

Chapter 2

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"System, how long do I have left?"

The system let out a sigh. "Why are you such a noob? It's been 30 years. I've never seen such a useless tasker like you."

I lowered my head shamefully.

The system lowered its mechanical voice and sounded a little hesitant. "Host, you have failed your mission, so you will die a painful death. Your body will gradually deteriorate as you die. You have around two weeks before you'll be terminated by the main system."

I breathed a sigh of relief. I still had two weeks left. I could go out and take a good look at this world.

My life had revolved around my three targets for the past 30 years and I had never lived for myself.

With that thought in mind, I suddenly felt full of energy and began packing my luggage.

But when I reached the door with my suitcase, the door was forcefully rammed open.

Zack rushed inside and pushed me out before I could realize what was going on.

My shoulder rammed into a corner of the table and the pain caused me to break into a cold sweat.

Zack didn't give me a chance to recover. He grabbed my arm and pulled me off the ground. "Rio, what has Wendy done to offend you? Why do you have to treat her like this?"

I tried my best to endure the pain in my shoulder and asked him through gritted teeth, "Explain yourself. What have I done to Wendy?"

"Wendy is suddenly diagnosed with kidney failure and is hospitalized. The doctor said that it was caused by the fever she had when she was little. If you hadn't been mischievous and pushed her into the water when you were little and pushed her to the ground earlier on, how could she have ended up like this? You need to be responsible for her illness! Come on, we're going to the hospital!"

He dragged me and headed outside. My shoulder felt like it was being ripped apart. The pain caused tears to well up in my eyes. I then shouted, "Zack, it hurts..."

When I was giving birth to Liam, I was in a lot of pain as well. I even cried and said to the system that I didn't want to complete my mission anymore.

Back then, Zack and I still had quite a good relationship. He sat by the side of my bed and held my hand with red eyes. All he could say was, "Honey, I will never let you suffer in the future. I promise you won't feel any pain."

After Liam was born, Zack took care of everything in the house. That went from the house chores to taking care of the baby. He never wanted to worry even a little bit.

Even when the system told me every day like an alarm that Zack's feelings towards me hadn't reached the targeted level, I still felt that the mission would definitely be complete. I slowly became lost in the marriage.

That was until Wendy suddenly appeared in my life just like my previous two marriages. Then, Zack changed.

Tears streamed down my cheeks uncontrollably and landed on the hand that Zack was holding me with.

This caused Zack to freeze for a split second.

He turned around hesitantly and looked at me.

I forced myself to remain conscious and asked, "Zack, will you only be satisfied if I sacrificed my life for Wendy's?"

When I woke up again, I was already lying in a ward.

The pain in my shoulder caused me to roll around in the bed in pain.

The system's pitiful voice sounded in my head. "The punishment has already begun. Your sense of pain will be 100 times that of an ordinary person. This means that you'll feel excruciating pain before you're terminated."

I sobbed and bit the pillow. Tears kept streaming down my cheeks and landing on the pillow.

It really hurt.

"What's up with the act?"

I raised my head whilst being half conscious. That was when I saw my second husband, Jordan Parker, standing by the side of my bed with a disdainful look on his face as he looked down at me.

"Every time when something happens, you'll just pretend to be sick. Wasn't it already embarrassing enough when you were exposed last time? Can't you think of something else?"

I smiled helplessly. I knew what he was talking about.

Seven years ago, our divorce wasn't really nice.

Back then, he told me with a cold voice that he had found his true love and wanted to divorce me.

I looked at the divorce agreement in my hand in a daze and asked him who he had fallen in love with.

But before I could hear his answer, I suddenly passed out.

After that, I would pass out every time he mentioned the divorce.

As time went on, Jordan's parents thought that the mentioning of the divorce was too much for me and I ended up with an after-effect. They then prevented Jordan from bringing the divorce up again.

Jordan was infuriated and used his position as hospital director to forcefully take me to the hospital and do a full check-up on me.

The results were all fine as expected. After all, I passed out because I was tased by the system as punishment.

He threw the results in front of his parents and used his connections to divorce me.

My divorce certificate was handed to me by Wendy.

She sat in a cafe and said to me with a disdainful look on her face, "Word of you pretending to be sick to refuse the divorce has gotten out. Do you know what nickname you have now?"

She took a sip of coffee slowly and said, "The Clown."

I spat out the part of the pillow that I had been biting, turned around, and said to Jordan coldly, "Hey, we've been divorced for seven years, why haven't you married your true love yet? Has your true love found another true love?"

Jordan's face darkened. He glared at me with eyes full of hatred but said nothing.

I glared back at him, refusing to back down.

Suddenly, the look in his eyes changed. A smile appeared on his lips. He took out a piece of paper from his doctor's overall and placed it by my pillow.

"Wendy's kidneys are failing. We all think it's because of you. So you need to give her one of yours."

I slowly picked up the piece of paper and saw that it was a cross-matching test report.

Those crazy people actually took a sample of my blood without me knowing.

I crumbled the piece of paper and threw it on Jordan's face.

"In your dreams! Now get lost!"

I would rather die than give Wendy one of my kidneys.

Jordan squinted his eyes, slowly took off his glasses, and gave me an unpleasant look.

I backed away a little. "Is he going to hit me?"

My body couldn't take any more pain.

A hand that was wearing an old watch suddenly appeared between me and Jordan.