

## Chapter 3

Jacob rushed over angrily. He kicked Quinton and pulled me out of the car. I huddled in his embrace, feeling weak in the knees as tears welled up in my eyes.

I was just so angry!

During my marriage to Quinton, I became so severely depressed that I had to take medication. Years had passed since our divorce, and yet they still found their way to me so they could make my life difficult again!

Jacob picked up a crying Harry and comforted him. Then, he put a candy in my mouth to calm me down. "Don't get angry at them. They're not worth it."

"Jacob Ferrin? You can possibly be married to him, right?" Quinton got up from the ground. He still seemed in disbelief even though Jacob had already shown up.

Jacob embraced me and said sarcastically, "Did you think she would wait for a two-timing scumbag like you to change your mind? I bet you found out that your lover wasn't half as good as you imagined and decided that you wanted to take Mabel back. I should let you suffer for that."

"But she spent all those years trying to win my heart. She only had eyes for me! Why would she change her mind and marry you?" Quinton asked.

"You were a horrible person, yet her love for you came from the heart. That said, she was not obligated to be bound to you for the rest of her life. There's no reason for her to," Jacob replied sharply. He was never one to hold back when speaking to other people.

Quinton had no comeback for that comment, and his expression turned ugly.

Zachary's face turned ashen, too. "Mom... Does this mean you no longer want to be with me and Dad?"

"That's right, kid!" Jacob said.

"She doesn't want to live with two horrible human beings anymore! You're an ungrateful little child who belittles my wife along with your scumbag father. Both of you told her to get lost, so she did as she was told! Now you show up and play the victim again! How much more do you want to piss us off?"

Zachary was a young boy who had yet to be scolded so harshly.

Red-faced from the embarrassment, he looked at me as if he wanted me to intercede for him.

He was the one who preferred to have Lynn as his mother six years ago. He was the reason I had a miscarriage, and that incident left me incredibly heartbroken. It was reason enough for me not to side with him.

I became so angry that I called the police right away.

After all, what Quinton did to me earlier could constitute attempted kidnapping. However, since the consequences were not serious, they were only let off with a stern warning.

Quinton and Zachary were not happy with what I did. They wanted to talk to me alone, but I vehemently refused.

"You'll regret it!" Quinton warned glumly.

I held Harry's hand and ignored them. Then, we left with Jacob.

I had just arrived home when I found out that some slanderous news about Jacob had gone viral all over the internet.

[Jacob harassed multiple actresses.]

[Jacob demeans his co-workers on set.]

[Jacob exposed: he sleeps with his fans!]

[Jacob's plastic surgery!]

[Jacob is a bottom for willing buyers!]

Those headlines were seen all over the internet.

In less than half an hour, several brands endorsed by Jacob called him to terminate the contracts. Whatever roles in upcoming projects that had been previously agreed upon were suddenly unavailable, and he was replaced with another actor that all the were already halfway through.

Jacob's manager phoned him anxiously, but Jacob refused to cooperate.

The manager called me. "Ma'am! You and I have known each other for a while now, so I'll just cut to the chase. You know who did this, right? Mr. Locke phoned me and said he'd restore Jacob's image as long as you'd agree to return to him!"

I clutched the phone tightly, and my voice shook as I asked, "And what if I don't?"

"Then Jacob will be condemned by everyone! He came from an ordinary family and struggled to achieve all he has today. If Mr. Locke insists on destroying Jacob, not even the earnings Jacob has saved so hard over the years will be enough to pay for all this!"

I hung up the phone. I felt a similar feeling of powerlessness to six years ago.

Quinton's personality was so much worse than I had imagined.

I received another call from the hospital.

"Hello, Ms. Reave. There's been a change in Dr. Rucker's schedule. The surgery, due to be done in half a month, will have to be postponed."

"How long will it take?"

"I can't give you an exact date at the moment."

By then, I had the urge to smash my phone against the wall.

Harry had a congenital heart disease, the condition of which had been worsening in recent years. Jacob and I spent a lot of time and effort to schedule an appointment for Dr. Rucker's surgery.

Even though I could afford to wait, Harry had no such luxury.

Since Jacob was busy dealing with the mess at work, I did not want to cause him more trouble. My chest tightened, and I felt my eyes teared up.

Then, Quinton called me. His tone was as condescending as usual. "If you want to help your husband and save your son, be at Room 1362 of the Richwave Hotel in an hour."