

Chapter 244 Meal Companions

When Rayan woke up the following morning, he found Gracie sitting on the edge of the bed, gazing down at him.

"Why the hell are you here?" he barked. "Get out!" His tone was cold and vicious.

And who could blame him? Whenever Gracie's face swam into his vision, he was always reminded of how she had made him into a cuckold for so long.

She, the woman he had loved for many years, had cheated on him. And he wouldn't have known if his ex-wife hadn't exposed it.

Calling it ironic would be an understatement.

"Rayan, just listen to me for a minute, okay? I really didn't mean any of it. It was just because... he—he forced me!" Now that she had nowhere else to run, Gracie decided to pin all the blame on Frank. The man was dead, anyway; Rayan would have no way of confirming the truth with him.

"He forced you?" Rayan roared sarcastically. "Are you saying he forced you to sleep with him? That he forced you to get pregnant?" Rayan asked sarcastically.

She might be able to fool a child with those words, but he was no child.

"No! What I mean is... He threatened me from the beginning. That's it. That's why I had no choice..." Gracie was fumbling for a plausible explanation now. Her reasons sounded paltry even to her own ears, but she had to try.

"What about the video, then? You looked ecstatic, like you were really enjoying it. Did he force you to make those expressions, too?" As a perfectly healthy young man, Rayan could tell at a glance whether a woman really wanted it or not.

And in the video, all of Gracie's movements, every single sigh and moan, told him that she was more than willing to participate in the activity.

She had voluntarily had sex with another man, and had even let him take a video of them doing the deed.

'How could she expect me to still want to be with her after knowing all that?' Rayan thought furiously.

He didn't even think she was worth his rage anymore.

"No, I swear! It really isn't like what you think. Please believe me, Rayan. I won't do it again. Let's just start over, okay?" Gracie grabbed his hand and pressed it against her chest.

In the next second, Rayan whipped his hand out of her reach and wiped it on the sheets, his face twisted in disgust.

"Do you despise me so much now?" Gracie croaked. His action just now was like a knife piercing her heart.

As for Rayan, he simply saw her as a filthy woman, and he couldn't be bothered to have any physical contact with her at all.

He said nothing and continued to wipe his hand.

His movement was slow and deliberate, which only served to add insult to her injured heart.

Her beloved loathed her now, and he recoiled even at her slightest touch.

"How can you do this to me, Rayan? Don't you remember what you promised me before?" Desperate, Gracie threw herself at Rayan and tried to kiss him.

"Stop it! What a cheap woman you are. You just can't stand not being with a man, can you?" He pushed her away with so much force that she fell from the bed entirely.

Even though the bedroom floor was covered with a thick, lush carpet, Gracie still bore the brunt of the impact. Searing pain lanced through her lower abdomen, and she crumpled into herself.

Her emotional state had been so bad that it affected her post-surgery recovery, and now she had just received a physical blow. She hurt so much, it felt like she might die.

"Rayan, my belly hurts. It hurts!" she cried out, her forehead beaded with sweat. It was rather obvious that she was in unbearable pain.

Rayan instinctively reached out to her, but he immediately put his hand down.

"You don't have to put up an act in front of me. You deserve every suffering you get. It's you who didn't cherish my affections when you had it."

"Affection?" Gracie echoed before letting out a disdainful laugh. She wiped her face and pulled herself into a sitting position before glaring up at him. This time, her eyes were brimming with hatred.

"What affections are you talking about? Did you even really had any for me? You've hardly stayed with me since my return. And later... When Janessa got pregnant, did you ever realize how happy you were when you found out? You were practically beaming with joy every single day! I came back for you, but you never once smiled like that at me. Why?!"

You were so mad when Janessa had an abortion, and that was because you cared so much about that unborn child she carried. But what about me? Whenever that woman and I were in the same place, your gaze always wandered over to her. You may have acted like you cared for me, but your eyes always betrayed you! Your subtle little actions betrayed you—the way you turned your body in her direction; how you perked up when you hear her voice. So stop saying I neglected your affections when your love and attention were always on Janessa all along! Tell me, Rayan, exactly what am I to you?"

Gracie was panting by the end of her tirade. She had kept all these grievances to herself for fear that Rayan might hate her, but they just burst forth one by one. In the end, she collapsed back on the floor and wept miserably.

After a few seconds, Rayan spoke again, his voice low and hushed. "I didn't love her. I loved you all this time. But you've changed since the day you left. You're no longer the little girl who likes tagging along behind me. Now, you are capable of doing anything that serves your purpose." He took a deep breath and tried to tell himself that her accusations were wrong, but a small part of him said otherwise.

'Gracie has spoken the truth,' the voice whispered.

"Am I really the one who changed, or is it you?" she retorted now. "When you're with me, you look distracted and absent-minded. Even when we make love, your mind is always somewhere else. Did you think I wouldn't be able to tell? Don't you know that you've repeatedly called out Janessa's name in your sleep?" Gracie shot Rayan a ferocious look that told him she thought he was pathetic.

"That's impossible. Don't talk nonsense."

"You forced me to become this way, Rayan! If you cared about me more than you cared for Janessa, I wouldn't have resorted to such methods! This is all your fault!"

Gracie pointed a trembling finger at him.

"Well," Rayan said blandly. "For the sake of our relationship these last few years, I won't make you pay for what you've done. Move out of the villa once you recover from your abortion. But remember this—if you still come after Janessa and try all sorts of tricks to mess with her again, I will forget about everything we've shared in the past, and I will hold you accountable for your sins." With that, he lifted the quilt and got up. He strode into the bathroom without another glance at Gracie.

"You bastard!" she screamed, but he ignored her and closed the door.

After washing up, Rayan dressed and went downstairs.

Willie had already prepared breakfast, and was waiting by the dining hall. "Good morning, Mr. Lu. Would you like to have breakfast with Miss Mo?"

"No, and I won't be coming back here for the rest of the month. Take good care of her. When the month is over, send her to the HG Apartment." Rayan didn't break his stride as he gave out his orders, and was soon greeting the driver at the foyer. He got straight into his car and left the villa.

Willie watched his master leave in silence. He may not know Rayan's reasons, but his instructions were clear. Willie turned around and went upstairs to ask Gracie to come down and have breakfast.

They still had a month to go, and he needed to take care of her until then.

"I don't want to eat," she muttered dejectedly. "You don't have to prepare my meals in the future." Since her time was limited anyway, she might as well do anything she wanted for the remainder of her stay.

"I'm sorry, Miss Mo," Willie said. With a flick of his hand, two bodyguards instantly appeared in the doorway. Just as they had done on the day of her surgery, they picked Gracie up and dragged her to the dining hall.

Moments later, as she was eating, Willie turned serious. He looked her in the eye and said, "Miss Mo, if you don't cooperate with us, I'm afraid we will have to accompany you during your meals every day."

Gracie scoffed and rolled her eyes. This wasn't something a companion would do. They were practically forcing food down her throat!

"I advise you not to try to spit the food or throw it up later. The men will stay with you and make sure you do none of these things."