

THE LUST OF MY HUSBAND

Chapter 1 - 1: Betrayal

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In the operating room, the surgeon, Stewart Morris, said coldly and ruthlessly to his assistant, "Issue a notice of critical illness to Miranda Sanchez's family, and also, she is to donate her heart to Wendy Johnson after her death."

Miranda was lying on the operating table, under twilight anesthesia, and was very much awake to hear these words from her fiancé.

Stewart was her fiancé and the surgeon for this operation.

The cold scalpel cut open her skin, where no anesthesia was applied, and the pain made her body tremble.

She asked at the top of her voice, "Why, Stewart?"

Stewart and she had always been a typical affectionate couple in S City.

But now, she was lying on the operating table while he cut her heart out alive!

Stewart neatly slashed her skin with his scalpel, his voice indifferent and heartless: "Because Wendy said that you had loved me with all your heart and it was dirty. She was jealous, so I'm going to dig it up and feed it to the dogs."

Miranda's eyes widened in shock as her blood pressure soared, "Why is it the two of you? Why?"

Wendy was her best friend since she was a child. They were not sisters, but much more like sisters.

At the age of nine, Wendy fell down and Miranda pulled her out, leaving a scar on the corner of Miranda's eye caused by a rock.

At eighteen, Wendy was almost raped by a group of gangsters to save Miranda.

However, it was her most loving fiancé and her best friend who betrayed her in the end!

In a short while, Miranda's chest was cut open and her red, beating heart was seen.

With the best medical equipment, Miranda was still alive, but extremely painful.

"Stewart, why don't you go outside and let me do this? I don't want her blood to get your hands dirty." Said a tender voice.

Miranda looked at Wendy who appeared next to her. She was dressed in a hospital gown, her little face pale and even more delicate, but her words were the most vicious.

Stewart, who was indifferent and heartless just now, instantly became gentle: "Okay, Wendy, be careful, don't let her toxic blood dirty your hands."

He left with the anesthesiologist and his assistant, who were on his side, after he said that.

Once they were gone, only Miranda and Wendy were left in the whole operating room.

Wendy stood by the operating table in her hospital gown, looking down at Miranda with a soft and harmless smile, "Miranda, are you angry about such a little thing?"

She picked up the scalpel and looked at Miranda's beating heart as she smiled even more innocently.

She chuckled, "It was Stewart and I who got Uncle and Auntie killed. And it was also us who threw your brother into the sea to feed the sharks."

"But you thought it was Timothy and hated him to the core. Yet you got engaged to Stewart, who has murdered your own family, and entrusted him with Sanchez Group. Don't you fear that your father wouldn't be able to lie still in his grave?"

Although Wendy's voice was soft and sweet, it was like a sharp knife slicing Miranda's heart.

Miranda growled in resentment: "You... you... I will kill both of you!"

Wendy, however, smiled at her and put her on a ventilator: "Take it easy. There's a good show that will make you hate me so much that you'll turn into a ferocious ghost."

Miranda watched as Wendy took out a recorder and started talking.

Wendy said, "I'm Miranda, 25 years old, female. I am making a will today, and my fiancé Stewart Morris is writing it for me..."

With the ventilator on, Miranda's eyes widened in shock, horror, and anger as Wendy spoke in a voice that was clearly not her own, but was exactly the same as Miranda's.

If Miranda hadn't been present, she wouldn't have been able to tell the difference herself!