

Let Love Takes Away All This Pain Chapter 1 - 10

Chapter 1: Heaven One Moment, Hell the Next

As the sound of rushing water echoed from the bathroom, the smells in the bedroom still lingered.

Alva Gellar looked at the tall shadowy figure beyond the frosted glass, then picked up the nightgown on the floor and put it on. She opened a window to disperse the smell, then changed the sheets and bedding. Afterward, she cleaned up the used condoms on the floor.

When she leaned down, her waist felt sore and she couldn't feel her legs.

He was thrusting so hard that after a while, she just couldn't take it.

He seemed to be a little off tonight, but she didn't know if it had anything to do with the company.

He never talked to her about work, and she didn't like to ask.

Uriah came out in his bathrobe.

Alva spoke gently, "I've made the bed. Go to sleep."

Uriah Irwin was a bigshot not only in Virginia, but also throughout the whole country. His company, the Heyday Group, was a nationally renowned investment firm. If he stamped his foot in Virginia, the aftershocks could be felt around the nation.

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On the other hand, Alva was an ordinary civilian. Just how much good karma did she have to rack up in her previous life in order to marry him?

She couldn't help him at work, so she attended to matters in his private life. That way, he wouldn't need to worry about anything as soon as he was home.

Uriah wandered over, opened a drawer, and handed her a document, "Sign it."

Alva took it, but she was a little confused, “What is this?”

He never gave her papers like that.

Uriah doesn't answer her. Instead, he lit a cigarette and smoked it on the couch.

Alva opened the document and the large words “divorce agreement” popped out at her in large bold letters. The blood drained from her face instantly.

A divorce...

He wanted a divorce...

The papers fell to the floor and Alva stared at Uriah, her voice trembling uncontrollably, “You want... a divorce?”

One moment, that person was being intimate with her, thrusting in and out of her body. Then, he was giving her divorce papers. She couldn't believe it. This had to be a nightmare.

“Yeah.”

Uriah exhaled a smoke ring. White smoke blurred his handsome features. She couldn't see through to him.

“Why?”

She knew she didn't deserve him, but over the course of the past year, he had been good to her and doted on her.

She had never felt so happy.

She was in love with him, very much in love.

Uriah's brow furrowed. He seemed to be unhappy with the question.

But he still replied, “I'm in love with someone else.”

Alva stepped back and fell against the headboard.

A year ago, he was the high and mighty President Irwin, and she was an intern still struggling to make ends meet.

He found her and said that he wanted to get married. When she asked him why, he answered that she was sensible.

He needed a woman who knew what she was doing.

She agreed.

The life that followed was like something out of a dream. He took her to meet his family. Even though his family didn't like her, he still put every effort into marrying her. He gave her a grand wedding and showed the whole country that he, Uriah, married a woman who didn't come from an exalted lineage. He came back every day, no matter how

busy he was. He would take her out sometimes, and they would go shopping. He would solve all the issues plaguing her mother's family. He was a good husband and made her feel the warmth of a home, the passion of a lover.

And now, he said that he was in love with someone else.

Alva couldn't believe it.

But when she stared into those eyes as deep as the abyss, she knew that it was useless to say anything.

She dug her fingernails into the edge of the bedside table until they chipped, but she could not feel even the slightest hint of pain.

Instead, she simply nodded and replied, "Alright."

Chapter 2: The Women Uriah Loves

Alva signed the divorce papers. The next morning, her lawyer came over and handed her a thick document. "This is the alimony from President Irwin. It has properties, funds, stocks, and luxury cars. Please take a look."

Alva looked at the document for a moment before pushing it back. "I don't need them."

She hadn't helped him much before the marriage, and she hadn't helped much afterward either.

She did not feel entitled to those things.

The lawyer spoke up, “Ma’am, that’s what President Irwin ordered.”

Alva paused and looked at the lawyer, “What about him?”

“President Irwin is out of town on business and won’t be back for a week.”

“He said to get these possessions transferred this week and return to the city hall next week.”

Alva nodded. She looked at the document again. After a few seconds, she took it and flipped it open.

Noticing that she had turned the page, the lawyer began to meticulously elaborate, “There is a villa in the Northern Suburbs under your name with a market value of fourteen million dollars. An apartment, also under your name, is in Lutz Village, a prime location for real estate in Virginia. Its market value is seven million. The stores listed under your name are located on East Street, West Street, South Street, and North Street. There are three sets of each. The market values exceed eighty-four million. Furthermore...”

“Mr. West,” Alva interrupted him.

Mr. West looked at her and replied, “Please speak your mind, Madam.”

“I don’t want any of that. I just want the villa I’m living in now. Is that okay?”

It was the only place that held her memories, so it was the only one she wanted.

Mr. West called Uriah. At that moment, Uriah was at an altitude of 2,000 feet. Sitting next to him was Bella Flair, who had gone abroad with him.

After listening to Mr. West, Uriah raised his head. His dark eyes were deep and boundless. His thin lips opened and closed, and his indifferent and heartless words reached the other end of the line, “Do what she says.”

“Alright, President Irwin.”

Once Uriah hung up the phone, the corners of Bella's lips curled up into a smile. She grabbed Uriah's arm and said, "I seem to be giving you trouble."

"It's no trouble." Uriah put his phone away and continued reading his magazine.

Bella noticed that he was neither happy nor angry, but she knew that he was not in a very good mood. She took the magazine out of his hands and spoke in a commanding tone, "Uriah, look at me."

Uriah glanced sideways at her. His gaze was so intense that it could make a person feel uneasy.

However, Bella was not afraid. She had been with him for five years and already had him all figured out.

If she hadn't made a mistake, why would she have allowed him to marry another woman?!

"I'm back. If you don't cherish me, then no matter what you do in the future, I won't return. Got it?"

As always, she was dominant and headstrong. That was Bella.

And Uriah liked Bella.

He lifted her chin and rubbed his fingertips against it, his stormy gaze slowly sweeping across her face, "Bella, this is also your last chance."

The formalities were quickly completed, and Mr. West was about to leave when Alva called out to him, "Mr. West."

Mr. West turned around, "Ma'am."

Alva subconsciously gripped the deed to the villa that was already hers and looked at Mr. West with a cautious but hopeful look in her eyes, "He'll come back and we'll go to the city hall together, won't we?"

She wanted to see him again, to take a good look at him, to keep him in her heart forever.

"Yes."

That afternoon, Alva rented a downtown apartment and started looking for jobs online.

For the past year, she had stopped working and stayed home to be a full-time wife.

Now she had to go out and work.

However, she had only ever attended night classes and didn't have a college degree. As such, she was unable to find decent work.

But she didn't care. She knew how to be self-sufficient.

She soon found an opening for a sales position at a cosmetics company, dropped off her resume, and was told to come in for an interview tomorrow.

A gentle smile appeared on Alva's face. She didn't need a partner in order to live.

She had to survive. There was no time to be sad.

Chapter 3: The Mother-In-Law Has Arrived

The interview went well. Alva had a nice appearance, good skin, and a gentle aura that was well-suited to cosmetics sales. She started working the very same day.

Alva worked in the Itokin Building. It was the largest shopping mall in Virginia and catered to mid-to-high-class consumers. It saw high volumes of traffic every day.

Alva worked hard. She was the first one to come in and the last one to leave every day. She learned about cosmetics, took notes, shadowed other clerks as they sold products, and put what she learned into practice immediately. In just a few days, she was already familiar with the process.

The store manager noticed her effort and was very satisfied with her work ethic.

One day, Alva successfully sold one of their products and was seeing the customer off when her phone rang.

Alva said to the store manager, "Manager, I have to take this call."

Bosses tend to like hardworking and motivated employees. Naturally, they can be very accommodating to said employees.

“Go ahead.”

Alva walked inside the storage room with her phone. When

she saw the word mother-in-law displayed on the screen, the smile on her face froze and was soon replaced by

nervousness.

A year ago, when Uriah wanted to marry her, the Irwin Family strongly disagreed. But no matter how much they insisted otherwise, they could not deter Uriah.

They had no choice but to compromise, but the two elders had never recognized her as their daughter-in-law. Uriah fiercely defended her and told her that she had no

obligation to give in to her in-laws' demands. Aside from the first time Uriah brought her home to meet his parents, she had never laid eyes upon them again over the course of

a year.

Now that Candice Florice was calling, it was impossible for Alva not to be nervous.

“Mom.” Alva’s voice was so soft and gentle that there was no way you could hate the speaker.

“I’m waiting for you at the Thia Restaurant next door. Get over here now.”

Candice’s tone was awful, but she seemed levelheaded. She didn’t lose her temper with Alva over the phone.

That said, her mother-in-law hung up after saying her piece.

Alva looked at her phone and thought about calling Uriah to tell him about her meeting with his mother.

But after considering their current relationship, Alva slid

her phone into her pocket and went outside to ask the store manager if she could get off work early.

Ten minutes later, Alva arrived at the restaurant next door and the waiter led her to the private room.

Aside from Candice, there was no one else in the room.

Alva walked over and muttered softly, “Mom.”

Candice looked at Alva, her eyes sweeping from the top of her head to her feet and back again, her brow knitting tighter and tighter, “Have you forgotten who you are?”

She had something to do over here and stopped by to see her son as well, but before she could go see him, she saw her daughter-in-law selling cosmetics.

When did the Irwin Family run out of money for their daughter-in-law to take up such a mediocre job?

The very thought made Candice twist her features into an ugly scowl.

But instead of answering her, Alva looked at her in surprise.

Mom doesn’t seem to know that Uriah and I are divorced.

Candice’s expression darkened when Alva didn’t say anything. “Are you listening to me or not?”

What kind of family were they? No wonder her son had also thrown etiquette out the window once he left the house!

Alva reacted and hurriedly waved her hands, “That’s not it,

Mom. I…”

She was interrupted by Candice before she could finish her sentence, “What isn’t? I saw you with my own eyes! Do you want me to catch you red-handed before you admit it?”

“Alva, I’m telling you, the Irwin Family won’t abide by such shameful behavior!”

Candice was extremely furious.

I’m really unsatisfied with this daughter-in-law. She doesn’t understand a thing. What did Uriah ever see in this

woman?!

The more she thought about it, the angrier Candice got. She stood up and said, “Go back to your home right now. I forbid you from doing these kinds of jobs again. Just stay home and be a full-time wife. Otherwise, don’t say that I’m bullying you just because I’m your mother-in-law!”

Alva knitted her eyebrows and felt a little anxious, “Mom, listen to me. It’s not what you think.”

She was now certain that Candice did not know about her divorce from Uriah, but since she had signed the divorce papers and Candice was now present, she didn’t need to hide it.

However, Candice thought she was trying to conceal the truth. She didn’t want to listen to Alva, so she took her bag and left.

Alva went after her, but when she stepped out of the room, she bumped into a waiter.

The waiter was carrying a meal. When they collided, the meal in the waiter’s hand spilled all over Alva and landed on the floor.

A strong fishy smell directly hit her nose. Alva’s stomach instantly turned inside out. She couldn’t hold back, covered her mouth, and threw up on the spot.

Candice heard the sound and turned to see Alva covering her mouth and vomiting.

She realized something, and the color drained from her face. Candice quickly went to Alva’s side and shouted, “Alva!”

Chapter 4: She’s Pregnant

Alva was admitted to the hospital’s obstetrics and gynecology department, and the test results soon came back that she was pregnant. She was six weeks along, or one and a half months.

Candice took the checklist and her face blossomed like a flower.

Alva’s mind was blank.

A pregnancy...

How did she get pregnant...?

Uriah wore a condom every time they did it, so how could she have gotten pregnant?

Alva's heart trembled with disbelief, and yet she couldn't hide her excitement.

This was her child and his...

Candice was ecstatic and impatiently called her husband and her friends to tell them the news.

Alva, however, looked at her excitement with a heavy heart.

Who does the child belong to when you get pregnant in the midst of a divorce?

Her, the Irwin Family, or... should it be aborted?

She suddenly clenched her fists.

No, she couldn't accept that she was pregnant!

Alva immediately yelled, "Mother, I'm not pregnant!"

Candice stared at her like she was an idiot. She had nothing to say to her daughter-in-law now.

Instead, she pulled out her phone.

She tried to call Uriah because she didn't know what was going on, but she couldn't get through to his cell phone.

Alva saw her mother-in-law leave and knew it would be a

problem if she didn't tell her about the divorce.

“Candice, Uriah and I are divorced. I can't be pregnant!”

Candice paused, “What did you say?”

Marseille, France, Hyatt Hotel.

York Colt took a call from Candice and then went to the hotel to look for Uriah.

He was Uriah's chief secretary.

The door opened and Bella appeared in the doorway wearing a sexy silk nightgown.

York bowed, “Miss Flair.”

Bella looked at him and said, “Go on in. President Irwin is in the closet.”

A smart woman stays out of trouble.

“Okay.”

York went straight to the closet where Uriah stood in front of a full-length mirror, buttoning his shirt.

The man's finely carved features were God's greatest masterpiece. His body adhered to the golden ratio, giving him the appearance of an unpolished gem. He had a pair of eyes as deep as the vast Milky Way, sometimes profound, sometimes treacherous.

He knew the economy like the back of his hand. His body exuded the scent of a mature man, and he had the aura of

success. He was a priceless treasure that was full of charm.

“What is it?”

York said, “Your wife is pregnant.”

The hand Uriah was using to mess with his cufflinks froze, and the atmosphere changed.

Even Bella, who was leaning against the door with her glass of wine, froze.

A minute later, York left and Bella smirked. She gazed at Uriah mockingly, “Pregnant?

Uriah, what are your

intentions?”

Uriah grabbed his blazer and put it on, his tone as indifferent as ever, “It was an accident.”

Bella threw her wine glass on the floor, “Accident? I kissed

Verne Duke and you broke up with me, married some random woman, and now you’ve got that other woman pregnant. What do you take me for?”

Her pride would not be trampled on like this!

Especially not by Uriah!

Uriah finally looked at her, his eyes wavering with a rare hint of tenderness, “Bella, I gave you a chance.”

Bella laughed, “So, that’s how you want to get back at me?”

Uriah turned around and walked up to her. As he did, the small semblance of gentleness in his eyes had disappeared and his expression grew cold instead, “I said, it was an accident.”

Bella turned her face away, then turned back around two seconds later. The anger on her face had faded, and a confident smile returned to her face, “Okay, I’ll pay for my former mistakes. Deal with it however you want. I won’t interfere. But remember just one thing. I, Bella, can still live without you!”

Chapter 5: Abort It

Alva was watched like a hawk and her every movement was followed.

She knew that her mother-in-law was afraid she would take the baby with her.

That’s because she kept denying the existence of this child.

She panicked.

She knew full well that she could not have this child.

No matter what she said, she had no control over the matter.

Regardless of how scared she was, Uriah would still come back.

Early the next morning, Uriah arrived at the ward.

He was wearing a suit, with a coat draped over his arm. He was handsome, and his aura was outstanding.

He appeared in front of her just like that.

As Alva looked at him, she felt like a lifetime had passed.

Her guards left and closed the ward door behind them. Uriah grabbed a stool and sat at the bedside.

With his legs crossed, the aura of a calm and collected CEO was on full display.

Alva subconsciously sat up and reached out to take the coat in his hand and hang it up.

This was a habit that had been ingrained in her muscle memory over the course of a year.

But her hand froze in the air as Uriah placed his coat at the end of the bed.

The man looked at her stomach, “So, you’re pregnant?”

His tone was casual, as if it was everyday conversation.

Alva withdrew her hand and curled her fingers into a fist. She bowed her head, “No, the diagnosis was wrong.”

Even then, she still continued to deny that she was pregnant.

Uriah’s gaze fell on her face. After looking at her for a minute, he said, “Abort it.”

Abort it...

Alva’s eyes widened in disbelief as she looked at Uriah.

This was his child. How could he tell her to abort it so easily?

No, she was not pregnant.

Alva shook her head, “I... I’m not pregnant...”

She clenched the covers tightly. Her nails dug into her skin,

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and she gripped so hard that her knuckles turned white.

But even then, she still breathed heavily and her body trembled.

She took a deep breath, suppressed her wildly agitated emotions, steadied her rapidly beating heart, and enunciated each word with unmistakable determination, “Uriah, I’m not pregnant.”

“Trust me.”

Uriah looked at her for a long time, then got up, “I’ll arrange for a doctor. You get some rest.”

The man got up to leave. He stood up straight, and his sturdy back seemed so trustworthy, but he said such cruel and heartless words.

The corners of Alva’s eyes turned red, and her nails broke.

“I want this child. His last name will be Gellar, not Irwin. He will have nothing to do with the Irwin Family. Uriah, will that be okay?”

She knew how unreasonable and nonsensical her demands were to Uriah.

But she couldn’t do it. She really couldn’t let the child be aborted.

This was their child.

A child with his bloodline...

Uriah lifted his head slightly, and a cold shiver suddenly ran down her spine.

“Alva, you’re not being sensible.”

All was silent in the ward.

Alva looked at him with red-rimmed eyes.

She asked, as if with all her strength, “Uriah, just this once, can’t I be unreasonable?”

“No.”

Alva fell back on the bed, tears sliding down her face.

This past year, he had treated her ridiculously well. Everyone said that she must have racked up a lot of good karma in her last life in order to marry such a wonderful man, and she thought so too.

But who would have thought that the person who once doted on her beyond comparison would be so heartless to her at this moment?

All dreams come to an end someday.

Don’t take them seriously.

If you do, you will lose.

Chapter 6: Don’t You Dare

The doctor quickly examined her and scheduled her for surgery.

Alva didn’t cry. She simply closed her eyes and waited for everything to end.

If Uriah had wronged her, she probably would have tried everything to keep the baby.

But he had been so good to her that she was still willing to accept his ruthlessness.

But to her surprise, her mother-in-law arrived just as she was about to be wheeled into the operating room.

“Stop right there, all of you!” Alva opened her eyes.

Candice stomped over aggressively and pointed at the doctor’s face, “Sandy, are you sure you’re doing the right thing?”

Dr. Zade felt helpless, “Candice, your son Uriah does not want it. There’s nothing I can do.””

“He doesn’t want it, but I do! It’s my grandchild. I’ll raise it!”

“That...”

“That’s how it is, so hurry up and give them back to me. Otherwise, our decades of friendship end here!”

The old woman was so stubborn that Dr. Zade could do nothing but have Alva brought back to the hospital room.

“I have to say this ahead of time even if you find me rude. If Uriah asks me what happened, I’m going to drop your name faster than the speed of light.”

“Tell him! There’s no need to hold back. If there are any issues, have him come to me!”

“Great, I can rest easy now that you’ve said that!”

Alva returned to the hospital room, her mind still repeating what Candice and Dr. Zade had just said.

She placed a hand over her still-flat stomach and whispered, “Baby, you’re still there, aren’t you?”

Was she dreaming? Was this reality?

Candice quickly came up to her and said, “Neither of you wants this child, but I do. Starting today, specialists will come to take care of you until you safely deliver the baby.”

After saying that, she turned around to leave.

Alva called her back, “Mom.”

Candice stopped and looked at her with contempt.

Alva clutched her stomach tightly, her eyes fixed on the other woman, “Mom, if this child can be born...”

Before she could finish, Candice interrupted her, “The birth of this child has nothing to do with you. You and Uriah can go back to your everyday lives.”

Alva Instantly grabbed her clothes.

Nothing to do with her? But it was her child...

Alva didn't know where she got the courage to sit up, “Mom, can I have this baby?”

Candice looked at her with wide eyes and a look of disbelief, “What are you talking about?”

How could the Irwin Family allow their descendants to be taken by a divorced woman?

Did she even know what she was talking about?

“This is my child. I want to raise him, and I...”

“Shut up! In this child's veins runs the blood of the Irwin family. How could I let you have it? Alva, don't just sit there and make demands. If it's money you want, I can give it to you. But don't even think about trying to take this child away!”

The old woman left angrily, and Alva laughed bitterly.

She knew how naive she was acting, but it hurt to think that this child would never have anything to do with her again.

Elsewhere, the Heyday Group had a towering skyscraper that pierced through the clouds and knocked on the door to heaven with a panoramic view from the fifty-sixth floor that was out of this world.

It was the tallest building in Virginia and a symbol of power and status.

Uriah stood in front of the large floor-to-ceiling windows and looked at the rows and rows of tall buildings lined up below with his deep dark eyes.

Knock, knock, knock.

There was a knock on the door, and York Colt entered.

“President Irwin, we’ve received word from the hospital that your mother has taken your wife away.”

The man lowered his gaze, and an icy glint appeared in them, “When?”

“An hour ago.

Chapter 7: Escape

Candice took Alva to the imperial capital that day. They went to the most medically advanced private hospital with the highest standards that money could buy.

Four nurses and two doctors surrounded her at all times and gave her the most meticulous and thorough examinations.

Alva mechanically allowed them to jostle her around.

The night drew to a close.

Alva leaned back in her hospital bed with her hand on her stomach. She gazed out of the window into the night.

After nine months... No, in seven or so months, the baby would be taken from her womb.

She would never see it again.

Is this... what she wanted?

That night, Alva had a nightmare that Uriah was standing in front of her. He said, “Alva, do you know what happens when you don’t know what’s good for you?”

She was forcibly taken into the operating room. There, the doctor put on gloves and picked up a scalpel, then used it to slash at her stomach.

“Don’t-!”

Alva screamed in terror and sat upright.

The nurse on watch immediately came over, “Ma’am.”

But Alva was still in the nightmare. She pushed the nurse away, “Don’t touch me!”

She shrank back and looked at the nurse with fear and alarm, mumbling, “You can’t touch my baby!”

The nurse looked at her appearance and quickly tried to ring the alarm on the hospital bed.

Meanwhile, Alva quickly got out of bed and ran toward the exit.

She had to get out of this horrible place!

But once she ran to the door, opened it, and saw everything outside, she stopped.

Calm down.

What just happened was a dream. It wasn’t real.

Right now, she was in reality.

But if she stayed here, then that dream would come true.

She couldn’t stay here.

She had to leave.

And she had to take her baby with her!

The doctor came over to examine her and departed after making sure she was okay, leaving a nurse in the room to watch her.

Alva looked at the nurse and asked, “Can you take me out for a walk?”

The nurse looked at her suspiciously.

Alva continued, “I had a nightmare and it felt so realistic. I want to walk around. We don’t have to go outside, just downstairs.”

The nurse thought about the way she looked just now and said, “Okay, but you can’t walk for too long. Right now, what you need most is rest.”

“Okay, thank you.”

Very soon, the nurse guided her downstairs. Alva gripped the hem of her clothes and looked around calmly.

They walked into the alley ahead. Under a large banyan tree, Alva suddenly clutched her stomach.

The nurse immediately supported her, “What’s wrong, ma’ am?”

“My stomach hurts. Ah, it hurts...”

“What happened? How did this...”

The nurse also panicked and looked around.

Alva quickly interjected, “Hurry, get a doctor!”

“Okay, I’ll get going. Stay here and don’t move.”

“Ugh, oww... My child... My child...”

She doubled over in pain. The nurse couldn’t afford to delay things any longer and immediately ran into the hospital. Alva took off her coat as soon as the nurse was out of sight, turned the sweater she was wearing inside out, pulled her long hair into a bun, and quickly walked outside.

Almost as soon as she left the hospital, the nurse arrived downstairs with the doctor.

But no matter how many people showed up under the big banyan tree, Alva was nowhere to be found.

Once Alva walked out of the hospital, she took off at a jog.

She ran while looking around at her surroundings and soon turned into an alley.

She had to get to a place with no surveillance cameras.

That way, she wouldn’t be found.

At the moment, the hospital was in chaos. Everyone was looking for Alva.

Even Candice was there.

“You can’t even look after one woman. Is this place staffed by monkeys?”

The doctors and nurses didn’t dare to talk back. They bowed their heads and silently endured the lecture.

Candice pointed at them, “Why are you still standing there?”

100% Bonus

Even if we have to turn the hospital upside down, we have to find her!”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Soon after, the doctors and nurses scattered, but Candice stayed rooted to the spot, her eyes burning with fury.

Alva, you better pray that I don’t find you!

At the same time, a low-end luxury car pulled up outside the hospital.

Uriah got out of the car.

Chapter 8: Three Months Passed in the Blink of an Eye

The man stood still. Dressed in all black, he looked cold and ruthless.

The man glanced upwards. The hospital came into his line of sight, and his expression darkened.

He walked in, followed by two bodyguards.

Candice was watching the surveillance videos in the security room, but no matter how much she looked, it was as if her target had vanished into thin air. She couldn’t find Alva no matter how hard she looked.

Just as she was about to lose her temper again, a cold voice called out from behind her,
“Did you lose her?”

Candice stiffened and looked at the cold person standing in the doorway.

Many times she suspected that this man was not her own

son.

The person who entered was a stranger, one she didn't recognize.

“Don't just stand there making sarcastic remarks. Go look for them! I don't want one of
the Irwin Family's

descendants to get lost out there!”

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“They won't be.”

The voice was indifferent, without a hint of emotion, but it made the listener's heart sink.

“What are you trying to say?”

Alva took refuge in an old residential building.

Perhaps God had taken pity on her and was helping her. Not long after she hid at the
corner of a set of stairs, she met a charitable old woman.

She begged the old woman to take her in, and the old woman agreed.

Once Alva started living in the old woman's home, she found out that the old timer was childless and alone.

Since then, Alva stayed at the old woman's home.

For three months, it seemed like things had calmed down.

Alva started to go out and look for part-time jobs to earn money.

They were all small places.

Time passed, but she never dared to lower her guard.

Today, she was making a food delivery to a private villa.

The villa was full of people and they seemed to be having a damn good time.

100% Bonus

Alva left right after she dropped off the order.

She had only taken two steps when a man called out to her, "Hey, lady. Come here for a minute."

Alva stopped and looked over.

A man in a floral shirt and shorts waved at her while smoking a cigarette.

Alva walked over, "Sir, what can I do for you?"

"Go to Autumn Bread and buy some pastries for me. This money is for you." The man said, pulling out a pile of money and giving it to her.

Seeing so much money, Alva's eyes lit up and she

immediately took it, "Yes, I'll send it over to you soon!"

The baby was already more than four months old and would get bigger as time progressed. She had to save money to prepare for the birth.

Alva took the money and jogged away.

After she left, another man sidled up to the first one.

"Why does that woman look kind of familiar?"

The first man listened to the second man's musings. He took a drag on his cigarette, held it in his fingers, and exhaled a smoke ring. He turned and looked at the man next to him with a playful expression, "Spencer, I don't think you know her at all. I bet you're just interested in older women."

Spencer Nash shook his head, "No, let me think. I must have seen this woman before. Where have I seen her before?"

The other man watched him concentrate and actually think about it. He patted Spencer's shoulder and said

meaningfully, "Think carefully. If you still haven't figured it out, I'll send her to you when she gets back. Take your time."

Spencer ignored him and continued to search his memory for Alva's likeness.

His gut feeling told him that this woman was important.

Meanwhile, Alva was at Autumn Bread.

Autumn Bread was a premium bakery.

Their desserts not only looked exquisite, but they also tasted excellent.

Alva held the money in her hand and counted it. She kept a few hundred dollars and used the rest to buy pastries.

She ordered them to be delivered, but she kept close and followed the truck all the way to the address.

Chapter 9: Have We Met Somewhere Before?

After the pastries arrived, she went to look for the man who had asked her to buy them. “Sir, the pastries are here.”

The man holding a glass of wine in his hand looked at her carefully. Her long hair was pulled back into a bun, but because she had been busy, it hung loosely behind her head. A lot of strands had broken free and the bun looked messy.

She wasn't wearing makeup, had a small face, and her skin had tanned in the sun, but her eyes were big and bright.

She wore a loose round-neck T-shirt, denim pants, and canvas shoes. There was really nothing fancy about her.

Truthfully, she wasn't his type, but that meant she was refreshing.

And how was she refreshing?

Naturally, it was because she was a poor woman.

“OK, I'm satisfied. Wait here.”

Then he went to call Spencer.

If his friend liked a woman, he would send her to them.

Alva didn't know why the man was asking her to wait, but she wondered if he wanted to tip her for doing such a good job. With that thought in mind, she stood there and waited.

100% Bonus

The man walked up to Spencer and pointed at Alva, who seemed out of place at this party. "Hey, there's that lady you like."

Spencer had given up on thinking. He was now holding a thin model and locking lips with her.

Spencer heard his friend's words and immediately let go of the model and looked over.

But Alva wasn't looking in their direction. He could only see the side of Alva's face.

Spencer immediately approached her.

The young model called out unhappily, "Mr. Nash!"

She was about to chase him, but the other man blocked her path, "Oh dear. Little temptress, your Mr. Nash is now into older women. Why don't you play with me?"

The little model suddenly leaned over and pouted, "I, Betty, will take you up on your offer."

The two flirted as Spencer drew closer to Alva to get a closer look.

Alva was startled by his sudden appearance, "You..."

"Have we met somewhere before?"

Spencer interrupted her. He looked inquiringly at Alva.

Alva immediately shook her head, "No, sir. We have never met."

The person before her was tall and thin. He didn't look like a very prominent figure, but you could tell at a glance that he was a rich man.

She didn't know any rich people aside from Uriah.

Alva looked down after she finished speaking, “Sir, I’m busy, so I’ll leave first.”

She saw couples in every corner at this party. Some kissed boldly in public, and others still were getting it on right in front of everyone.

This was not a good place. She had to get out.

Alva turned to leave after she finished speaking.

Spencer watched her leave, but when she stepped out into the sunlight, he reached an epiphany. He clapped his hands and exclaimed, “I remember now!”

The sudden outburst made the people around him look over, but Spencer ignored them and immediately pulled out his cell phone and ran outside.

Meanwhile, in the studio dressing room.

Bella sat in a chair with a glass of lemonade.

A man leaned next to the dressing table. He wore a black shirt opened to the fourth button. He appeared casual and unrestrained.

The corners of the man’s mouth slanted upward. His legs were crossed, and he had a sinister aura.

“Bella, as a good friend, I’m worried about you right now.”

Bella was wearing delicate makeup and the latest luxury goods from Odell.

She was a model and a designer, the darling of the fashion world.

She was scheduled to appear on the runway in just ten minutes.

Her red lips curled up slightly, and she narrowed her eyes coldly, “Your presence here is what’s making me worry.”

“Heh, because of Uriah?” The man’s eyes shone with an icy glint.

Bella sneered, “Verne, I’ve said my piece. If you want to appear in front of me again, then we can’t even stay as friends.”

After saying that, she turned around and left.

Verne looked at her shapely back and the smile on his lips widened, “Bella, I’m here as a friend to remind you that a certain woman ran away with the child of the man you love most. And don’t you forget, that woman was with Uriah for a year. They’ve done a lot of things that you and Uriah haven’t.”

“Maybe, just maybe, Uriah is intentionally trying to spare her. If that’s not the case, then why hasn’t he found her yet despite all the connections and means at his disposal?”

Bella clenched her fists at her side.

Verne walked over to her, leaned over, and spoke in her ear, “Bella, it’s only a matter of time before a man and a woman are together. Think about it.”

Verne left, and Bella made several complicated expressions.

After learning that the woman was pregnant, her heart felt like it was constantly being stabbed by countless thorns and she couldn’t pull them out!

Verne got in his car and fired up the engine when the phone rang.

He pressed the Bluetooth button and turned the steering wheel, “Hello.”

“Verne, this is Spencer. I saw that woman today!”

“Who?”

“Uriah’s wife!”

Chapter 10: Kidnapped

Alva felt uneasy as she left the villa. She still remembered the way the man looked at her.

As such, after she left the villa, she went back to her part-time job and informed her boss that she was resigning.

Normally, salaries would not be paid until the end of the month, but she worked hard and never shied away from a tough job. The boss was impressed, so he paid her salary for the amount she had worked. Alva immediately opened her mouth and said, “Thank you, boss!”

“You’re welcome. Come back when you’ve settled your family business. I want you to work for me again.”

“Okay.”

Alva left shortly afterward and returned to the old lady’s home.

But when she opened the door and saw the person sitting on the couch, the things in Alva’s hands fell to the floor.

“What are you doing? Let me go! Let go of me!”

Alva was taken from the neighborhood and forced into the car.

Spencer watched the door close and spoke to the person on the phone, “We got her, bro. Tell me what to do with

her!”

Verne fiddled with his lighter, the corner of his mouth slanted upwards like usual. “Take her to Golden Night.”

“You got it!”

Spencer got in the car and said to the driver, “Go to Golden Night.”

Alva listened to him speak as she struggled, “Who the hell are you, and what are you going to do?!”

She didn’t know this man. She didn’t know what he was going to do to her.

Spencer turned to look her up and down before resting his eyes on her face, “I honestly don’t think you look good. You’re so much worse than Bella. You two are as far apart as the earth and the sky.”

He pointed to the sky and the earth as if to emphasize his words.

“I really don’t understand why Uriah would marry you and let you carry his child. Seriously...”

Spencer shook his head and turned away.

Alva went pale. Uriah...

“You’re the one Uriah sent?”

Spencer bared a smile, “Uriah?”

“You’re overthinking it.”

Chapter 10 Kidnapped

Alva panicked. If not Uriah, then who?

That’s right, Bella. He just said Bella!

“You were sent by Bella?”

100% Bonus

She asked eagerly, even though she had no idea who Bella was.

She hadn’t offended that person, and she hoped they would leave her alone.

Unfortunately, Spencer did not want to talk to her again. He lit a cigarette and smoked it.

Alva felt increasingly uneasy as she looked out the window. The car was heading to an unknown destination. She couldn’t escape with tall, imposing men sitting to her left and right.

What should she do?

When the car stopped at Golden Night an hour later, it was already dark.

Night was approaching.

The car door opened and Alva took the chance to make a run for it.

However, she was pregnant. There was no way she could outrun several men, and she was soon caught.

Alva struggled, “I don’t even know the Bella you’re talking about. How could I have offended her? Let go of me! Let

100% Bonus

go!”

Spencer simply ignored her and had her brought in.

Soon, Alva was thrown into a hall with alabaster tiles.

The surrounding dim lights instantly brightened.

The whole hall was lit up like daylight.

Alva got a good look at the surrounding scenery.

It was full of people, tables, chairs, bar counters, upper- floor seats, musical instruments, and all kinds of unfamiliar but expensive liquors.

There were also places to pole dance.

This place was luxurious and extremely pricey.

The atmosphere was quiet and everyone was looking at

her.

Alva was on the ground. She covered her stomach and backed up, but there were two walls of people standing behind her. She couldn’t retreat.

She was scared, terrified even, but she braced herself and got up.

Baby, don’t be scared. Mommy will protect you. Nothing will ever harm you!