

Chapter 239 The Baby Is Not Yours

Rayan couldn't calm down even long after the call ended. At the height of the incident, he had vented all his anger at Janessa and her family's business.

As for her, she had willingly traded her beloved company in exchange for her freedom from their marriage.

Rayan had been an utter fool, an idiot who had dove head-first into Gracie's deceit.

Whenever he thought about it, he felt as though the ground was being ripped from under his feet, upending everything he thought he knew.

"Mr. Lu, the results have come out. Here is the report." Corbin approached Rayan's and handed him a sheet of paper when he saw his boss came to the hospital.

"What does it say?" Rayan asked in a tired voice. He no longer wanted to have anything to do with Gracie.

He had gained a new understanding of the woman today, as well as the essence of true betrayal.

Gracie had indeed been masterful in her schemes—she had been pulling the strings from the background all this time, yet he never even suspected that she was doing it.

'What a vicious and cunning woman!'

His thoughts wandered back to the so-called soup she had served Janessa, the one that was made by their child's placenta.

Rayan could practically smell the pungent and metallic scent even now, and a veil of disgust came over his face.

"Miss Mo's baby is not yours," Corbin said matter-of-factly, taking back the report.

"Ha-ha!" Rayan burst into a short, derisive laughter as he gazed out into the distance.

His own child had been made to disappear from this world without his knowledge, and he had nothing to do with the one in Gracie's belly.

How ironic. The universe sure had a cruel sense of humor.

"The baby isn't mine," Rayan repeated blankly. In the next second, his fist went flying in the air, punching the concrete wall of the hospital corridor. Specks of blood stained the spot, and tiny cracks instantly formed on the surface.

That single blow seemed to drain all the strength in Rayan's body.

"Mr. Lu, are you okay? I'll ask someone to treat your injuries." Corbin understood why Rayan was so furious, but he shouldn't hurt himself like this. Corbin grabbed his boss by the arm to keep him from doing anything else, then asked one of their men to call for a nurse.

"I'm fine. Did she do anything during the procedure?" Though Rayan's query was indirect, Corbin was astute enough to know what he was asking.

They had made arrangements for everything, after all.

Just then, a nurse rushed forward with a first-aid kit in hand. With a nod from Corbin, she proceeded to bind Rayan's wounds, her head lowered, her cheeks red.

Any ordinary girl would blush at the sight of Rayan's handsome face.

To her credit, the young nurse was adept at her job despite being rather simple-minded.

Corbin cleared his throat and answered Rayan's question. "The doctor who took the sample said that Miss Mo tried to bribe him to fake the results. He pretended to take her offer and relayed the matter to me." In truth, he had expected Gracie to pull off another one of her tricks, so he had made sure to cover all the bases prior to the amniocentesis.

As long as the doctors and the hospital staff didn't do as Gracie asked, the Lu Group would double whatever the amount she offered.

As it was, only a moron would be willing to help her.

Although there was the possibility that the doctor would trick them both and bag all the money, Rayan actually would like to see him try.

"I see," Rayan murmured. Disillusioned as he was about Gracie, he hadn't imagined that she would still persist in hiding the truth when things had already gone this far.

His rage burning anew, Rayan turned on his heel and strode in the direction of Gracie's ward. In order to ensure the smooth progress of the amniocentesis, he had arranged for her to be temporarily admitted to the hospital.

As soon as Gracie caught sight of Rayan, she ran to him and clung to his arm. "How is it?" she asked urgently. "Have the results come out?"

She was confident about her deal with the doctor. Regardless of the truth, the child in her belly would officially become Rayan's. With this, she could easily brush off her involvement in everything else from the past.

"I believe you already know what the results are," Rayan said coldly, though he didn't shake her off immediately. Instead, he gave her a look of contempt, his lips curling with disdain.

"What do you mean? Of course I don't. That's why I'm asking you right now." Gracie did her best to look affronted and surprised, like she hadn't planned for the results to turn in her favor.

But it was all over for her, she just didn't know it yet.

"Gracie. I trusted you more than Janessa because of the years we shared together. I never imagined you to be the vile and wicked woman you actually are. I'm really disappointed in you." Then, with a single wave of his arm, Rayan threw Gracie off him and into the bed.

"It's not me! I didn't do anything! Janessa probably forged those things. Rayan, you have to believe me! How can you side with that woman? She aborted your child! What's more, she has all these vague relationships with Gordon and Rylan. You know this, too, don't you? She's juggling both men at the same time! Do you think you can stand for that?" Gracie was grasping at straws at this point, blurting out anything that came to mind in her desperation. Unbeknownst to her, her words only worsened her image in Rayan's eyes.

And with every bit of space she vacated in his heart, Janessa stepped in and took root.

"Forged? Sure, let's say that the messages between you and Frank were forged, that the payment records were made up, but what about the video? What? Are you going to say that Janessa also hired someone to fabricate that? Stop trying to wriggle your way out of this. If you had only admitted your mistakes from the start, maybe I could have shown some mercy to you and your child. Now, however..." Rayan drifted off to a derisive snort, then rolled his eyes away from Gracie.

A dangerous aura radiated from his formidable figure.

Gracie had never seen Rayan like this, and it sent her spiraling into a panic.

"Corbin," he barked. "Tell the doctor to give her an abortion." With that final instruction, Rayan stormed out of the ward, leaving a hysterical Gracie behind. She wailed and screamed his name, but he didn't pause at all.

Corbin sighed and looked at the woman lying prone on the cold floor, tears streaming down her cheeks. Her face was a mask of helpless fear.

"You've been very reckless, Miss Mo," he admonished softly. "If you had only behaved, you would have been sent away with enough money to support you and your baby. You would have lived comfortable lives. Unfortunately... Well, you've been greedy." He looked up and called out to the men in black. "Take her away!"

Gracie scrambled to her feet. "Corbin! I know you have your own means. How much do you need to let us go? I will give you any amount you want! Just name your price!" She was a woman who had lived with the belief that money ruled everything, and indeed, money had always worked on her behalf. Be that as it may, Gracie made the mistake of applying her methods to the wrong person—twice.

"Gracie Mo, do you still not realize your wrongdoings? Did you really think the doctor will take your bribe and fake the results for you? For all your scheming, you are quite naïve. If you thought people could be bought off with money so easily, then you should have also known that their loyalty would belong to the highest bidder." If Gracie had been wealthy, perhaps she did have a chance at winning.

The point was, Gracie was not rich, while Rayan was. Excessively so.

In a game of power and influence, someone like Gracie was bound to lose in the end.

With another sigh, Corbin straightened his suit and made for the door.

The two men picked Gracie up from the floor without ceremony; they weren't known for treating anyone delicately, let alone women. They dragged her to the operating room, unbothered by her begging and sobbing.

As they disappeared into the operating room, Corbin heard a faint, gut-wrenching scream. He closed his eyes and shook his head, then finally left the hospital.

Rayan drove straight to Janessa's place, all but jumping out of his car and pouncing at her door. He rang her doorbell once, twice... nobody answered. He kept ringing and ringing, but not even her shadow came to the door.

"Janessa, are you here?" he called out. He took out his phone and tried calling her, but the calls went unanswered as well. Then, after several tries, the operator picked up. Janessa had either turned off her phone or blocked him.

Rayan took a deep breath, telling himself that she needed time to think things through. Hell, even he had to reconsider everything he knew, and examine his relationship both with Gracie and Janessa.

Dejected, he went downstairs and got back in his car. He drove to the bar and got into a private box, then proceeded to drown himself in alcohol.