

REBORN, REAWAKENED, REKINDLED

Chapter 11

This game was getting more and more interesting.

I gingerly picked up the supplement, took a classy sip, but the next second, it was all coming back up because it was so bitter. I had no idea when Neil came back. He was standing at the door changing his shoes. When he saw me throwing up, his look clearly screamed, “gross.”

In a frosty voice, he said, “If you can’t drink it, don’t.”

“Why are you so nosy?” I wiped my mouth, finding Neil’s recent behavior strange. “You’re back again, why?”

He loosened his tie, rough yet handsome.

“This is my home too. I can come back if I want, any problem?” Neil sat across from me, answering with a poker face.

“Oh, right.” I nodded and went back to my supplement.

But this stuff was just too bitter. I could handle black coffee without sugar, but this was another level. I threw it up again before I could swallow, this time with more force, some even splashing on Neil’s face and shirt. His expression turned icy, glaring at me.

The bitterness of the medicine left me speechless. Seeing the droplets hanging from Neil’s eyelashes, I rushed to wipe his face with a tissue, just out of courtesy. Neil grabbed my hand and threw it off. His disgusted look froze me. My heart filled with bitterness.

“I’m sorry, it is just too bitter.” I tried to keep calm, throwing the tissue on the floor.

Neil didn't answer. He just got up and went upstairs to change. Then Ada walked in. She started cleaning up the mess swiftly, more diligently, and thoroughly than anyone

else.

"Ada, you can prepare dinner now," I told her, feeling a bit drained after she finished cleaning.

Ada nodded and headed to the kitchen.

I pinched my nose and finished the rest of the supplement. I knew that eating more wouldn't help; I needed to take care of my body to get healthy...

After finishing the supplement, I went upstairs and into the music room. I took off the dust cover and pulled out the cello that hadn't been touched for a long time. Alone, I started playing. The deep, elegant sound filled the room.

I lost myself in the music, reminiscing about the past. I didn't realize when Neil had opened the door. "You're so noisy." He complained.

I was already thinking about stopping, but his words just pissed me off. I remember in my past life, I put away my beloved cello because he said it was noisy. Now that I thought about it, no wonder Stella and the others called me stupid.

I plucked the strings angrily, creating a shrilling noise. Neil frowned.

"Let's get a divorce then. We can live separately, and I can play the cello without disturbing you." I gently put down the bow, speaking softly.

"It looks like we can live separately without a divorce," Neil responded sarcastically.

"Then why are you back?" I was just as confused. What could possibly attract Neil back home? Couldn't be me, could it?

Neil seemed to struggle with my straightforwardness, his face getting darker. He was usually the type to leave as soon as he got upset, then would dial a number, and found a place to chill.

But he seemed to suppress his anger, instead asking me, "Irene, you seem not to want me to come back. Got a new lover?"

Was he suspecting me of cheating, so he kept coming back, trying to catch me in the act? I widened my eyes. "Is there a problem? Didn't you say it's okay as long as no one finds out?"

"You dare to make me the one who got cheated on?" Neil questioned angrily.

"Why can't I do what you can?!" I countered.

Just as we were at a standoff, Ada tentatively interrupted, "Mr. Whitmore, ma'am, dinner is ready."

I brushed past Neil and went downstairs to eat, no longer wanting to torture my body because of

Ada's cooking was excellent, and the dishes were delicious. I finished everything on my plate and saw Neil coming out of the room.

"So delicious. Ada, you're such a good cook. Whoever marries you will be very lucky." I took a sip of

Ada was a bit embarrassed. "Ma'am, you're too kind."

soup, complimenting Ada.

"My daughter also likes my cooking. She always suggests opening a restaurant, but she is too naive." Ada talked about her daughter, full of maternal love.

shook may head, "You don't have to be so modest. Your dishes are really good, hasn't your family ever Co you?"

I smiled slightly. “She’s not wrong Sometimes, with a little luck, it’s easy to realize dreams.”

In my past life, before I died, wanted to see Neil one last time, but my mother told me he went to his future mother-in-law’s restaurant opening ceremony and didn’t have time to come. He invested in the restaurant, making it rank in the top three in our city, very grand.

“We’re just ordinary people. We don’t have that kind of luck, ma’am,” Ada responded modestly.

“Luck will come/Ada. What if your daughter marries a rich man?” I really wanted to tell her not to be so self-deprecating. The moment that would change their lives might be just half a month away. But I held back. Watching Ada give me an awkward smile, I left the dining table.

The people in Bonnie’s family were not bad, I had to admit. In my past life, her parents were initially against her relationship with Neil because she fell in love with a married man before graduating from university, which was disgraceful in others’ eyes. But gradually, Ada and Dean were moved by Neil’s perseverance and chose to accept it. They never expected that while they were happy, the legal wife, was experiencing the most painful torment.”

After taking a shower, I lay comfortably in bed, browsing my phone. I happened to see news of Neil partying in a bar with Mitch and some beauties.

Neil was an attractive man. Given his status, even eating a few pieces of fried potato on the street could cause a round of media frenzy. As his wife, I often saw various comments in the comment section.

“His wife is really patient. I’d call her the goddess of patience!”

uh...

If he’s my husband, I’d be cool with him having an affair.”

“Why are you so whipped? If this kind of crappy thing really happened to you, you’d definitely not be able to stomach it!”

“A bunch of people with no values. Neil’s scandalous flings since getting married are like stars in the sky, he’s got no decency.”

17:59

“The paparazzi’s skills are so bad, they never manage to catch the juicy bits.”

Some people pitied me, some envied me, and some mocked me, and I just smiled in response.

Just when I was about to fall asleep, Barbara’s call jolted me awake. Her tone was urgent, ‘Rena, you gotta come over quick, something’s gone wrong!’