "That's all. So don't talk to him like

that."

Ryan smiled smugly, pleased with her compliance. This is how women should behave-submissive and obedient.

Then, his gaze shifted to Lily. Her bold and unyielding demeanor intrigued him. But taming a fiery spirit like hers... now that would be thrilling.

"See?" he said smoothly, turning his attention back to Lily. "I'm just her best friend. There's nothing between us. Believe me, Lily, you're the only one in my heart." He took a step closer to her, his voice softening in an attempt to placate her.

"Believe you?" Lily scoffed, stepping back to maintain a significant distance between them. "Do you think I'm that naive? I'm not living under a rock, Ryan. I know everything."

Her words hit him like a slap. His confident demeanor faltered, and a flicker of panic crossed his face. "Lily, you're misunderstanding me. It's all just an act! I'm only helping Rose keep potential suitors away. Please, believe me-I only care about you."

Lily didn't let him finish. Her voice cut through his excuses like a blade. "An act? Is that what you call it? Because from where I stand, I see you spending more time with her than you ever have with me. Dates, business parties, promotional events, award shows, gatherings-you're always with her."

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Ryan's face turned pale, and he swallowed hard. How does she know all this? Has she been keeping track? He scratched the back of his neck nervously, trying to regain his composure. "Lily, it's not what it looks like. You know how the paparazzi are. It's all for appearances. Please trust me. We're completely innocent."

"Innocent?" Lily echoed, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Your actions speak louder than your words, Ryan. Don't take me for a fool."

Her fierce gaze bore into him, leaving him at a loss for words. This isn't the weak, easily manipulated Lily I once knew. What happened to her?

Crossing her arms and smiling faintly, Lily tilted her head. "Do I look like a fool to both of you? You claim you're innocent, and yet you're pretending to be her boyfriend? Really?"

Ryan nodded hesitantly. "Yes, it's just for appearances."

Her eyes narrowed as she leaned forward slightly. "But doesn't Rose already have a boyfriend? At the success party, didn't she proudly announce her relationship? Shouldn't he be the one helping her in situations like this? Or..." She paused for effect, her voice suddenly colder. "Is it that you both fed me a fake story to hide your affair from me?"

"Lily, don't start imagining things!" Rose snapped, her voice laced with frustration. "I have no affair with Brother Ryan. I have a boyfriend, someone I love deeply. Don't make baseless accusations!"

Her anger boiled beneath the surface, her hands twitching as if to lash out. This wretched girl! Who does she think she is to question me?

Lily remained unbothered by Rose's outburst, her voice calm yet piercing. "If you truly have a boyfriend, then why don't you call him? Have him come here. That should clear up all doubts about whether you're innocent or not."

At her suggestion, the tension in the room thickened. Uneasy glances were exchanged, and panic crept into Rose's expression. A fake boyfriend? Where on earth are we supposed to find one now?

Casey, holding her forehead, sighed deeply. This conversation had spiraled completely out of control. What should have been a confrontation about Lily joining the entertainment industry had turned into a chaotic scandal about Rose's supposed affair.

Her frustration was immense, but she maintained a calm façade, biting back the urge to reprimand Lily. She had to continue the act of being a loving mother.

"Enough!" Morgan's voice thundered through the hall, silencing the argument. His face was flushed with anger, the veins on his forehead visible. "No one is calling anyone here. That's final!"

Lily let out a sharp snort, loud enough for everyone to hear. "If she truly has a boyfriend, wouldn't it be easy to call him? What's stopping you?"

Morgan froze momentarily, his mind racing. He studied Lily's expression carefully. Is she rebelling because she suspects something between Rose and Ryan? Could this be why she's acting out so boldly?

The thought unsettled him. He had always seen Lily as obedient and submissive, a girl who wouldn't dare to defy him. And he knew how deeply she loved Ryan. To keep Lily under control, Ryan had been his trump card.

He had warned Rose repeatedly to keep her relationship with Ryan hidden, but his stubborn daughter had ignored him. Now look at the mess we're in. I've spoiled her too much.

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Forcing himself to adopt a gentler demeanor, Morgan approached Lily with a fatherly expression. "My dear, calm down. I've met Rose's boyfriend myself, and I

can assure you there's nothing between her and Ryan. If you don't believe them, surely you trust your father, right?"

Lily looked at him for a long moment before nodding slowly. "Of course. If you say there's nothing between them, then I believe you."

Her tone was composed, but her gaze shifted briefly to Rose and Ryan, her sharp eyes catching every flicker of discomfort. She knew when to push and when to let things go. Dragging this matter out further wouldn't benefit her right now.

Morgan and Ryan both exhaled in relief, the tension in the room easing slightly.

"But," Lily continued, her voice firm, "why is Rose speaking to me with such venom? Why did she call me all those horrible names? What exactly have I done to deserve this treatment from all of you?"

Her question lingered in the air, striking a nerve in everyone present. The room fell silent, the atmosphere heavy with unspoken truths.

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

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

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When Lily heard her father's question, Morgan hesitated for a moment before speaking. To him, Lily was a vital piece in his plans, a chess piece he couldn't afford to lose. He recalled her earlier bold words, which made him tread carefully. He didn't want to risk provoking her emotions further, as it might lead to unpredictable consequences.

"Lily, why did you do this? What made you go against my decision?" he asked cautiously, his tone soft and fatherly.

Lily, feigning innocence, replied, "What have I done to deserve such extreme reactions from all of you?"

Watching her father address Lily so gently, Rose couldn't contain her frustration. He was speaking kindly to her, while moments ago, he had been shouting at her. Unable to control her emotions, she burst out, "Are you still pretending, Lily? Just admit it-you're rebelling against us. You just want to-" But before she could finish, she caught her father's sharp, disapproving glare and immediately fell silent.

"Rebel? I don't understand. Other than Rose, can someone explain to me what's going on?" Lily asked, looking directly at her father with wide, questioning eyes. Morgan let out a weary sigh, feeling the onset of a headache from all the commotion. Pointing to the TV, he asked, "Lily, what is the meaning of this?"

Turning her attention to the screen, Lily saw the news and smirked briefly. Quickly masking her expression, she exclaimed in an excited tone, "Oh my God! I almost forgot. This is my surprise for you all! Wait-" She looked around dramatically and added, "Wait a second... Rose, were you accusing me because of this? Is this what had everyone so worried?"

Morgan, trying to maintain his composure, said, "Lily, I've told you before that you are not to enter the entertainment industry. Why did you go against my wishes?"

"Father, that was before. Now that my identity is out in the open, I thought I could finally pursue my dream," she explained earnestly.

"But why didn't you discuss this decision with us beforehand?" Morgan asked, shaking his head in disappointment.

"I wanted it to be a surprise!" Lily replied cheerfully. "Aren't you all happy? I can finally become an actress. You know how much I love acting. What's wrong with that?"

"Wrong? Everything about this is wrong!" Rose shouted, unable to hold back her anger. "You don't want to be an actress-you just want to compete with me. You're jealous of me! You want to take everything that's

mine."

She glared at Lily and continued accusingly, "That's why you did all this, isn't it? You want to steal my fame, my fans, and my career. Am I right, Lily?"

Lily crossed her arms and let out a sarcastic snort. "Which career are you even talking about, Rose? You think I want to take everything from you? Let me remind

you-everything you have, your so-called career, your fame, your fans, all of it came from me. Never forget that."

Her voice sharpened as she continued, "You didn't build your career by yourself, and deep down, you know it. I worked behind the scenes on all your major films. So don't you dare stand here and act like you've achieved everything on your own."

Lily's tone turned colder her words laced with challenge "I helped you because I'm your elder"

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your servant. If I could help you rise, I can just as easily tear it all down. Trust me, Rose, it wouldn't even take me a minute to destroy everything you hold dear."

She said it boldly, her confidence stemming from a hidden truth. Lily knew that Morgan had his own agenda for keeping her in the family. She wasn't oblivious to the fact that she was a pawn in his larger scheme. Until he achieved whatever goal he had, he had to maintain peace with her, his so-called daughter. Knowing this, she fearlessly spoke her mind, even in front of her entire family.

Rose's face turned red with anger at her sister's defiance. "Are you challenging me, Lily?" she snapped.

Before the situation escalated further, Ryan, who had been silently observing from the side, decided it was time to intervene. If he played his cards right, he could calm the situation and make himself appear as the hero to both sisters. That thought brought a smug smile to his face.

"Lily, calm down," Ryan said, stepping forward with a composed tone. "Rose is your sister, and-"

But before he could finish, Lily cut him off. "You're an outsider. I suggest you don't interfere in my family matters," she said coldly, her eyes piercing.

The word "outsider" made Ryan's brows twitch in annoyance, dark lines practically forming on his forehead. He clenched his jaw, silently fuming. How dare she speak to him like this?

"He's not an outsider!" Rose snapped defensively, glaring at Lily. "Ryan is-"

Raising an eyebrow, Lily smirked mockingly. "Oh, not an outsider? Then what is he? Your lover?"

Her tone was dripping with sarcasm, making Rose's face flush with embarrassment. Ryan, not one to stay quiet, decided to speak up. Stepping forward confidently, he declared, "Lily, I'm not just anyone. I'm your boyfriend." Lily rolled her eyes, her expression indifferent. "It's good that you know your place, Ryan. But right now, I'm not in the mood to talk to you. This is between me and my sister, and you have no right to interfere."

She pointed towards the door and added coldly, "And if you can't keep your mouth shut, there's the door. It's open, and you're free to leave."

Ryan stood there, utterly speechless. His mind raced, trying to process the sudden shift in her demeanor. Was this really the same girl who used to cling to him, eager to please? Had she always been this way, or had something fundamentally changed? He couldn't decide whether to be angry or simply confused by the new Lily standing before him.

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

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After being reprimanded by Lily, Ryan quietly retreated to a corner, his lips pressed together in silence. His shocked expression gave her a deep sense of satisfaction. In her previous life, she had been nothing more than a puppet to him, blindly following his every command and enduring his dismissive attitude. But now? Now he was the one standing there, stunned and speechless. The reversal felt exhilarating-a long-overdue victory in putting him in his place.

With Ryan dealt with, Lily turned her attention to her younger sister, Rose. Her eyes narrowed slightly as she raised an eyebrow, a challenge gleaming in her gaze. "Rose," she said with a smirk, "I'm calling you out. Do you dare to accept my challenge?"

Rose didn't hesitate, puffing out her chest with confidence. "Of course, I accept," she replied, her tone laced with pride.

Before the tension could escalate further, Morgan's voice boomed across the room, shattering the confrontation. "Enough! I've had enough of this nonsense from both of you!" he roared, his face red with fury. "There will be no challenges, and no one will accept any challenges! Do you hear me?"

His anger was palpable, the veins on his forehead bulging as he struggled to keep his temper in check. He turned to Lily first, his voice trembling with disappointment. "Lily, I never thought I'd see this side of you. What is all this talk about challenges and ruining each other's futures?"

Then he shifted his glare to Rose. "And you. Rose! Is this how you speak to your elder sister? Hurling insults and saying such vile things? You've both let me down! You're my daughters-how can you behave like this toward each other?"

Lily let out a bitter laugh, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Really, Father? Am I truly your daughter?"

Her words hit Morgan like a physical blow. His face turned pale, and his heartbeat quickened. This was the question he had feared the most. Lily, what are you saying? Of course, you're my eldest daughter," he stammered, his voice unsteady.

Shaking her head, Lily gave a hollow chuckle. "I don't believe that anymore. I feel more like an orphan you took in to serve your family.

From the sidelines. Casey's eyes flashed with anger. "Lily, watch your words! What nonsense are you spouting? You are our eldest daughter, and that's the truth. Nothing will change that."

Lily's gaze turned icy as she looked at her mother. "Mother, do you even see me as your daughter? From the time I was a child, you told me to keep my identity a secret. Why? I never questioned it. I followed your rules, obeyed your every word."

Her voice cracked slightly as she continued, but the steel in her tone remained. "I gave everything for this family. I supported Father in his business. I helped Taylor from the shadows. I was the one who smoothed the path for Rose's career. And what did I get in return? Insults. I'm called a bitch and a jealous schemer who wants to steal everything from her siblings."

"Lily, my dear, listen to me- Morgan began, his tone attempting to soothe.

But Lily cut her off, her voice firm and resolute. "No, Father. Today, you will listen to me." Her gaze swept across the room, her emotions raw and unfiltered. "I've done everything for this family because I love you all. You're my family. That's why I've sacrificed so much. But now that my identity as your eldest daughter is no longer a secret, I thought this was my chance—a chance to finally chase my dreams."

Her voice wavered for a moment before rem

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me, you're not happy for me. What more do you want from me? Do you expect me to spend the rest of my life as your servant?"

She clenched her fists, her frustration spilling out like a dam breaking. "I have a life too! I have my own dreams, my own aspirations. Why am I the only one who has to hide? Why am I the only one who must give up my career, my happiness, and my future? Why me?"

Her eyes filled with pain as she looked at her parents. "Why can Rose and Taylor live freely, do whatever they want, and have your full support? Yet, when it's my turn, you suffocate me with restrictions. Why is it always me?"

Casey stepped forward, trying to calm her daughter down. "Lily, we're only doing this to protect you. We're your parents, and we worry about you—"

"Protect me? From what?" Lily demanded, her voice sharp. "You've been hiding me since I was a child. Who are you protecting me from?"

Morgan wiped the sweat from his brow, his discomfort evident. "Lily, it's not something we can explain to you now. But trust us, what we've done is for your own good."

"For my good?" she asked, a bitter laugh escaping her lips. "What's so good about living like a puppet, controlled by strings you hold?"

"You're not thinking clearly right now," Morgan said, his voice tinged with desperation. "Let's discuss this tomorrow when you've had time to calm down."

"Why wait until tomorrow?" Lily challenged, her eyes narrowing. "Let's settle this right now. Are you willing to accept my decision or not?"

"No, absolutely not!" Rose interjected, her voice rising. "I want you to cancel your contract immediately and forget about being an actress. Don't even think about it again!"

Lily's gaze turned icy as she scanned the room. "How many of you agree with Rose?" she asked, her voice eerily calm but cold enough to cut through the tension.

Morgan let out a heavy sigh, shaking his head. "Lily, if this is what you truly want-if being an actress is your dream-then you have my support. No one will stop you from achieving it."

"Father, you can't be serious-" Rose started, but before she could finish, Morgan snapped, "Casey, control your daughter!"

Casey, visibly annoyed, grabbed Rose by the arm, pinching her hard. "Not another word, Rose," she hissed, glaring at her.

Morgan stepped toward Lily, his expression softening as he placed a hand on her head. "Lily, you are not an orphan. You are my daughter, my eldest. Never say otherwise. I am your father, and I will stand by you. Do you understand?"

Tears welled up in Lily's eyes, but she blinked them away and nodded. "I understand."

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After noticing that Lily had calmed down slightly, both Morgan and Casey exhaled in relief. Turning to his daughter, Morgan's tone grew firm as he instructed, "Apologize to your elder sister."

"What?!" Rose exclaimed, utterly taken aback. Her defiance was immediate. "Dad, I'm not apologizing to her!"

Morgan's sharp gaze landed on his daughter, his voice leaving no room for argument. "This isn't a request, Rose. I'm telling you to apologize. You made a mistake, and you must take responsibility for it."

But Rose crossed her arms defiantly. "You can say whatever you want, but I won't apologize to her."

"Rose-

Before her father could continue, Lily interjected with a sigh. "Father, it's fine," she said, her voice calm but distant. Glancing at the clock, she added, "It's getting late. I think I should leave now."

Casey immediately stepped forward, her tone soft as she tried to stop her. "Lily, wait. Don't go yet. Let's have dinner together. I'll ask the staff to prepare your room." She offered a hopeful smile.

But Lily shook her head with a faint, weary smile. "When there's no place for me in your hearts, how could there ever be a place for me in this house?" Her words were heavy with meaning, cutting through the room like a knife. "Anyway, goodnight, Father. Goodnight, Mother."

With that, Lily turned on her heel and left, her footsteps echoing through the grand hall of the Miller Mansion.

Once outside, she took a deep breath, her somber expression melting into one of exhilaration. A triumphant laugh escaped her lips as she whispered to herself, "That felt incredible!"

Her eyes gleamed with satisfaction as she thought about what had unfolded. Rose, you started this mess, and now your father is furious with you. What will you do next? A sly smile curved her lips. Don't worry, this is just the beginning. There's so much more to come. Your troubles have only begun.

Inside the Miller Mansion, Rose let out an exasperated sigh once Lily was gone. "Good riddance! Now that she's gone, I can finally breathe. But, Dad," she added, ignoring her mother's subtle gestures to stop, "you have to find a way to keep her out of the entertainment industry. I don't want her becoming an actress."

At this, Morgan lost his composure entirely. "Enough!" he thundered. His voice shook the room, silencing Rose.

"This is all your fault!" he continued, his fury evident. "How many times have I told you not to provoke Lily? How many times did I warn you to treat her with respect? But no, you had to disobey me. If I lose my influence over Lily because of your actions, don't expect me to act like a good father to you anymore."

Rose stared at her father, stunned, as he vented his anger.

"From the time you were young, I've given you everything you ever wanted. I spoiled you because you are my daughter, my pride. When you asked to make Lily your substitute, I went along with it. I never stood in your way."

"When you insisted on publicizing your relationship with Ryan, I told you it was a terrible idea. I warned you over and over, but you ignored me. Do you even remember what you said back then? You claimed you'd handle it flawlessly, that Lily wouldn't find out anything. And yet, here we are."

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He gestured angrily at the door Lily had walked through moments before. "This mess is on you, Rose. You created this situation, and now we're all paying the price for your recklessness."

Seeing Morgan's face flush with anger, Casey quickly moved to his side. Her voice was soft but urgent as she pleaded, "Darling, please calm down. This isn't good for your health."

Morgan shook his head, his frustration evident. "And what she did wasn't good for my plans! You know that, Casey. This mess-this entire disaster-is your daughter's doing. What are we supposed to do now?"

"We'll think of something," Casey reassured him, placing a hand on his arm. "Please, just take a moment to breathe."

Rose, still reeling from the scolding she had just received, felt tears well up in her eyes. Her father, who had always treated her like his little princess, was now shouting at her. And all because of that woman-Lily!

"Why is everyone blaming me?" Rose cried, her voice trembling with a mix of anger and disbelief. "What did I do wrong?"

Morgan fixed his piercing gaze on her. "When I asked you to apologize to her, why didn't you do it? It was just a simple apology. Was that really so difficult for you to manage?"

Rolling her eyes in defiance, Rose snapped, "Dad, you know me better than anyone. Do you honestly think I'd ever apologize to her? To her?" She scoffed, her tone dripping with disdain. "How could you even expect me to apologize to that orphan?"

Her voice grew sharper, more cutting. "I'll never say sorry to a servant. That's all she is a servant wearing the title of your eldest daughter. Do you really think someone like her is worthy of my apology? She's just a low-class, illegitimate child, nothing more."

A bitter laugh escaped Morgan as he stared at his daughter, his expression a mix of disbelief and disappointment. "A low-class, illegitimate child? Rose, you couldn't be more wrong."

Rose froze, her confusion evident. "What do you mean, Dad?"

"You think Lily is just some orphan I brought into this family on a whim?" he began, his tone heavy with significance. "Do you even understand why I adopted her? Why she's here, living under this roof?"

Rose's eyes narrowed as she tried to comprehend his words. "What are you saying, Dad?"

"She's not who you think she is," Morgan said coldly. "Rose, you aren't even worthy of being her servant. Lily is far more noble than anyone in this room, including you."

His words hit Rose like a thunderclap. Her jaw dropped, and she instinctively clenched her fists. Standing beside her, Ryan's eyes narrowed in suspicion. "What do you mean by that? How could an orphan like her be nobler than us?"

Morgan leaned back slightly, his voice turning calm yet commanding. "Have you ever heard of the prestigious families?"

Both Rose and Ryan nodded hesitantly.

"Of course you have," Morgan continued. "Who hasn't? Those families are considered modern-day royalty, their influence stretching across generations. There are three prestigious families that everyone knows about, right?" "Yes," Ryan replied, his curiosity piqued. "Everyone knows about them."

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Morgan smirked slightly, shaking his head. "You're both wrong. There aren't three prestigious families."

Both Rose and Ryan exchanged confused glances. "Then how many are there?"

Ryan asked, his voice laced with skepticism.

"There are four," Morgan said, his voice steady yet powerful.

His words left the two utterly stunned.

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"Four? That's impossible, Uncle! Everyone knows there are only three prestigious families-the Ethans, the Tangs, and the Lins," Ryan said, his voice filled with disbelief.

Morgan leaned back, his expression shadowed with secrets. "There's another one-the Longs," he revealed, his tone carrying an air of finality.

"The Longs?" Ryan repeated, confusion evident in his eyes.

"Dad, who are the Longs?" Rose chimed in, her curiosity piqued. "If they're one of the prestigious families, why doesn't anyone know about them? And what's the connection between Lily and these families?"

Morgan sighed deeply, hesitating for a moment before answering. "I can't tell you everything. The less you know, the better it is for you. What you must understand is this-Lily is the daughter of one of these prestigious families."

"Which one is it?" Rose asked, her voice trembling. "The Ethans? The Lins? The Tangs? Or... is it the Longs?"

"That's irrelevant," Morgan said dismissively. "I took her in for a reason, and you've ruined everything today. She was supposed to be our golden opportunity, but now..."

"I'm sorry, Dad," Rose murmured, guilt weighing down her voice. "But I still don't understand. If she belongs to such a powerful family, why did they abandon her at an orphanage?"

Morgan shrugged, his expression unreadable. "I don't have the answer to that. Years ago, I happened to see a man leaving a baby at the orphanage's doorstep. He mentioned something about her identity, though I couldn't catch much. After he left, I brought her home."

"Who was that man, Dad?" Rose pressed.

"I never saw his face," he admitted. "He was wearing a mask, so I couldn't identify him. But one thing is certain-he wasn't her father. That much I know."

"Not her father?" Rose echoed, trying to piece together the puzzle. If he wasn't her father, then who was he? And why would someone leave an infant at an orphanage like that? Could it have been an act of revenge against her real parents?

And what about her lineage? Was she connected to the elusive Longs?

Rose's thoughts spiraled as jealousy began to creep in. Why her? Why does it have to be her? If Lily discovers her true heritage, she'll outshine me in every way. I can't let that happen. I'm the one who deserves to carry the legacy of a prestigious family, not her.

Her musings were interrupted by Ryan's voice. "But Uncle, what about the Longs? Why hasn't anyone heard

of them?"

Morgan glanced at him, his gaze serious. "The Longs were shrouded in mystery even in their prime. Something happened years ago-something big-and they vanished without a trace, almost overnight. Since then, no one dares to speak about them. It's as if they were erased from history."

Hearing Mr. Morgan's words, Ryan sank into deep thought. Lily... your

background is far more fascinating than I imagined. You've captivated my interest even more. It seems I'll have to make you mine sooner or

later.

Mr Mormon turned to his daughter with a chosen wage "Tieten carefully Race Forget whatever happened

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today. Let Lily do whatever she wants. Your only role is to be a good younger sister to her. Can you manage that?"

"But Dad-"

"No buts, Rose," Morgan interrupted, his tone firm. "Here's the truth-I planned to use her talents to benefit us. Then, after a few years, we'd make her disappear, and you'd take her place." A sly, sinister smile spread across his face.

Rose's eyes widened in shock. "W-what do you mean, Dad? Are you saying we're going to... to kill her?" Her voice trembled, disbelief etched on her face.

"Rose, my dear," her mother, Casey, interjected calmly, "if you want to step into her place and become the daughter of that family, Lily has to be removed from the picture. It's the only way forward."

"And what's the plan, then?" Ryan asked, intrigued.

Morgan leaned back in his chair, his expression cold and calculated. "Her real parents must still be searching for her. When the time is right, we'll introduce Rose as their long-lost daughter. Once she's accepted, everything else will fall into place. With Rose's position secured, we'll gain the wealth, status, and influence we've always desired. That's the plan."

Rose stared at her father, stunned by the audacity of his scheme. But as the idea sank in, a twisted sense of excitement replaced her shock. This plan is genius, she thought. Becoming the daughter of such a prestigious family... my life will be perfect. People will admire me, envy me, and bow down wherever I go.

Casey noticed the subtle smile forming on her daughter's lips. "Do you see now what your father has been working toward?" she asked.

Rose nodded slowly. "I understand. But Dad, isn't this too risky? What if they don't believe us? What if they demand a DNA test or something? It could expose us."

Morgan chuckled softly. "Rose, do you really think I'd leave such details to chance? I've been preparing for this since the day you were born. I have a trusted contact who can handle that part. You don't need to worry about anything."

Relieved, Rose nodded again. "I see. I trust you, Dad. I'll play my role and treat Lily... nicely."

Morgan's lips curled into a satisfied smile. "That's my good daughter. Stay patient, and everything will work out as planned."

Ryan, who had been silently observing the conversation, smirked to himself. This old man is cunning, no doubt. Every single detail has been accounted for. Marrying Rose might not be such a bad idea after all. But no one can stop me from having Lily too.

As Morgan's gaze shifted to Ryan, he added, "The plan will be set into motion after your marriage to Rose."

Ryan's smirk deepened. What a brilliant scheme. This family truly knows how to play the game.

Meanwhile, Rose's thoughts drifted back to Lily. Sorry, Dad, but I lied. I can never treat that girl nicely. The first thing I need to do is get her out of my film-immediately.