

# A Spoonful of Sugar: Don't Beg for Love

## Chapter 12

Hesper's fever broke the next day. She was not severely ill to begin with; she just caught a cold after bowing down for a night in her malnourished state.

It was fortunate that she was sent to the hospital in time and received an intravenous infusion, which allowed her body to gradually recover its functions.

It was quite amusing, really. She risked her life to give birth to the Duvals' eldest grandchild, yet she could only replenish her nutrition in the hospital. No one would believe her if she were to tell them what happened.

Hesper consumed her chicken soup in small sips when someone kicked open the door of her room all of a sudden. The elegantly-dressed Madam Duval walked into the room with two other women.

"Yikes, look at you having the appetite to eat chicken soup. It seems that you're not all that seriously ill."

Hesper coldly glanced at her. She did not have a favorable impression toward the Duvals after experiencing the recent ordeals. She replied in a mocking tone, "I'm sorry for disappointing you by not dying from the illness."

"Stop your smart-mouthing!"

Madam Duval looked like she was about to lose her temper when she suddenly caught herself and cracked a ghastly smile. "Judging from how stubborn you are, it seems you still haven't learned your lesson. Then I'll fulfill your wish to endure more hardships!"

"Come!" She waved her hand with a sneer. "Since Mrs. Duval is hospitalized, she can't feed breastmilk to the baby, who is at home. Go ahead and help her!"

"What are you doing!"

Before Hesper could respond to the situation, the two women were already surrounding her with a ghastly grin on their faces. They grabbed her hospital gown and tugged at it to remove it.

"What are we doing? You should know how to pump breast milk by now. There's no need for us to explain anymore, right?"

The button of Hesper's hospital gown was forcefully removed, revealing a large area of her fair skin. One of the women stretched out her hands and squeezed Hesper's breasts ferociously.

Hesper's eyes widened in shock. She thought that Madam Duval's previous tricks were obscene enough, but Madam Duval was able to stoop even lower!

"Go away! Don't you dare touch me!"

Hesper struggled with all her might, but she could not move because of the two women's strength.

They squeezed her breasts strenuously with their large, coarse hands...

"Gah! It hurts!"

Hesper's forehead instantly drenched in cold sweat. Her breasts were weak and sensitive since the delivery, so she felt as if her blood vessels were about to burst when abused by them in this manner.

Her eyes reddened with tears, and hateful, humiliating thoughts filled her head. In the end, Hesper could not bear it anymore and pulled out a fork that she hid under the pillow before stabbing the person next to her viciously.

"Gah!"

A bitter, agonizing roar rang in the room. The woman grabbed her arm and said with an agonizing expression, "Madam, blood... I'm bleeding..."

The other woman was so startled that she loosened her grip upon noticing the situation, leaving Hesper slumped down on the bed weakly.

Her hair was messy and she was in a disheveled state. Only her eyes were filled with sarcasm and hatred.

Madam Duval was startled by Hesper's gaze, but she feigned calmness by saying, "You were prepared, Hesper. Very well. Did you prepare the fork so you could stab me? Aren't you afraid that Rickard will leave you when he finds out about this?"

"Make him leave then!"

Hesper's patience had run out despite her good temperament. She glared at Madam Duval as if she was looking at a dead man. "You are more than welcome to convince him!"

“You you you...” Madam Duval was at a loss for words to refute, not having expected that Hesper would make a remark like this in view of how much she loved Rickard.

Meanwhile, the sound of a man’s leather shoes walking on the ground was heard coming from outside.

Rickard’s eyebrows tightly furrowed when he saw the scene before his eyes. “What the heck is going on this time?”

“You’re here, my son!” Madam Duval looked at Rickard as if he was her savior. She immediately told him about the incident earlier with exaggerated embellishments.

“I was only worried that she would suffer from clogged milk ducts, so I kindly hired two experienced masseuses to help her. Not only was she unappreciative, but she injured the masseuse. Look at that poor, bleeding woman. I have no idea how I’m supposed to deal with Hesper anymore!”

“Is that so?” Rickard looked toward Hesper suspiciously.

She smirked in a mocking manner. “Would you believe me if I told you that’s not what happened?”

“Indeed.” Rickard’s eyes were gloomy. There were only the three of them in the room now. Who else would do something like this if not Hesper?

Noticing that Rickard was on her side, Madam Duval grew fearless. “Son, don’t let Hesper off so easily in view of how sinister she is. Otherwise, there’s no telling who she’ll attack next time.”

“I understand. Take the woman and get her wound dressed first.”

Rickard spoke in a cold tone. Green veins could be seen bulging on his forehead.

“Son...” Madam Duval wanted to instigate further but was startled by his icy cold gaze. She hastily shut her mouth and left with the two women.

As soon as the door was shut, Rickard revealed his true self.

“So, you think you’re capable now and have become lawless?”

He took a step forward with each word he said. He rolled up his sleeves, revealing his muscular, fair-complexion arms.

Hesper could feel the incoming danger, but she forced herself to calm down and braced his cold gaze. At the very moment he got close to her, she said coldly, “Rickard, if you dare lay a hand on me, I’ll make you regret it.”

The usually arrogant, aloof Rickard would never be bothered by a lowly threat like this.

However, seeing the determination in her eyes, he stopped for no apparent reason. His gaze was as deep as the sea.

“What are you doing? Are you threatening me?”

“No.” Hesper inhaled a deep breath and enunciated her words clearly with a determined tone when she said, “I’m negotiating a deal with you.”

Under the man’s slightly puzzled gaze, she narrated a statement that she composed, “Although I proposed a divorce, I agreed to stay and put on an act with you out of consideration for grandfather’s health. However, I can’t put up with you and your family’s doings anymore. Let’s have a one-off conversation today, and if you can’t accept my condition, I’m sorry but I’ll have to forfeit what I agreed to do.”

“Heh.” Rickard chuckled in anger.

Who does she think she is to say something like that? Was it not her who plotted so that she could marry me in the past? Now that she got her wish fulfilled to become Mrs. Duval, why is she still acting like she’s been treated wrongly?

I’d like to see what trick this woman still has up her sleeve!

“Firstly, we’ll live out our lives separately from now on. I won’t regard you as my husband, and you don’t need to regard me as your wife to others. I won’t get in the way of you dating Juniper, and you’re not allowed to meddle with my personal affairs either. We’ll only need to play the roles of husband and wife in grandfather’s presence.”

“Secondly, I’m only living in the Duvals’ residence temporarily. When grandfather is back, I’ll leave. So, I’m officially informing you now that if anyone in your family continues to make things difficult for me, I’ll return what’s done to me ten fold. It would be best for us to mind our own business.”

Rickard’s expression grew more unpleasant with every remark she made. In the end, he was almost clenching his teeth in rage when he said, “When did you have this thought out? What could you do if I don’t agree to your conditions?”