

Love beyond the mask (Whitney) Chapter 1

Chapter 1

On the eve of her wedding, Whitney Valentine and her younger stepsister were kidnapped, but her fiancé only

rescued her sister.

The kidnapper lunged at her with a sneer, tearing at her clothes with a vicious rip.

Still in disbelief. Whitney waited foolishly, yelling, "No! Please wait more... Simon Perlman said he'd pay the ransom."

With a mocking laugh, the kidnapper dialed a number and barked, "Monica Valentine, your elder sister sure is a fool!"

Whitney froze.

Her sister's mocking voice came through the phone. "You really believed that knight-in-shining-armor crap? Let me tell you the truth: I'm carrying Simon's baby!"

Whitney's face turned ashen. "When... When did you two get together?"

"Simon's always loved me. He only used you to start his business! Now that he's CEO, guess why you're the one kidnapped?"

Chills crawled up Whitney's arms as she shook her head in disbelief. "I don't believe it. Put Simon on the phone!"

Then a man's voice that came through was cold and remorseless. "Whitney, you're no longer of any value to me. Take care on your 'journey.'"

Boom!

Whitney's world collapsed into a pallor of despair.

Eight years of love, all just a ploy? He wanted her dead so he could take over the company!

Whitney's tears fell down her cheeks.

Monica's twisted laugh cut through. "He wanted to leave you a pretty corpse, but I'll make sure you die ugly. Have your fun with her, then leave her to the wolves!"

"Monica, I treated you like my own sister. Why are you doing this? Mom and Dad won't let you get away with

this!"

"Do you think Mom and Dad really loved you?" Monica sneered coldly.

Whitney was stunned. What did Monica mean by that? Before she could ponder, she was dragged deeper into the wilderness.

The kidnappers pressed down on her with sinister grins. Whitney trembled with fear, unwilling to accept this

fate.

Was she really going to be a pawn in Simon and Monica's scheme, toyed with to her death?

No, she could not let it end like this!

Suddenly, she saw a car parked strangely with its door ajar on the dark roadside below the hill.

A man sat in the back seat, his large silhouette vague, but the atmosphere was heavy with suppressed

tension.

Summoning an unknown strength, she broke free from her captors and tumbled down the hill toward the car, desperately pleading, "Sir, could you please let me in to take shelter for a moment?"

"Get lost."

The man's icy gaze half-closed, his breath heavy with warning.

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The kidnappers were closing in!

“Someone’s trying to kill me, sir, please!” Whitney clung to his leg, crawling into the car and slamming the door **shut!**

Her trembling body inadvertently brushed against the man’s slacks, but she was oblivious.

The predatory eyes suddenly opened wide, and the man’s Adam’s apple bobbed, “You’re not getting out?”

“I can’t!” She shook her head frantically, pleading.

“Huh. Whoever sent you, since you’ve come,” the man’s voice was a dark, cold chuckle. “Don’t regret **it.**” In an instant, his powerful frame enveloped her.

When Whitney slowly came to, the man was still asleep; dawn had not broken.

Whitney picked up her clothes and fled from the car in disarray.

That night, she lost something precious. With a wretched wipe of her eyes, Whitney did not dare linger. Ten days later.

Whitney, barely alive, finally made it back to the Valentine family in Banyan City.

With nothing to her name, she endured hunger and cold, clinging to life.

Whitney clenched her fist. In ten days, she hadn’t seen a single piece of news about her father searching for her.

Monica said Dad never loved her. Recalling the injustices of her childhood, Whitney bit her lip hard.

She refused to believe it, so she returned to confront the truth.

At the back door of the Valentine Mansion, Whitney entered with a cold gaze. Before she could step further, she heard a dispute from the living room.

“We can’t rest until we find the body!” Her stepmother, Yvonne, fretted.

Monica’s tone was sinister as she said, “Dad, if you’re worried about her haunting us, let’s arrange a ‘ghost marriage’ for her! We’ll make a profit and bind her spirit. She won’t dare come after us then.”

“Isn’t that a bit harsh?” That was her father, Preston Valentine, devoid of any paternal warmth.

Whitney slumped to the floor, her expressionless face stripped bare by the cold, and her fantasies of a concerned and remorseful father shattered.

Instead, they only sought to squeeze value out of her even in death, discussing using a ‘ghost marriage’ to trap her soul!

“Harsh? Preston, Whitney was born to shield Monica from misfortune, a life cheaper than **dirt**! Besides, we know what happened to her mother. If Whitney’s still alive and finds out your secret...”

“Enough! If she’s alive, I’ll make sure she doesn’t leave here today,” Preston’s voice was devoid of any fatherly compassion.

“We’ll smear her reputation. Monica and Simon will take over her company. Her grandfather’s legacy, her uncle... All will **be** taken **care** of.”

Hell was empty, and devils walked the earth.

Whitney bit her **lip** to keep from storming in.

Fury and terror caused a **sharp pain in her** abdomen. She understood now; **there** was more to her mother’s death, and her birth was even more **suspicious**.

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Chapter

She could not die here!

With a heart torn asunder, Whitney fled, hailing a cab. “To the hospital...”

“The Valentine heiress Whitney Valentine allegedly engaged in promiscuous affairs and was murdered by her lover in the wilderness. Her family is heartbroken, desperately seeking her body...” The radio in the taxi

sounded.

Whitney’s hollow laugh was her only reaction. The news she had hoped for about her family’s search for her was finally here.

But it was all to tarnish her ‘death, allowing Simon and that vile woman to seize everything rightfully hers!

Hatred seared through her. She had to survive. She needed revenge!

“Miss?” The driver’s shout snapped her back as she fainted. “What’s this girl been through?”

Whitney faintly heard the doctor’s footsteps hastening towards her.

When she awoke again, she found an IV in her hand, and the doctor approached with a puzzled expression. “Miss, your HCG levels are quite high, which means not only are you injured, but you’re also pregnant!”

Whitney stiffened as if struck by lightning. “Doc... What did you say?”

Whitney’s lips had gone as pale as the frosted cupcakes in the bakery window. Barely two weeks had passed since that night when she had been with that man!

How could her luck be so rotten that she ended up pregnant?

The doctor, reading her stricken expression, understood. “Considering abortion? I can arrange the procedure for you...”

“No one is going to touch her belly!” The words thundered through the emergency room as a group barged in.

A man dressed to the nines in a sharp suit led them, who promptly dismissed the doctor.

He turned, nodding politely at Whitney. “Ms. Valentine, I understand you’re expecting. Please, come with us.”

Whitney’s anxiety skyrocketed. “Who are you people?”

“The father of the child you’re carrying would like a word!”