

# Bye, My Ex-husband Chapter 2

"He's drunk. Go downstairs and make some hangover soup. I'll take it from here."

Gracie knelt down beside Rayan and made herself busy, and then gave the other woman the order in a cold, indifferent voice.

Janessa was feeling panicked at the time, so she turned around and went to the kitchen as she was told. Rayan had never liked strangers getting close to him. Not a single servant was present in the villa.

It was a good thing that he provided her the phone number of the family doctor a few days ago. Calling an ambulance at this time of the night would alert the media, and the consequences would be unimaginable. The mere thought had Janessa's hands and feet going cold with fright. The sizzle of the soup spilling over and hitting the flames brought her back to her senses.

She quickly took down the pot, filled a bowl with soup, and brought it upstairs. She was about to go to the bathroom when she heard a sudden slam resound from the bedroom.

The sound was eerie in the empty villa. Janessa bit her lip and carefully tiptoed to the master's bedroom with the bowl of soup in her hands.

Suddenly, a cold, sharp voice came through a crack of the door.

"What are you doing here?"

The voice was weak, but the harsh demand in the question remained.

Janessa took two steps forward and was about to explain when an even angrier voice boomed out and nearly shattered her eardrums.

"I'm asking you, why are you here? Say something! Why don't you say anything?" Janessa felt a cold shiver down her spine.

Rayan's furious expression flashed in her mind, making her stop in her tracks.

"Janessa told me to come and dress your wound."

Gracie's voice sounded very stable, but the choking feeling behind the words was difficult to ignore.

"Janessa? Janessa! Do you know who Janessa is now? She is my wife, Mrs.

Lu! I have to thank you for all of this! Are you happy now? You must be!"

His teeth gritted, Ryan turned his bloodshot eyes at Gracie in a furious glare.

Gracie pressed her lips tightly, and a trail of tears instantly slipped down her cheeks and hit the back of his hand.

A deep frown appeared on Ryan's forehead.

He had never felt so sorry for her.

Unconsciously, his grip on the woman loosened.

"I thought you would be fine after we broke up. Your mother said that you both came from families of equal social rank and that you would have your own child in the future. Besides... I don't deserve you."

When Gracie threw herself into his arms with tears on her face, the door was suddenly pushed open.

In a hurry, she pulled out of his arms and ducked her head. Her hands came up to her face to wipe away her face.

Janessa stood at the door, the bowl of soup in her hand forgotten. Cold sweat broke out on her back, and her palms were numb.

The knuckles of her hand turned white with how hard she was clutching the tray.

Her thoughts swirled wildly in her head as she stood there in a panic.

She had simply thought that the Lu family wanted her to give birth to Ryan's son, who would carry on their family name.

She was not aware that she was a wedge they used to separate Ryan and Gracie.

She even became the other woman \_ without knowing it.

However, she could have done without such an "honor."

Janessa's heart sank.

Under the pressure of acting as Ryan's wife, she sneered and stared coldly at the two people on the bed.

Ryan stood in front of Gracie, shielding her from Janessa's glare.

His cold eyes held a gloomy expression.

Janessa calmly walked forward with the tray in her hand, trying to suppress the surging anger.

"I was unaware that you and Miss Mo have such history together, but that's all in the past. I didn't force you to break up. Miss Mo, there's no need for you to linger. Please don't hold on too much to the past."

A congenial smile lingered in her mouth as she said these words, but her heart was trembling.

Rayan's piercing glare told her that if looks could kill, she would be lying on the floor in pieces.

"Janessa, it's none of your business. Get out!"

Rayan maintained his protective stance in front of Gracie.

With his face in a stern mask, he glared at Janessa and spoke in a cold tone.

In the past, she never would have stooped so low as to fight another woman over a man who did not love her.

Now, she did not even think twice.

"This is my home. Why should I go out. Rayan Lu, I know that you still haven't made peace with all of this, but that wouldn't change the fact that we are married and I am your wife. If you wish to protect her, take the issue up with your mother. After all, she was the first one to disagree."

Janessa spoke in an indifferent tone, but every word was like a needle piercing her heart.

"Miss Mo, you know what to do if you don't want to embarrass him."

Her stare turned toward Gracie.

Color drained from the other woman's face.

She looked up at her with hurt eyes, lowered her head, and rushed out of the room with a fist covering her mouth.

It was too late for Janessa to dodge—the bowl on the tray tipped over, dousing her front with extremely hot soup.

Janessa gasped at the pain of the burn, but the breath was suddenly caught in her throat as Rayan stalked toward her and pushed her against the wall with a hand around her neck.

"If anything happens to her, I won't spare you!"

His hot breath hit her face, and his words were dripping with hatred.

Janessa's heart ached.

Even as the tears fell unchecked from her eyes, she sneered up at Rayan.

"My life is much more valuable than hers. If you don't believe me, you can ask your mother."

"How dare you threaten me!"

The hand around her throat tightened in an instant, cutting off the supply to her lungs and making her gasp desperately for air.

She could feel the sluggish throb of her blood in her veins, and her temples throbbed.

The more he acted like a savage, the brighter the smile on her face became, even if calling something as brittle and ugly a smile was a travesty.

"If you don't go now, you won't be able to catch up with her,"

she reminded him in an exaggeratedly kind voice, as if she were an outsider.

The anger on his face filled her with such satisfaction.

All of a sudden, the grip on her neck disappeared.

She slid down the wall and looked up to meet the warning in Rayan's frigid eyes.

The noisy bedroom suddenly became suffocatingly quiet, and even the rapid breath and the occasional fierce cough became deafening.

She nursed her scalded hand to her chest as she took out her phone to call Gordon Shen.

As she waited for the call to connect, the exhilaration she felt dissipated, leaving her drained.

Her messy heart sank, and her mouth tightened.

"It's so late. Why haven't you gone to bed yet?" she heard the gentle voice from the other end of the call.

The sound was calming, but instead, it heard the gentle voice from the other end of the call.

The sound was calming, but instead, it inadvertently aroused an inexplicable fire.

“Didn’t you work in the same hospital with Gracie before? Do you know the relationship between her and Rayan?”

Janessa tried hard to keep her voice even, but Gordon Shen still sensed that something was wrong.

The man was silent for a few seconds, and then he subtly changed the topic.

“Why do you suddenly ask about it? Did you quarrel with him?”

Janessa only felt a rush of anger, accompanied by a tightness of her scalp and dizziness. She couldn’t even breathe properly.