

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

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

"Huh? Civil Administration Bureau?" Lily blinked in confusion, her mind struggling

to keep up. getting married... right now?"

Finished

"We're

"Today." Ethan confirmed with a warm smile, gently taking her hand.

Still processing his words, Lily allowed herself to be guided outside. As they approached the car, Assistant Ben was already seated inside, awaiting instructions. Ethan leaned in to give him a few quiet directives, while Lily sat there, dazed. The entire situation felt unreal, as if she had stepped into a dream she hadn't expected.

The ride to the Civil Administration Bureau passed in a blur for Lily. Her thoughts swirled chaotically, disbelief etched across her face. She had never imagined her day would end with her becoming someone's wife.

At the bureau, they were escorted into a VIP reception room. A staff member handed them two small red books-marriage certificates, Lily held the booklet in her hands, staring at it as though it were a foreign object.

"That's it? We're married?" she asked in disbelief, her voice tinged with astonishment.

"Of course," Ethan replied, his smile broadening as he gently took the certificates from her. A wave of joy surged through him, and he fought the urge to shout his excitement to the world. Finally, she's my wife, he thought, barely able to contain his elation.

"Congratulations on your marriage," Assistant Ben said, offering them a rare smile. He was still stunned by the sight of his usually stoic and composed boss grinning so openly. The transformation was almost unbelievable.

Holding her hand with gentle yet firm affection, Ethan guided Lily back to the car. As they settled into their seats, she turned to him hesitantly. "Ethan, could you drop me off at Sister Mia's house?"

His face fell into a slight pout. "Do you really have to go now?" he asked, his tone almost pleading. He had just married her, and now she wanted to leave? He wasn't ready to part with her just yet.

"Sister Mia will be worried about me after everything that happened yesterday," Lily explained, noticing his expression. "Why? Did you have something planned for us?"

"Of course," Ethan said with a firm nod. "We need to find a house."

"A house?" Lily repeated, confused.

"Yes," he said matter-of-factly. "Unless you'd rather live at My Mansion with me? I wouldn't mind, but if we do that, our marriage won't stay a secret for long."

Shaking her head quickly, Lily responded, "No, no! Let's find our own place. Just drop me at Sister Mia's first, and then we can go house hunting afterward."

"Deal," Ethan said with a grin, playfully pinching her nose. He seemed to think for a moment before adding. "Actually, let's do this: I'll drop you off at her place, take care of some work, and pick you up in about two hours. Does that work?"

"Perfect," Lily agreed with a smile.

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car, Ethan left with his assistant, promising to return soon

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Standing outside the door, Lily felt a surge of nervousness as she pressed the doorbell. Her heart raced with the weight of everything she needed to share. It all still felt so surreal—was she really married to Ethan?

The door swung open, revealing Mia's surprised expression. "Lily? What are you doing here?" she asked before ushering her inside.

Lily stepped into the chic, sophisticated apartment that perfectly mirrored Mia's personality. Taking a deep breath, she turned to her friend.

"Are you okay, Lily?" Mia asked, noticing her friend's nervousness.

"Sister Mia. I got married," Lily said, her voice trembling slightly.

"Oh, you got married," Mia replied absentmindedly before pausing, the realization hitting her like a bolt of lightning. "Wait... You what?!"

"Wait.. did you just say you got married?" Mia's eyes widened as she stared at Lily, utterly shocked.

Lily nodded, her voice calm but firm. "Yes, Sister Mia, I got married." She had expected this exact reaction. Knowing how Mia would take the news.

"What? When? How?!" Mia bombarded her with questions, excitement lighting up! drop a bomb like that! Spill everything!"

face. "You can't just

With a resigned sigh, Lily began recounting everything that had happened, from the unexpected turn of events to the moment she walked out of the Civil Administration Bureau with marriage certificates in hand. As she spoke, Mia's expressions shifted dramatically-shock, amusement, and satisfaction, all at once.

"Lily, don't you think your life has completely flipped in just one night?" Mia said with a knowing smile once the story was out.

Lily nodded thoughtfully. "Sister Mia, do you think I made the right decision?"

Mia grinned. "Of course! Ethan is an amazing guy, and it's obvious how much he loves you. You'll be happy with him, Lily. Haven't I always told you that you two are a perfect match? Destiny had its hand in this, no doubt!"

"Destiny?" Lily scoffed, rolling her eyes. "More like Sierra's dirty schemes forced us together."

At the mention of Sierra, Mia's expression turned icy. "That woman! The nerve she had to try drugging you! It's a good thing her plan backfired. I can't even begin to imagine the consequences if it had succeeded." She crossed her arms and smirked.

"Now look at her-paying the price for her actions. Isn't karma working beautifully?"

Curious, Lily leaned forward. "What do you mean?"

Mia's grin widened. "Haven't you heard? She's been completely blacklisted from the entertainment industry. And her family? Ruined. Overnight, her father's business collapsed. They've lost everything."

"What? When did all of this happen?" Lily's eyes widened in disbelief. While she had anticipated Sierra's career taking a hit, she hadn't expected the fallout to extend to her family's business.

Mia raised an eyebrow. "It's all over the news. You seriously didn't see it?" She chuckled, teasing. "Oh, I get it now. With a handsome husband by your side, who has time to check the news?"

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At Mia's playful jabs, Lily blushed and quickly redirected the conversation "Sister Mia, what exactly happened to her father's company?"

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"Apparently, someone leaked evidence of their shady dealings with some unsavory people. Once it hit the media, their business crumbled" Mia shrugged. "Now they have nothing left."

As she listened, Lily felt a wave of realization wash over her. There was only one person who could've orchestrated such a precise and decisive move-Ethan. A small, grateful smile appeared on her lips. He was silently helping her exact her revenge, piece by piece.

The two women continued chatting for another couple of hours before Ethan arrived to pick them up, the afternoon was spent house-hunting.

her up. From:

Thanks to Ben's diligent preparations, the search was relatively easy. By evening, they had chosen a beautiful house that suited both their tastes. The workers quickly delivered their belongings and arranged the space according to Lily's preferences.

Once everything was in place, Lily slumped onto the couch with a deep sigh. "Arranging all this is exhausting!"

Meanwhile, Ethan was in the kitchen, finishing up dinner. When the food was ready, they sat together to enjoy their meal, both too hungry to linger over conversation.

After dinner, as the night settled in, the realization struck Lily again-this was her new reality. She was married, they had a home, and they were starting a life together. It felt surreal, yet comforting.

And now, as the evening drew to a close, it was finally time to rest.

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

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It was their wedding night, and the thought alone made Lily's cheeks burn. Sitting nervously on the edge of the bed, she fidgeted with her fingers, waiting for Ethan to finish his shower.

Her mind raced with a mix of excitement and apprehension. She had promised herself to be a good wife to him, but calming her nerves in this moment felt nearly impossible,

The sound of the bathroom door opening snapped her out of her thoughts. Ethan emerged, fresh from the shower, his damp hair slightly tousled, and a playful smile tugging at the corners of his lips. His gaze fell on her, and he chuckled softly at her expression.

Lily looked like a little kitten-adorable, wide-eyed, and utterly flustered. Her heart pounded loudly as he took slow, deliberate steps toward her.

When he sat beside her, the air grew heavy with anticipation. Leaning in close, Ethan brushed his lips against her neck, trailing soft kisses up to her ear. His voice was low and teasing as he murmured, "Tonight is our wedding night..."

Her entire body shivered at the warmth of his breath against her skin. She managed a small nod, her voice barely above a whisper. "I... I know."

Seeing her reaction, Ethan's smile deepened. Gently, he laid her down on the bed, positioning himself above her. Lily's cheeks turned a bright shade of red as she felt the press of his lips against her collarbone.

A gasp escaped her when he nibbled her skin lightly, soothing it with the soft flick of his tongue. The sensation left her breathless. Slowly, he moved upward, his lips finally capturing hers.

At some point, without realizing it, her hands found their way around his neck, pulling him closer. She responded to his kiss, their movements growing in sync. Their tongues intertwined in a passionate dance,

one that he eventually dominated.

After what felt like an eternity, Ethan reluctantly pulled away, his dark eyes searching hers. He smiled softly and spoke in a gentle tone. "Lily... let's sleep."

Her eyes flew open, confused by his sudden retreat. As he pulled her into his arms, she blinked, her heart still racing.

"Why are we... not celebrating our wedding night?" she finally blurted, her voice a mix of shyness and curiosity.

A mischievous grin lit up Ethan's face. "Were you wondering why I stopped?"

Caught off guard, she nodded slightly, her face turning even redder as she avoided his gaze.

He tilted her chin up, ensuring their eyes met. "We'll celebrate our wedding night, Lily, but not tonight. We'll do it on the day you truly fall in love with me."

Her lips parted as she tried to protest. "But, Ethan-

He gently interrupted her, his voice sincere and tender. "What happened between us before was with your consent, but it was also under the influence of that drug. Now that we're married, I want this to happen. when it feels right-when you love

me, not out of obligation or circumstance. I'll wait for you, no matter how long it takes."

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emotions so selflessly. She wrapped her arms around his waist, resting her head against his chest.

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The soothing scent of mint and cinnamon surrounded her, calming her nerves. With a soft smile, she whispered. "Goodnight, Ethan."

"Goodnight, my love," he replied, pressing a tender kiss to her head before closing his eyes,

The following morning. Lily woke up to the gentle rays of sunlight streaming into the room. A smile graced her lips as memories of the night before filled her mind.

But her smile quickly faded when she looked around and realized Ethan wasn't there. Her brow furrowed in confusion. "Where could he have gone?"

A sweet aroma wafted into the room, causing Lily's stomach to rumble in protest. The enticing smell pulled her out of bed, and she hurriedly made her way to the bathroom to freshen up.

After getting ready, she followed the delightful scent to the kitchen. She stopped in her tracks when she saw Ethan, standing by the stove, expertly preparing breakfast.

Her initial reaction was to greet him, but she hesitated. Shouldn't she be the one cooking breakfast for her husband? Cooking had always been something she enjoyed, but the thought carried a bittersweet weight. Memories from her past life surfaced—those countless meals she had lovingly prepared for Ryan and his ungrateful family.

They hadn't deserved her care, her food, or her love. Now, standing here, she wanted to cook for someone who truly did. Ethan, her husband, who valued and cherished her. Yet, she couldn't bring herself to do it. The mere thought of being near a stove and the open flame sent an involuntary shiver down her spine.

Lost in her thoughts, she didn't notice Ethan turning around. When he saw her standing there in a daze, a soft smile spread across his face. He closed the distance between them and leaned in to plant a gentle kiss on her lips.

"Good morning." he murmured, his voice warm and affectionate.

Blinking, Lily snapped out of her trance. "Good morning, Ethan," she replied, a shy smile gracing her lips. She took the plates from his hands and began setting the dining table.

They sat down to eat, and Ethan served her breakfast. He noticed her staring at her plate, lost in thought again, and asked softly, "What's on your mind, love?"

She looked up at him, hesitation evident in her eyes. "Why didn't you wake me up? I mean... shouldn't I be the one cooking for us?" she asked, though her tone wasn't accusatory. In fact, she couldn't deny that his cooking was exceptional.

Ethan laughed lightly, his eyes crinkling with affection. "First of all, you looked so adorable while sleeping that I couldn't bear to disturb you. And secondly, I enjoy cooking for you. It makes me happy."

Her heart swelled at his words, and with a soft smile, she finally started eating.

After breakfast, they left the house, and Ethan picked up Mia on the way to the shooting location. As soon as they arrived, Mia stepped out of the car first, tactfully giving the couple a moment of privacy.

Inside the car. Ethan reached for Lily's hands, holding them tightly. An uneasy feeling gnawed at him. The memory of the banquet and everything that had transpired left him anxious. The thought of her facing any danger again was unbearable.

He leaned in, pressing a tender kiss to her cheek. "Take care of yourself." he said, his voice laced with

concern

Finished

Lily

nodded obediently, "Okay"

"And stay away from Rose," he added, placing a kiss on her other cheek.

"Okay" she replied, stifling a giggle.

"If that Ryan shows up to bother you, kick him where it hurts," he said in a mock-serious tone, kissing her

She burst into laughter, nodding. "Okay!"

Ethan continued his affectionate instructions, punctuating each one with a kiss, "If anyone tries to make things difficult for you, don't hesitate to give them a harder time. Remember, you have me, Sister Mia, and Parker to back you up." he said, planting a kiss on her forehead.

"Okay," she whispered, her cheeks flushing.

"And if you ever need anything, I'm just one call away." He finished his speech with a lingering kiss on her lips.

Lily blushed furiously, nodding as he pulled back. His thorough instructions and protective demeanor reminded her of a parent sending their child off to school for the first time,

Before he could continue, she leaned in and kissed him softly. "Take care, Mr. Ethan. Bye."

She opened the car door, ready to leave, but Ethan gently caught her arm. She turned back, eyebrows raised in question.

"Call me Ethan," he said with a smile. "I like hearing my name from your lips."

Her face turned a deeper shade of pink, and she gave a small nod before stepping out of the car.

Mia stood nearby, her expression teasing as she watched the exchange. Lily felt her cheeks heat up further, but she couldn't help the small smile that lingered on her face.

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On the set of *Shades of Love*, Director Young was filming an intimate scene featuring Rose and Leon. As Lily and Mia arrived, an assistant hurried over to them, holding a clipboard and speaking excitedly.

"Lily, today we're shooting one of your most crucial scenes. It's the moment where your character meets the male lead for the first time. The setting is a shopping mall, and during your visit, a fire breaks out. The male lead heroically rescues you..." The assistant went on, detailing the sequence and Lily's role in it.

However, Lily's focus drifted away after hearing one word—fire.

A fire scene?

She had completely forgotten about this part of the script. In her previous life, such a scene wouldn't have fazed her, but things were different now. The deep-rooted fear she carried would make this incredibly difficult.

The assistant eventually finished her briefing and walked away, leaving Lily visibly pale. Mia immediately noticed.

"Lily, are you okay? You don't look well," Mia said with concern.

Lily shook her head lightly. "I'm fine, Sister Mia... It's just..."

Mia pressed gently. "What is it? Are you uncomfortable with the scene?"

After a brief hesitation, Lily confessed, "Sister Mia, I have pyrophobia. I'm terrified of fire."

Mia's expression shifted to one of alarm. "Lily, should I speak to Director Young? Maybe we can adjust the scene or find an alternative. Your health is more important."

Before Mia could walk away, Lily grabbed her hand, stopping her. Taking a deep breath, she said with determination, "No, Sister Mia. I can do this. I have to."

"But Lily—

"I'm still new to this industry. If I start asking for changes now, people will say I'm difficult to work with or making excuses. You know how people talk, especially someone like Rose."

Mia hesitated, her brows furrowed with worry, but Lily continued.

"If I back out of this, it will just give people more ammunition against me. I can't let that happen. I need to face this."

Her voice, though soft, carried a resolute strength that left Mia speechless. She gave Lily's hand a reassuring squeeze and nodded.

"Alright, Lily. If you're sure... But if it becomes too much, promise me you'll speak up."

Lily offered a faint smile. "I promise, Sister Mia. I'll handle it."

As Mia stepped back, Lily closed her eyes briefly, steeling herself for what was ahead. Fear clawed at her chest, but she pushed it down. This wasn't just about acting-it was about proving her resilience in an industry where every misstep could cost her everything.

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only spark unnecessary gossip. Opportunists like Rose would undoubtedly seize the chance to tarnish Jer reputation.

"Are you absolutely sure about this? Mia asked softly.

Lily nodded firmly, her fists clenched as determination flickered in her eyes. It was time to face her fears

head-on.

"Lily..."

Both women turned at the sound of a familiar voice. Ryan stood a few feet away, his gaze fixed on Lily. Her mind flashed back to what Ethan had said in the car: When you see him, just kick him.

A faint smile tugged at her lips at the thought. Unfortunately, Ryan misread her expression, assuming she was smiling because of him. He smirked smugly.

Across the set, Rose, who was in the middle of a scene, caught sight of the interaction. Her focus shattered. and her expression turned venomous, How dare she smile at my Ryan!

"Cut!" Director Young's sharp voice echoed across the set. "Rose! Why are you glaring at the male lead like you want to strangle him? You're supposed to act shy and in love!"

Snapping out of her trance, Rose muttered an apology. "Sorry, Director Young

"Action!" Director Young barked, and the scene restarted. However, Rose's attention remained glued to Ryan and Lily. Her repeated mistakes began to frustrate the crew.

Nearby, Ryan spoke again, pulling Lily's attention back to him. The smile vanished from her face.

"Why are you smiling like that?" he asked.

Lily's voice turned cold. "And what does that have to do with you?"

Ryan frowned. "Are you still upset with me?"

She met his gaze squarely. "Are we so close that I should be upset with you?"

His brows knitted together at her dismissive tone, but he masked his irritation with

a smile and stepped closer, reaching out as if to grab her arm.

Lily swiftly stepped back, her voice sharp. "Mr. Ryan, I suggest you refrain from touching someone else in public. I'd rather not be labeled a 'slut' or a 'bitch' by someone for seducing her sister's boyfriend."

Ryan froze, clearly taken aback. "Lily, what are you saying?"

Her expression remained cold and resolute. "Let me make this simple, Ryan- we're done. I want to break up."

His smile faltered, and a dark shadow passed over his face. Inside his mind, a twisted thought brewed: Break up? Before I've even had a taste? No matter how far you run, Lily, you won't escape me. Even if I have Rose. I still want you,

Outwardly, he forced a gentle expression. "Lily, you have to believe me. There's nothing going on between

Rose and me."

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She rolled her eyes. "Ryan, this isn't the place for this conversation. Ehave a scene to prepare for. We'll talk

later.

Turning away, she tried to walk off, but Ryan grabbed her wrist.

Across the set, Rose froze mid-action. Director Young groaned in frustration, "Rose Again? What is going on with you? Are you feeling unwell?" "Director Young, can I take a five-minute break?" she asked hastily. Director Young waved her off, and Rose immediately rushed toward them. Meanwhile, Lily yanked her hand free from Ryan's grip. Taking out a tissue, she deliberately wiped her wrist in front of him, her expression one of utter disgust. Ryan's jaw tightened as he glared at her.

"Next time, keep your hands to yourself, Ryan. Don't you dare touch me again," she said icily.

"Lily, listen-

Before he could finish. Rose appeared, slipping her arm around Ryan's as if staking her claim.

"What are you two talking about?" she asked sweetly, though her eyes flickered with suspicion.

Ryan seized the opportunity. "Rose, explain to your sister that there's nothing going on between us. She's asking me to break up with her."

Lily raised an eyebrow and let out a small snort. "Asking? Ryan, who's asking? I'm informing you-we're done."

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Ryan stood frozen, speechless, while Lily's face lit up with joy. "Really?" she asked, her voice brimming with excitement. At last, she thought. Lily must have realized that this perfect, handsome man was meant for her and no one else.

"You seem thrilled." Lily remarked coolly, her words wiping the smile clean off Rose's face. Ryan's jaw tightened as he subtly pinched Rose's arm in irritation. This foolish woman keeps ruining my plan.

Catching his silent cue, Rose quickly adjusted her expression and gasped dramatically. "Elder Sister, what do you mean? Why? What happened? Why would you break up with Brother Ryan?"

Ryan chimed in with a wounded look. "Lily, you can't just throw away our one-year relationship like this."

Rose added hastily, her voice trembling with fake sincerity. "Elder Sister, I know you have your doubts about us, but we are truly innocent. Brother Ryan has always been so good to you. He's done so much for your sake, so why would you want to end things with him?"

Lily's lips curled into a mocking smile. "Why?" she said, her voice sharp. "Because he disgusts me. Is that reason enough for you, Miss Rose?"

Hearing that word-disgust, Rose's nails dug into her palm as anger streamed through her. Ryan, the man she

adored, the man who belonged to her, was being dismissed so carelessly.

"Elder Sister," Rose said through gritted teeth, forcing a sorrowful expression onto her face. "I know you're still upset with me, and I'm truly sorry. What can I do to earn your forgiveness?"

Lily scoffed, her eyes glinting with disdain. "Stay out of my sight and drop the pathetic act. I don't have time for the two of you." With that, she turned on her heel and walked away with Mia toward the changing room.

As Lily disappeared from view, Rose's fake sorrow morphed into an icy glare. Don't think you can just walk away unscathed, Lily. I'm only holding back because of Father's orders. Do you really think you deserve my apology?

She glanced sideways at Ryan, who was still staring in the direction Lily had gone. Jealousy flared in her chest. Gripping his arm tightly, she asked in a low voice, "Brother Ryan, why are you here?"

Ryan blinked, snapping back to reality. With a playful smile, he pinched her nose gently. "I came here for you. Aren't you happy to see me?"

Rose's eyes narrowed slightly. "Really? Then why were you talking to Lily?" Her voice wavered with suspicion. Every time Lily was around, Ryan's gaze seemed to follow her. And it infuriated her.

Ryan sighed, his face etched with disappointment. "Rose, are you doubting me now? After everything I've done for you? I didn't expect this from you. You know very well that staying close to Lily serves your goals,

not mine."

"Brother Ryan, I didn't mean- Rose started, guilt washing over her face.

But Ryan cut her off. "Forget it. I've done so much, and yet..." He began to pull his arm free from her grasp.

Panicking, Rose lunged forward and hugged him tightly. "I'm sorry, Brother Ryan! I didn't mean it. I love you, and I trust you. I'm just... so stressed."

Her voice trembled as she clung to him. "I would never doubt your love for me. Please believe me."

11/2

Finished

Ryan's lips curled into a smirk as he gently patted her head. His earlier frustration melted into satisfaction. Seeing this fierce and calculating woman reduced to a docile, obedient kitten by just a few carefully chosen words always amused him.

"Hmm," he murmured with a soft smile, planting a kiss on her forehead. Inwardly, however, he was smirking at how effortlessly he could manipulate her.

The game was still his to play

Ryan's thoughts turned dark as he watched Lily walk away. Is this how a woman should act? Bold, fearless.. like that fiery kitten, Lily? Disgust? She thinks I disgust her? I'll show her true disgust when she's helpless beneath me, begging for mercy.

Unaware of Ryan's vile musings, Rose was lost in her own dreamy world, convinced of Ryan's unwavering love for her.

The onlookers nearby couldn't hear their conversation, but they noticed Lily leaving with her manager while Ryan and Rose remained together. Their embrace caught many eyes-some admired them, calling them a perfect couple, while others couldn't hide their envy, wishing for such love in their own lives.

"Rose, your shot is ready," came the voice of Nathan, Rose's manager, breaking the moment between the couple.

Ryan leaned in and kissed Rose's forehead gently. "Go on, do your best. I'll be right here waiting for you."

Smiling brightly. Rose nodded and headed off to film her scene. The shot went smoothly, and the director quickly gave her an approving nod.

Meanwhile, Lily reappeared, fully dressed in her character's outfit. Director Young called her and her co-star Leon over for a briefing.

"Lily, this next scene is crucial," Director Young began seriously. "You'll be in a shopping mall when a fire breaks out. I need you to fully immerse yourself in the emotions-panic, fear, and desperation. Show me the raw terror of someone trapped in such a situation."

Turning to Leon, the director continued, "Leon, your character will also be in the mall. Just as you're about to escape, you'll hear Lily's cries for help. You'll rush back into the fire to save her. And in that moment, Lily's character will fall in love with yours."

Both actors nodded attentively.

"Don't worry," Director Young reassured them. "The fire will be controlled, and all safety measures are in place. Just focus on delivering your best performance."

"Understood," Leon and Lily replied in unison before moving to their respective marks.

Taking a deep breath, Lily closed her eyes for a moment, centering herself. This is it, she thought

Director Young scanned the set one last time, ensuring everything was in place. With a satisfied nod, he raised his hand and shouted. "Action!"

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Mia clasped her hands tightly, silently praying for Lily to summon the courage to tackle this scene and confront her deepest fears. She knew how much this moment meant to her.

As soon as the director shouted, "Action" Lily transformed herself into her character Stella, the troubled yet enigmatic character she was portraying

The scene was set in a bustling mall. Lily, acting as Stella, walked through the space with an air of detachment, picking up dresses here and there as though nothing could penetrate her calm. She finally selected one and stepped into the changing room, a prop built specifically for this sequence

Director Young gave a subtle nod to his assistant, signaling the start of the pivotal moment. Within seconds, a controlled fire was lit on set. The background actors sprang into action, screaming, panicking, and rushing toward the exits, creating a realistic atmosphere of chaos.

Inside the changing room, Lily froze. Her heart pounded violently as the sound of screams and shouts reached her ears. She tried to remind herself that this was all part of the scene, that the fire wasn't real. But her body betrayed her-it trembled uncontrollably.

Fire was her ultimate fear, a constant reminder of her past life. The mere sight of flames, no matter how small, pulled her back into that horrifying moment-the

moment she stood helpless in the middle of a raging inferno, her life slipping away as the flames consumed her.

it now, she was determined to

The trauma had lingered with her ever since she woke up in this new life. confront it. She clenched her fists tightly, forcing herself to breathe through the terror. I'm not that weak, defeated girl anymore, she thought. I'm a phoenix reborn from the ashes, ready to destroy anything that threatens me!

-She

repeated these affirmations in her mind, willing herself to believe them. This wasn't her past life-it was a film set. Nothing could hurt her here. Summoning every ounce of courage, she took a deep breath, straightened her posture, and opened the door. It was time to face her fear.

Outside, the crew waited anxiously. Director Young's brows furrowed in confusion as the seconds stretched into what felt like an eternity. "Why hasn't Lily come out yet?" he muttered to himself.

Among those watching were Rose and Ryan, their eyes fixed on the scene. Both shared the same thought: What's taking her so long?

Mia, on the other hand, was growing increasingly restless. She knew about Lily's fear of fire, and although her artist had insisted on not interfering with the scene, Mia couldn't help but worry. Lily's health and well-being were more important to her than anything else, and this moment felt like too much.

Just as Mia approached Director Young, intending to ask him to halt the scene, the door to the changing room suddenly swung open.

Our stepped Lily, fully embodying Stella. Her initial hesitation melted into an expression of sheer panic as she scanned her surroundings, searching desperately for an escape. Her voice trembled as she cried out, "Help! Somebody, please help me!"

But then something shifted in her mind. The familiar surroundings of the set blurred and twisted. The comforting presence of the crew faded away. In its place, she saw the dark, suffocating room from her past -the same room where she had died.

Her breaths quickened as terror gripped her. It no longer felt like acting; it felt real. She was back in that dreadful moment her body paralyzed by the memory of the flames. Tears welled up in her eyes as she

screamed, "Help! Please, someone save me! I can't die here again! No. I won't!"

Finished

Her voice grew hoarse as she cried out again and again, frantically searching for someone-anyone-who could save her. The sheer panic in her eyes was almost unbearable to watch.

Inside her mind, one thought kept repeating: Am I really going to die again?

Frantically, Lily darted around, searching for an exit,

but no matter where she turned, the flames seemed to

trap her. The fire blazed higher, encircling her, leaving no escape. Her voice cracked as she

screamed, "Help! Someone, please save me!"

The crew watched in stunned silence. Her performance was so gripping, so raw, that it felt almost too real. But what they couldn't see was the internal battle she was waging-an intense struggle to keep her fear from overtaking her.

Director Young, pleased with how the scene was unfolding, nodded enthusiastically and motioned to Leon, the actor playing the male lead, to jump into the flames.

Leon immediately stepped into character. With urgency etched on his face, he strode through the controlled fire toward Lily. Reaching her, he grabbed her hand firmly and delivered his line, "Miss, the fire is spreading. We need to get out of here!"

The touch of his hand startled Lily, snapping her out of her frozen state. She turned to him, her eyes wide with disbelief. "You... Who are you?" she asked, her voice trembling.

For a moment, Leon hesitated. This wasn't the scripted dialogue, but he quickly adapted, staying in character. Coughing slightly from the smoke, he replied, "Miss, there's no time for introductions. We have to leave now!" Without waiting for a

response, he swept her up into his arms and carried her out of the simulated flames.

"Cut!" Director Young's voice rang out across the set.

As the crew rushed to ensure everything was safe, Leon gently set Lily down. "Miss Lily, that was incredible," he said, admiration evident in his tone.

Director Young approached them, his face beaming with pride. "Lily, that was extraordinary! Your performance was flawless, and we captured the entire scene in one take. You truly are a treasure in this industry. And that extra line you added? It was perfect-added so much depth to the moment. Both of you did exceptionally well!"

While everyone celebrated the success of the shot, Mia couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong. She glanced at Lily, who stood motionless, her eyes distant as though she wasn't fully present. Concerned, Mia hurried to her side, gently taking her arm.

"Lily, are you okay?" she asked, handing her a bottle of water.

Lily didn't respond. She seemed trapped in her own mind, her gaze unfocused. Mia's worry deepened as she shook her shoulder lightly. "Lily!"

Finally, Lily blinked, her eyes darting around in confusion. She looked at Mia and then at the rest of the crew. Slowly, her head turned as if searching for something. "Where... where is the fire?" she whispered, her voice barely audible.

Mia cupped her face gently. "It's gone. Everything's fine now. Are you sure you're alright?"

Lily hesitated for a moment before whispering. "Sister Mia.. I want to go home."
Rebirth After Being Hetrayed by My Husband

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

Finished

"Wait here, I'll go speak with Director Young Mix said reassuringly, patting Lily gently on the shoulder before heading toward the director

Although Lily still had one final scene left to shoot, Mia informed Director Young that she wasn't feeling well. Without hesitation, the director granted them the rest of the day off

Mia returned quickly and guided Lily toward the dressing room to change out of her costume. Once inside, Lily quietly swapped her shooting clothes for her own, and Mia helped her remove her makeup. Holding Lily's hand firmly. Mia led her out of the set.

As they walked toward the exit, Lily's eyes caught sight of Rose and Ryan. Her expression darkened.

family, and she shot them a piercing, murderous glare. If Mia hadn't been holding onto her so tightly, Lily might have stormed over to confront them-or worse,

Noticing the searing intensity of Lily's stare, Rose visibly flinched. For a brief moment, a wave of unease and fear washed over her, making her avert her eyes. Deep inside, a strange pang of guilt arose in her heart. Why am I feeling this way? Guilty about what? she wondered, confused by the sensation.

Meanwhile, Mia had already arranged for a car to pick them up. It was waiting for them just outside the set. The entire ride to Lily's new home was spent in complete silence. Lily stared blankly out the window, lost in her thoughts, while Mia grew increasingly anxious beside her. She desperately wanted to say something comforting but found herself at a loss for words.

When they arrived at Lily's house, she stepped out of the car without a word, with Mia trailing behind her. Lily walked inside and headed straight for the bedroom. Concern etched on her face, Mia called after her. "Lily, let me get you some water," before hurrying off to the kitchen.

Returning with a glass of water, Mia saw that the bedroom door had been closed. She hesitated for a moment before knocking gently. "Lily?" she called softly.

No response.

She knocked again, louder this time. "Lily, can you hear me? Please open the door," Mia pleaded, her voice tinged with worry. Still, there was no reply.

A chill ran down her spine, and her heart began to race. Her mind filled with frightening possibilities as her voice quivered. She banged on the door harder, her panic evident now. "Lily, you're scaring me! Say something-anything!"

Desperation began to seep into her voice as tears pricked her eyes. "Please, Lily! Tell me what's wrong. Open

the door!"

But the silence was deafening.

Unable to take it any longer, Mia fumbled for her phone with trembling hands and immediately dialed Ethan, hoping he could help.

At Ethan Corporation

It was a bright morning, and Ethan's good mood was hard to miss. After dropping off his wife, he found himself smiling uncontrollably, something entirely out of character for the usually stoic man.

Ben, who was waiting at the building entrance, immediately noticed his boss approaching. He greeted him

with a recrveerful "Good morning Reyes"

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Finished

Ethan, in an unusually cheerful tone, responded, "Good morning, Ben" Then, as if noticing something new, he added. "You should start wearing red shirts more often-they suit you."

Ben froze mid-step, utterly bewildered. He stared at his boss, unable to believe what he had just heard. Is this really the same man I've worked with for eight years?

As they entered the company, the staff was equally stunned. Their typically cold, emotionless CEO was walking through the halls smiling. The sight was so shocking that most of them forgot to greet him as he passed

By the time they snapped out of their astonishment and prepared to greet him. Ethan Ethan had already disappeared into his office. Left behind, the employees exchanged curious glances, whispering amongst themselves

"What's going on? Why is the devil boss smiling today?"

"Did something big happen?"

Some of the younger female staff even squealed, swooning over how charming his smile was. Their chatter filled the office, but Ben could only shake his head with an amused smirk before following his boss.

Inside the CEO's office. Ethan suddenly paused and turned to Ben with a thoughtful expression. "Ben, buy some sweets and distribute them to everyone in the office," he instructed.

"Understood, Boss, Ben replied with a nod. After a brief hesitation, he added, "If they ask why... should I tell them it's because you got married?" Ethan's smile faltered slightly, and he waved his hand dismissively. "No-"

Before he could finish, a playful voice interrupted him. "And here I was wondering why my emotionless brother decided to leave the mansion so suddenly!"

Startled, Ethan turned to see his office chair spinning slowly. Sitting in it was his younger sister, Ivy, her arms crossed and her eyes narrowed at him accusingly. Ignoring her glare momentarily, Ethan turned back to Ben. "If anyone asks, just say it's because today's weather is nice," he said with a shrug.

Ben blinked in disbelief. The weather? Really? Is that even a reason to distribute sweets? But he didn't dare question his boss further. "No problem, Boss, he replied, quickly exiting the room.

Once they were alone, Ethan approached his sister and ruffled her hair affectionately. "When did you sneak in?" he asked with a smile..

Ivy pouted and slapped his hand away. "You got married, and you didn't even tell me?!"

"It all happened yesterday, and it was rushed," Ethan explained, trying to pacify her. Before she could press him for details, he added, "And I'm not telling you anything about her. It's a secret."

"Come on, Brother!" Ivy whined, trying her best to look cute. She even gave him her signature puppy-dog

eyes.

Ethan sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. His sister always knew how to win him over. "Alright, on one

condition..."

"Deal!" Ivy chirped, practically bouncing in excitement. She knew her brother couldn't resist her charm

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"You can't meet her, and you absolutely cannot tell anyone about this—not even our parents, Ethan warned

firmly.

Ivy nodded eagerly. "I promise I won't tell Mom or Dad anything!" she said with a bright smile. But who says I can't meet my sister-in-law? she thought mischievously.

Seeing the mischievous glint in her eyes, Ethan narrowed his gaze. "On second thought, never mind. I take it back. I'm not telling you anything"

"No, no, no!" Ivy protested, grabbing his arm. "Trust me, I won't meet her. Please, Brother, just tell me who she is!"

"Are you sure?" Ethan asked skeptically,

"Of course!" Ivy replied, putting on her most sincere expression. "I promise I won't meet her." At least not today...

After a long pause, Ethan sighed. "Fine. I'll trust you this once, Ivy. Don't make me regret it."

Ivy grinned victoriously. Hehe, Brother, if I want to meet my sister-in-law, not even you can stop me!

528

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

Finished

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Finished

Ethan's face lit up with a smile as he thought about her. Her name is Lily," he said softly, recalling the gentle kiss she'd left on his cheek. He already missed her presence.

"Lily..... That name rings a bell. Where have I heard it before?" Ivy mused aloud, tapping her chin thoughtfully. Suddenly, her eyes widened in recognition. "Wait, isn't that the name of the new actress from the movie Shades of Love? Is it her?"

Ethan nodded, confirming her guess. "Hmm.. It's her." Ivy's excitement bubbled over as she clasped her hands together. "Oh my gosh,

she's stunning! I saw her performance in a video recently. She's so talented. And now, she's my sister-in-law! she gushed. Then, her tone turned playful. "I

wonder what her favorite food is. When I meet her, I should cook something special for her.

Lost in her admiration for Lily, Ivy began planning out an elaborate welcome, completely forgetting about her brother standing beside her. However, her

enthusiastic monologue was abruptly cut off by Ethan's calm, yet firm voice. "Did you forget your promise?" he asked, his words snapping her back to reality. Caught red-handed, Ivy laughed nervously. "Of course not, brother! I was just preparing in advance so that when I finally meet her, everything will be perfect!" Changing the subject quickly, Ivy grabbed Ethan's arm with wide, curious eyes. "Forget about all that. Tell me-how did you two meet? How did you fall in love?

What's your love story?" she asked eagerly. Ethan chuckled softly and flicked her forehead in a teasing manner. Seeing her

genuine excitement, he decided to share their story, carefully leaving out the part where Lily had initially misunderstood him as

gay. His younger sister didn't need to know that detail.

When he finished recounting their journey, Ivy's face lit up with joy. "That's so sweet!" she exclaimed. Then, her expression darkened slightly. "But I can't stand her family. How could they treat her so terribly? It's disgusting!"

With a determined smile, she patted Ethan's shoulder. "Don't worry, brother. I believe she'll fall in love with you soon enough. You're perfect for her."

Ethan nodded, a hopeful smile playing on his lips. "I know... I'm waiting for that day."

Ivy tilted her head thoughtfully. "You know, brother, maybe she already loves you but hasn't realized it yet. After everything she's been through, it might just take time."

"Hmm," Ethan agreed, his jaw tightening. He vowed silently to be Lily's

unwavering support as she sought justice against her family. He would stand by her through every step of her revenge.

After a moment of contemplation, Ivy hesitated before bringing up another matter.

"Brother," she began cautiously, "now that you're married... What about that other thing?"

Ethan's expression shifted, his brows furrowing in thought. The "thing" she referred to had once been nothing more than a business arrangement to him. But everything had changed the moment he met Lily. She was his priority now-his everything.

"Lily is my wife." he said firmly, his voice resolute. "I'll spend the rest of my life with

her. As for that... We'll

cancel it. It doesn't matter

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With those words, his decision was made. Nothing else mattered but his future with Lily

Ivy nodded with a gentle smile, her heart warming at the sight of her usually cold and aloof brother expressing such tenderness. She didn't know how things would unfold for him, but one thing was certain- she would always stand by his side and support him.

After spending some time chatting. Ivy left, leaving Ethan to his thoughts. It was nearing afternoon when a sudden memory struck him. Picking up his phone, he quickly dialed a number.

After two rings, a lazy, teasing voice answered on the other end. "Wow, you finally remembered me. Took you long enough"

"I need your help. James, Ethan said without preamble, his tone firm and

focused. He knew there was only one person who could assist him in this matter- James, the youngest heir of the Tang family, one of the most influential families in the country.

James chuckled lightly. "You? Asking for help? Is the world ending or something?" Ethan sighed, unimpressed by his friend's theatrics. "Stop fooling around, James. I'm serious."

"Fine, fine. What do you need?" James asked, his tone shifting to one of curiosity.

"I need you to gather some information. This is your area of expertise," Ethan explained.

James's voice laced with amusement. "Consider it done. Just send me the details, and I'll have what you need by evening. By the way, who's the person you're looking into?"

There was a pause before Ethan replied softly, "My wife."

The silence on the other end was palpable. James was stunned into momentary speechlessness.

"What...?" James finally managed to say, his voice tinged with disbelief. Before he could question further. Ethan ended the call, leaving his friend to process the unexpected revelation.

James stared at his phone, dumbfounded. His best friend was married? When had this happened? No wedding invitation, no announcement-nothing. I was only gone for two months, and the whole world turned upside down, he thought.

Shaking off his shock, James offered a silent blessing for his friend and got to work on the task Ethan had requested.

The rest of Ethan's afternoon was consumed by work until his phone buzzed with an incoming call. Seeing Mia's name on the screen, he quickly answered.

"Hello, Sister Mia," he greeted, but her panicked voice on the other end froze him in place.

"C-Ethan... It's Lily. Please come home immediately! She's locked herself in her room and won't open door."

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The blood drained from Ethan's face. "What?!" he shouted, jumping to his feet.

"What happened? What's wrong?" His voice was laced with urgency as he grabbed his coat and dashed out of his office.

Mia tried to explain, but her words were rushed and frantic, heightening Ethan's anxiety. His employees stared in confusion as their usually composed boss stormed past them, his expression a mix of fear and determination. Ben hurried after him, trying to keep up.

"Boss, what's going on?" Ben asked breathlessly.

3.24

Sul, 8 Mar

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

hapter 78

Finished

When Ethan arrived at his apartment, he rushed inside, his heart pounding. He found Mia anxiously knocking on the bedroom door, repeatedly calling out Lily's name. Her face lit up with relief as soon as she saw him.

"Ethan, thank goodness you're here," Mia said, stepping aside. "Lily she won't open the door. I've been trying for so long"

Ethan nodded quickly, barely pausing to listen. "Let me handle it," he said, his breath coming in short gasps as he approached the door. He knocked gently. "Lily, it's me. Please, open the door, love."

Silence.

He tried again, softening his tone further. "Lily, baby... please open the door for me."

Still, there was no response. The eerie quiet on the other side of the door filled Ethan with a sense of dread. His chest tightened, and his mind raced. The longer the silence dragged on, the more suffocating his worry

became.

"Lily!" he called, his voice trembling with urgency. "Please, open the door!"

Mia, observing the scene, suggested hesitantly, "Ethan, do you have a spare key?"

Ethan blinked, mentally chastising himself for not thinking of it sooner. "A spare key... Yes!" he muttered, rushing to a nearby bookshelf. He grabbed the spare key, his hands trembling slightly as he fumbled to unlock the door.

When the door swung open, Ethan froze. The room was pitch dark, the curtains drawn tightly shut, -blocking out any sunlight. He quickly flipped on the light switch, his eyes scanning the room. His gaze

landed on Lily sitting on the floor beside the bed. She was curled up tightly, her knees hugged to her chest, and her face buried in her lap.

Relief washed over him when he saw that she was physically unharmed. He exhaled shakily, the weight on his chest easing just a little. "Sister Mia," he said softly, turning to her, "I'd like to talk to her alone."

Understanding the sensitivity of the situation, Mia gave him a reassuring nod. "Of course," she replied, stepping out of the room and closing the door behind her to give them privacy.

Ethan offered a faint smile of gratitude before turning his full attention back to Lily. He approached her carefully, lowering himself to the floor to sit in front of her. "Lily," he called gently, his voice tender.

She didn't respond, her small frame trembling slightly. Ethan moved closer, his heart aching at the sight. Reaching out, he lightly placed a hand on her head, his fingers brushing through her hair. "Lily, it's me," he whispered.

At his touch, Lily startled, jerking her head up in alarm. When her tear-filled eyes met his, Ethan felt a sharp pang in his chest. Her face was streaked with tears, her eyes red and swollen, and an unmistakable fear lingered in her expression.

Blinking rapidly. Lily finally recognized him. "Ethan..." she stammered, her voice shaky and broken. In an instant, she launched herself into his arms, clinging to him like he was her lifeline.

The sudden movement nearly sent Ethan toppling backward, but he caught himself, bracing one hand against the bed for support while his other arm wrapped securely around her waist. He held her tightly, his

Heart breaking at the sight of her so vulnerable and afraid Chapter 78

"It's okay," he murmured, his voice steady despite the turmoil he felt inside. "I'm here now, Lily. I've got

you"

Adjusting her gently on his lap to ensure they wouldn't topple over, Ethan softly patted her head. His voice was filled with worry as he asked. "Lily what's wrong, sweetheart? You frightened me so much. If you're afraid of for your could have told them to cancel the scene. No one would have blamed you. Are you okay

Her body trembled as she clung tighter to him, burying her face in his chest. Shaking her head, her voice came out broken and fearful. "N-No. I-I know you don't understand. They'll kill me again.

His heart sank at her words, confusion clouding his mind. Kill her again? Who? Why?

"I-I don't want to go back there the fire that huge fire. No, I can't go back. They'll kill me again. I-I don't want to die.. Her voice cracked as she sobbed uncontrollably.

Ethan's mind raced as he tried to piece together what she was saying, Who were "they" What had happened to her? Keeping his voice steady, he gently stroked her back. "Lily, who are they? Who is trying to hurt you?"

"They are horrible. I-I loved them, but they killed me," she whimpered, her grip tightening around him. "They didn't care about me... I was nothing but a tool to them. They controlled me like a puppet, made me work like a slave...."

Her pain was palpable, and Ethan's chest tightened with every word she spoke. "I gave them everything. I trusted them blindly, without question. But what did I do wrong? Why did they kill me? Why did they burn me alive? Ethan. am I so unlovable?"

"No, Lily! Don't ever think that," Ethan interrupted firmly, his voice filled with emotion. "You are not unlovable. If you were, I wouldn't have fallen in love with you. You mean everything to me. I swear to you, no one will ever hurt you again. You'll always be by my side."

Her tear-filled eyes lifted to meet his, filled with doubt and pain. "Really?" she whispered, her voice fragile, like a child seeking reassurance.

Ethan's heart ached as he nodded earnestly. Her eyes reflected years of loneliness, fear, and betrayal, and he wished he could take all of it away. "Promise me," she pleaded, her voice trembling. "Promise me you'll never use me, never betray me... promise me you won't leave me like they did..."

Ethan cupped her face gently, his thumbs wiping away her tears. Leaning in, he kissed her forehead tenderly. "I promise, Lily. I'll always love you. I'll never leave you. I will never betray you, and I promise to spend the rest of my life by your side."

A small, fragile smile broke through her tears, and she rested her head against his chest. Ethan held her close, stroking her back as she let out all the anguish she had been carrying in her heart. For nearly an hour, he stayed in that position, letting her cry until exhaustion overtook her.

When her breathing steadied, Ethan glanced down to find that she had fallen asleep in his arms. Gently, he carried her to the bed and laid her down. Carefully, he wiped away the remaining tears from her cheeks and leaned in to place another kiss on her forehead.

Though her words had been fragmented and filled with pain, Ethan understood one thing clearly: her fear of fire was deeply tied to the cruel Li family. Clenching his fists, he resolved to uncover the truth about what they had done to her.

Sat, 8 Mar

Finished

As he adjusted the duvet to ensure she was warm and comfortable, his eyes lingered on her peaceful yet vulnerable face. With one final glance, he left the room.

Outside. Mia paced anxiously. The guilt gnawed at her-she shouldn't have agreed to Lily's insistence. She should have spoken to Director Young and insisted on canceling that scene. This was all her fault. The haunting image of Lily sitting alone in the darkness kept replaying in her mind, intensifying her regret.

Suddenly. Ethan's calm but firm voice interrupted her thoughts. "It's not your fault, Sister Mia..

528

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

Finished

As soon as Mia saw Ethan, she hurried toward him, her face filled with worry. "Ethan, how is Lily? Is she alright?" she asked anxiously

"She's fine, Sister Mia, Ethan reassured her with a calm tone. "She's resting now."

Mia exhaled deeply in relief. 1... I shouldn't have

"Sister Mia, as I did before, it's not your fault, Ethan interrupted gently. If anything, I should thank you for taking such good care of her."

Mia smiled softly. "I see Lily as my little sister, Ethan. You don't need to worry. I'll always look after her when you're not around."

After ensuring everything was under control, Mia left, her heart at ease.

When Lily finally woke up, she rubbed her temples, her mind replaying fragments of earlier events. She

embarked crying in Ethan's arms and muttering something about the fire and the Miller family. Thirsty,

she reached for the glass of water on the bedside table and drank it quickly.

Her gaze shifted to the clock, and she realized it was nearly dinner time. A question sprang to her mind: where was Ethan?

"Ethan?" she called out, her voice hoarse from sleep..

When there was no reply, she threw off the duvet and got out of bed. "Ethan?" she called again, stepping into the hallway.

As she approached the living room, she stopped abruptly. The entire space was shrouded in darkness. Was Ethan not home?

Suddenly, a bright spotlight turned on, and she instinctively shielded her eyes from the sudden glare. Soft guitar music began to fill the room, easing the shock. Slowly lowering her hand, Lily took in the breathtaking sight before her.

The living room was transformed into a romantic haven. Candles flickered softly, their warm glow blending with the delicate fragrance of white lilies. Red, heart-shaped balloons dotted the floor, filling every corner with an air of sweet affection.

Seated in the center of it all was Ethan, holding a guitar, his fingers skillfully strumming the strings. He began to sing a familiar melody, his deep voice carrying heartfelt lyrics:

"Time stopped the moment I saw you....

Without any limits,

My heart has only loved you....

In every prayer of mine,

I have only wished for you..."

Lily froze, captivated by the moment. She had no idea Ethan could sing, let alone play the guitar so beautifully.

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"Why is love just a couple of moments long?

For this kind of love, even eternity isn't enough.....

In my eyes and in my dreams.

You

the

only one I see.....

Finished

In my thoughts and my memories,

You are the only one I think about..."

As the song continued, she felt her heart tighten. Her hands clenched

momentarily before she consciously released them, overwhelmed by the raw emotion in his voice.

"My heartbeat is asking you,

Will you ever love me?

Why is my love for you so deep?

What else can I give you but my entire life?

You have enchanted me to the point,

That I've lost my world and my mind..."

The melody resonated deeply within her, touching places in her heart she thought were long buried. Ethan's heartfelt performance left her speechless, his words echoing in her soul.

"My soul is asking you,

Will you ever love me too?

As the last note lingered in the air, Ethan's eyes locked with hers, brimming with sincerity. Lily stood there, her emotions a whirlwind. For the first time, she realized just how deeply Ethan cared for her.

This was her song. She had written it long ago, pouring her heart into the lyrics. Back then, she had gifted it to Riley, who had performed it and gained fame. Lily remembered writing the song for Ryan, the man she had once fallen in love with at first sight.

But after being reborn, this song became the one she despised the most. It reminded her of betrayal, loss, and heartbreak. Now, hearing Ethan sing it for her, something shifted within her. The melody felt different, the words felt alive-special again, as if the song had finally found its rightful place.

Tears welled up in her eyes, rolling down her cheeks before she could stop them. Ethan, noticing her tears, quickly leaned forward and gently wiped them away, a puzzled expression on his face.

"Was my singing that bad? Did it hurt your ears?" he asked, scratching his head and frowning slightly. "I thought I was good at this... No one's ever complained before."

Lily couldn't help but laugh at his earnest confusion. Without a word, she wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed her lips to his in an impulsive kiss. Ethan froze for a moment, caught off guard, but soon recovered, responding with equal passion.

When they finally broke apart, both were breathless. Lily looked into his eyes and smiled softly. Thank you.

Ethan," she said, her voice filled with emotion. "You've made this song special for me again."

Ethan tilted his head, a flicker of curiosity in his gaze. "Special again? What do you mean?"

She hesitated for a moment, then asked. "Do you know who originally sang this song?"

Finished

Ethan shrugged. "Some singer... Riley, right? Honestly, I'm not a fan of her voice, but the lyrics-those are beautiful."

Lily laughed lightly at his bluntness. "You know why that is?" she teased.

Ethan raised an eyebrow. "Why?"

"Because I wrote those lyrics, she revealed with a proud smile. "In fact, I wrote all of Riley's songs."

Ethan stared at her in disbelief, his eyes wide with amazement. "You're a songwriter too?" he asked, his admiration evident. "Is there anything my wife can't do?"

Lily playfully pouted. "Well, I can't sing, but my husband clearly can-and really well."

"Of course!" Ethan said, puffing out his chest with mock pride. "Your husband is the best at everything!"

Grinning, he took her hand and led her to a small table set up nearby. Lily gasped in surprise. The table was elegantly decorated with glowing candles, fresh roses, and all her favorite dishes.

She sat across from him, her heart swelling with gratitude and love. "Ethan, this is beautiful," she said softly, her eyes glistening.

Her husband smiled warmly, watching her reaction with satisfaction. At that moment, all the pain, fear, and hurt that had once consumed her seemed to melt away. His thoughtful gestures, his unwavering love-it was enough to make her feel cherished and whole again.

Lily knew one thing for sure: her husband truly was the best.

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Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

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

Rebirth After Being Betrayed by My Husband

Finished

Standing at the entrance of Miller Corporation, Lily's eyes lingered on the towering structure that once symbolized her ambition. This building had been her

masterpiece, a dream painstakingly crafted, only to be unjustly taken from her. Now, it was time to reclaim it-step by step, on her terms.

Her thoughts drifted to the phone call she'd received from her so-called father, Morgan. His voice was overly sweet, like honey masking poison. First came his apology for Rose's behavior during their last encounter, delivered with a facade of sincerity. Then, almost predictably, he segued into his true motive. requesting her assistance on a new project.

At first, Lily had considered outright rejection. But then a better plan formed in her mind. With Ethan already at his office after their warm morning together and Sister Mia taking a day off to recover from her emotional turmoil the previous day, she found herself free of obligations.

"Why not pay Miller Corporation a visit?" she thought, a sly smile tugging at her lips. "Let's see what kind of trouble I can stir up."

With renewed determination, she entered the building. Her heels clicked confidently against the polished marble floor as she walked, completely ignoring the whispers and curious stares of the employees she passed. She made her way to the elevator, pressing the button for Taylor's floor without hesitation.

When she reached Taylor's office, she gave a cursory knock on the door before immediately pushing it

open.

"Come in-"Taylor began, only to stop mid-sentence when he saw her walk in without waiting for his invitation. His brow furrowed in mild annoyance. "Why bother knocking if you're just going to barge in?"

Lily shrugged, meeting his gaze with a casual smirk. "I knocked. You were just too slow to respond."

Taylor sighed, his lips twitching as if to suppress a laugh. "Elder sister, please, have a seat."

Rolling her eyes, she dropped into the chair opposite him. "As if I needed your permission," she said, her tone dripping with sarcasm.

Taylor chose to let her remark slide, leaning back in his chair with a relaxed smile. "How have you been, Elder Sister? Is that self-absorbed Rose still giving you

trouble on set? Oh, and congratulations on your marriage. How's Ethan treating you?"

His casual mention of her personal life made Lily's jaw tighten. Her fingers curled into fists beneath the table as her sharp gaze locked onto him. "How do you know all this?"

She saw no reason to dance around the subject. Directness, she decided, was the best approach.

Taylor's smirk widened, as though he had been waiting for this reaction. "I'm impressed," he said, leaning forward slightly. "I thought you'd try to deny it or play dumb with some cliché lines like, 'I don't know what you're talking about.'"

Lily crossed her arms, her expression unyielding. "Enough games. Speak plainly. How do you know all this?"

Leaning back. Taylor chuckled, clearly amused by her confrontational tone. "Elder Sister, I've always kept tabs on you," he admitted, his tone light but confident. "I know everything-how you met Mia, your little stunt at the Marvellous Universe office, that chandelier incident at my success party, your audition and even your marriage to Ethan."

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Taylor had been watching her every move. The question was, why?

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Leaning forward slightly, her voice was calm but steely. "And what exactly are you planning to do with all this information?"

Taylor's smirk deepened, but he remained silent, savoring the moment as though he had all the time in the world. His silence only fueled her determination to uncover his motives and stay one step ahead.

As Taylor recounted the events of her life in meticulous detail, Lily felt an icy chill run down her spine. The man before her wasn't just clever he was dangerous. He seemed to know everything about her every move, her plans, and her secrets. She couldn't help but wonder if Taylor was aware of all her actions, why hadn't he said

anything? He could have exposed her to Morgan at any moment, derailing her quest for revenge. Yet, he remained silent. Why? What was he waiting for?

Even so, she told herself it didn't matter. If he chose to reveal her secrets now, she would still find a way to achieve her revenge. But his silence, his calculated demeanor, made her uneasy.

Lily's prolonged silence seemed to amuse Taylor. With a chuckle, he broke the tension. "Are you scared?"

She lifted her head and laughed, her tone sharp. "Scared? What should I be scared of? It was you and your family who destroyed my life, not the other way around."

Meeting his p gaze, she asked pointedly, "If you know so much, Taylor, why haven't you exposed me yet? What are you waiting for?"

Taylor leaned back in his chair, clapping his hands in mock applause. "Elder Sister, I must say, I'm impressed. You've come a long way. Back then, you were naïve-so incredibly stupid. Thankfully, it seems your brain has finally started working properly."

Lily's jaw tightened. She clenched her fists but said nothing, her eyes flashing with annoyance. Had he forgotten that the very position he occupied was built on her sweat and tears?

Seeing her expression, Taylor smirked. "Don't look at me like that, Elder Sister. I know this company is the result of your hard work, but who told you to be so gullible back then?"

Before she could retort, he added with a casual shrug, "Anyway, now that you have Ethan as your support system, I can finally relax. Do you know how exhausting it's been, protecting you from the shadows?"

His words caught her off guard. Protecting me? Lily's eyebrows shot up as she sneered. "Protecting me? Don't flatter yourself, Taylor. How much of a hypocrite can you be? You and your despicable family ruined my life. If using me as a pawn or a slave is your idea of protection, then your definition of 'help' is twisted." Taylor stood, his demeanor calm, and walked to a shelf. He retrieved a file and placed it on the table in front of her. "Believe it or not, Elder Sister, I've saved you countless times-especially from Rose's schemes. That banquet wasn't the first time she tried to drug you and destroy your reputation. I stopped her more times than you realize."

Lily's eyes narrowed in suspicion as she stared at the file.

He continued, "I even tried to warn you, in subtle ways. I left hints, hoping you'd pick up on the truth about our family. But you ignored every single one of them. No matter how hard I tried to open your eyes, you never saw the bigger picture." Her heart skipped a beat. What? Was this true?

Sat, 8 Mor

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"You're lying," she said, her voice shaky but defiant. "Why would you help me? You're Morgan's son, Rose's twin, and the heir to this company. Why would you, of all people, help someone like me-an outsider?"

Taylor's smirk softened, but his eyes remained unreadable. "Outsider or not, you've always been a part of this family, whether you like it or not. My reasons are my own, but trust me, Elder Sister, everything I've done was to protect you in ways you didn't see-or chose not to"

Lily stared at him, her mind racing. Was he being honest? Or was this just another layer of manipulation in the intricate web of lies spun by the Miler family?

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