Chapter 248 A Strange Phone Call

After finishing the admission process, Janessa and Rylan returned to Alana's ward. Thankfully, she had already woken up.

"Alana! You're up. How are you feeling? Does your head still hurt?" Janessa did her best to cheer herself up. They still had a sick patient to take care of, after all, and besides, she didn't want her friends to know how Rayan pestered her and get worried.

She had always been the type to endure things by herself instead of burdening other people with her problems.

not as bright and clear as they had been before, but she did look lively somehow.

"I already feel much better, but I still have a headache." Indeed, Alana looked better now that her fever had broken. Her eyes were

"I made some hangover soup for you at home, but I didn't have the chance to give it to you. We rushed to the hospital so suddenly. Why don't you tell me what you'd like for dinner? I'll make it for you and bring it here tonight." Seeing that Alana was fine, Janessa felt relieved.

"There's no need for you to do that," Gordon spoke up. "We'll just order some takeout." He knew that Janessa had been taking care of his sister throughout the night, up until they had brought Alana to the hospital.

He didn't want her to tire herself out for Alana's sake.

"That's right. Don't bother with the food. I'll be just fine. I can eat anything for dinner, and I can leave the hospital by tomorrow. It's no big deal." Alana shared Gordon's sentiments on the matter, but she wasn't exactly oblivious as to why her brother was going so far. She felt a twinge of guilt as she thought about how Janessa must have stayed up all night to take care of her. She had even made hangover soup.

Janessa glanced between the siblings, wondering why they were suddenly so in sync with each other.

"Are you absolutely sure about that?" she asked doubtfully. She knew these people. They always said they wanted to eat the food she cooked. She was offering them free rein now, so why were they refusing the opportunity?

Gordon flushed under Janessa's scrutiny. Of course, he wanted to eat the meals she made. He often wished for her to cook for him every single day. He could have died a happy man if that happened.

Unfortunately, his wishes weren't meant to be anything more than that—just wishes.

That said, he really didn't have a lot of chances to enjoy her cooking.

Janessa didn't see him in a romantic light, nor would she be willing to make him breakfast or dinner every day of his life.

stay with Alana and take care of things here." Gordon did mean it. It didn't matter if he ate or not. If Janessa prepared their dinner, not only would she have to work in the kitchen, she would also have to pack the food and take it

Gordon cleared his throat and averted his eyes. "I'm sure. You're probably exhausted by now. Just go home and get some rest. I'll

to them later in the night.

He didn't want her to exert herself over a trifle.

"It's all right. I'll be okay. It's just dinner, and I'm not that tired. Have a good rest, Alana. I'll be back later." With that, Janessa turned and left the room without waiting for their response.

Rylan had been waiting outside the door, and he quickly fell in step beside her as she exited the ward.

He didn't say anything, just followed her like that.

She walked a couple feet ahead of him, and he followed in silence.

When they finally reached the entrance of the hospital, Janessa stopped short. Rylan had his eyes fixed on her shoes, and was

caught off-guard when she suddenly halted.

"Ouch!"

experience for him, but he quickly stepped back to keep Janessa from getting mad at him again.

"Can you please stop following me?" she said as she straightened. "You're a CEO, aren't you? Don't you have other, more

"Ah, are you okay?" They bumped into each, and Rylan looked down to find her head against his chest. It was a delightful

important things to do?" She had grown more skittish around Rylan after her most recent encounter with her ex-husband. The two men were either competing with each other for her attention, or hanging around her like needy little kids.

"I just want to drive you home safely," Rylan replied. He wasn't about to let her go home by herself. He wasn't like Rayan. Even if

she refused, he would only keep on insisting. Janessa was his beloved; he wouldn't bat an eye even if she told him to drive her around the globe.

"You..." she sputtered as she looked up at him helplessly.

She had told him everything to deter his pursuit, but Rylan just wouldn't listen.

She sighed. 'Fine, whatever. He can do whatever he likes. Nothing I say seem to work anyway.'

"Come on, let's go. I promise, I'm only taking you home. I'll leave right away."

In the end, Janessa caved in and got into his car, albeit with much reluctance.

Janessa entered her apartment and threw herself on the sofa, exhaustion finally taking over.

Rylan kept his word, though. He watched her get inside the apartment building, then promptly drove away.

She hadn't slept well at all. Though Alana hadn't wept hysterically or messed around during the night, she had drunk so much that she puked twice before passing out. Janessa had to clean up each time.

She lay back against the cushions now, and soon fell asleep. Janessa dreamt. In her dream, she was surrounded by a fog so thick, she could barely see her fingers in front of her. A horrible

thoughtlessly cried out into the void. "Where are you, Rayan?"

She walked around, trying to find a way past the fog, but she just kept going in circles again and again. In her frustration, she

No sooner had she said this than the scenery changed, and she found herself in the Lu family villa. The place she had shared with Rayan for three years.

sense of loss and confusion came over her.

Everything felt familiar to her.

They were both men's and women's clothes.

Looking up, she was drawn to the sight of a man and a woman lost in passion on the bed. The man had his back toward Janessa, but she could tell immediately who he was.

Janessa trudged up the stairs to the master's bedroom. She pushed the door open and found a trail of garments on the floor.

she called out, her voice hushed. The man heard her. He turned his head and shot her a look of pure temptation.

"Rayan?"

dispirited seeing him making love to another woman?

The woman smiled at her, and even gave her a little wave. And then she opened her mouth and beckoned at Janessa. "Come. Come here."

At the back of Janessa's head, a voice was telling her that she had nothing to do with Rayan anymore. So how come she felt so

Janessa was so freaked out that she bolted upright on the sofa, instantly wide awake.

Just then, the woman beneath him also turned to look at Janessa.

calm down.

'What does it all mean?'

'Oh thank God, it's just a dream.'

But it felt so real.

She wiped the sweat on her forehead and poured herself a tall glass of water. As she gulped it down, she repeatedly told herself to

Still, the dream played inside her mind, like a movie that gone out of control.

That was the extent of their similarity, though. Janessa would never behave the way the woman had in her dream.

Janessa thought long and hard, but she couldn't figure it out. She even considered looking up a dictionary of dreams. But on second thought, she wasn't that desperate after all.

She was quick and efficient; within half an hour, the food was ready.

She checked her phone. It was already five o'clock in the evening. She had slept for three hours straight.

It was weird enough for Rayan to be with a woman in her dream... but why did she have the same face as Janessa?

There were no missed calls or unread messages though. Janessa set her phone aside and went to the kitchen to cook.

She took out some lunchboxes to pack them up with, and pretty soon she was setting out again.

"I curse you, Janessa! You destroyed another person's family and took away her husband. I swear, you will get your retribution some day!"

Janessa had just gotten inside her car and was about to start the engine when her phone rang. She answered it without thinking.