

After All the Hurt, She Chose Herself

Chapter 1

“It’s because your wife and Ms. Rowan both have the same rare blood type.”

“So, if Mr. Evernight is willing to have a child with your wife, the baby’s umbilical cord blood could potentially save Ms. Rowan.”

Outside the VIP hospital room.

Aria’s knuckles whitened, the nails digging into her palms as she fought to keep her composure.

The doctor was actually suggesting she and her husband have a child to save his mistress’s life!

How utterly absurd!

Aria stared at Gideon Evernight, desperately hoping he would refuse the doctor’s proposal.

But Gideon’s reaction in the next second was a harsh slap in the face.

He simply nodded and said flatly, “Fine.”

“Saving a life is the greatest good.”

“Aria will agree.”

Aria’s clenched fists slowly relaxed, and her heart felt as if a hole had been torn in it, leaving her trembling with cold.

Half an hour ago, she had arrived at the hospital, bringing him a homemade meal she had made for her husband.

From a distance, she saw him tenderly caring for another woman.

The woman’s face was pale, and she looked weak.

The doctor stood beside them, holding a report. “It’s terminal bone cancer.”

Terminal bone cancer.

Aria knew that people with this disease had a life expectancy of three months at the shortest, and no more than a year at the longest.

The doctor then offered a solution. "This condition is extremely dangerous, and the surgery is very difficult. Currently, there are only two treatment methods."

"Either we find Dr. Dawn to operate on Ms. Rowan as soon as possible."

"But that doctor retired eight years ago, and there has been no news of them since."

"Or, Mr. Evernight, you and your wife have a child to save Ms. Rowan."

Gideon stood by the woman's side, his eyes filled with a tenderness Aria had never seen before.

"I'm here. Nothing will happen to you."

Aria looked at the woman in the room with a twinge of envy.

In their three years of marriage, Gideon had never shown her such gentleness.

She had assumed Gideon was just cold by nature, incapable of love. It wasn't until today that she realized how wrong she was.

Gideon wasn't incapable of love; he just didn't love her.

Lilith Rowan spoke softly, "Will my sister agree to have a child to save me?"

"She doesn't have the right to say no."

Hearing Gideon's words from inside the room, Aria, who should have been heartbroken, felt a bitter smile touch her lips.

It was a smile of mockery and amusement.

She was mocking the woman she used to be, the one who had defied all obstacles to marry Gideon.

She thought that after marrying him, she could melt his heart with her devotion.

Today, Gideon had texted her, asking her to bring him soup at the hospital. She had dropped her work, cooked it herself, and brought it over, only to be met with such heartless words.

How ironic.

Aria pushed the door open and walked in.

The woman on the hospital bed's eyes lit up. "Sister, you're here! I'm so sorry, I was really craving your soup, so Gideon..."

"The soup is here. Take care of yourself."

"I haven't finished my work, so I'll be leaving now."

Putting down the soup, Aria turned to leave the humiliating scene.

"Ms. Rowan, your job now is to get pregnant, have the child, and save Lilith."

The man's voice came from behind her.

Aria, who had already stepped out of the room, pulled her foot back in.

She looked at Gideon, her eyes filled with disbelief.

"You took Lilith's place and lived a life of luxury with the Rowan family for over a decade while she suffered in the countryside for you."

"Don't you think you owe it to her to save her?"

Lilith gently tugged on Gideon's sleeve, as if trying to stop him from saying more, appearing gentle and magnanimous.

Then she put on an almost fawning smile. "Sister, you probably haven't eaten either, have you? Would you like some soup too?"

Gideon's expression was indifferent. "Don't worry about her. She won't die from skipping a meal."

A mocking curve formed on Aria's lips.