

REBORN, REAWAKENED, REKINDLED

Chapter 3

Chapter 3 These guys were my best buds and they'd been there for me through hell and high water, especially after the whole Neil debacle. We couldn't really do much about Neil, but their genuine support moved me deeply. So I spilled the beans about my plan to divorce Neil. As for the whole reincarnation thing, I decided not to mention it. After hearing my piece, they fell silent for a moment, then burst into applause. "Hell yeah! Let's celebrate Rena breaking free from her crappy marriage tonight!" "Cheers!" I hollered back, raising my glass in the air. I could almost see myself post-divorce, embracing a brand new life, leaving the painful past behind. A few drinks in, we four women plucked up some courage. Barbara gave me a nudge, "Rena, spot any hotties? Go for it! Neil's got all his scandals, we can't lose!" "F... fair point," I slurred, scanning the room until my gaze landed on a tall, thin figure. He seemed young from his clothes. A college guy, perhaps? Neil hooked up with a college girl, so why not me with a college guy? I sauntered over, tapped the young man on the shoulder, "Hey handsome, fancy a drink? It's on me..." He turned around, strikingly handsome, looking like a fresh face in the entertainment industry. He stared at me in surprise before shaking his head, "Sorry, I have a girlfriend." "Oh, my bad. I'll try my luck with someone else then," I nodded to the young man. The alcohol made me incoherent. I didn't even understand what I was saying, then I moved on. But I stumbled a few steps later, dropping my glass which shattered on impact. I sat on the floor, dizzy and suddenly hit with a wave of sleepiness.

“Let me help you up,” the college guy extended a hand. Sitting on the floor, flushed, I stared at him. What the hell? Why did his face morph into Neil’s, glaring at me coldly? I tried to get up but ended up pressing my palm onto the broken glass. Blood gushed out and I collapsed.

In my dream, Neil’s cold, heartless face appeared again. I sat in the messy living room, sobbing like a mad woman. When Nell first announced his plans to divorce me, my parents and the elders of the Whitmore family tried to pressure him. Neil didn’t give a damn; he was determined to divorce me even if it cost the Finch family greatly. The Whitmore elders first rebuked him, then reluctantly helped him. I heard they even accepted his new girlfriend, Bonnie. She had Nell’s unwavering support and gradually won over the Whitmore parents. And she was pregnant. “Neil, I’ve loved you for ten years. Don’t you feel anything for me?” I wept, tears streaming through my fingers. “Nothing, Irene. I gave you a chance to end things amicably, but you didn’t take it,” Neil replied coldly. His phone rang. It was Bonnie’s chirpy voice. “Mr. Whitmore, Mr. Whitmore, please pick up!” I listened to the sweet ringtone, and watched Neil hurry off, the room spinning and a sharp pain my chest. I woke up gasping for air, only to find myself in my own bedroom, bathed in sunlight, birds chirping outside. How did the college guy get me home? I glanced at my bandaged hand, massaged my throbbing temples, and tried to find the college guy, only to hear Neil’s voice outside. “You guys carry on, I’m not in the mood,” he leaned against the banister on the second floor, a cigarette in hand, sounding lethargic. I staggered to the door, watched him walk over, “Where’d you hide him?” “Who?” Neil frowned. “The college guy,” I replied. I thought he was a decent guy and didn’t want to lose him just like that. Neil was going

crazy over another woman next month anyway. I might as well find someone to comfort me, to distract me from the pain. Hearing my reply, Neil's face darkened. He glanced at what I was wearing, then grabbed my wrist,

dragging me into the walk-in closet, "Change! What's with the se xy getup?" Se xy? I looked down at my chest, just a slight swell, the fabric doing most of the work. I didn't think "se xy" was fitting, why would a man who didn't love me care about how se xy looked? "Neil, is it true you slept with that actress a few days ago?" I ignored his order and asked him calmly instead. "That's none of your business," he replied dismissively, as usual. "Then what I do from now on is none of your business either. If we're not divorcing, let's just go our separate ways," I said nonchalantly After all these years, I'd never experienced love, and I needed to have some fun. So this was what it felt like to let things be. It was liberating. I didn't have to be happy or sad for Neil anymore, and it was like my soul was returning to my body. Men were such hypocrites. They thought they could do whatever they wanted, but their wives had to be prim and proper. Neil was no exception. He didn't love me, but I was still his wife in name. "You want me to cheat? Neil sheered, then roughly pulled open my clothes, "You think any man would want a woman with your figure?" I looked down, my breasts were tightly wrapped, not revealing at all. This was the smallest size of nipple covers. I pushed his hand away, and calmly adjusted my clothes. "I'll try to put on weight, drink more soy milk to enhance my breasts, That should satisfy you." way. "Irene, have you lost your marbles?!" Neil finally lost his cool, he looked at me, "Are you coming down with something?" The old Irene was composed, gracious, sensible and considerate, how could she possibly spout such nonsense? If my dad heard what I just said, he would've been so mad he'd have had a heart attack. But I had to act like a lunatic first, so I could escape from Neil who was about to go

nuts. If Bonnie hadn't shown up, he wouldn't consider divorcing me. A marriage alliance was never a casual

game, he was the rational type, who knew to weigh the pros and cons And I really didn't want to go through the process of watching him fall in love with someone else again. "So, just divorce me then." I proposed again.