

Chapter 3

I loved Xander for ten years.

I loved him for three years in high school, four years in university, and another three years after graduation, in which we started dating and got married soon after.

I did not know that he always treated me as a blight.

I followed him like an annoying shadow for seven entire years while thinking that my sincere love for him would touch his heart.

On the day he accepted my confession, I was so happy that I did not sleep a wink.

I did not know that he married me because the capital chain of his company had ruptured, and he needed me to give financial aid.

During the two years I was married to him, I supported his career wholeheartedly and did my best to take care of him as well as get into his good grades.

He also changed bit by bit. He started waiting for me to come back, cooked breakfast for me, and massaged my belly when my stomach hurt.

I nearly thought that I had won his love.

I also knew that on the day that I got pregnant, I was so excited that I nearly squealed, but he was frigid when I revealed the news to him.

“Did you say you’re pregnant?”

I did not hear the doubt in his voice and just nodded naively.

“Heh. But I have asthenosperm and can’t possibly sire children. You know exactly who the father is, don’t you?”

I tried many things to clumsily prove that Xander was the father. I also told Xander what the doctor said, “After nine weeks, the baby will have stabilized, and we can take a paternity test. I didn’t betray you.”

What I did not know was that on the day I got pregnant, Grace came back.

He told Grace about my pregnancy like it was a joke.

I worked hard for ten years to warm Xander’s heart, but on the day Grace returned, all of my efforts went up in smoke.

Could souls be in pain too?

I just thought that I could not breathe.

The despairing, suffocating feeling I had while I was trapped in the luggage bag enveloped me once more.

As Xander held Grace, his expression turned darker.

“Why isn’t she out yet? It’s been so long. I’ve asked her to reflect on her actions for days, and she still hasn’t learned her lesson. Is she giving me attitude now?”

“Well then, I hope that her spirit is really as tenacious as she’s making it out to be.”

I stared at him coldly and noticed that he was cowering with his hands in an increasingly panicked fashion. There was also an anxious look in his eyes.

“Grace, I’m going to check what Susan is doing. Don’t worry. I’m going to make her apologize to you.”

Xander stood up and strode to the room where I was kept prisoner. When he arrived at the door, he scowled and covered his nose. “Why does it stink so much?”

Lucas stood behind Xander. Cold sweat covered his entire body. “Mr. Foster, you should take a look yourself.”

I did not know what I was feeling at the moment, but I knew that I was tense.

I had to look at my own dead body, and I needed a lot of courage for that.

Xander pushed the door open. The luggage bag had already been dragged out of the closet and was on the floor.

The zipper was partially opened, as if someone had tried zipping it up again in order to hide what was inside. Xander stared at the luggage bag in displeasure. “Susan, I’m already letting you out, but you still won’t come out? Do you want to stay inside forever?”

Did he actually think that I did not want to come out? I had tried my best to get out before I died just so I could see the sun once more.

But I would no longer have that chance.

“Are you giving me attitude? Are you spitting in the face of my mercy?”

He went over to the luggage bag. The strong, foul stench made him unable to even keep his eyes open, but he still acted however he wanted and kicked the luggage bag.

“You stink. Hurry up and clean yourself up. You’re disgusting.”

He kicked the luggage bag with so much force that it flew open. Before I could even brace myself for it, I saw my horrifying dead body.

The corpse in the luggage bag was twisted in an awkward angle. My arms were even bent backward at a ninety-degree angle.

My fear was stuck on my face. My eyes and mouth were wide open. Even my eyeballs were protruding out.

The blood at the lower half of my body had already dried up, and dark red splotches covered all parts of my legs.

In a panic, Xander took two steps backward, and he trembled.