

## Chapter 230 Mr. Lu Ate Leftovers

As soon as she saw the person standing outside her door, whatever joy Janessa had been feeling vanished into thin air.

She slammed the door closed, but Rayan grabbed the edge at the last minute and forcibly pushed it open again.

"What do you want, Rayan?" Janessa asked, even as she struggled to push the door from her side and deny him entry. And a struggle it was. She used to call herself a tough woman, but her strength was no match against Rayan's. With one simple push, he overpowered her and strode inside.

"No wonder you don't want to let me in," he sneered. "It turns out you were hiding a man in your house. When did you become so eager for male company, Janessa?" Rayan looked back and forth between her and Rylan, his gaze sharp and disdainful.

His eyes spoke volumes compared to his clipped words.

"Don't think everyone is like you, Rayan," Janessa retorted. "We aren't all that earnest to be with the opposite sex." She knew what he was implying—that she was actually pursuing Rylan.

'We're only having a meal together as friends. Only Rayan would put malice on such an innocent affair.'

As if on cue, Rylan stood from the sofa and stepped between Janessa and Rayan.

Both men glared at each other with open animosity, and the air crackled with tension.

"Are you trying to protect her from something or what?" Rayan snorted, then walked past them and into the middle of the living room.

He had known that Janessa had a place of her own, but he never expected it to be this small. Nevertheless, he instantly felt cozy and comfortable here, especially compared to his large and empty villa.

Perhaps it was because of the general homey vibe that the apartment exuded. His villa, on the other hand...

Rayan's scouring eyes paused at the dining table, where a few dishes still remained from the other three's dinner. It suddenly occurred to him that throughout their marriage, Janessa had always eaten dinner by herself. Occasionally, though, when he came home earlier than usual, she would cook a few simple dishes for him.

It was something he had never paid attention to before, and had no particular feelings about, but he now realized that he had, in fact, missed her cooking.

Without a second thought, Rayan strode to the kitchen and took out a bowl and a pair of chopsticks as if he owned the place. Then, paying no mind that the food were leftovers, he sat at the table and began to eat.

Everyone looked on in silence, confusion and disbelief written all over their faces.

Who would have thought that the great and mighty president of the Lu Group would be reduced to inviting himself to others' dinner?

And what he ate was actually the leftovers...

"Janessa," Alana whispered, sidling up next to the other woman and tugging at her sleeve. "What the heck is going on?"

First, Rayan had stormed into their apartment looking all geared up for battle, and now this. He sure acted like a weirdo. Alana couldn't help but feel a little scared.

"How do I know?" Janessa muttered in a low voice. "He must be out of his mind." The way he was earnestly eating reminded her of the first time she had cooked back at the villa they once shared.

Though Rayan had made a point of telling her that the food wasn't delicious, he had still finished everything on the table.

For some reason, Janessa felt sorry for him now.

She ushered her friends back on the couch and told them to sit tight. Then she walked to the dining table and took all the leftover dishes away without saying a word. Rayan made no move to stop her. Instead, he gracefully put down his chopsticks and chewed quietly.

He didn't ask why Janessa hadn't taken his chopsticks away either, or the bowl of rice.

Rayan was lost for words. He didn't know what was wrong with him today. He had jumped into his car and driven aimlessly, and the next thing he knew, he was at Janessa's apartment building. And then there was that little scene he had made at the door, and he even helped himself to their food.

Nobody spoke, and the silence grew heavy. Only the sound of pots and pans coming from the kitchen could be heard.

Less than ten minutes later, Janessa came out with a plate of scrambled eggs with chopped leek. She placed it in front of Rayan, then turned on her heel and returned to the kitchen.

Rayan blinked once before picking up his chopsticks and resuming eating. He even ate a second bowl of rice, finishing all that was left in the rice cooker.

Just like the first time that he and Janessa had dinner together.

When he was done, he looked up to find Janessa sitting across the table, staring at him.

She had been watching him eat for a while now.

"You..." Rayan started, but she immediately cut him off, her voice cold and distant.

"If you're full, then leave. Just go. I have other things to do." With that, she took picked up the empty bowl and plate and took them to the kitchen.

Once out of everyone's view, Janessa patted her chest and took a deep breath. "What are you doing?" she berated herself. "What's wrong with you? Why did you cook for that bastard? Have you forgotten what he did to you earlier?"

After calming down, she took another deep breath and squared her shoulders, then went out as though nothing had happened.

Only Alana was left in the living room.

"Huh? Where did they go?" Janessa looked around, but there were no traces of the two men.

It seemed like they had really left the apartment.

"Well, after staring at the kitchen door for a long time, Rayan stood up and left, looking as gloomy as ever. Rylan said he had something to deal with, so he took off, too."

Alana leaned back against the sofa and rubbed her chest. "I swear, I was almost scared to death. Whatever happened back there was just too scary for my mental well-being."

Janessa frowned. 'Did they go out to fight or something? No way, that's impossible, right?'

Though Rylan had a good physique, she knew that Rayan practiced boxing in his spare time. If the men really fought, Rylan would be no match against her bastard ex-husband.

"I have to go downstairs," Janessa said as she rushed to her room to change her clothes. She heard Alana follow close behind, snickering as she went.

"What are you doing? Get out of my way!"

One look at Alana's smirk and Janessa already knew what her friend was trying to do. She must have been itching to ask about the relationship between Rylan and Janessa.

But this wasn't the time for that. Janessa had to make sure there was no further trouble downstairs.

"Okay, tell me the truth. Exactly what is your relationship with each of those guys?" Alana braced her hands on either side of the door frame to prevent Janessa from leaving.

"No, what if they're fighting outside? Rayan does boxing; he could beat another person to a pulp in the blink of an eye!"

"So you're worried about Ry?" Alana asked pointedly, her eyebrows raised.

She could see the worry in Janessa's eyes.

"Just call him Rylan. You've only known him for a few hours. Don't give him such nickname, alright? Now, move out of my way!" Janessa pushed Alana aside, only for the latter to push her back into the room.

"What are you doing?"

"Don't worry, girl. Rylan has a black belt in taekwondo. Just let them fight if they want to. I also want to know which one is more powerful, Taekwondo or boxing." Alana was already drawing a scene in her mind, of two men entering the stage to fight for a woman.

That would be an incredible sight to behold.

"How do you even know that Rylan has a black belt in taekwondo?" Janessa demanded. How come Alana knew something even she didn't?

"Oh my, Miss Qiu. That fellow has been chasing after you for a long time. You might not want to accept his feelings, but you should at least know his good points and what he has to offer. I don't believe he never told you about this. He must have mentioned it at some point. You've been together lots of times."

Now that she thought about it, Janessa vaguely recalled Rylan boasting about his taekwondo prowess once over dinner. But it seemed like she had treated this piece of information as irrelevant and dismissed it entirely from her conscious mind.

Could she be at fault for doing that?