

REBORN, REAWAKENED, REKINDLED

Chapter 8

Chapter 8 “Oscar’s leg injury will definitely leave scars. The extra compensation is his due. You guys keep chatting, I’ve got stuff to deal with. Saying this, I turned and left. The honeymoon period for the young couple was running out, probably only half a month left. In half a month, Neil would make his move, and Bonnie would be his target. Oscar would lose his chance to chat and laugh with Bonnie so freely. Thinking about it, Neil really pissed me off. After leaving the hospital, I told Bailey to go back to Sterling Estates, the mansion where Neil and I lived. I bought some supplements and they were there. I planned to take them home and use them daily, with my mom’s cooking skills, I could definitely gain some weight. The supplements were still in the living room, untouched. I had no idea whether Neil came home last night or the result of his conversation with Fiona. “Why didn’t you get off the car yesterday?” As I was about to leave with the supplements, Neil appeared at the top of the stairs. He was looking down at me with an unhappy look. Why was he still home? He usually came back every three months. Neil was dressed in pure black homewear, simple to the extreme, but his face and figure made it extremely attractive. “I’ve never interfered with your rumored lovers before. Don’t want to start now,” I replied calmly. “Is that so? All of them lost their opportunities in the film and television industry one by one, negative news all over the place, was that a coincidence? Neil looked at me expressionlessly. So, he knew what I did, but he never stopped me, because those women were just his playthings. But Bonnie was different. I just wanted to see her and have a chat, and Neil was like a raging lion, about to tear me to pieces. I admitted, “You gave them lots of money and resources, which are

technically our shared property. I just took a little back in another way. That's normal."

"Why didn't you ask Fiona for it face to face last night? I gave her a set of apartments, half of which are yours." Neil walked down the stairs and stood in front of me. Much taller than me, he was so intimidating. Had Neil gone mad? I frowned. Why was he talking about these boring things now? In a year at most, he would propose a divorce and plan to give me a large amount of property. Why should I care about a set of apartments? "I've accepted it, she's not the first and won't be the last. I can't get rid of everyone." I rushed to finish my sentence and left. I should have asked Bailey to get the supplements. As I walked out the door, I felt Neil's icy gaze disappear. I put the bottles of pills in the back seat and told Bailey to leave. When I got home, I gave these bottles to the housemaid. My mom was cooking, which was one of her hobbies. My dad's car was back. When he saw me at home, he handed me his phone, "What the hell is this?" When I saw the news, ["Hot actress" Fiona denied any romance with the president of Whitmore Co. after being seen entering a hotel together.] If these two really had any improper relationship, it should not be called a romance, but an illicit relationship. I handed the phone back to my father and comforted him, "Dad, these are all fake, you know Neil is a businessman, and sometimes he has to socialize." My father angrily said, "You're still defending him!" I was not defending Neil, I just didn't want my father's health to be affected by his anger. I moved my arm and said, "Then you go teach him a lesson!" I rolled up my arm and daughter together, give him a complete change!" I was serious at first, but he laughed when I joked. "You are always joking?"

I hugged my father's arm and explained to him, "Dad, don't be angry, think about how much Whitmore Co. has contributed to our city, and you'll be happy." My father changed his attitude, "You have a point, not long ago Neil donated new tracks to several schools. He is really caring for the community

and giving back to society.” I agreed him. As we were talking, my mom had prepared dinner, all my favorite dishes. Mothers were the best. The lunch was warm and cozy, but my dad had to go back to work, so I only had the afternoon with my mom. A few of my mom’s friends came over to play cards. Four women sat at a table, chatting and playing cards. I lay on the sofa and read the news about Neil and Fiona. Fiona explained that she and Neil were just friends. Because Neil was planning to invest in a drama for her to be the female lead, they met often, mainly to discuss filming. It seemed Neil had invested some capital again. He was indeed very generous in this respect, which was also the simplest and most effective way to keep a mistress. I fell asleep on the sofa unconsciously, until my friend Stella called me, I woke up. Looking at the time, it was probably time to go to the bar again. Stella shouted happily on the phone, “Come and drink, there are hot guys!” I asked, “How hot?” Stella exaggeratedly described, “Very hot, hurry over, Alicia is already here, Barbara is attending a performance in another city, so she can’t come.” Ever since they found out I was divorcing Neil, my friends had been taking turns inviting me out, either for dinner, karaoke, or shopping, always keeping me busy. I knew they were afraid that I may have seemed calm on the surface, but was actually very hurt inside, so they wanted to distract me. I did need this kind of help, otherwise I couldn’t help thinking about the past. I said, “I’ll change and be right there.” I hung up the phone, Stella had already sent me the address. Half an hour later, I left the house full of energy, ready for the night life. Stella had been to almost every bar in the city. She knew where the good drinks and hot guys were. I had to admit, the guys Stella brought this time were very attractive, a bit like some celebrities. * “Ugh!” I felt a little drunk and suddenly wanted to throw up. Man, it was a total bummer. Seeing a bunch of handsome dudes, I couldn’t help but compare them to Neil in my mind. I didn’t interact with anyone else, and just kept knocking back drinks. Neil, either in looks or persona, was a cut above the rest. “Excuse me,

I need to hit the ladies' room," I got up and headed towards the bathroom. One of the handsome guys quickly followed and reached out to steady me. I didn't resist, relishing the gentle and considerate care. Once in the bathroom, I totally threw up. After rinsing my mouth and splashing some water on my face, I came out to find the handsome guy still waiting for me. He asked "Can we exchange numbers?" 1/2 17:59 "What's the point of exchanging numbers?" I feigned ignorance. "So we can stay in touch," he answered straightforwardly, "And if you ever feel lonely, you can reach out to me anytime."