



# The Last Move Is Mine

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**Category:** Romance

**Description:** Wesley Ross said he was going on a business trip—but that was just a cover. He used it to sneak away and reunite with his secret lover. I barely had time to process the betrayal when my private investigator delivered an even darker truth: she's pregnant.

I was ready to burn everything to the ground. But then came the twist I never saw coming—Wesley is planning to kill me. All so he can erase me from the picture and start a new life with her. But he made one fatal mistake: underestimating me.

Now that I know everything, I'm done playing the victim. His betrayal lit the fuse—my revenge will be the explosion.

**Total Pages (Source):** 15

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 3, 2025, 7:17 am*

My heart sank when the private detective sent me photos of Wesley Ross casually resting his arm on Charlotte Wilson's shoulder. He smiled in the photograph.

Charlotte, my trusted right-hand woman, had been reassigned as Wesley's secretary soon after he joined my company. Before seeing those photos, I clung to a sliver of hope, desperately hoping that my suspicions were incorrect.

Then my phone vibrated with another notification: a second blow from the private detective. My hands trembled while I read the message.

Charlotte was pregnant.

How could she be knocked up?

My emotions boiled over as memories of my past with Wesley flooded back. Two years into our relationship, I became pregnant with his child.

However, instead of joy, Wesley was upset. He claimed that having a baby would divert my attention away from him, so he convinced me to terminate the pregnancy.

Unfortunately, that was only the beginning of many abortions to come. A year later, I became pregnant again, and he persuaded me to terminate it using the same excuse.

My doctor warned me that I had a thinner-than-average uterine wall. Two abortions in one year would have a negative impact on my health. He advised me to use some protection if I did not want to become pregnant.

Since then, I've insisted Wesley use protection every time. It worked—we avoided any further unwanted pregnancies.

However, Wesley's parents became concerned after we had been childless for eight years, but Wesley was too cowardly to tell them that he didn't intend to have children. My in-laws thought I was infertile and criticised me, treating me worse over time.

Every time I was on the verge of tears, Wesley would tell me to keep it together.

Once, his mother, Maria, sneaked into our villa and tampered with all of our sheaths, resulting in yet another unplanned pregnancy.

I still remembered what the doctor had said to me. He warned me not to have an abortion or risk becoming infertile.

Because I wanted to be a mother, I refused to have an abortion and told Wesley the doctor's opinion. He fell silent after learning the truth.

I wanted to keep the baby, but Wesley said he wasn't ready to become a father. He refused to allow a child to disrupt our lives and marriage.

I was stunned by his words and couldn't understand why he was so opposed to having children. But we had a good relationship, and I didn't want the topic of childrearing to become a point of contention. Finally, I went to the hospital to have an abortion, accompanied by Wesley.

The doctor's prognosis was bleak: I would struggle to conceive in the future. Wesley hugged me afterward, admitting it was his fault and promising to treat me better and never leave my side. But his words sounded hollow.

When my in-laws discovered I was infertile, they treated me even worse. Wesley did not speak up for me. He left me to face the scorn of my in-laws.

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Maria erupted in rage after I accidentally broke a bowl. She stormed into the kitchen, shoving me in her rage. I slipped on the wet floor and fell hard, resulting in heavy bleeding between my legs.

That day, I lost the last baby I'd ever have. I had lost all hope of ever becoming a mother.

How could Wesley turn around and hook up with another woman after what he had done to me?

I clutched my phone and glared at the photos, determined to make Wesley Ross pay the price.

Wesley and I went to visit his parents one weekend after he returned from a business trip.

Maria smiled brightly when she saw his son at the door, but her smile faded when she realised I was by his side. "What are you doing here?"

My smile froze. I gave Wesley a sad expression.

He immediately attempted to mediate. "What are you talking about, Mom? We're returning to visit because Clara misses both of you!"

Maria, scoffing, turned on her heels and snarked, "You miss us? Why don't you give us a grandchild?"

Wesley gave me an awkward look, and I shook my head to tell him everything was fine before we entered the house.

Wesley's father, Gilbert Ross, chatted with Maria and Wesley as they sat down to dinner.

My in-laws enquired about Wesley, but I could tell it was all for show; they must have had something important to discuss with him, but they would never bring it up in front of me.

I wondered what they would do if I wasn't there, and when that thought occurred to me, I turned on the recorder on my phone and placed it on the table, screen down.

Suddenly, I said, "Oh! Dad, Mom, it occurred to me that we had forgotten to lock our car! Wesley left his bag in the car. I have to go check it out."

Maria was taken aback. She patted her chest, then rolled her eyes at me and schooled me.

"You've never done anything correctly!" Go now! Wesley will be in trouble if he loses his bag.

I took the car keys and went downstairs, where I waited until it was time to rejoin them.

When I returned to the dinner table, the conversation came to an abrupt halt, and Wesley and his parents gave me a look that made my hair stand up.

Gilbert was the first to break the silence, and with a smile, he motioned for me to join them. The conversation resumed once I took my seat.

I grabbed my phone, went to the toilet, locked the door, pressed play and listened intently to the crisp recording.

In the recording, Maria eagerly cursed at me right after I closed the door, saying, “How dare that infertile pig show up here?”

“Wesley, get a divorce right now and marry Charlotte. Just look at Clara! She’s hopeless. If she can’t give you a child, she shouldn’t call herself your wife! Since Charlotte is pregnant now, you should divorce Clara and marry Charlotte instead.”

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Apparently, my in-laws were aware of Charlotte's affairs with Wesley and her pregnancy.

Wesley was saying to me, "I can't just get a divorce. If she refuses to sign the papers, I will have to go to court for a few years. She founded the company, and I have no stock ownership at all. I need to plan carefully if I want a divorce."

Maria sighed and added, "That woman is such a nuisance. She's like a leech; you can't shake her off!"

Wesley spoke up after a brief pause, "If she's dead, her stocks will belong to me."

"Is that true?" Maria asked, gleefully.

I trembled violently as I heard the suggestion. Was my husband planning on killing me? I stood there, frozen.

A chill swept through my entire body, causing me to tremble uncontrollably. I never imagined that the man I shared a bed with, the husband I trusted, would plan to murder me.

And all because I was unable to bear children. Had he seriously considered getting rid of me simply because he couldn't find a legitimate reason to force me to walk away empty-handed from our divorce?

But wasn't Wesley the one who always said he didn't want children? Why now? Why did he suddenly want to divorce me over his child with Charlotte?



The recording continued to play. Wesley's tone was calm and calculated. "If she died without a will, I would inherit two-thirds of her assets, while her parents would receive one-third."

He paused before saying, "The majority of our assets are mixed with each other's. If we had to divide them, I'm confident I could get two-thirds of her wealth."

The realisation hit me like a train: Wesley had already planned the divorce and had been preparing for this day for a long time.

My heart felt as if it had broken into pieces; I was devastated, and for a fleeting moment, I considered storming out of the bathroom and attacking these despicable people with a knife.

I had always respected Wesley's parents, even more than my own, and had gone above and beyond to care for them. But now I realised they had no regard for my life, no gratitude, no empathy—they wanted me dead.

Perhaps it was time to reconsider my plans; how could I leave these two scheming old monsters out of what was to come?

I left the bathroom 10 minutes later and ate dinner with the Rosses without revealing anything.

After I finished the dishes, I handed over my checkup report to my in-laws and stammered, "Dad, Mom, I have something to discuss with you." I know you want a grandchild, but I miscarried too many times before this. The doctor said I'd have trouble getting pregnant again..."

Wesley and his parents frowned at me as they waited for me to continue, and I kept up the act, innocently saying, "But the family lineage cannot stop here." I've got an

idea. Because modern technology has advanced, Wesley and I could travel abroad to receive IVF treatments. Dad, Mom, what are your thoughts?"

Maria took a while to understand my suggestion, and she was the first to slam her fist on the table, "I object!" How can you compare these treatments to naturally conceived babies?"

Then she glared at me, "Wesley married you to pass down our family bloodline." What is the point of your marriage if you refuse to have children?"

I scoffed silently; what a pathetic excuse! I knew they would be hesitant to spend any money on me now that Charlotte was expecting Wesley's child.

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Despite being secretly disgruntled, I kept up the act, tears streaming down my cheeks. “Mom, what do we do now? You shoved me and caused me to miscarry the last time. Are we really going to watch the Ross bloodline end here?”

When Maria mentioned the miscarriage, she immediately shut up; after all, her violence had directly caused my miscarriage and infertility. She stopped snapping at me, feeling bad.

I grabbed Wesley’s hand, “Darling, I can’t keep your family back. I don’t want to be the cause of your family’s misfortune! Maybe... Perhaps we should just get divorced!”

“D-Divorce?” Wesley stammered, completely taken aback by my sudden suggestion, and turned to look at his parents, confused.

Wesley’s father, sensing the tension, quickly intervened to calm things down. “Divorce? No, no, it would be so embarrassing for you if others knew about it.”

He took a serviette from the box and handed it to me. “What about this? Why don’t you two keep trying for a few more years? If that doesn’t work, I’ll help you adopt a child from a good family. What are your thoughts?”

Killing me must have been too risky, and when I mentioned their bloodline, Gilbert offered a sneaky solution.

His words made me snicker in silence; that “good family” was undoubtedly Charlotte, and the “adopted child” was most likely their illegitimate child.

I wiped my tears, pretending to consider his suggestion, and then said, “Dad, I know your intentions are good, but adopting a child is not without risks.

“If the child grows up and finds out they are adopted, they might want to find their birth parents. What would we do then? Stop them? But if we let them go, doesn’t that mean we would’ve raised someone else’s child for nothing for over a decade?”

Gilbert was unable to refute me because I spoke with such determination. Everyone fell into an awkward silence.

Maria’s eyes glowed with inspiration at this point. She exclaimed, “How about getting a surrogate?”

Even though I had anticipated this, hearing it directly from her mouth made me disgusted by Ross’s shamelessness.

I feigned shock and widened my eyes. Before I could say anything, Wesley lost his cool.

“Mom! What are you saying?” he grumbled, his tone tinged with reproach. He looked at me, as if worried I’d be offended.

However, he failed to deceive me with his poor acting; I caught a fleeting glimpse of excitement in his eyes.

Wesley wrapped his arms around me, his expression showing tenderness. “Clara is the only woman for me!”

Maria glared at him and demanded, “Let her speak!”

Wesley immediately became silent.

All three of them looked at me, waiting for my response.

I was eager to nod in agreement, but I made a show of hesitating. Eventually, after much persuasion and coaxing from Wesley's parents, I "reluctantly" agreed to the surrogate arrangement.

They were visibly pleased when I gave in, and they grinned smugly as if they had successfully duped me.

Wesley comforted me tenderly, and the mood at the table changed to one of harmony and joy.

The three of them thought they were setting a trap for me, but little did they realise they had already walked right into mine.

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On the way home from saying goodbye to his parents, Wesley seemed to be in a particularly good mood; he couldn't stop complimenting me and gushing about how fortunate he was to have me.

He joked that he must have saved the world in a previous life to be blessed with me in this one.

I simply smiled at him, my eyes filled with approval and satisfaction.

He abruptly changed the subject: "Darling, since we're both so happy today, how about we go shopping for a bag for you?" Or perhaps something else? Whatever you want, I can get it for you."

I cheerfully agreed, and what I had planned as a quick shopping trip took an unexpected turn when we ran into Charlotte at the mall.

Charlotte quickly left her group of girlfriends and approached us with a friendly smile, leaving Wesley with a flicker of unease in his expression.

Her gaze occasionally lingered on Wesley's face. "Good day, Mr. and Mrs. Ross. What a coincidence to find you here!"

I held Wesley's arm and politely smiled back. "Ms. Wilson, are you shopping as well? Want to join us?"

Wesley gave me a bewildered look, and I chastised him, "What's with that look? You have no idea what women like. I dislike all of the bags you've previously purchased

for me. Don't you think it's a huge waste of money?"

Charlotte's expression shifted subtly, revealing a hint of jealousy.

Wesley opened his mouth to speak, but I cut him off. "Ms. Wilson is younger and likely more familiar with current trends. I'd appreciate her assistance in selecting a few bags and outfits. Wesley, don't you mind having Charlotte around? "Surely, you are not that unreasonable."

Even as I said those words, I felt sick by my own performance, but when I saw the awkward looks on Wesley and Charlotte's faces, I knew it was all worth it.

Wesley grunted reluctantly in response, and I could tell he was worried that I would find out about their affair.

I turned to Charlotte and asked her again, "Ms." Wilson, do you want to shop with us? I'd appreciate your assistance in selecting some bags and clothing, but don't feel obligated if you're busy."

Charlotte hesitated briefly before smiling at Wesley and agreeing to accompany me.

Throughout the shopping trip, I pretended not to notice their silent exchanges and subtle looks.

Charlotte suggested a variety of outfits to me, most of which were either unflatteringly ugly or overly revealing.

Before we left, I turned to Wesley with a coy smile and said, just loudly enough, "I'll try these on at home for you." I purposefully bought the sexy outfits while rejecting the ugly ones outright.

After a few of these exchanges, their faces darkened.

Later, I asked Charlotte to choose something for herself—a bag and an outfit. Leaning in, I whispered, “It’s not like it’s your money. Go ahead and indulge. It’s up to your boss.

Charlotte hesitated, but couldn’t resist the temptation, and the few items she chose ended up costing more than everything she had chosen for me combined.

I remained silent throughout the checkout process because I wanted Wesley to witness Charlotte’s greed for himself.



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After the mission was completed, I pretended to be exhausted: “Darling, I’m tired. Can we go home now?”

Wesley nodded quietly and turned to Charlotte, “Ms. Wilson, you should also go home early.

Even as he spoke, they exchanged subtle signals that they believed only they could decipher. I played my part, pretending not to notice anything.

When we arrived home, I flopped onto the sofa and looked at Wesley. “Darling, I believe Ms. Wilson is an excellent candidate. Let’s add her to our list,” I said.

It took him a while to understand what I meant by the “list”.

I expected him to be overjoyed because choosing Charlotte as the surrogate would give him a lot of leeway, but to my surprise, his reaction was firm and unwavering.

“She’s not suitable,” he stated firmly.

I sat up, puzzled: “Why not? She’s pretty and has a similar build to me. If I recall correctly, she graduated from a prestigious university. Her genetics should be excellent. What is wrong with her?”

Before I could finish speaking, Wesley dropped to his knees before me.

I attempted to assist him right away, taken aback.

But Wesley remained stubbornly on his knees, refusing to budge. With his head hung low, he said softly, “Honey, I apologise. “I’ve been hiding something from you.”

I attempted to help him up while saying, “Whatever it is, we’ll talk about it after you get up. If there is a problem, we will resolve it together. “Seeing you like this breaks my heart.”

The more understanding I appeared, the more guilty he seemed to feel. It didn’t matter if his feelings were genuine; as long as he expressed his guilt, I could use it as leverage.

Despite all of my efforts, he remained kneeling on the floor; again, I hadn’t used much force.

At that pathetic sight, I caved in and said, “All right, just tell me.” What have you been hiding from me?”

Wesley raised his head to meet my gaze, which was tinged with annoyance and genuine concern, and then slapped himself twice across the face.

I was startled and grabbed his hand, “What are you doing? Please tell me! Why would you harm yourself?”

Finally, Wesley reluctantly confessed the situation between him and Charlotte—but only in his altered version of events.

In his account, he and Charlotte had only made the mistake once after drinking too much, and his reasoning was sound.

He claimed that during a particularly stressful period at work—when the company was working on a major project and I had recently had a miscarriage—he felt physically

and emotionally exhausted.

After closing a deal over drinks one evening, Charlotte offered to drop him off at a hotel because it was getting late; they had both been drinking, and they had accidentally slept together.

He said he wanted to fire Charlotte, but she begged him tearfully, saying she had worked extremely hard to get into the company and mentioned her unfortunate family circumstances.

She dismissed the affair as a one-time mistake between two consenting adults, a secret she promised to keep to herself.

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“I felt sorry for her after seeing her cry her eyes out, so I decided to keep her,” Wesley said, looking at me with sincerity. “And it only happened once. I swear, darling, you must believe me. If you are still upset, how about I fire Charlotte tomorrow? Okay?”

I widened my eyes in disbelief, looking at him with a mixture of shock and anguish, as if the world was ending.

I collapsed onto the couch and looked at him with disappointment, as if I couldn’t believe he could stoop so low. Are you firing Charlotte?”

Wesley nodded quickly: “Yes! I’ll do anything you want to cheer you up.

I looked at him blankly and thought, “Oh, Wesley... how true to form you are”.

Wesley was an incredibly intelligent man. He knew now was the best time to tell Charlotte about his relationship.

In doing so, he portrayed himself as a man eager to turn over a new leaf, leaving the decision to me, transforming me into the bad guy.

The kicker? Charlotte was already pregnant.

After using me to remove Charlotte, he would be free to cheat on me with other women while giving me the impression that he adored me—a triple win for him.

But he had made the incorrect moves. If he thought I’d accept responsibility for his

actions and pave the way for his future exploits, he was very mistaken.

Wesley stared at me intently, as if waiting for my decision.

I averted my gaze and muttered, “Just get up for now and get out of my sight. I need to think about this.” Wesley quickly rose to his feet. He even attempted to grab my hand and explain further, but a stern look from me caused him to freeze. He felt intimidated. He was concerned about the fact that I held the majority of his wealth. Worse, I could reveal the skeletons in his closet.

That was why he had to demonstrate obedience and repentance. Even if his affair with Charlotte was genuine, he had to explain it as a drunken mistake or shift the majority of the blame to her.

Watching him retreat into the study, I couldn’t help but wonder how I had fallen for such a jerk in the first place.

Now that Wesley had admitted his relationship with Charlotte, I couldn’t continue to play dumb.

Wesley stood outside my bedroom door at night, staring at me. I sat on the bed, lost in thought.

He softly called my name: “Clara, are you... okay?”

I looked up slowly. Then I muttered weakly, “I’m fine.”

When I saw him hesitate, I forced a bitter smile.

“Wesley, I’ve thought it over. Instead of looking for someone else, why don’t we pick Charlotte to be the surrogate? We need to have a conscience and stop dragging

innocent people into this mess. Think of it as building good karma for the sake of our child.”

I delivered that remark in a powerless and desolate tone, exposing my humiliation and heartbreak.

Wesley’s face contorted with shock. Then he smiled and nodded, “Okay, darling, whatever you say.” I closed my eyes and grunted. I ignored him and lay in the bed.

A minute later, I felt a sinking weight on the opposite side of the bed. He then gently rested his hand on my waist. I felt his warm breath on the back of my neck.

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His voice was extremely soft, almost inaudible. “Darling, I’m sorry. I will treat you right from now on.”

“It’s okay. I forgive you,” I said, reaching out to take his hand. “Darling, remember, I will always love you. But if I’m no longer around, I want you to live well. I hope you’ll carry on fine even without me. That’s my wish.”

Wesley suddenly tightened his grip around my waist. He demanded to know what I meant by that.

Chuckling softly, I reassured him, “Oh, it’s nothing. I just want you to live well.”

Then I raised my finger to his lips, silencing him. “Go to sleep.”

After closing my eyes, I began to make a plan. I had already gained my in-laws’ trust and strained Wesley and Charlotte’s relationship.

Charlotte must have been upset with Wesley after what happened at the mall. She must have found it uncomfortable to see Wesley and me acting romantically. No sane woman would want to share her man with another woman unless she doesn’t care about him.

I was the woman who didn’t care about Wesley, but Charlotte did.

Of course, Charlotte’s actions at the mall would make Wesley think negatively about her. She spent tens of thousands of dollars without hesitation.

I did an excellent job playing my part. Those who had hurt me—Wesley, Charlotte, Gilbert, and Maria—would soon realise that I wasn't just a doormat who was head over heels for him.

Now that everything had been put in place, all that remained was to watch them fight among themselves!

The next day at noon, I prepared lunch and delivered it to the office.

I ran into Charlotte again. She maintained her usual smile. Wesley, on the other hand, appeared taken aback by my unexpected arrival.

“Darling, what are you doing here?” he enquired.

I giggled and responded, “I brought you lunch. I was in recovery before, but now that I'm doing fine, I have too much time on my hands. So, I made lunch and brought it to you.”

Everyone at the company greeted me warmly and enjoyed seeing me with Wesley.

I smiled shyly and welcomed them back. Not only that, but I asked the administrator to arrange an afternoon tea for everyone.

After lunch with Wesley, I prepared to leave. At that point, I looked at Charlotte.

“Ms. Wilson, would you mind seeing me out?”

Charlotte paused for a moment and looked at Wesley. Wesley appeared unconcerned, which I interpreted as his tacit approval.

Charlotte instantly smiled and nodded at me. She followed me out and assisted me in



hailing a cab while we were on the street.

I stopped her and pointed to a café across the street. “Ms. Wilson, mind joining me for a drink?”

After a brief hesitation, Charlotte agreed.

When we were in the café, I focused on Charlotte, who sat across from me. I said: “You’re Charlotte Wilson, and you’re 24 this year. You graduated from the Harvard School of Business two years ago. Is that right?”

Charlotte looked at me in surprise. She nodded and asked, “Is something wrong, Ms. Watson?”

I got straight to the point and addressed her relationship with Wesley. “I know about you and Wesley,”

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In an instant, Charlotte's rosy cheeks turned pale, a clear sign of panic and fear. She attempted to explain herself, but I cut her off and told her Wesley's side of the story.

I made a minor change to the story, claiming that she purposefully got Wesley drunk and slept with him. The truth did not matter. All I wanted was for her to understand how Wesley saw her.

I also told her about Wesley kneeling to beg forgiveness, and how her face contorted with anger and helplessness. I wanted to laugh aloud at her.

"What exactly are you getting at?" she demanded.

I sighed deeply, turned to face the window, and gave a bitter smile. "If I had more time, I wouldn't have let this slide. But unfortunately... I don't have time left."

"No time left?" Charlotte muttered.

She responded: "What do you mean? Weren't you here to hold me responsible?"

I shook my head, letting her know she was wrong. I removed a piece of paper from my bag and placed it on the table. "I don't have time. I'm dying of cancer. I probably have about one year to live."

Charlotte's eyes widened with shock. "You... you're dying?"

"Yes. It's liver cancer. I think I might have gotten it because I worked too hard and drank too much," I admitted.

I then asked, “You like Wesley, don’t you?”

Charlotte frowned. After a long pause, she replied, “Yes!”

“Good,” I smiled, my eyes full of helplessness, “I hope you can wait a little longer. You can get with him once I’m gone. Is that okay with you?”

Charlotte appeared frightened after hearing this. “Aren’t you... angry?”

“I’m mad, but what good does that do? I can’t just kill you both because of one drunken mistake. Besides, given my current state of health, I’d better not get worked up. Anger will only speed up my demise,” I said, grabbing Charlotte’s hand with a pleading expression.

“I love him, even though I know he made a mistake. But I don’t have much time left. I hope you can wait a little longer. You’re still young. After I’m gone, you can be together and have his child. Alright?”

Charlotte gave me an unreadable expression. She was probably wondering how such a foolish woman existed in the world.

But it was my intention to make them believe I was foolish and easily manipulated so that they would let down their guard.

“You might not have known, but I’m infertile. Still, I love kids. When I’m gone, and when you’re with Wesley, do you think you could give him a child? Remember to visit my grave with your baby.”

Charlotte lowered her head and stared at the diagnosis document on the table for an extended period. Finally, she looked up and told me, “But... I’m already pregnant with Wesley’s child.”

I perked up and looked at Charlotte with excitement. “Really? How far along are you? Will I be able to see the baby before I die?” “Yes, I’m two months pregnant now. If you have a year left to live, you should be able to wait until the baby’s born.”

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I smiled in relief and looked at her with loving eyes. I replied, sounding slightly envious, “That’s great. Even though I can’t bear children, just being able to see your child makes me happy. As long as it’s Wesley’s child, I’ll love them.”

Charlotte appeared completely stunned. She asked incredulously, “Do you really love him that much?”

I shrugged and said, “Yes, I love him so much. He’s more important to me than my own life. He still doesn’t know about my cancer diagnosis, so please keep it a secret.”

“By the way, can I ask you for a favour? Could I spend a few days with your child after you gave birth? I promise I won’t do anything to the baby. I just want to take a look. I’ll leave when my time comes. By then, I hope you can help take care of Wesley and his child. Okay?”

She teared up and agreed, probably moved by my realistic portrayal of a hopeless romantic fool.

“Thank you! Thank you!”

I was about to leave when Charlotte came after me and asked, “Why don’t you get warded?”

I responded with a grin: “I’ve asked the doctor about my diagnosis. Any treatment will only extend my life briefly, not to mention that I’ll go bald. I’ll look terrible, and I don’t want to leave this world looking like that. I want Wesley to remember me as a beautiful woman.”

Charlotte was speechless, seemingly persuaded by my act of pure love.

I went on: “Don’t worry. Just focus on your pregnancy for now. I’ll make sure Wesley spends time with you. You can do whatever you want. If you feel restless, he can take you on a trip.”

Charlotte was shocked again. She hadn’t expected me to be this generous.

I exited the café, looking sad and despondent.

I informed Wesley about Charlotte’s pregnancy when he returned home that night.

Wesley appeared shocked. If I hadn’t known he’d accompanied Charlotte to the hospital, I’d have assumed he had no idea she was pregnant.

“What are we going to do about that?” he enquired.

I smiled and comforted him, “Isn’t this perfect? Talk to her. Get her to keep the child.”

“Right, how did I not think of that?” Wesley asked, as if he had just realised something.

His eyes conveyed a hint of guilt. He paused before offering, “Darling, I’m sorry. You’ve terminated your pregnancies for me. It’s bad for your health. It’s my fault, I was too young back then, and I didn’t want us to be tied down.”

He exhaled and went on: “You know how my parents are. They’ve been pressuring me. And I’m already 45 years old. Looking at all my friends with kids, I started thinking about having one, so I could have someone to take care of me when I’m old...”

Wesley had previously refused to have children, but now he had changed his mind.  
What a jerk!

He demonstrated why women should never trust men who say they do not want children. Men could father children with women at any age, but women were abandoned once they became barren.

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I cursed Wesley in my heart numerous times while maintaining a neutral expression. Seeing that I was not angry, he took my hand and said, “Darling, it’s all my fault.” I will make it up to you. I promise to treat you well from now on.

I hid my disgust and nodded, pretending to be moved.

As I couldn’t bring myself to play along with a shameless man like him, I subtly withdrew my hand and redirected the conversation back to Charlotte: “Well, in the coming days, you should spend more time with Charlotte and keep her happy. Do not worry about me. I will be waiting for your good news.”

“What do you mean, darling?” He asked.

I glared at him, saying impatiently, “You’re so dumb. Women become moody when they are pregnant. You should allow her to take a break from work and relax at home. Do not worry about me. Simply stay by her side. Everything revolves around the baby.

Wesley nodded. He came up to me and hugged me. Looking moved, he said, “Darling, I’ve wronged you; I’ll come back to your side after the baby is born.”

I smiled and agreed, stating that it was the minimum I could do.

That night, Wesley packed his belongings and headed to Charlotte’s house. I knew he had purchased Charlotte’s house for her. She had received numerous gifts from him.

However, I was not in a rush. One day, I would take back everything that was



rightfully mine.

After Wesley left, I continued to visit the office, but I didn't see Charlotte anymore. I assumed she had taken Wesley's advice and rested at home.

About a month later, I got a message from Charlotte, who said she was bored and complained about being stuck at home with Wesley.

I consoled her, telling her that Wesley simply wanted her to have a safe pregnancy. I explained that he was doing it for her own good.

Charlotte expressed her frustration: "But I'm so bored! I want to go out, but he's hired someone to watch me and stop me from stepping out."

I responded, "He must be worried about your safety, especially since you're pregnant."

After sending that message, I added, "If you're really bored, ask him to take you out for a walk. A little activity won't hurt since you're not far along yet."

Charlotte enquired, "But where would I go? Do you think he'll agree?"

I had written: "That's up to you. You can choose whether to travel domestically or abroad. He'll agree if you ask him to come with you."

Wesley would agree to whatever Charlotte asked of him. Then I sent her photos of domestic and international tourist destinations. Of course, I purposefully selected better photos for the international destinations.

I had looked into Charlotte's family before. She came from a low-income family, and I doubt she had ever travelled abroad before this. She would certainly welcome the

opportunity to travel abroad.

However, Charlotte was hesitant about the offer, so I decided to push her. “Wesley listens to you now because you’re pregnant, so you should demand more of him. Ask him to take you wherever you want and make good use of the chance to work on your relationship.”

Charlotte quickly made up her mind after reading the message.

That afternoon, Wesley returned home after a long absence. He complained to me, “Darling, Charlotte is really asking for a lot.”

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I tried to console him: “It’s normal for pregnant women to fuss about everything. They’ll go through mood swings because of the changing hormone levels.”

“But she said she wanted to go abroad for a break and asked me to go with her. I can’t believe it.”

I pretended to be surprised, but quickly reassured him, “Go ahead. We should be more accommodating because she’s pregnant; don’t you want to go too?”

Wesley remained silent for a few seconds before releasing a deep sigh. “I’m just worried for her safety. I’m also busy with a new project. I really don’t have the time.”

I frowned and thought for a moment before offering a suggestion: “Just go. Take her abroad for a break and bring her for prenatal checkups if you want. They might have more advanced technology abroad.”

I put a hand on his shoulder. “I’ll handle the company. Take this opportunity to rest and relax. You’ve worked hard these past few years. From now on, I’ll always be by your side, supporting you.”

Wesley looked at me with eyes full of unspoken affection. “Darling, I love you so much.”

I kissed him while smiling shyly. “Here’s a kiss to melt away your stress. Take good care of Charlotte when you’re abroad. Don’t upset her, for the baby’s sake.”

Wesley left home that night, having enjoyed my homemade dinner.

Two days later, Wesley took Charlotte on a trip. I smiled as I walked into the office, ready to put my plan into action.

I had not been idle during this time. I reviewed the company's accounts and discovered numerous issues. I also looked into Charlotte and Wesley's neighbourhood and discovered that they presented themselves as newlyweds.

As I organised the evidence I gathered, I continued to set up traps for them.

One day, I received a message from Maria stating that she could not reach Wesley. I explained that Wesley had travelled abroad with his pregnant lover.

Maria had no objections and decided to leave them alone. I hung up the phone, smiling, as I considered how to deal with these two old fools.

My initial plan was to get rid of Wesley, his parents' source of pride, and inflict the pain of loss on them. But that wasn't enough for me. I wanted to pit these two old farts against one another.

I arranged for a few 30-something women to hang out in the neighbourhood where my in-laws lived. Within three days, they had ruined my in-laws' already fragile relationship, which had been hanging by a thread for Wesley's sake.

At first, I thought Gilbert would be difficult to defeat, but most men can't resist the allure of the opposite s\*x. I laughed so hard that my stomach hurt when I saw the videos of my in-laws fighting. I needed to save these videos for Wesley later.

Soon after, the private investigator sent me a message informing me that Wesley and Charlotte had argued.

I instantly perked up. Those two couldn't keep it together, could they? How did they

get into an argument so quickly?

Charlotte, eager to move up the social ladder, discovered that Wesley did not love her as much as she thought. He only wanted her to give him a child.

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Wesley was well aware that I controlled the majority of his wealth. He couldn't afford to have Charlotte upset me because it would mean losing everything.

Charlotte, remembering my previous advice, used her pregnancy to get into trouble with Wesley. I expected their relationship to become more strained, and their schism to deepen. That would make me very happy.

That night, I messaged Charlotte. "Having fun?"

Charlotte responded: "Not really. I wanted to take wedding photos before my belly started to show, but he refused."

How greedy of her to consider getting wedding photos taken.

I responded with a text: "Smash everything and throw a tantrum. Threaten him with an abortion if he refuses to take the photos. He'll definitely give in."

Two hours later, Charlotte said, "It really worked!"

I responded with a smile: "If he doesn't listen to you, keep messing with him. In the worst case, just drag it out as long as you can."

Charlotte responded, "Yeah! If he irritates me, I'll make sure he regrets it."

A while later, I called Wesley and asked, "Darling, are you having fun?"

Wesley replied sarcastically, "She's so annoying. Not only does she refuse to go for

her check-ups, but she also demands wedding photos. Taking care of her is more exhausting than my job.”

I acted like I was worried, saying, “Darling, just bear with it for now. Everything will be fine again once the baby is born. Just play along with her. She could still get an abortion at four months, so don’t upset her. Give her the wedding photos she wants. It’s just taking photos. No big deal.”

Wesley snorted. “I’ll bear with it for now. Once the baby’s born, I’ll kick her out. If she messes with me again, I’ll teach her a good lesson.”

I quickly consoled him and ended the call.

I smiled as I looked at the new recording on my phone, thinking, “Now, I have more evidence against Charlotte.”

A few days later, Charlotte sent me the wedding photos she had taken with Wesley. Honestly, the photos turned out fantastic. The photos were visually appealing because they were both attractive.

But, to me, those photos were incriminating evidence.

Two months later, Charlotte and Wesley returned from their trip. Charlotte was six months pregnant by this point, and her belly was showing.

When Wesley returned, he immediately approached me and enquired about the company’s performance.

I smiled and assured him everything was fine. I even secured the large project that he had previously failed to land.

Wesley was ecstatic and couldn't stop praising me. I smiled and remained silent, thinking to myself, "Eventually, you won't have any more reasons to laugh."

I had already tinkered with the new project. It would completely surprise Wesley. I transferred all of our assets the day before he returned from the trip.

"Oh, by the way," I said, as though I remembered, "I heard that Mom and Dad had an argument recently. But I've been so busy with the company's projects that I haven't had time to visit. Maybe you should visit them."

Wesley was taken aback but quickly responded with indifference, "My parents? Don't bother. They've been arguing like this for years and have always made it through."



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The situation between my in-laws was quite the drama. Maria had always seemed assertive, but she still feared Gilbert. This time, she got into a real fight with him because he flirted with the three women I sent to linger around their neighbourhood. I grunted and abruptly ended the conversation. Wesley might change his tune when he sees his parents in their hospital beds.

Maria pushed Gilbert down the stairs in a fit of rage; he was already frail, and the fall fractured some of his bones, from which he had yet to fully recover.

Maria wasn't much better, either; Gilbert had slapped her twice and hit her with a cane in a previous fight, so her back was in bad shape, and every step she took hurt.

Of course, I didn't tell Wesley about this; it would be more interesting if he found out for himself.

When Charlotte was seven months pregnant, I filed a lawsuit against her and Wesley, who were completely caught off guard. I spent the following few months counting down the days.

I sued them for bigamy, claiming that Wesley had been seeing Charlotte while we were still married, had taken wedding photos with her, and was even expecting a child together.

Previously, I had gathered information in Charlotte's neighbourhood, where they had been posing as newlyweds; they were legally married and lived together.

Wesley approached me and confronted me about the lawsuit.

I smiled and said, “Nothing, I’m just doing something that makes me happy.”

Charlotte screamed, “She is dying! She wants to exact revenge on us before she dies. Clara Watson, you evil woman!”

“Are you dying?” Wesley asked, terrified, and turned to Charlotte. “What’s going on? “Tell me everything.

Charlotte, holding her baby bump, explained the situation with great difficulty.

Wesley looked at me with a conflicted expression, “Is this your revenge on me?”

I shook my head casually, saying, “No, I am fine. I went in for another checkup, and it turns out they misdiagnosed.”

In reality, I wasn’t sick at all; the previous diagnosis was bogus, and what I told Charlotte was a lie that I conveniently explained away as a misdiagnosis.

Before Wesley could recover from the shock, he received a phone call from the police station. I loved seeing their faces fall as they realised they were on the verge of victory only to be devastated.

Aha! The little trap I set up for the new project had been discovered.

Multiple business partners soon sued Wesley, accusing him of fraud, claiming he was passing off subpar products as high-quality ones and demanding compensation.

While Wesley was embroiled in litigation, I reported him for his previous actions of framing other companies and accepting kickbacks when he first joined my company.

When Wesley was caught up in this mess, I sent him a video of his parents fighting

and informed him that they were still in the hospital. He rushed to the hospital in a panic, but the police arrested him shortly after he arrived.

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When they saw their son arrested, his parents, who both had high blood pressure and heart problems, had heart attacks and were rushed to the intensive care unit.

Just as the company was about to fail, I stepped in to help the employees and welcomed them to my new company, which I had registered in my father's name, so I wasn't legally associated with it.

By the time Wesley recovered from his shock, he had realised that everything was part of my plan, but it was too late; his parents were critically ill, the company had gone bankrupt, and his employees had abandoned him, leaving him with massive debts and a bigamy lawsuit.

Every single setback was enough to break him down.

As expected, Wesley was sentenced to 21 years in prison for the multiple charges brought against him, and by the time he got out, he'd still be paying off his debts. The image of Wesley working hard to pay off his debt at the age of 50 made me smile.

Charlotte wasn't doing much better, either; I heard from her again a year later, and she had been spared a sentence because she was pregnant at the time.

When Charlotte's child was born, everyone was surprised to learn that Wesley was not the father; only then did I explain to her the root cause of my infertility.

It wasn't just my fault; Wesley's poor s\*\*\*m quality meant that any fertilised embryo would be rejected by the mother's womb, resulting in a miscarriage even if I didn't terminate them.

I also reclaimed everything Charlotte had received from Wesley, including the car, the house, and her bags, which Wesley had purchased with his money during our marriage.

Charlotte, on the other hand, appeared to have become exactly what Wesley had always perceived her to be: a woman drifting between bars. What was even more shocking was that she had sent her baby to an orphanage.

When I paid my ex-in-laws' medical bills to save their lives, they cursed at me instead of thanking me. In the end, I had to tell them the whole truth to keep them from condemning me.

Maria and Gilbert ended up in a nursing home, where they were constantly bullied by the carers, because they had no one to care for them while their son was in prison.

As for me, I took on a leadership role in the new company, guiding my former employees and watching the company grow. When I had free time, I would travel the world with my two adopted children.

What a great life!