

Chapter 6

While Sophie was lost in thought, Helen sent her another message, along with a photo of Luke's profile.

"Sophie, I've won again. I only cried a little, and Mr. Shaw immediately left you to come to me. It shows how much he's looking forward to our child..."

In the photo, Luke's expression was tense, clearly portraying the image of a caring father.

Sophie's nails dug deeply into her palms. It took her a long time to calm down before replying.

"So why did you choose to be a mistress and destroy someone else's marriage? Haven't I helped you enough? Where is your dignity and self-respect?"

Helen quickly responded, her tone dripping with malice.

"Because I can't stand your condescending attitude, like you're doing me a favor. You're only proud because you have a good husband. So I decided to take him away!"

"Oh, by the way, I forgot to tell you. Luke's father isn't sick at all. They just used that as an excuse to get you out of the way so they could have this child! Blame your own useless womb for not giving them a child they could be satisfied with. Now you're the one suffering!"

Earlier, seeing Luke's mother's guilty expression, Sophie had already suspected as much.

So the illness was a lie. What they truly wanted was a grandson.

But Sophie never expected her story with Helen to turn out to be like The Farmer and the Snake.

Sophie had supported Helen for years, helping her leave the rural areas and secure a special position at the company, even though it didn't align with her qualifications.

Because of their long-standing relationship, Sophie had trusted her completely and even assigned her to work closely with Luke.

She had once joked with Helen, asking her to keep an eye on Luke and make sure he didn't drink too much.

Who would have thought that despite all precautions, betrayal would come from within?

In the end, the ones who hurt her most were the two people she trusted the most.

Sophie didn't bother responding to Helen. Arguing with someone with such twisted morals would be pointless.

Instead, she quickly recorded the messages before Helen had a chance to delete them.

That night, Luke didn't return home. He only sent her a message.

"Sophie, Helen's condition is still unstable, and my mom is scared to be alone, so I'll stay here tonight. Let's talk tomorrow at the office, okay?"

"My mom had been impulsive earlier. Please don't take it to heart. I'll apologize on her behalf. No matter what happens, I'll always only love you."

Looking at Luke's supposed heartfelt confession, Sophie felt nothing but indifference.

She intentionally opened Helen's social media and, unsurprisingly, saw a new post.

The angles of the photos were carefully chosen.

Luke was sitting on the couch watching TV. His mother, Linda, was peeling fruit nearby. Even the supposedly "gravely ill" Luke's father, Charles, was present. They looked like a harmonious and happy family.

Sophie sneered. Luke's pathetic excuses were truly hilarious.

Still, she suppressed her disgust and replied, "Okay."

She indeed planned to return to the office tomorrow to retrieve the design drafts she had worked on.

Once she took those abroad, Prof. Brown could review them immediately, saving her a lot of time.

Luke, seeing her willingness to reply, was overjoyed. He thought she had finally come to terms with the situation.

He quickly sent another message.

"Thank you, Sophie, for understanding. You truly are the kindest and most thoughtful woman in the world. Don't worry. Once her child is born and I've fulfilled my promise to my parents, we can return to the carefree life we had before."

Sophie read his words coldly, her heart burning with hatred.

Just as she was about to spiral into a black hole of despair, a line from a TV show she had recently watched came to mind.

"If you find yourself in a dead-end alley, turn around promptly. Don't waste your life regretting what's too late to change."

Her gaze cleared instantly. Instead of entangling herself with worthless people and situations, it was better to start her new life as soon as possible.

As long as she left tomorrow without incident, everything would be over.

With that thought, she finally slept soundly for the first time in a long while.