

Love beyond the mask (Whitney) Chapter 2

Chapter 2

Whitney froze, her face draining of color, her heart pounding out of her chest.

That man...

She had only sought help, but he had....

The man swiftly ushered her into the car, and Whitney offered no resistance. She had nowhere else to go. The hospital was crowded, and as the leading socialite of Banyan City, being exposed here was tantamount to signing her own death warrant for the Valentine family!

Clutching her hands tightly, Whitney scanned the unassuming Bentley she was in.

The man took a call, his voice deferential. "Yes, Ms. Valentine has been retrieved."

"Calm down, your little golden grandchild hasn't even settled in yet..." He soothed the elderly voice on the other end with a hint of frustration.

The car wound to a secluded mansion nestled against the hills, a testament to understated wealth. As Whitney stepped out, she was met by two maids at the entrance.

"This is Xandra and Taryn. They will take care of you for the next ten months until you deliver the child," the man informed her.

Whitney was stunned, realizing she had been duped. Her eyes cooled to ice. "What does he take me for? A baby-making machine? Get him to see me."

"Master was ambushed that day. Otherwise, you wouldn't have had this opportunity."

Whitney was livid. Forced into the house, she was extremely weak but refused to compromise, engaging in a hunger strike to force the maids to call their master.

At dusk, Taryn finally brought news. "Master will see you tonight."

Whitney clenched her fist secretly, filled with anger and curiosity about the man.

Late into the night, hidden in her bedroom, she heard the sound of an engine and muffled conversations from

downstairs.

As the figure approached, her door slowly turned open.

Whitney's heartbeat raced, and she abruptly grabbed a vase, holding her breath in wait.

The door opened, and a tall shadow loomed, the temperature seemingly dropping in his presence, the man exuding an intimidating aura.

Whitney trembled, seeing him knock politely, his remarkable long legs stepping into the room.

Her panic turned to anger as she raised the vase.

The man snuffed out his cigarette, his elegant fingers hanging loose, and with an air of aloof nobility, he warned her, "Before you smash that vase, two steps back, there's a couch. **Don't** trip!"

"Huh?" Whitney glanced back, flustered.

His voice was a blend of grace and firmness.

As he turned around, Whitney glimpsed his silver half-mask

His face was hidden, but the high bridge of his nose and chiseled jawline were unmistakable.

Her vase was deftly disarmed, and he fixed her with a piercing **gaze**. "**If I hurt you** that day, **I** apologize. And that's the only thing I'll apologize for."

Whitney blushed, realizing what he meant.

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His

towering presence bore down on her, his mocking scrutiny unbearable, “I don’t care why you climbed into my car or why you deliberately let my mother discover your pregnancy...”

“You’ve got it all wrong!” Whitney bit her lip.

He looked down at her from his height, saying, “She has only a year left to live. As you wish, we’ll marry, and a year later, once you’ve given birth, you leave with a settlement!”

His words were not a proposal but a command.

Whitney’s expression showed her ire, “Why should I agree to be a child-bearing tool and a pawn for someone’s happiness?”

He switched on the TV, his eyes glinting with amusement.

And Whitney saw the news: [Preston confirms Whitney’s scandalous affair ended in murder! The Valentine family plans a funeral for tomorrow afternoon. According to her will, Skye Gem Ltd., under her name, is to be managed by Simon, and her grandfather’s vast fortune is to be inherited by her sister Monica. The Valentine family mourns deeply...]

Whitney’s face went numb with hatred.

They were eager to bury her, even forging her will flawlessly!

“The Valentine family did this to you, and you don’t seek revenge?”

“I do!” Whitney gritted her teeth.

Once, she had trusted this facade of family love—her father had told her to be lenient with Monica, and Simon had promised marriage, so she had given her all, only to be betrayed.

“You’re a ‘dead’ woman with nowhere to hide. Do you have a choice?”

The man looked at her with those deep eyes, negotiating from a position of strength.

He presented a contract, gracefully laying it before her.

Whitney took a deep breath, tears swallowed back into her eyes, and she bowed her head. “No, I need your protection, sir.”

He spoke from on high, “My protection depends on your cooperation. Once married, we’ll have **three** rules: No interference, no betrayal, and don’t even think about falling in love with me.”

How conceited. Whitney took the pen and slowly signed her name. The man stood up, sparing his words like gold, “We’ll register the marriage tomorrow!”

She nodded, then hesitantly furrowed her brow and asked, “This child... Do I really have to have **it?**”