

The Wife He Forgot to Marry (Winona and Yule)

Chapter 1

“I’m sorry, ma’am, but we can’t create a file for your prenatal care with the information you’ve provided.”

“Why not?”

“Because your husband has already registered with another woman at our hospital. Perhaps you should double-check that the marriage license and your husband's ID information are correct.”

Winona Jowett had come to the hospital for her first prenatal check-up, full of joy, only to have a bucket of ice water thrown over her.

“How is that possible? My husband and I have been married for five years, and we have a wonderful relationship. Are you sure your hospital hasn't made a mistake?”

The nurse looked at her with a complicated, hesitant expression. “There’s no mistake. The information from the ID and marriage license you provided is already in our system. Half a month ago, he and the wife on his license came in to register for prenatal care.”

A terrible premonition washed over Winona, and the world began to spin. She steadied herself, still clinging to the belief that the hospital had made a mistake. Yulen Locke loved her so fiercely; she couldn't believe he would ever betray her.

After trying to conceive for three years, enduring countless painful injections, she was finally pregnant. Yulen had been on a business trip for two weeks and wasn't back yet. She had kept the good news to herself, wanting to surprise him.

She never imagined a routine check-up would lead to such a bizarre mix-up. Yes, it had to be a mix-up, she told herself again.

In a daze, Winona stepped out of the elevator, planning to go to the marriage registry to confirm if there was an issue with her license. Suddenly, two familiar figures walked toward her. She instinctively ducked behind a pillar, watching as her husband, Yulen, wrapped his arm gently around a young woman’s waist, his hand caressing her belly.

When she saw the woman’s face, Winona’s eyes burned with rage. It was Tallulah Shipley, the twenty-year-old daughter of Yulen’s business partner, a full decade younger than him.

Tallulah slipped her arms around his neck and asked in a sugary voice, “Darling, do you think our baby will look more like you or me?”

Yulen’s voice was full of affection. “Like you, of course. You're much more lovable.”

The pair walked right past Winona, completely oblivious.

Winona clenched her fists, her nails digging into her palms, but she felt no pain. She had never imagined Yulen could betray her. The man who called her every night for the past two weeks, telling her how much he missed her, had been with another woman all along. And she had foolishly believed him, enduring so many injections just to have their child. It was all so absurd, so laughable.

She followed them, watching her husband and his mistress finish their own prenatal appointment before leaving the hospital and getting into a car. She hailed a taxi and followed.

Yulen and Tallulah entered a private room at an exclusive club. Standing outside, Winona could hear the sounds of laughter and chatter from within. One of Yulen's best friends was speaking.

“Yulen, you two are unbelievable. You can’t seem to spend a second apart, and the rest of us are getting jealous!”

“Seriously, Yulen, you’ve got it all,” another friend chimed in. “A wife like Winona holding things down at home and someone as fun and exciting as Tallulah by your side. You’re living the dream, and we’re all envious!”

Tallulah blushed at the teasing and hid her face in Yulen’s embrace. Yulen held her close and shot a lazy glance at his friends. “Alright, that’s enough. Tallulah’s too shy for your jokes.”

A year ago, he had gotten drunk at a party and slept with Tallulah. She'd had a crush on him for three years and insisted on being with him, so they'd maintained a murky relationship ever since. Two weeks ago, she found out she was pregnant. To ensure the child wouldn't be illegitimate, he had married her. As for Winona, their marriage license had always been a fake.

Because she couldn’t have children, Yulen knew she would never win over either his mother or the company’s board, and in their eyes, she would never truly count as Mrs. Locke. A man of his stature couldn't afford to be without an heir to the family business. And Winona was stubborn. Without the sham of a marriage, he never would have been able to keep her. He was just glad that after five years, she had never suspected a thing.

Standing at the door, Winona felt her heart being crushed, the pain tearing her apart. So, Yulen’s friends all knew about his relationship with Tallulah. They were even on familiar

terms with her. It was clear he brought Tallulah out with him often. She had been the only one kept in the dark.

Inside, the group started playing a game, and Tallulah lost. “Since you lost, you have to do the dare!” one of Yulen’s friends shouted. “A French kiss with any guy in the room!”

Through the crack in the door, Winona saw Tallulah look shyly at Yulen. Then, he pulled her into his arms and pressed his lips to hers. They kissed passionately, lost in each other.

It felt as though something inside Winona had split wide open, leaving her in raw, breathless pain.