

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

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

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Finished

Lily felt an unexpected sense of joy as she made her way back to her apartment. In her previous life, she had never spoken up for herself like she did today. She had been obedient, quiet, and always eager to please. While she was smart in many aspects, she had been utterly naive when it came to matters of the heart.

The truth had been right before her eyes, yet she had been blind to it. But today, something shifted inside her-like a heavy weight being lifted. For the first time, she felt free.

Determined, she promised herself that she would win every battle against the Miller Family. Failure was not an option. If she couldn't succeed this time, then her rebirth would have been in vain. This second chance was a gift, and she intended to make the most of it.

When Lily reached her apartment, she unlocked the door and stepped inside. As she flipped on the lights, her excitement dimmed slightly. "Noodles again," she muttered to herself, frowning. The thought of yet another bland, uninspiring meal was hardly comforting.

Her mind wandered to a certain someone. If only I could have that pervert's amazing cooking again... how great would that be? She sighed, kicking off her shoes as she walked toward the living room. But then, she froze in her tracks.

On the dining table, an assortment of delicious dishes was spread out, each one looking fresh and appetizing. She blinked in disbelief, narrowing her eyes at the sight before her. Am I hallucinating? Is my craving for Ethan's food so bad that I'm imagining it?

Rubbing her eyes, she cautiously approached the table. The food wasn't a mirage-it was very real.

"Welcome home," came a familiar voice from behind her.

Startled, Lily spun around, her eyes widening in shock. Standing there, wearing her pink Minnie Mouse apron, was Ethan. The sight of him was almost too much- he looked absurdly adorable, his confident grin making her heart skip a beat.

For a moment, she was overwhelmed by an urge to pinch his cheeks. Her hand even twitched toward him, but she quickly caught herself and pulled back, shaking her head to clear the thought.

"Ethan, what are you doing here?" she demanded, her voice light with both surprise and irritation.

He shrugged, his smile unwavering. "I was worried about you. I figured you wouldn't have eaten properly at that place, so I decided to cook you a proper meal."

His words caught her off guard, her heart softening against her will. Worried about me? The sentiment warmed her, but a more pressing thought interrupted her musings.

Her gaze turned suspicious as she narrowed her eyes at him. "Wait a minute. How did you even get into my apartment? Don't tell me you climbed through the window again!"

Ethan chuckled sheepishly, scratching the back of his neck. "Well, I don't have a key..."

"You-!" Lily's anger flared instantly. "How could you be so reckless? Do you have any idea how dangerous that is? Are you out of your mind? What do you think you are-Spider-Man? What if something happened to you? Have you ever thought about that? What about me? What would I do if

Her rant came to an abrupt halt when she noticed Ethan watching her intently, his smile growing wider.

She glared at him flustered "Why are you smiling like that? Do u think Po neaicine von Ethan?"

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He simply laughed in response, his expression soft and amused. #Finished

Without a word, Ethan stepped closer, his expression warm yet confident. Before Lily could react, he leaned in and gave her a gentle peck on the lips. Pulling back slightly, he smiled softly. "Thank you."

She blinked, startled by his unexpected action, as he added in a quiet voice. "For caring about me so much. They say people only care deeply about those they hold close to their hearts. I don't know exactly what place I hold in yours, but knowing I have one-no matter how small-is enough for me."

Before she could respond, Ethan took her by the arms and began leading her toward her room.

"Hey! Where are you taking me?" she asked, bewildered.

"Go freshen up. The food's getting cold," he said matter-of-factly, nudging her into the washroom. "You can yell at me all you want after dinner."

The door closed behind her before she could argue further. Inside, Lily stared at the door, her arms crossed and her lips pursed in irritation. "How dare he boss me around in my own house?!" she muttered under her breath. After a moment of grumbling, she sighed. "Fine, I'll let it slide... just this once. But only because of the food." She huffed, determined to maintain her pride, even as her stomach growled in anticipation.

She took a quick shower, letting the warm water wash away the tension of the day. After drying off, she changed into a comfortable set of clothes-a soft t-shirt and loose pants. Running a towel through her damp hair, she finally emerged, drawn by the tantalizing aroma coming from the dining area.

As she approached the table, her irritation melted away, replaced by a genuine smile. The spread was incredible-an assortment of delicious dishes, each one more inviting than the last.

Sliding into the seat next to Ethan, she looked at him with a curious expression. "Why did you make so much food? Are we celebrating something?"

Ethan's lips curved into a grin as he carefully placed a portion of food onto her plate. "We're celebrating your victory."

She tilted her head, a mixture of surprise and skepticism flashing in her eyes. "How do you even know it was a victory?"

His gaze met hers, steady and full of confidence. "I just do," he said simply, his voice firm yet gentle. "Now, don't overthink it. Just eat."

Lily hesitated for a moment, then looked down at her plate. The meal smelled amazing, and despite her conflicted feelings, her appetite won out. She picked up her chopsticks and began to eat, but her thoughts were far from the food in front of her.

Ethan, please don't be so kind to me...

Her heart grew heavy as she stole a glance at him from the corner of her eye. He was focused on his own meal, but the sincerity in his earlier words lingered in her mind.

In your eyes, I can see emotions I'm not ready to face...

In your words, I hear the care I'm not sure I deserve...

Your sincerity is undeniable, but I fear I can't live up to it...

She gripped her chopsticks tighter, lowering her gaze to avoid his. You want to offer me your love, but what

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do I have to give you in return? I'm empty, broken-a heart too scarred to believe in love again.

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Her chest ached with a turmoil she couldn't name. I'm not blind, Ethan. Your eyes tell me everything I need to know. But I'm afraid. Afraid because this broken heart of mine trembles at the thought of love...

As the silence stretched between them, she continued eating, forcing herself to focus on the meal. But deep down, she knew-this was a battle she wasn't ready to fight.

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Finished

Ethan watched Lily closely, his brows furrowing in concern. She was staring at her plate, lost in thought, the food untouched. What's going on in her head?

"Lily?" he called softly, his voice filled with curiosity and worry.

She didn't respond, her gaze distant.

"Lily," he repeated, gently shaking her hand to bring her back to reality.

Startled, she blinked a few times and looked up at him. "Huh? Did you say something?"

His expression shifted into one of nervousness as he gestured toward her plate. "Do you not like the food? Is something wrong?"

Lily glanced at her untouched meal, then sighed. "Of course not. The food is delicious. I was just... thinking about something."

"What were you thinking about?" he pressed, his tone laced with genuine curiosity.

She hesitated, her eyes meeting his briefly before she shook her head. "Nothing important." Avoiding further questions, she focused on her plate and resumed eating.

Ethan observed her silently, a small smile tugging at his lips. He didn't push her further, content to let her keep her thoughts to herself.

After dinner, Lily busied herself washing the dishes while Ethan cleaned the dining table. They worked quietly, the silence between them comfortable yet heavy with unspoken emotions.

Once everything was tidied up, Lily broke the silence. "So, when are you leaving?" she asked, her tone calm but firm.

"Morning," Ethan replied casually.

She froze, her hands stilling as she wiped the counter. He's staying the night? Her heart tightened. Ethan, don't do this. Don't make things harder for yourself. I can't give you what you want, and I have to end this before it goes too far.

Turning to face him, she furrowed her brows. "You're staying here tonight?"

He nodded. "Hmm."

"Why? Don't you have your own place to stay?" she questioned, her voice rising slightly. "This is my house, Ethan. You're not staying here tonight. Thank you for the dinner-it was wonderful-but you need to leave. Right now."

Her words were sharp, her intent clear. But Ethan stood his ground, his expression calm.

"Do you think you can order people around just because you have money?" she said, her voice steady yet tinged with a hint of frustration. "Do you think your wealth gives you the right to control everyone? Maybe others let you call the shots, but I'm not one of them."

Taking a step closer, his eyes locked onto hers. "We're strangers, huh? Is that what you think?"

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gaze. She knew what she was doing was cruel, but she had no choice.

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Taking a deep breath, she forced herself to stand firm. "Yes, Ethan. We're strangers," she said, her voice steady but laced with an edge of pain.

Ethan's jaw tightened, the hurt in his eyes unmistakable. "Look me in the eye and say that again," he demanded. his hand gripping her arm lightly yet firmly.

Lily turned her head away, unable to face the raw emotion in his gaze. Her voice dropped to a near whisper. "Please leave," she murmured, the words barely audible.

Her heart ached as she spoke, every word cutting deeper into her own soul. But she knew she had to do this. It was better to hurt him now than to let him fall deeper into a connection that she felt she couldn't reciprocate.

The room fell into silence, heavy with the weight of unspoken feelings.

Without another word, Ethan released Lily's arm and turned, walking toward her bedroom. She stood frozen, watching his retreating figure with a mix of confusion and hope. Is he finally leaving?

Two minutes passed.

Then five.

Her curiosity turned into worry. Where is he? What is he doing in there? Did he actually climb out the window again?

Unable to bear the suspense, she hurried to her room. The sight that greeted her left her utterly stunned- Ethan was lying on her bed, completely at ease, as if he owned the place.

"You... she began, her voice shaking with frustration as she marched over to him. "Why are you on my bed? Didn't you say you were leaving?"

Ethan opened his eyes and flashed her a lazy, charming smile. "Who said anything about leaving? I said I'd stay, and this bed is where I'm sleeping."

"Ethan!" she exclaimed, her voice rising with exasperation. "I've never met anyone as shameless as you in my entire life!"

Unbothered by her outburst, Ethan simply stretched and nestled deeper into the blankets.

"Fine!" she huffed, snatching up a pillow in frustration. "If you want the bed so badly, then keep it. I'll sleep on the couch!"

"Goodnight!" he called after her with a chuckle, watching her storm out of the room.

Lily stomped to the couch, muttering to herself. That stubborn, infuriating man! I tried everything to get him to leave, and he still won't budge. Typical shameless behavior.

Despite her irritation, the day's exhaustion quickly caught up with her. As soon as her head hit the pillow, she drifted into a deep sleep.

Fifteen minutes later, Ethan opened his eyes. Quietly getting out of bed, he made his way to the living room. His gaze softened as he looked at Lily, peacefully sleeping on the couch. Her breathing was steady, her face relaxed in slumber.

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Kneeling beside her, he gently brushed a strand of hair away from her face and let his fingers lightly graze her cheek. His expression was tender, a mix of love and determination.

"My silly Lily," he whispered, his voice low and filled with affection. "Do you really think your words could push me away?"

He sighed softly, his thumb tracing her cheek. "I know you're afraid of love. I see it in the way you hold back, in the way you try to push me away. But don't worry- I'll never pressure you. I'll give you all the time you need to feel safe again."

"I'll show you that love doesn't have to hurt. Little by little, I'll help you let go of that fear, so you can embrace happiness without hesitation." His voice was steady, each word a quiet promise. "I'll wait as long as it takes for you to love me back the way I love you. But even if that day never comes, I'll still stay by your side. My love for you is strong enough for the both of us."

Leaning down, he placed a feather-light kiss on her lips, his touch as soft as the night itself. Carefully, he scooped her up into his arms, holding her as if she were the most precious thing in the world.

Walking back to the bedroom, Ethan laid her down on the bed with care. He tucked her under the blankets and climbed in beside her, pulling her gently into his arms. The warmth of her presence filled his heart with

contentment.

As he draped the duvet over them both, he placed another soft kiss on her forehead. "I love you, Lily," he murmured. "And I hope we can spend every night like this for the rest of our lives."

A serene smile graced his lips as he closed his eyes, holding her close. In the comfort of her warmth, Ethan drifted into a deep and peaceful sleep, his heart full of quiet joy.

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Lily stretched her arms and let out a contented sigh, a bright smile lighting up her face. No nightmares again...

Throwing the duvet off herself, she started to get up when she froze, her brow furrowing in confusion. Bed? Why am I in bed? Didn't I sleep on the couch last night?

Her mind immediately went to one person. That infuriating Ethan!

Her gaze fell on a folded note resting on the bedside table. Curious, she picked it up and opened it.

Morning, beautiful,

I've made a delicious breakfast for a woman who looks gorgeous even in her sleep. Enjoy it, and have an amazing day. Good luck on your first day at the shoot.

Always yours,

Pervert Ethan.

Lily couldn't help but smile, her lips curving upward before she even realized it. Shaking her head at his antics, she carefully placed the note into her drawer, her heart feeling strangely light.

Heading to the washroom, she freshened up and took a quick shower. Once dressed for her first day on set, she made her way to the kitchen, her excitement bubbling over.

The aroma of breakfast greeted her, and her eyes sparkled as she saw the neatly arranged meal waiting for her. Sitting down, she dug in with enthusiasm, savoring every bite.

After finishing her breakfast, Lily started washing the dishes when the doorbell rang.

Ding-dong.

She paused. Who could that be?

Drying her hands, she walked over to the door and opened it to see Mia standing there.

"Good morning, Sister Mia," she greeted with a cheerful smile.

"Good morning, Lily," Mia replied, stepping inside and settling on the couch. Noticing the radiant smile on Lily's face, Mia tilted her head curiously. "You look unusually happy today. What's the reason?"

Lily's smile widened. "Today's my first day at the shoot! I'm just excited, Sister Mia."

Mia nodded knowingly, then leaned forward with a mischievous glint in her eyes. "Alright, but how was

your date?"

Lily nearly choked on air, her cheeks flushing crimson. "Sister Mia, it wasn't a date!"

Mia couldn't suppress her laughter. "Alright, fine-it wasn't a date. But still, what happened? Where did he take you? What did you two do?"

Lily's mind immediately wandered back to that magical place and that kiss, her cheeks growing warmer by the second.

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"Oh-ho! Look at that blush!" Mia teased, her grin widening. "Did you and THE CEO share a special moment? Come on, spill the details! What did you two do?"

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"Sister Mia!" Lily groaned, covering her face in embarrassment. "It's not what you're thinking! We just had lunch, that's all!"

Mia raised a skeptical eyebrow. "Really? Just lunch?"

"Yes, really!" Lily insisted, lowering her hands to reveal a playful smile. "You should trust your artist, Sister Mia."

"Well." Mia said, leaning back with a knowing smile, "if you say so, Lily. But if this isn't a date, I can't wait to see what one will look like."

Lily shook her head, her laughter joining Mia's as they continued chatting.

Lily began recounting the events of the past day, starting with everything that had transpired at the lake house and then at the Miller mansion. She carefully left out the part about her impulsive kiss with Ethan, feeling it was too personal to share.

Mia listened intently, her expression shifting from intrigue to amusement. When Lily finished, Mia burst into laughter. "Haha! My Lily, you're so bold and sharp. I love it!" she said, playfully pinching Lily's cheeks. "But tell me, what's your next move?"

"For now, I just want to focus on this movie," Lily replied, her smile soft but determined.

Mia's tone shifted to seriousness. "And what about Ethan? What's your plan for him?"

At the mention of his name, Lily sighed deeply. "Sister Mia, I don't know what to do about him. Honestly, I feel... stuck. Can you help me figure this out?"

Mia leaned forward, her gaze steady. "Be honest with me, Lily. Do you like him?" she asked, holding Lily's hands.

Lily hesitated for a moment, her mind replaying the memories she had shared with Ethan-the moments of kindness, his unwavering support, and the gentle way he looked at her. Finally, she nodded. "I like him, Sister Mia, but I don't love him. And... I don't think I can."

"Why not?" Mia asked softly.

Lily took a deep breath, her voice tinged with vulnerability. "Sister Mia, I've loved people before-family, friends, even someone I thought was my soulmate. But all I got in return was betrayal. I'm terrified of going through that kind of pain again. "I know Ethan is a wonderful person. He deserves someone who can love him wholeheartedly, someone who isn't broken like me. I'm just not good enough for him."

Mia shook her head, her voice firm but kind. "What if Ethan doesn't see it that way? What if, to him, you're more than good enough? What if he wants you-just as you are?" She paused, letting her words sink in. "Why not give him a chance, Lily? Maybe he can help you heal. Maybe he's the one who can put your heart back together."

Lily's shoulders slumped as she sighed again. "I'm scared, Sister Mia. I'm scared of love itself. I don't think I have the courage to go through that again." Her voice dropped to a whisper. "Can't you tell me how to make him stop loving me? That would make things so much easier."

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Mia's expression softened as she placed a comforting hand on Lily's shoulder. "Lily, as your friend and someone who sees you as a younger sister, let me ask you this-how can you stop him from loving you? You can control your own feelings, but you can't control his. Love doesn't work that way."

Lily fell silent, Mia's words weighing heavily on her heart. She thought back to the cruel things she had said to Ethan the night before. None of it had driven him away. He had stayed, unshaken, as if her words didn't

matter.

Mia continued gently, "Lily, Ethan isn't Ryan. Yes, you loved the wrong person in the past, and yes, it left scars. But life gives you chances to make things right. There will always be hardships-betrayal, heartbreak, pain-but those are what make you stronger.

"Don't let one person's actions close your heart forever. I'm not asking you to fall in love with Ethan today or even tomorrow. Just... let destiny take its course. If

you're meant to be with him, it will happen. But if Ethan takes a step toward you, if he shows you his love and care, don't push him away. Give him a chance."

Lily felt an unexpected sense of calm wash over her. Mia's words made sense. Perhaps she didn't have to fight so hard to control everything. Maybe she just needed to let things unfold naturally.

"You're right, Sister Mia," she said softly, nodding. "I'll let destiny decide."

Mia smiled, relieved to see a hint of peace on Lily's face. "Good. Now, go get ready! We're going to be late for the shoot."

Lily smiled, the tension in her chest easing as she headed to her room. "Thank you, Sister Mia."

As Mia watched her go, she silently sent up a wish. Trust me, Lily. Destiny has its way of bringing the right people together.

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The first day of shooting was abuzz with energy. The production team moved swiftly, ensuring every detail was perfect. From setting up lighting to adjusting the props, everyone was engrossed in their tasks. Amidst the hustle, many cast and crew members couldn't help but glance toward the entrance, eagerly waiting for someone to arrive.

Ever since they had seen Lily's audition tape, whispers of her talent and beauty had spread like wildfire. Her striking presence and incredible acting skills had left a lasting impression. Now, everyone was curious to meet her in person, to see if she truly lived up to the hype.

Inside the dressing area, Rose and Leon, the lead actors, were already in their costumes, ready for the first take. Meanwhile, Director Young busied himself with last-minute instructions to his assistant, fine-tuning the setup for the opening scene. His focus broke the moment Lily entered the room with Mia by her side.

All eyes turned to her.

Lily walked in gracefully, her simple yet elegant attire emphasizing her natural beauty. Without a hint of makeup, she radiated an effortless charm that seemed to light up the room. There was an air of poise about her—a quiet confidence that drew people in.

The room stilled, captivated by her presence. Even seasoned crew members found themselves glancing at her in awe, their admiration plain on their faces.

Rose, standing off to the side, clenched her fists tightly. Jealousy burned within her. Why are they all looking at her like she's some goddess? What's so special about her? She's just a pretty face who knows how to manipulate people.

A bitter smile crept across her lips. Not for long. Once Dad's plan unfolds, we'll see how she handles it. Enjoy this fleeting spotlight, Lily. I'll make sure you're removed from this film before you even settle in.

Her thoughts were interrupted as Lily and Mia approached Director Young.

"Good morning, Director Young," they greeted in unison.

Director Young greeted them warmly, his smile genuine. "Good morning! Lily, there's not much for you to do today. You have a small introductory scene, so you can relax and take it easy for now."

"Thank you, Director Young. I'll be ready when needed," Lily replied, her tone professional yet warm.

Director Young nodded before heading off to address another issue with his assistant.

As soon as he walked away, Rose seized the opportunity and made her way toward Lily. Mia, noticing her approach, let out a sarcastic snort.

"Here comes your so-called beloved sister," Mia muttered under her breath, her expression laced with

disdain.

Rose flinched at the jab but plastered on a nervous smile as she addressed Lily. "Elder Sister..." she said, her

tone soft and hesitant.

Mia, quick to intercept, gave her a saccharine smile. "Miss Rose, is there something you need?"

Rose turned to Mia, forcing politeness into her voice. "Hello, Miss Mia. I was hoping to speak with my elder sister privately."

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Mia's eyes sparkled with amusement, though her tone dripped with sarcasm. "Elder sister? Funny, I don't recall you calling her that yesterday."

The color drained from Rose's face, her nerves betraying her. Panic flickered in her eyes. Did this woman tell Mia everything? How much does she know?

Feigning ignorance, Rose tilted her head, her voice tinged with confusion. "Miss Mia, I'm not sure what you're implying. What are you talking about?"

Mia's smile turned cold. "Oh, don't play coy with me, Miss Rome. You know exactly what I mean. But if you insist on pretending, let me make something very clear."

Her voice sharpened, each word landing like a blow. "My artist isn't some cheap thief who steals credit for other people's hard work. And instead of showing gratitude, you have the audacity to insult her? Let me tell you this-such behavior won't be tolerated."

Rose's composure wavered, her fake smile barely holding as Mia's words struck their mark.

Mia's sharp words landed like a slap across Rose's face. Her fingers curled into tight fists as she struggled to keep her temper in check. Taking a deep breath, she forced herself to maintain a calm facade.

"Elder Sister... I'm sorry," Rose said, her voice soft and apologetic, though her eyes betrayed her insincerity.

Reaching for Lily's hand, she continued, "I really regret what happened yesterday. I was angry and said things I didn't mean. Please forgive me."

Her tone dripped with fake remorse, but the thoughts running through her mind were far from sincere. I need to stay close to this woman if Dad's plan is going to work. For now, I have to act nice.

Before Lily could respond, Mia stepped forward, brushing off Rose's hand and pulling Lily aside. "Lily, let's go. Don't waste your time on people who aren't worth it. You need to get ready for your scene."

With that, Mia firmly led Lily toward the dressing room.

Left standing there, Rose's polite expression twisted into a scowl. Her nails dug into her palms as rage simmered beneath her composed exterior. How dare you ignore me, Lily? Just wait. Your days here are numbered.

"Rose, your scene is ready, her manager, Nathan, called out.

Turning on her heel, Rose plastered on a bright smile and strode toward the set, her demeanor once again polished and professional

In the dressing room, Mia let out an exasperated sigh. "Just looking at her smug face makes my stomach

turn.

She handed Lily a neatly folded costume. "Here's your dress. Go change and let's get you ready for the shot." Lily nodded and headed to the changing area. When she emerged dressed for her role, the makeup artist

took over.

The artist paused, admiring Lily's features. "Miss Lily, you're stunning," she said sincerely.

Having worked with countless celebrities, the makeup artist rarely encountered such natural beauty. Lily's

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flawless skin and delicate features made her work almost effortless.

"Thank you," Lily replied with a polite smile.

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Once her makeup was finished, Lily stepped out to join Mia. They found a quiet corner to watch Rose's performance on set. Most of the day's schedule focused on the lead couple's romantic storyline, with a small introduction scene reserved for Lily.

After Leon and Rose finished their sequence, Director Young turned his attention to the next setup.

"Lily, you're up," Director Young called out..

Taking a deep breath, Lily rose and walked to the set. Her role in this scene was brief but pivotal- introducing her character as the main lead's sister and a successful CEO of a major corporation.

When the cameras rolled, Lily delivered her lines with precision and grace. Her natural charisma shone through, and the entire crew couldn't help but be impressed by her poise.

Director Young clapped his hands together as the scene wrapped up. "Perfect! That's a wrap for today," he announced, his voice ringing with satisfaction.

As the team began packing up for the day, Director Young suddenly raised his voice. "Everyone, please hold on for a moment!"

The crew turned their attention to him, curious.

"Today is a special day-it's my birthday," he revealed with a grin. "And since it's also the first day of shooting, I'd like to invite all of you to a banquet this evening. I hope you'll join me in celebrating."

The team responded with cheers and warm birthday wishes. Excitement buzzed in the air as they wrapped up their tasks and headed out, already anticipating the evening's celebration,

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The banquet hall was brimming with energy as cast members, producers, investors, and their friends and families mingled over food and drinks. The atmosphere was relaxed yet lively, with conversations and laughter filling the air.

When Lily and Mia entered the hall, Director Young promptly noticed them and beckoned them over. He graciously introduced the pair to various attendees, ensuring they felt included. Lily greeted everyone with poise and began engaging in polite conversation, making an effort to connect with those around her.

Meanwhile, from a corner of the room, Rose and Nathan watched the scene unfold, their expressions tinged with disdain. Rose had invited Ryan to accompany her tonight, but he was unable to attend due to work commitments. As the two whispered to each other, the chatter in the hall shifted, and heads turned toward the entrance.

The arrival of one of the event's most esteemed guests, Mr. Morgan, was met with much excitement. Not only was he a prominent shareholder in the film, but he was also the father of the two lead actresses. Director Young immediately approached him with a warm smile.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Morgan, for attending my birthday banquet," Director Young said enthusiastically.

"Happy birthday, Director Young," Mr. Morgan replied with a hearty laugh. Rose's face lit up as she moved toward her father.

"Rose and Lily are under your guidance, Director Young," Mr. Morgan said proudly. "I couldn't miss this

occasion."

"You're too kind, Mr. Morgan," Director Young responded with a chuckle. "But truthfully, your daughters are so talented they hardly need my guidance."

Producer Hudson quickly offered Mr. Morgan a seat near his daughters. "Please, Mr. Morgan, join us here," he said, gesturing to a spot between Rose and Lily.

With a nod, Mr. Morgan took his place, his expression softening as he looked at his daughters.

"Your daughters are not only beautiful but incredibly talented," Producer Hudson remarked with admiration.

"Indeed," Director Young added. "Lily, your eldest, is truly exceptional."

Mr. Morgan's eyes glimmered with pride. "You're absolutely right. Both Lily and Rose are my treasures." "Dad," Rose chimed in, affectionately clutching her father's arm as she cast a charming smile at those around them. Lily, on the other hand, maintained her composed demeanor, nodding politely.

"You've seen my performances, but my elder sister is even more skilled than I am," Rose said, her voice filled with feigned humility. "Everything I know, I've learned from her."

Mia, observing this interaction, inwardly rolled her eyes. She couldn't help but think, What a facade this family puts up.

A waitress soon approached their table with drinks. Rose seized the opportunity, standing up with a glass of wine in hand. Raising her glass high, she addressed the room with a practiced smile.

"I would like to propose a toast to Director Young on his birthday," she announced. "Happy birthday, Director Young. May your life be long and filled with happiness."

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Everyone raised their glasses in celebration, toasting with their wine. Lily held her own glass but hesitated to drink. Her face showed a hint of discomfort, as she knew her tolerance for alcohol was almost

nonexistent.

"Lily, is everything alright?" Producer Hudson asked, noticing her uneasy expression.

Mia chuckled softly. "Oh, Lily has a very low alcohol tolerance, so she can't drink much," she explained.

The group nodded understandingly, and Director Young smiled warmly. "That's perfectly fine, Lily. You don't have to drink if you don't want to."

Lily felt a wave of relief at his words, though she still debated internally. Not drinking might come across as disrespectful, but she couldn't risk it either. Just then, she noticed a waitress passing by with a tray of beverages. Spotting a glass of juice, she politely stopped the waitress and took one.

"I'm sorry for not being able to join you with wine," Lily said with a small, apologetic smile. "But I'd still like to offer a toast. Happy birthday, Director Young! May your life be filled with continued success and happiness."

Her heartfelt words earned smiles from everyone as she raised her glass of juice and took a sip.

"Thank you, Lily, and thank you all," Director Young said, clearly touched by the gesture.

As the evening progressed, Lily began to feel strange. Her vision blurred slightly, her hands grew clammy, and an intense heat coursed through her body. Each breath felt labored, and her dress suddenly felt unbearably tight.

What's happening to me? she wondered in alarm. I need to get some fresh air. Turning to Mia, she called softly, "Sister Mia..."

"Hm? What's wrong?" Mia asked, her expression shifting to concern when she noticed how pale Lily had become.

"I'll... just step outside for a moment," Lily whispered, her voice weak and shaky. "Are you sure you're alright?" Mia pressed, worry evident in her tone,

Lily nodded quickly. "I'm fine," she insisted, though her trembling hands betrayed her words. She stood abruptly, muttering an unsteady, "Excuse me," before hurrying toward the exit.

Mia's eyes followed her friend with growing unease. Something didn't feel right. Her instincts screamed for her to go after Lily, but just as she moved to follow, Producer Hudson called her attention back to their conversation. Reluctantly, she stayed behind, though her heart was heavy with concern.

Lily, please be alright, she silently prayed, hoping her instincts were wrong. Meanwhile, someone else had been watching Lily closely. Sierra's lips curled into a sly smile as she saw her

rival leave the room.

"Lily, you should've known better than to cross me," she murmured under her breath. "That role was mine, and you dared to take it? Let's see how you handle the consequences."

With a confident smirk, Sierra slipped away from the crowd, following Lily with an air of calculated malice. Everyone raised their glasses in celebration, drinking to the joyful occasion Lily also halda

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Finished

Noticing the unease on her face, Producer Hudson leaned closer, his brows furrowed with curiosity. "Lily, is everything alright? You seem a bit out of sorts." Before Lily could respond, Mia chuckled and chimed in, "Oh, it's nothing to worry about. Lily has a very low tolerance for alcohol, so she usually avoids drinking."

The group collectively nodded in understanding. Director Young waved his hand dismissively, offering a kind smile. "That's perfectly fine, Lily. There's no need to force yourself. You don't have to drink."

Despite the reassuring words, Lily was locked in an internal struggle. Would refusing to drink come across as impolite? Her hesitation lingered until Director Young's casual acceptance finally put her at ease. A sense of relief washed over her.

Just then, a waitress walked by carrying a tray of drinks. Among the glasses of wine, Lily spotted a glass of juice. Seizing the opportunity, she politely stopped the waitress and exchanged her wine for the juice. Turning back to the group with a warm smile, she raised her glass.

"I apologize for not being able to join in with wine," she said sincerely. "My tolerance is quite low, but I'd still like to propose a toast with this juice. Happy birthday, Director Young! May you enjoy continued success and happiness."

Her thoughtful gesture earned her a chorus of smiles and approving nods. Everyone raised their glasses once more, while Director Young laughed heartily. "Thank you, Lily. And thank you, everyone."

As the celebration continued, a strange sensation began to creep over Lily. Her vision blurred, and a wave of dizziness overtook her. Beads of sweat formed on her palms, and an intense heat coursed through her body, accompanied by a sharp, overwhelming pain. Breathing became a struggle, and the tightness of her dress seemed unbearable.

What's happening to me? she wondered in alarm. Her mind raced for a solution, and she decided that stepping outside for fresh air might help.

"Sister Mia..." she whispered, her voice faint and strained.

Mia immediately turned to her, concern etched on her face. "What is it, Lily? Are you okay?"

"I'm fine..." Lily tried to reassure her, though her trembling hands betrayed her words. She pushed herself to stand, though her movements were abrupt and unsteady. "Excuse me," she mumbled before quickly making her way toward the exit.

Mia watched her leave, her gut twisting with unease. Something felt terribly wrong. Her instincts screamed at her to follow, but before she could act, the producer pulled her into a conversation, distracting her momentarily. Still, Mia's thoughts lingered on Lily, silently hoping she would return soon and unharmed. Unbeknownst to anyone else in the room, a sly smile crept across Sierra's lips as her eyes followed Lily's retreating figure. Triumph glimmered in her gaze as she rose and discreetly trailed behind her.

"Lily," Sierra muttered under her breath, her tone dripping with malice, "you should have known better than to challenge me. That role was mine, and you dared to take it from me? Now, you'll learn the price of crossing me." A sinister smirk curled on her face as she disappeared through the doorway, her intentions as dark as the shadows she moved within.

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

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

Finished

Lily staggered, her back pressed against the cold wall as she struggled to catch her breath. Waves of pain rippled through her body, forcing her to bite her lip to keep from crying out. Her trembling hands clenched into fists as a storm of anger and despair churned within her.

Rose! The name echoed in her mind, her teeth grinding together in fury.

She knew exactly what was happening now-the drug coursing through her veins, its effects taking over her body. She had been cautious, avoiding the wine offered to her earlier, suspecting foul play. Yet, despite all her precautions, she had been deceived. The wine wasn't spiked, but the juice she had chosen instead had been tampered with.

Her chest tightened, and her legs felt like jelly, but before she could muster a plan to escape, a voice interrupted her.

"Lily"

Her heart sank at the sound of that familiar, detestable tone. Slowly, she turned her head, her blurry vision focusing on the figure approaching her. It was Sierra.

"Oh dear, what's wrong with you?" Sierra asked, her voice dripping with mock concern. "Are you alright? Having trouble breathing, perhaps?"

Lily's body burned with pain, each breath a laborious task. She could hear every word, but her strength was fading, and forming a response felt impossible.

Sierra stepped closer, her presence radiating malice. Lily's instincts screamed at her to get away, knowing this woman's intentions were far from kind. Summoning what little strength she had left, she tried to move. Her legs wobbled, but she managed to take a step forward.

Before she could go any further, Sierra grabbed her wrist with a vice-like grip. "Lily," she said with a feigned smile, "why are you leaving so quickly? I was genuinely worried about you. Is this how you treat someone who cares?"

Sierra's tone shifted, her voice turning sly as she leaned in closer. "I know we've had our little... disagreements," she murmured, "but we're still co-stars, aren't

we? We should look out for each other. If you're in pain, I can help. Or..." Her lips curled into a smirk. "If you're feeling hot, I can even find a man for you."

Lily's eyes narrowed despite the haze clouding her mind. Her suspicion solidified into certainty. Sierra was behind this.

"You.. you did this..." she gasped, her voice barely a whisper. "You drugged me..."

A laugh bubbled from Sierra, cold and unrestrained. "Oh, so you figured it out?" she said, feigning surprise. "Yes, darling, I drugged you. But don't give me all the credit-I had a little help from someone who shares my dislike for you."

Lily's legs trembled as anger mixed with the unbearable pain coursing through her body. She wanted to lash out, but her strength was draining fast.

"You must have quite the talent for making enemies," Sierra continued with a mocking grin. "This mysterious someone was all too eager to assist me. They even tipped me off about your little secret. I thought I'd leave you alone, but after that call, I just couldn't resist. And look at you now-helpless, drugged,

and on the verge of ruin

Her words were veering toward the end of the road as they were said to Lily with feigned pity. "What a dame, really. You were wrong, you were here you were right to my trap"

A single thought pierced through the haze clouding Lily's mind-the presence of Rose's manager. Nathan

As Sierra laughed coldly, she dragged Lily down the corridor, the pain wracked with so much pain that resisting felt impossible. Vicious waves here by bedding her weight.

When they reached the door, Sierra turned, her smirk widening with red intentions. "To begin, she began, her tone laced with malice, the drug in your drink is the trigger. And the antidote?" She leaned in closer, her voice dropping to a morose whisper. Well, the antidote isn't something you can find in a hospital. The only cure is a man

Lily's teeth clenched, and she bit down on her lip to stifle the wretched groan that welled up with her physical torment. Her sharp glare shot daggers at Sierra, but it only seemed to amuse her tormentor further.

"Aww, Lily, are you angry?" Sierra cooed, feigning innocence. I thought you'd be tried with the the I've prepared for you. But instead, you're glaring at me? How ungrateful But don't worry-Ima forging person. After all, I have such a big heart

She laughed, her voice echoing with venom. "The pain you're feeling now It's just the beginning My gift will fix everything. All you have to do is go inside and enjoy yourself?

Sierra's smirk deepened as she added, "Oh, and one more thing-some people with cameras will be stopping by later. Don't be shy! You're an actress, aren't you? Make sure to give them a good performance The world deserves to see your talent."

With a flourish, Sierra pushed the door open and dragged Lily inside. The sight that greeted her made her stomach churn. Two half-dressed men lay on the bed, their glazed eyes and sluggish movements suggesting they'd been drugged as well.

"Do you like your gift, Lily?" Sierra sneered. "I thought one wouldn't be enough for someone like you, so I arranged two. They've been given the same drug as you. Isn't it perfect Enjoy!"

As Sierra moved to shove Lily closer to the bed, her confidence suddenly crumbled. In a swift motion, Lily twisted out of her grasp and turned the tables. With a burst of strength fueled by sheer willpower, she grabbed Sierra's arm and wrenched it behind her back.

"Ouch!" Sierra cried out, her face contorting in pain. Before she could react further. Lily struck her hard. sending her staggering.

Lily's breathing was labored, but her resolve was unshaken. "I have to say," she said, her voice trembling yet defiant, "I really love your gift, Sierra. But now it's time for me to return it to you."

Sierra's smirk vanished, replaced by panic. "W-what are you-

"Did you really think I'd let you drag me in here without a fight?" Lily interrupted, her words cutting through the air like a blade. "You underestimated me. And now, you'll regret it."

Before Sierra could escape, Lily shoved her toward the bed. The two men, disoriented but instinctively responsive, grabbed Sierra's arms and legs, their strength overpowering her resistance.

"Enjoy your

masterpiece!" Lily spat, her voice steady despite the chaos behind her. She turned and bolted

from the man, tenoring Sierra's trans

"Lily holHelpemet Don't leave me here! Meat Siemcomics echined as the door stammed shut

Leaning mcding the wall conste. Lily panted heavily. The excruciating prin surged through her body like wilder, her dress clinging to her like a suffocating prison. She clenched her fists, her nails digging into her

on

You brought this can yourself, Sierra, the thought grindy

Grining her teeth, Lily forced herself forward, her legs trembling beneath her. Her vision som, and the nearly collapsed, but a familiar voice called out just in time.

"Lily"

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Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

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

Finished

Ethan had just stepped out of his room when he saw a figure stumbling in the hallway. His eyes widened as he recognized Lily, barely able to stand, her body trembling. He rushed forward, catching her just before she could fall.

Her soft wince of pain struck a chord deep within him. Holding her steady, he gripped her arms gently but firmly. "Lily, what's wrong? Are you okay?"

Hearing his familiar voice, Lily's tension eased slightly. She grasped his arms for support, her body leaning into him. "Ethan... it's you...." she murmured weakly.

"Lily, you're pale and sweating. What happened?" he asked, his concerned gaze scanning her face. "Are you hurt? Should I call a doctor? You were at the dinner banquet with Mia-where is she?"

Lily tried to speak, but her words came out fragmented, her voice trembling from the pain. "D-dinner.... banquet juice... drugged... hot... pain.

Understanding dawned on Ethan, and his expression darkened. Without another word, he carefully took her hand and led her into his room. Closing the door behind them, he brought her straight to the bathroom. Turning on the shower, he adjusted the water to a cold stream and helped her step inside.

"This should help." he said quietly, his voice tight with restrained anger.

Lily nodded weakly, standing under the cold water as it cascaded over her trembling body. Her breaths came in short gasps, but the chill offered some relief from the heat that felt like it was consuming her.

Watching her in such a state ignited a fiery rage within Ethan. His jaw tightened, and his fists clenched at his sides. Silently, he turned and stepped out of the bathroom, leaving her to recover in privacy.

Leaning against the wall outside, he pulled out his phone and quickly typed a message to Mia, letting her know where Lily was. With that done, he stood guard by the bathroom door, his protective instincts kicking in. "Lily," he called out, "do you need a doctor? Say the word, and I'll get someone here immediately."

"No..." came her strained reply, her voice weak but resolute.

Inside the bathroom, Lily struggled to steady herself. The cold water ran down her body, but it felt like little more than a fleeting relief. The drug's effects were relentless, and the pain seemed to intensify. Her trembling fingers fumbled with the zipper of her gown. As she slipped out of the suffocating fabric, she bit down on her lip to suppress a cry of discomfort.

Meanwhile, back in the banquet hall, the guests remained blissfully unaware of the unfolding chaos. Laughter and chatter filled the room as people mingled, their attention focused on Director Young, who was preparing to cut his birthday cake.

Mia, however, couldn't shake the gnawing worry in her chest. She hadn't seen Lily in a while, and her absence was unsettling. Her phone buzzed, pulling her out of

her thoughts. As she read the message, her face paled. Her hands tightened around the device, and her eyes darted to Rose, who stood across the room, chatting animatedly with an investor.

Clenching her fists, Mia shot a sharp glare at Rose. This can't be a coincidence, she thought, fury simmering beneath her calm exterior,

The celebratory atmosphere was suddenly interrupted by a commotion at the entrance. A cacophony of hurried footsteps and raised voices drew everyone's attention. A group of reporters burst into the hall, cameras at the ready their expressions paper with anticipation

Finished

Guests exchanged puzzled glances as the reporters pushed through the crowd. Amidst the chaos, a nervous waiter hurried into the hall, only to be stopped by Director Young.

"What's going on here?" Director Van demanded, his

firm and authoritative.

The waiter hesitated, glancing nervously at the crowd before speaking in a low voice. "Sir, there's a rumor... An actress from your film is inside a room... with some investors. The reporters heard about it and came to catch them... in the act."

Gasps of disbelief rippled through the hall. Whispers spread like wildfire as the shocking news left everyone stunned.

Everybody gasped.

"What?"

"Rubbish!" Director Young bellowed, turning to the waiter with a glare that could cut glass. "Who spread this fake rumor? Call your manager! I want to talk to him right now. This is a private party. How did reporters even find out about this?"

The waiter, flustered and pale, stammered out a response, but Director Young's fury left no room for

excuses.

"Who is spreading this nonsense?" he barked again. "Call your manager! I demand an explanation!"

The once-lively banquet hall descended into a tense silence. The guests exchanged uneasy glances before their whispers broke the quiet like cracks in glass.

"Do these people have no shame?"

"Yeah, ruining a perfectly good banquet. The manager better explain this!"

"Who could spread such a malicious rumor? Wait... isn't Lily missing?"

"Hush!" someone hissed. "Do you even know what you're implying? How could Lily be involved in such a scandal? Do you know who she is?"

Despite the murmurs, every word reached every ear. The whispers became an invisible storm, growing louder with doubt and speculation. No matter her reputation, once a rumor began, it spread like wildfire.

Morgan's face darkened as he glared at those speaking ill of Lily. His fists clenched. Though he didn't love her, she was his golden bird-his ticket to prestige. He couldn't afford to let her reputation crumble, let alone his own. "Miss Mia," Rose asked anxiously, "where's my sister? Did something happen to her?"

Mia sneered inwardly, her heart brimming with satisfaction. Outwardly, she gave a calm, reassuring smile.

"Miss Rose, you needn't worry," she said sweetly. "Lily wasn't feeling well, so she left early."

"Really?" Rose pressed, searching Mia's face.

Mia raised an eyebrow. "Does Miss Rose not believe me?"

Rose shook her head quickly. "No, no, I believe you. If she went home, then it's fine. I was just worried." She sighed, a wave of relief washing over her features.

Mia smiled faintly, "I can see that..."

Finished

Rose turned to Director Young with determination. "Director Young, we should find out who dared to spread these malicious rumors about us"

Her words lit a fire among the crowd.

"Yes. Director

Yum we need answers!" came the chorus of agreement..

The growing pressure left Director Young no choice. With a huff, he stormed toward the reporters.

In the corner, Rose's lips curled into a satisfied smirk. This was exactly what she wanted.

Nobody suspected the truth.

It was she who called Sierra, who orchestrated the entire plot to tarnish Lily's reputation. She had bribed the waitress to spill juice at just the right moment and leaked the "scandal" to the reporters, giving them access to the private party.

This was her victory-a step closer to eliminating Lily from the film and stealing the spotlight.

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

Finished

Outside the room, the commotion reached a fever pitch. A large group of reporters clamored at the door. their relentless banging echoing through the hall. Their shouts overlapped, creating a cacophony that disturbed everyone nearby.

The staff struggled in vain to control the situation, their frantic attempts met with resistance. The crowd refused to back down, their cameras poised and questions sharp.

When Director Young and the others arrived, they were greeted with the sight of chaos. His face darkened immediately.

"Who f

fed you all these rubbish rumors?" Director Young roared, his voice cutting through the noise.

A bold reporter stepped forward, microphone in hand, and asked with an audacious smirk, "Director Young, we've heard that one of your actresses is involved with an investor and is currently inside that room. Care to comment?"

Director Young's glare could have frozen the air. "Care to comment?" he retorted. "I think you're not doing your job properly. How about this-I'll make sure you're fired by tomorrow. What do you think of that?"

The reporter chuckled, unbothered. "Director Young, take a look around. How many reporters can you get fired? There are dozens of us here."

"You media people are a disgrace," Director Young spat. "Is this how you work? Misusing your power to spread baseless accusations?"

Another reporter interjected, their tone sharp with defiance. "What's Director Young so worried about? If the news is false, we'll apologize and leave. But what if it's the truth?"

"The audience deserves to know," another chimed in. "What kind of actress is working in the industry? Behind closed doors, they commit such acts, and on-screen, they pretend to be pure as white lotus flowers."

Director Young clenched his fists, his fury barely restrained.

From the side, Nathan, Rose's manager, stepped forward. Her voice was firm but icy. "You claim an actress from our film is involved. Who, exactly, are you talking about? Every actress is accounted for."

The reporter's lips curled into a provocative smile. "Miss Lily. Where is she?" The air grew heavier.

Rose's eyes widened in mock outrage as she turned on the reporter. "Are you saying my elder sister is inside that room? How dare you slander her like this?"

Mia, observing the scene, snorted under her breath. Keep acting, Rose. But one day, your lies will bury you.

Morgan, who had remained silent until now, stepped forward with a thunderous expression. "You dare to accuse my daughter? Do you not care for your career? Do you think my daughter would stoop to such dirty tactics to succeed in this industry?"

The reporters hesitated. Morgan's reputation was enough to make even the boldest among them shiver.

Yet, one persisted. "Then where is Miss Lily?"

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Finished

me, the person who gave you this story-did they specifically mention Lily's name?

The reporters exchanged uncertain glances.

proof, what

Mia's voice rose, sharp and cutting. "Are you fools so quick to believe baseless claims? Without kind of ruckus are you trying to create here? Or perhaps you think Marvellous Universe is an easy target? Have you all forgotten what happened at the opening ceremony?"

Her words struck a chord, and the murmurs among the reporters grew quieter.

Director Young's glare swept across the group, his fury undiminished. "If you value your careers, you'll leave now. This baseless witch hunt ends here!"

Mia's commanding presence was overwhelming, leaving the reporters cursing under their breath. One of them muttered loudly. "Miss Mia, once that door opens, the truth will finally come to light."

Their relentless pounding on the door finally caused it to swing open. The muffled sounds of moaning and groaning immediately filled the air. The reporters froze, their eyes widening in shock as they strained to see what was inside.

Rose and Nathan exchange smirks.

"Well, dear sister," Rose whispered under her breath, "what will you do now? You should've just stepped aside. But no, you had to be defiant and play the hero. Look where your stubbornness has gotten you-your innocence, your reputation, and your career are all ruined now."

Inside the room, on the bed, was a shocking scene: a woman lay entwined with two men. Her body bore visible marks, and her mouth was gagged.

Gasps rippled through the crowd as everyone recognized the woman. "Sierra!" someone exclaimed in disbelief.

Rose's eyes narrowed, and her fists clenched tightly. This wasn't part of the plan. Sierra? How could it be her? It was supposed to be Lily in that room! She had personally ensured Lily drank the spiked juice. Her gaze darted to Nathan, who returned a puzzled look and shrugged.

"I don't understand," Nathan murmured. "Everything was planned perfectly. How did it end up like this?"

As cameras flashed and reporters jostled for a better angle, the two men on the bed carried on, oblivious to the chaos around them. Many women in the crowd turned away, unable to watch the disturbing scene.

Desperate and defeated, Sierra, her voice hoarse and broken, managed to plead, "Help.... please..."

Realizing how dire the situation was, Director Young swiftly took charge. He ordered the reporters to stop filming and instructed the security guards to intervene. The men were pulled away, and a waitress was sent in to cover Sierra with a robe.

With the help of the police and hotel staff, the reporters were eventually dispersed, and order was restored.

But for Sierra, the damage was already done. She knew her career was over. When questioned, she stunned everyone by claiming that her actions were consensual. Though suspicion lingered among those present, her admission left little room for further investigation.

One by one, the onlookers left the scene, and Sierra was informed of her immediate dismissal from the film. Alone and consumed by despair, she curled into herself, hugging her knees as tears streamed down her face. A single thought echoed in her mind: How did it all come to this?

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Outside the room, Rose's fury was visible. Her plan had crumbled before her eyes, and she couldn't contain her frustration. She turned to her manager, her voice sharp and venom

"Rose, 1-" the manager began, only to be cut off.

"Shut up!" Rose snapped, her glare icy and unrelenting.

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

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Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

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#Finished

Rose's face was twisted with frustration as she realized her plan had completely fallen apart. Just then, a hand rested lightly on her shoulder.

"Is there a problem?" came a calm yet sharp voice.

Rose turned around, quickly masking her irritation with a bright, practiced smile. "Of course not, Miss Mia. I'm just relieved that all those terrible rumors have been cleared up. I was so worried about my elder

sister..."

Mia raised an eyebrow, her lips curling into a faint smile. "Were you, now? It's funny, isn't it? People with ill intentions always seem to fail when it comes to harming Lily. You know why? Because she's surrounded by people who genuinely love her and would go to great lengths to protect her."

Rose let out a light laugh, nodding her head in agreement. "Absolutely, Miss Mia, I'm one of those people. I love my sister and I'll always protect her."

Turning to her manager, she said firmly, "Let's go, Nathan."

As Rose and Nathan walked away, Mia's smile faded, replaced by a cold sneer. You're right about one thing. Rose-you are one of those people. But not the kind who protects; you're the kind who schemes.

Her thoughts shifted to Lily, and a sense of relief washed over her. Lily was safe, and thank goodness Ethan had been there. But then a question lingered-why had he been there in the first place? Was it just a coincidence?

Mia shook her head. It didn't matter. What was important was that Lily was okay, and as long as she was with Ethan, everything would be fine. With a faint smile, Mia turned and headed home.

Meanwhile, inside the dimly lit washroom, Lily leaned weakly against the cold tiles, her body trembling. Her mind was clouded, and her strength was slipping away rapidly.

"Z-Ethan..." she managed to whisper, her voice hoarse and barely audible.

Outside the door, Ethan paced restlessly, his brows knitted in deep concern. He debated whether to call a doctor, but the sound of Lily's frail voice calling his name shattered his hesitation,

Without a second thought, he pushed open the door and rushed inside-only to freeze in place.

His breath hitched, and his face flushed crimson as his eyes widened in shock. Lily stood under the shower, water cascading down her bare form.

Immediately. Ethan spun around, squeezing his eyes shut and holding up a trembling hand. "L-Lily.... should I.... should I call a doctor?"

Lily blinked weakly, her gaze landing on his rigid back. Despite the dull ache coursing through her body, a faint smile almost formed on her lips. Any other man would have taken advantage of such a moment, yet Ethan had turned away instantly.

"E-Ethan... I... I need your help," she said, her voice breaking with pain.

Ethan swallowed hard, his voice tight with concern. "Okay, Lily. Just hold on. I'll call the doctor, don't worry.

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Finished

"N-No... don't... don't call a doctor, she interrupted weakly, gasping as a wave of pain hit her. I need you. Please... help me..."

Her voice cracked, and Ethan froze in place. His chest tightened as he processed her words, his heart pounding in his ears. Slowly, he turned his head slightly, his concern outweighing his hesitation.

"Alright, Lily. I'm here. I'll help you. Just... just stay with me, okay?"

His voice was steady, but the tension in his shoulders betrayed the turmoil he felt inside. Taking a deep breath, Ethan stepped forward, fully prepared to do whatever it took to help her.

Ethan froze, his breath hitching as he processed her words. How could he possibly do this? No-he couldn't.

Not like this.

"N-no... I'm sorry, I can't... I can't do this. Please, just hold on. I'll call the doctor. Everything will be fine, I promise," he stammered, his voice trembling with uncertainty. He understood what she was asking of him, but he wasn't sure he could follow through.

"E-Ethan..... please... Ahh!"

Her sharp cry jolted him out of his thoughts. Lily's body went limp, and she began to fall. Without hesitation. Ethan lunged forward and caught her, cradling her in his arms. His chest tightened as he looked at her pale face, her trembling hands clutching onto him for dear life..

"Ethan... please..." Lily's voice was weak but desperate. Her arms clung tightly around him, and where their skin met, she seemed to draw comfort from his warmth.

The hot water from the shower poured down on them both, but Ethan barely noticed. His focus was locked on her face, contorted in pain. His self-control, which he had carefully built over time, began to crack. He loved her, deeply. He wanted her, but not under these circumstances. Not when she was vulnerable and hurting.

"Lily..." he whispered, his voice breaking.

Her tear-filled eyes met his, and for a moment, time seemed to stop. He could see her trust in him, her plea for relief.

"I will help you," he said firmly, cupping her face in his hands. "But you must

promise me something. Promise me, Lily, that after this... you'll marry me."

Lily's hazy mind struggled to process his words. Her focus was on the comfort his touch brought her, the faint safety she felt in his presence,

"Promise me," he urged again, his voice steady despite the storm brewing in his chest.

"I... I promise," she whispered faintly.

Ethan searched her face one last time, making sure she understood. "Are you certain, Lily? Please, think carefully. I don't want you to regret this later."

Instead of answering with words, Lily leaned forward and pressed her lips against his. That was all the confirmation Ethan needed. He kissed her back with unreserved passion, wrapping his arms securely around her as she clung to him. Lifting her carefully, Ethan carried her out of the shower and laid her gently on the bed. The moment their skin parted, Lily whimpered in discomfort, reaching out for him.

* 67%

"I'm here," he said softly, his voice filled with a tender promise.

#Finished

Discarding the barriers between them, Ethan leaned over her and pressed a lingering kiss to her lips. "I love you. Lily"

That night, two hearts collided, two souls intertwined, and for those fleeting moments, the world outside ceased to exist.

When it was over, Ethan lay beside her, his gaze fixed on her peaceful, sleeping face. A faint smile played on her lips, and he couldn't help but lean in to place a gentle kiss on her forehead.

Carefully tucking the duvet around her, Ethan reached for his phone and dialed a number.

The shrill ringtone jolted Assistant Ben awake. Groggily, he fumbled for his phone.

"Yes, Boss?" he croaked, his voice thick with sleep.

"By tomorrow morning. I want Sierra completely destroyed, Ethan's voice was cold, every syllable sharp and unforgiving.

Assistant Ben froze, blinking at the clock. "Boss... it's the middle of the night..."

Is there a problem?" Ethan's voice dropped a degree colder. Assistant Ben straightened immediately. "No problem, Boss! It will be done." "Good" Ethan ended the call and set his phone aside.

Turning back to Lily, he wrapped an arm securely around her, pulling her close. He pressed a kiss to her forehead and whispered softly, "No one hurts you and walks away unscathed."

With one final kiss to her lips, Ethan closed his eyes, his mind already racing with plans for the morning. But for now, he allowed himself the peace of holding her close, cherishing the fragile stillness of the night.

528

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

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

Finished

The next morning, Lily woke up feeling an ache in every part of her body. Blinking sleepily, she rubbed her eyes and glanced around the unfamiliar room. Her gaze froze when she noticed a man sleeping soundly beside her-Ethan.

Where am I? Why is he here?

Her heart raced as flashes of the previous night came rushing back to her. Heat rose to her cheeks, painting them a deep shade of red. She couldn't stop herself from staring at Ethan's peaceful sleeping face, the faint traces of a smile still visible on his lips.

Carefully, she tried to slip out of bed without waking him, only to realize his strong arm was wrapped securely around her waist. She froze, her breath catching in her throat.

Slowly, she tried to lift his arm, hoping not to disturb him. But just as she was about to succeed, Ethan's eyes snapped open, and with a swift motion, he flipped her onto her back and hovered over her.

"Trying to sneak away after spending the night with me?" he teased, his voice deep and playful.

Lily's face turned crimson, her eyes darting away as she stammered, "N-no... I wasn't... I mean..."

"Then what were you doing?" Ethan asked, his lips quirking into an amused smile.

She bit her lower lip, her mind scrambling for an answer. She remembered everything from the previous night—the promises, the vulnerability, the shared intimacy. But now, facing him under the soft morning light, she couldn't meet his gaze.

Taking a deep breath, she blurted out in one rushed sentence, "Can-you- consider-this-a-one-night-stand?"

Ethan blinked, confused. "What did you just say?"

Lily sighed, her face burning with embarrassment as she repeated, slower this time, "Can you..., consider this a one-night stand?"

For a moment, silence stretched between them. Then Ethan's brows shot up, his lips parting slightly in disbelief. "What? No way! I gave you my precious virginity, and you're trying to run away from your responsibility? Lily, that's not fair. You have to take responsibility for me!"

Lily stared at him, her mouth hanging open. Responsibility? She was the girl here! Her virginity was precious too. Why was he acting like the victim?

Her lips parted to argue, but then she remembered the events of the previous night. She had been the one who begged him, pleaded with him. Her words died in her throat.

Ethan's playful demeanor shifted, his voice turning serious. "Marry me. Lily Her eyes widened. "What?"

"You promised me last night. Did you forget?" he asked, his gaze piercing into hers.

The word 'marriage' echoed in her mind, sending a chill down her spine. Memories came flooding back- her past, the betrayal, the hurt, the way her trust was shattered on what was supposed to be the happiest day of her life. She remembered the pain, the humiliation, and the cruel hands that had broken her spirit.

Finished

Ethan noticed the change in her expression, his brows knitting together in concern. Lily... are you okay?"

For a moment, she couldn't speak. But then, gathering every ounce of strength she had left, she looked into his

eyes and whispered, "Okay. I will marry you"

Ethan froze. "Really? You will?"

His lips broke into a wide grin, his eyes sparkling with joy. "You-you're not joking, right?"

Lily nodded, her voice trembling, "Yes, Ethan. But... I have two conditions."

His smile faltered slightly, but he nodded without hesitation. "Anything. Just tell me."

"First, I want our marriage to remain a secret. And second... I need your help finding my real parents."

Ethan's expression turned serious as he studied her face. Without a moment's hesitation, he nodded. "Okay. I promise."

Leaning down, he pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead before getting up. He wrapped her in the sheets, scooped her into his arms, and carried her to the bathroom.

"Take a warm shower. I'll arrange some clothes for you," he said softly, ruffling her hair.

Lily nodded, still slightly dazed by his tenderness. As he left the bathroom, she leaned against the cool tiles and let out a shaky breath.

Maybe... just maybe... marrying Ethan wouldn't be such a bad thing.

After her shower, Lily peeked out of the bathroom door and found Ethan standing nearby with his back to her.

"Ethan?" she called softly.

He turned, holding out a neatly folded yellow sundress. "Here. I hope it fits."

Taking the dress, Lily offered him a small smile before retreating to change. When she emerged, the dress fit her perfectly. It was as if it had been made just for her.

"You must be hungry, Ethan said, gesturing towards a table set with breakfast. "I ordered something for

you."

"Thank you," she said softly, taking a seat.

After a quick shower, Ethan returned, now dressed in a sharp suit. He joined her at the table, watching as she picked at her food.

"Why aren't you eating. Lily?" he asked, concern lacing his voice.

She hesitated before asking. "Ethan... why were you here last night?"

He smiled faintly. "I'm the primary investor in your film. Director Young invited me."

"Oh..." she murmured.

They finished breakfast in silence before Ethan stood and offered his hand. "Let's go."

"Where?"

"To the Civil Administration Bureau," he said with a warm smile.

Lily's heart skipped a beat as she took his hand, stepping into an uncertain but hopeful future.