

Chapter 237 Cuckolded

"Rayan, why did you hit me? I'm pregnant with your child!" Gracie covered her rapidly swelling cheek, tears streaming down her face.

But Rayan only stood over her and glared at her in fury. The man who used to care about her so much had no intention to apologize whatsoever.

"My child?" he bit out. "I believe the baby is already more than three months old. It can't be mine." As he said this, his gaze shifted to Gracie's belly. A wave of relief washed over him.

Rayan had been anything but happy when he had first learned of the pregnancy.

It was still his child, however, so he convinced himself to embrace it with open arms.

He realized now that he had rarely slept with Gracie for a certain length of time. But just about a week before she broke the news, she had made an effort to tangle with him in the sheets. She must have already known that she was pregnant.

What surprised Rayan the most, however, was the fact that the woman he used to love the most, the apple of his eye, was capable of these shameful and vulgar activities.

Whenever he had sex with Gracie, she was always meek and demure.

But in this video... Rayan let out a self-derisive laugh.

"What are you talking about, Rayan? It... How can it not be your child? How can you suspect such a thing?" Gracie was now crying fervently, her voice sounding aggrieved.

But Rayan didn't feel sorry for her at all.

"Did it feel good when you had sex with other men? What a shameless woman you are!" Of all his wildest dreams, he had never imagined he would be cuckolded, and by Gracie, of all people. Now that he knew the truth, he felt a desire to bring Frank back to life for the sole purpose of killing the man himself.

How dare that bastard sleep with his woman?

"No! I never slept with anyone else! How can you doubt my love for you? I love you so much. Why would I be with any other man?" Gracie was almost certain that the video Janessa had shown Rayan was the one with her and Frank.

Even so, she must deny the evidence to the end, otherwise, she would be inviting her own doom.

Not just her, either, but her baby as well. They would both suffer.

She pointed a trembling finger at Janessa and cursed at her. "You vicious wench! What did you show Rayan? Why is he treating me like this? I swear, I'll kill you!"

Gracie was acting like a madwoman, attempting to lunge at Janessa. But before she could even get close to Janessa, Rayan slapped her again, and she fell back on the bed.

"Just how many immoral things have you done, Gracie? How dare you still say you love me?" Rayan then whirled around and grabbed the phone from Janessa's hands. After pressing a few buttons, the projector in the lounge turned on and a video began to play.

The man and woman projected on the wide screen were practically glued to each other.

Next came their voices, which echoed into the room through the loudspeakers.

"Baby, I can't wait anymore. Come here."

"Oh, baby, hold me tight. You are so beautiful."

This was followed by more obscene words, and then the kicker—the man asked, "Who do you like more, me or Rayan? Huh? Say it! Who do you like best?"

The woman was lying on her stomach, and she turned as she answered coyly, "It's you, of course. I like you more. Only you... Ah!"

Janessa couldn't stand any more of the video. With a noticeable wince, she took back her phone and turned the projector off.

There was no escape for Gracie this time, no matter how hard she denied Rayan's accusations. Her face was plastered on the video clip just now, and even had a close-up shot.

If it weren't Frank and Gracie in the video, who else could it be?

Gracie slumped on the bed, completely dispirited. The red handprint on her cheek only made her look more miserable.

But Rayan didn't give a damn anymore.

"What else would you like to say, Gracie?" Janessa asked sharply, taunting the other woman. She had been so vehement just a while ago, but now she was silent as a tomb.

"Why are you always trying to hurt me, Janessa?" Gracie whimpered. "You faked everything. You know all of it is fake!" She was getting hysterical at this point, but the other two people in the lounge remained cold and distant.

"You are such a disgusting whore!" Rayan snarled in disgust. He couldn't even think about touching Gracie now. He turned around and made to leave the room.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Lu," Janessa called out. "How can you leave when we haven't finished talking yet?" She had made up her mind. Originally, she had no plans to tell him about this, but now it seemed necessary.

"Is there anything else?" he asked in a low voice. His faith had already shifted from one woman to another, so when Janessa held him back, he stopped in his tracks and looked at her. His eyes were full of trust.

Janessa took a deep breath and handed over the folder to Rayan. It was filled with chat records between Gracie and Frank. Most of them were just lewd conversations and other nasty talk.

"You were furious when I aborted our child before," Janessa said slowly. "But you never really knew why it happened, did you? No mother would readily get rid of her own child." Her eyes turned red at the corners as she spoke.

"What are you trying to say?" Rayan prompted. Judging by the revelations regarding Gracie, he had the impression that there was more that Janessa knew and he didn't.

All of a sudden, his heart grew heavy, and a part of him just knew that what he was about to hear would be a great blow.

"At the time... Gracie was at the villa when she confirmed that I was pregnant. She also knew that it was an ectopic pregnancy, yet she never mentioned this to you, or me. The night of the accident, I had a massive bleeding. I called you so many times, but you never picked up your phone. In the end, I had no choice but to call Gordon for help. If he hadn't been there, I would've probably been gone with my baby." Janessa gritted her teeth and lowered her head to wipe her errant tears away.

Every time she thought of her unborn child, she couldn't help but weep.

Though there hadn't been any hope for a successful pregnancy, it still hurt that things turned out the way that they had.

"What did you say?" Rayan asked, his voice trembling slightly. He might not be a doctor, but he understood the dangers of an ectopic pregnancy, at least.

He was shocked by what Janessa had just said.

"Janessa, you bitch!" Gracie shrieked. "Do you think you can just say whatever you want now that Rayan is mad at me? Keep slandering me like this, and I'll make sure you die a horrible death!" She was grasping at the very last chance to save herself and transfer the blame to others.

But the proof of her betrayal was still there.

"Whether I'm telling the truth or not, Mr. Lu can find out for himself. One thing I can assure you, however, is that I'm not lying about these records. It was Frank himself who asked someone to give them to me so that I can expose you for the evil woman that you are."

Rayan opened the folder and leafed through the papers carefully.

Indeed, Janessa was not lying. Gracie had truly known about the ectopic pregnancy.

And so had Frank.

It appeared that the two had already been together even since then.

Rayan was livid. They had been cuckolding him for so long.

"I'm afraid there is one more thing you should know, Mr. Lu. I might as well take this opportunity to tell you." Janessa turned to Gracie then, smiling brightly like a flower blossoming in spring.

It made the other woman shiver in apprehension.

"Janessa, what are you planning to do now? Killing people is a crime!" Despite her smile, Janessa's eyes were murderous. She looked like a demon who had crawled up from the depths of hell.