

# The Wife He Forgot to Marry (Winona and Yule)

## Chapter 7

But he quickly dismissed the thought. Their prenuptial check-up had shown that Winona's chances of getting pregnant were less than one percent, which was why he had opted for a sham marriage certificate in the first place.

Still, the thought of her going to the hospital alone, hiding it from him so he wouldn't worry, while he was here with Tallulah, stirred a pang of sympathy in his heart.

He turned to Tallulah. "I'm going home to be with Winona on Saturday. If you don't want to stay here alone, you can go to the main house. My mother would be happy to have you."

His mother, Willow, had been ecstatic since learning Tallulah was pregnant with his child. She had finally stopped nagging him about finding a woman to bear him an heir.

Tallulah wasn't happy about it, but she knew that while Yulen doted on her, his heart still held a place for Winona. She couldn't show any open hostility toward Winona, or she risked alienating him.

She said sweetly, "I'll do whatever you say. But I'll miss you so much. Can I come home with you?"

Yulen frowned. In the past, when his relationship with Tallulah was just a fling, he'd occasionally bring her home without any issue, knowing she wouldn't dare let anything slip. But things were different now. Since their marriage, she had grown bolder and more possessive, and he worried her behavior would make Winona suspicious.

Tallulah, sensing his hesitation, quickly reassured him. "I promise, I won't let Winona find out about us. She never suspected anything before when I stayed over, did she?"

Worn down by her pleading, Yulen finally agreed.

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On Saturday afternoon, just as Winona finished shipping off two designer bags she had sold, she saw Yulen and Tallulah arrive, pulling suitcases behind them.

Seeing Winona, Tallulah put on an innocent act. "Winona, sorry to impose again. My parents are out of town, and I didn't want to be all alone. Can I stay here for a little while?"

Tallulah had used this excuse countless times. In the past, Winona had never suspected a thing and had always treated her kindly.

But this time, Winona just stared at her coldly, saying nothing.

Unsure of what to make of her silence, Tallulah secretly tugged on Yulen's sleeve, hoping he would intervene.

Fearing Winona would notice, Yulen pulled his arm away and stepped toward her. "Honey, I'm back," he said with concern. "Are you sure you're feeling okay? My assistant told me you went to the hospital by yourself, not with Rhea. And you've been at home all this time, not on a trip. If something's wrong, don't hide it from me. We'll face it together."

Winona was stunned. With Cora gone, Yulen had actually tasked his assistant with spying on her. Luckily, she had deleted all her pregnancy test records, so there was no way for him to find out.

She dug her nails into her palm and said calmly, "I'm fine. It was just a small cold. I went to the hospital for some medicine. I didn't tell you because I didn't want you to worry."

Yulen was about to press further, but Winona changed the subject. "Alright, stop fussing over me. Give me your coat, and I'll hang it up."

As Winona took the coat from him, the scent of Tallulah's perfume wafted from it, sending a sharp, familiar pain through her heart.

Seeing Winona play the part of the dutiful wife, Tallulah felt a pang of jealousy. "Where's Cora?" she asked. "Is she on vacation? What are we going to do for dinner?"

Yulen chimed in, "You've been home alone these past few days. You probably haven't been eating properly, have you?"

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## Chapter 8

"I'm not that helpless," Winona said coolly. "I can manage to cook something simple for myself."

Tallulah looked at her with wide-eyed curiosity. "Wow, Winona, I didn't know you could cook! I wonder if I'll be lucky enough to try your food while I'm staying here."

Yulen found himself leaning even more toward Tallulah and the baby she was carrying. He nodded in agreement. "That's right, Tallulah has never cooked a day in her life. Winona, if you have time, you could make her meals too."

Winona's expression turned to ice. This was the man she had loved for five years. He had trapped her in a fake marriage, and now he was bringing his pregnant mistress home and asking her to cook for them. What did he take her for?

Any lingering hesitation she had about taking her share of their marital assets vanished. She was now completely resolved to take half of everything that was rightfully hers.

"Of course," she said. "Just wait here. I'll go make dinner now."

While Winona cooked, Yulen and Tallulah sat on the couch watching TV. Yulen didn't offer to help. He figured Winona stayed home all day with plenty of free time, so cooking a meal once in a while was no big deal.

When Winona came out with the food, she found the living room table in a mess. Chips and cookie crumbs were scattered everywhere, and her carefully chosen cream-colored tablecloth was stained with spilled drinks. Neither of them had bothered to clean up.

Tallulah put down her snacks and smiled. "Winona, you're done! I'll go get the silverware."

As she stood up, she nearly stumbled. Yulen rushed to steady her, his eyes darting to her stomach.

"Why are you making more trouble?" he said, his tone sharp. "Just sit down and wait for dinner. Do you think we need you doing chores around here?"

Tallulah stuck out her tongue playfully. "I know."

Watching the two of them, Winona felt a wave of nausea.

At dinner, Tallulah took a bite of the ribs and the fish, both of which were incredibly salty. Unable to eat them, she asked, "Winona, why is your food so salty?"

Winona calmly ate the only dish that wasn't salty—a plate of greens.

"Is it?" she replied coolly. "I must have accidentally added too much salt."

"I think she did a great job," Yulen countered. "She'll get better with practice."

He wanted Winona to focus her energy on the home, not on her career. Besides, Tallulah was too flighty to raise a child properly. Winona, on the other hand, was sensible. It would be good for the child to be raised by her. Since she couldn't have children of her

own, she would surely welcome having a child around. He'd have Tallulah's baby call Winona 'godmother' and let the child live with them. It would all work out naturally.

Winona lost her appetite completely. "I'm full," she announced, and went back to her room.

Once Winona was gone, Tallulah whined to Yulen, "Yulen, I really can't eat this."

Yulen put down his fork. "I'll have my assistant order something for you. Wait here. I need to talk to Winona about something important."

Though unhappy, Tallulah was smart enough not to push it. She knew that if she acted too possessively, she risked angering Yulen, so she nodded obediently.

Yulen entered the master bedroom and saw the bathroom door was closed. He went into the walk-in closet to change and felt a strange sense of unease when he noticed that many of Winona's clothes and bags were gone.

When Winona came out, he immediately asked, "Winona, where are your clothes and bags?"