

Chapter 6

Lily:

My sleep was abruptly interrupted by the persistent ringing of my phone. I didn't need to check the caller ID—I already knew it was Ryan. Annoyance prickled at me as I hesitated before finally picking up.

"Hello, Ryan," I greeted, my voice laced with exhaustion.

"Lily, were you sleeping? Did I wake you?" His tone was overly sweet, almost as if he were trying too hard to sound considerate.

"Hmm..." I muttered under my breath, already regretting answering the call.

"Lily, can you do me a favor?" he asked, his voice still coated in that syrupy sweetness.

I sighed. "What is it?" I replied, trying to mask my irritation. But no matter how hard I tried, resentment simmered beneath the surface. Ryan was the man I had once loved deeply, but he had shattered my heart without a second thought. Now, even pretending to be polite felt like a chore.

"I just found out that Rose sprained her ankle. She was supposed to attend an audition today, and I was wondering if you could go instead of her," he explained casually, as if his request was no big deal.

A bitter smirk tugged at my lips.

Unbelievable!

"Ryan, you know about Rose's sprained ankle, but do you know that I'm unwell too?" My voice was sharp, laced with the anger I could no longer suppress. "Sometimes, I can't help but wonder—who's your girlfriend, Rose or me?"

Silence!

Then, an awkward chuckle. "What are you talking about, Lily? Of course, you're my girlfriend. I love you," he said, but his words felt hollow.

Before I could respond, I heard him yelp. "Ouch!"

I frowned. "Ryan, are you okay?"

"Huh? Yeah, I'm fine. Just stubbed my toe on the table," he replied hastily. But then, there was a muffled groan—followed by a low, unmistakable sound. A woman's moan.

Though faint, I heard it clearly. And in that instant, everything clicked. A cold wave of realization washed over me, making my stomach churn. I knew exactly what was going on and with whom.

"Lily, you know I care about you," he continued, oblivious to my growing fury. "I know how much you want to be an actress, but your parents won't let you pursue it. I thought this audition would be a good opportunity for you to act, at least in some way. So, you'll go, right?"

His manipulative tone grated on my nerves. I took a deep breath, forcing my voice to remain steady. "Ryan, I already told you—I'm sick. I can't even get out of bed."

"Lily, just give this audition a shot. Maybe afterward, I can take you out on a date," he added, his voice laced with casual charm.

If this had been the old me, I would have been ecstatic, maybe even jumping on my bed at the thought of a date with him. But now? Now, I felt nothing but disgust.

'How shameless can he be? He's playing around with Rose and still has the audacity to ask me out? He deserves an award for his deceit,' I thought bitterly.

"Mister Ryan," I said, my voice cold and sharp, "you haven't even bothered to ask how I'm feeling. Instead, you keep pushing me about this audition, even knowing that I'm sick. Do you even care about me? Because right now, it's hard to believe you do."

"Lily, come on! If you're not feeling well, you don't have to go to Rose's audition," he said quickly, trying to sound considerate. "Believe me, you're the only woman I care about. Do you want me to come over and take care of you?"

I let out a short, humorless laugh. "No need," I replied curtly. "I'm tired and want to rest. We'll talk later. Bye."

And before he could say another word, I hung up.

Without waiting for his reply, I ended the call and tossed my phone onto the bed. A sly smile crept onto my lips. 'Let's see how you handle this, Rose.'