

Chapter 238 I Want To Know The Truth

"You went to see me in the hospital after my accident," Janessa continued. "When you arrived, you saw Gracie slumped on the floor. Do you remember, Mr. Lu?" She took her time recounting the events; she was in no hurry at all.

Gracie, on the other hand, felt like she was being slowly drawn and quartered.

A bitter taste filled her mouth. If she could, she would have chosen to just die that instant.

"Yes, I do," Rayan nodded after a moment's consideration. It had been a long time since these things had happened.

"What else is there?" he mused. 'Is there some other secret I need to know?'

He glanced at Gracie, no longer seeing the lovely and innocent woman he had loved. In fact, she was nothing more than a stranger to him now.

"The moment you saw her, you immediately lashed out at me. Did you know that the soup that she brought me that day was made from the placenta of our child? Frank helped her obtain it. But of course you didn't know because you didn't even stop to ask about the situation. Instead, you called me an ingrate for refusing Gracie's kindness. Well, that's what her kindness was made of." After saying that, Janessa just turned and walked out. She couldn't bear staying in the same room with those two people; she might just do something she would regret.

At this point, Gracie's face was devoid of color. She knew that all her misdeeds were now exposed without a shadow of doubt, and she was on the verge of losing Rayan for good.

"Rayan, listen to me. It's not what you think. In fact, I..." Her words died down under his ominous glare.

Nevertheless, she still wasn't willing to give up.

"What else do you want to say? Are you planning to insist that your baby is mine? Or do you want to convince me that you didn't kill my other child on purpose?" Rayan's voice was icy and laced with threat.

"I... Rayan, I know I was wrong. I will do better in the future. I'll behave. Please, won't you forgive me just this once? I promise, I will become a better woman." Gracie got on her knees and kowtowed at his feet.

"Forgive? How can I forgive you?" Rayan squatted in front of her and grabbed her by the hair, forcing her to look up at him.

"Rayan, please!" Gracie pleaded desperately. "I know I was wrong. I won't do it again, I swear! Please forgive me this one time and let me and my child go." In the past few months, she had developed an attachment to the little life growing inside her. She didn't want to endanger it, much less lose it.

Although the child wasn't Rayan's, Gracie believed he would spare them, if only for the sake of their relationship over the years.

"Your child? What is the use of bringing that bastard into the world?" Rayan flung her away and stood up. He whipped out his phone and called Corbin.

"Bring two men to the lounge."

Gracie broke down again after hearing that. She had never expected Rayan to use his thugs on her.

'No! Things can't end like this!'

"Rayan, please let me go, I'm begging you. Just let me go, and I'll find a faraway place to give birth to this child. We will live quietly, and I will never appear in front of you again. Besides, even though I slept with Frank, you and I also... What I'm saying is, what if this really is your child? Won't you regret punishing us like this?" In truth, even Gracie didn't know who the father of the baby was. She could only pray to the heavens and hope that God would favor her this time around.

If the father turned out to be Rayan, then he would certainly forgive her, no matter how grave her mistakes were.

This was her last hope.

"What did you say?" Rayan roared, though he did pause. There was a hint of hesitation in his eyes. Indeed, what if the baby was his?

"I said, what if I'm really carrying our child? Just wait until I give birth, then verify its paternity. If it's not yours, you can do whatever you want with me. But until then..." She needed to buy herself some time.

And if Gracie played her cards right, she might figure out a way to escape Rayan even if the baby turned out to be Frank's in the future.

"We don't have to wait until the baby's birth; we can verify its paternity right this instant." Rayan narrowed his eyes dangerously. One look at Gracie's face, and he could already tell what she was scheming. He doubted that the child was actually his, but he still needed to handle this carefully, and make sure everything was settled with absolute certainty.

A knock came at the door, and Corbin entered, followed by two burly men in black.

"Your orders, Mr. Lu?"

"Take her to the hospital."

He turned and left the room as the men picked up Gracie. They dragged her outside, even as she thrashed and screamed at them.

Her efforts were in vain, of course, and she was carted away easily like a helpless doll.

When Rayan strode out of his lounge, he found that Janessa wasn't at her desk. He turned to Corbin and asked, "Where is she?"

The assistant cast a furtive glance at Janessa's workspace and replied with some unease, "She came up to me and asked for a leave of absence. She didn't look quite herself, so I agreed. I apologize, Mr. Lu. I realize it wasn't my place to grant her permission, but she looked extremely distressed."

"It's okay."

Janessa had always been the one who bore all the pain in their relationship. He had hurt her over and over again, and all for Gracie's sake.

A tight knot of guilt squeezed Rayan's heart. In the three years that they had been married, Janessa never had complaints about cooking his meals and keeping their home. But all he gave her in return was cold, harsh treatment and harsh vendettas over the most trivial things.

Gracie screamed and flailed all the way to the hospital. Before they got off the car, one of the men finally stuffed her mouth with a piece of cloth.

The hospital had already been notified in advance, and an amniocentesis was waiting for her as soon as she arrived. It was a swift procedure, and soon all that was left was to wait for the results.

At first, Rayan just sat in his office and watched the minutes tick by, but after some thought, he took out his phone and dialed Gordon's number.

As things stood, the man probably knew a lot more than he let on.

"Mr. Lu. Why are you calling?" Gordon's words were blunt and cold. He had always been hostile toward Rayan since the beginning, and it only grew worse over the years.

"I know you don't want to see me, so let me ask you this over the phone."

"Just get on with it already!"

"When Janessa had an abortion, was it because she had an ectopic pregnancy?" Rayan recalled the moment he had arrived at the hospital to see Janessa. Back then, he had heard a lot of talk about Gordon ignoring the doctor's advice and going on with the abortion. He had signed the waiver under the pretense of being a relative of Janessa's.

Now that Rayan thought about it, Gordon wouldn't have done something so rash and deceitful if it hadn't been an emergency.

"Why are you asking now? Did you suddenly develop a concern for Janessa? I'm afraid you're too late for that." Gordon immediately hung up the phone without waiting for a response. He wasn't planning to tell this bastard the truth.

What he didn't expect was Rayan's persistence. He kept calling Gordon's mobile phone again and again, and when that didn't work, he switched to Gordon's landline number. When he finally couldn't stand any more of the shrill ringing, Gordon picked up the receiver and practically yelled at Rayan.

"What the hell do you want?"

"I just want to know the truth," Rayan answered, his voice steady and firm. He already believed everything Janessa had said, but he still wanted further confirmation.

"Do you really want to know? Fine then, let me tell you everything. Janessa had a massive hemorrhage back at the villa, but her dearest husband was nowhere to be found. I only found out that it was an ectopic pregnancy when we got to the hospital. Her life was in danger at the time, both hers and her child's, but where were you? Everyone knew you didn't love her, but I never expected you to be so bloody callous with her life! And that, Mr. Lu, is why you have no right to ask about the past. I hope you're satisfied with the truth you wanted so badly."