

# REBORN, REAWAKENED, REKINDLED

## Chapter 1

On the bustling streets of Rosemont, the place was teeming with cars and people. I'd been sitting in a café named La Rencontre for two hours, tucked away at a corner table, facing the counter where beverages were made. A young girl, in a sky blue uniform was busy making all sorts of drinks. She was about 5.2 feet tall, didn't look like she weighed more than 100 pounds, slim, and always smiling. She'd got her thick dark hair tied up in a ponytail on top of her head. Her eyes were curved just like a crescent moon, and her laughter was contagious "Ma'am, would you like a refill of your coffee?" She came over and asked me, beaming I was oddly drawn to this young girl, almost spellbound. Luckily I'm a woman too, otherwise, people would get the wrong idea "Sure, black coffee please." I flashed a polite smile, my voice soft. Soon, she brought over another cup of bitter black coffee. She didn't leave right away but hesitated and checked on me. "Ma'am, you've already had two cups of Black coffee. It does perk you up, but too much might not be good for you. Maybe... come back for more next time?" Her voice was crisp and easy-going, like wind chimes. Very pleasant to the ear. I glanced at the black coffee on the table, picked up my bag, and was ready to leave. "Sure, let me have the bill." The girl was thrilled that I took her advice. She quickly gets the bill and told me, "Ma'am, your total is \$9 today. Would you like to pay in cash or by mobile payment? After silently paying, I briskly left the café.

“Madam.” Bailey saw me come out, gave a respectful nod, and opened the car door for me. “Let’s head home.” I gave a small smile and instructed him. The car slowly pulled away, I closed my eyes and rested in the back seat. The image of the girl in the café kept flashing in my mind, that youthful face. Was she the girl? The one who made Neil break off from his family and pay a hefty price to divorce me a year later? I didn’t expect that the first thing I would do after my death and reincarnation would be to find her

current workplace and observe her like a Peeping Tom I was really curious, what kind of girl could take away the man I loved for ten years? In my past life, I never met her, I only found out her name and saw a few pictures of her. Neil guarded her like a treasure. I was miserably lost and in love with him, but I never saw the girl he guarded with all his heart before. Young, beautiful, pure, kind, cheerful... all these wonderful adjectives fit her perfectly. Her only weakness was that she didn’t come from a noble family a stark contrast to Neil’s status. Bailey suddenly spoke up, “Madam, today is your wedding anniversary with Mr. Whitmore.” I slowly open my eyes, a moment of bewilderment. If you counted, this year was the fifth year I’d been married to Neil. Every wedding anniversary I would be busy all day preparing a candlelit dinner and wedding gifts. This year, I would turn 27, and he would be 29. “I know.” I pressed my somewhat aching temples. “You don’t need to remind me.” Perhaps Bailey felt I was a bit different from before, that’s why he reminded me. But why was I always the one who had to go forward and give my all? Why should I love that man? Before my death in my past life, I wondered about this, I lost everything for Neil, and only got a tragic end. Lost in thought, the car I was in had stopped in front of the house Neil and I

shared. This was the wedding gift from both our parents, a luxurious mansion of over 1000 square feet. To my surprise, Neil's car was also parked at the front. He was home. I felt a mix of emotions, I'd already died once. When I met the person who caused my death after being reborn, what would I do? I thought I would hate Neil. He pushed me to the end for a woman; he even harmed the people who were like parents to me, my family all ruined at his hands. But when I saw him again, I realized I didn't hate him as much, instead, I felt a sense of relief. In my past life, Neil gave me a chance, and proposed a peaceful divorce. He was willing to give me a portion of the shares of Whitmore Co., enough for me to enjoy for a lifetime, but I wouldn't have it. I wasted ten years to not gain his love, yet another woman took only a year to make him give up

everything for her. So I used all means, and tried to win him back, but in the end, we reached the point of no return, confrontational, at each other's throats. Now, none of these had happened, I no longer hated him, and I hoped more to have changed the tragic ending. "What are you doing there?" Neil was sitting in the living room, comfortably crossing his legs. His ashtray on the table held the cigarette he just smoked. He looked up at me, his gaze calm. On our wedding day, Neil made it clear to me that we were just business partners, long-term roommates, and he had no feelings for me. "Nothing. I just didn't expect you to be home." I lowered my head to change into slippers. They were Hermes in elephant grey simply designed, and plain colored. Other than being comfortable, they didn't seem to have any other attractive features. I thought of the girl in the café wearing the blue apron. There was a small red flower on it, none of the others had it, only hers. In comparison, all my clothes were expensive and monotonous, they looked simple yet dull. I suddenly hated these slippers, so I tossed them aside and walked barefoot

into the living room. Neil saw me walk over barefoot, his brows furrowed slightly a hint of surprise in his eyes, "Aren't you going to wear your slippers?" "Mm, don't feel like it, so I won't" I sat across from him and casually replied. "That's odd, what's gotten into you? Neil actually chuckled. It was rare for him to speak to me in such a relaxed tone. In my heart, I thought, 'It's all the influence of your future true love.' I lowered my head to look at my feet, I was too skinny, so my feet looked a bit thin and dry too Bonnie was an exception, she was skinny, but her skin was glowing, not like mine, all skin, and bones. After five years in a lonely marriage, my health started going down the drain. I had lost all my appetite, so I got skinnier and skinner, looking more like a skeleton than a person.