

Chapter 257 Imani Was In Trouble

Janessa didn't see Rayan when she woke up.

She sat up gingerly and rubbed her aching muscles. "That bastard," she cursed under her breath. "How can he leave without saying anything to me?"

Rayan had kept her up all night long, and after her equally long sleep, her schedule was effectively disrupted. Janessa hadn't eaten anything at the engagement party, either, and now she was starving.

She got out of bed to fix herself up something to eat. As she padded across the room, she walked past her dressing table and happened to glance at the mirror. Janessa froze and gaped.

She was dressed in a short, silk night gown that hung low over her chest. Her bare skin, starting from the base of her neck to her shoulders, and down to where the fabric started, was full of red marks—love bites in all shapes and sizes.

Fortunately, Rayan had the good sense to spare her neck, otherwise she would be in an embarrassing predicament.

"I guess Alana isn't home yet. I got lucky with that, at least." Janessa put on a large shirt to cover her night gown before exiting her bedroom.

She could feel her bones creaking with every step she took, and the ache in her lower back began to feel excruciating. She had never imagined that she and Rayan would have such rough sex, especially after their divorce.

Janessa prepared a bowl of noodles and brought it to the living room. She was on the sofa, slowly slurping on her food, when Alana skipped into the apartment.

"Oh, you're home. I have something very exciting to tell you." Alana quickly took off her shoes and ran over to Janessa without even bothering with her coat.

"Go and change your clothes first, what's the rush?" Janessa smiled helplessly at her friend. Alana could be so rash and clumsy sometimes.

Though she had already grown used to it, Alan's quirks still made her laugh now and then.

"Forget about my clothes, this is so much more important than that." Alana took out her phone as she said this, then browsed through the Internet and showed Janessa a news article.

Janessa carefully put down her bowl and peered at the screen. "I would find it more interesting if you told me that Imani's schemes were exposed to the public."

Her cousin had really gone to great lengths in her attempt to get Rayan into her clutches. If, by some fateful turn of events, someone set Imani up and revealed her true colors to the world, Janessa would be eternally grateful to them.

Alana gasped. "So you knew all about it? That's exactly what happened! Look, this article is all about that bitch, Imani." She had rushed back to the apartment the moment the news story got published, eager to share it with Janessa. She'd never expected that her roommate was already up to date.

Perhaps, had anything happened at last night's party?

"Did something happen to you at that bitch's engagement party?" Alana huffed. "Didn't I tell you not to go? Your company has a bunch of managers to take care about contract deals, so why did you have to get involved in the first place?" Deep down, she had anticipated the possibility that Imani might do something to Janessa.

Yet despite her warnings, Janessa had still gone to the party, for one of their important potential client would also be there.

"I'm fine. Don't worry about it." Janessa uncrossed her legs and leaned back against the sofa, her eyes intent on the news article.

The headline alone was already eye-catching.

'Hot scene! Miss Imani of the Qiu family caught in a rendezvous with another man in her own engagement party.'

Judging by the title alone, Janessa could already tell how the story ended. Nevertheless, she had no idea that the events in between was actually more titillating.

The night before. After Rayan and Janessa had driven away from the hotel, one of his men threw the fatty into the room where Rayan had originally been locked in. Said room was already filled with incense then. When the time came, Imani entered the room as planned, intending to take advantage of Rayan's vulnerability.

However, she realized too late that the person on the bed was not whom she had expected. Instead, it was the hideous man she had arranged to sleep with Janessa.

"Why is he here?" Just as Imani was about to sort things out, a wave of nausea hit her, and she fell on the bed herself.

The man had initially been tied up to keep him from escaping, but the contact with a female's soft body was enough to trigger him. With a sudden spurt of strength, the man broke free from the ropes that bound his hands, and he turned Imani over and under him in one quick motion.

Imani tried to scream for help, but her voice was weakened from the incense's influence. It came out like a moan of pleasure, her tone turning coy and flirty, which served to excite the man even more.

"Go ahead," he leered. "Keep shouting."

Imani constantly pushed against the man, loathed to have sex with him. It was such a disgusting prospect, she couldn't even bear the thought of it.

Her persistent thrashing naturally meant more physical contact, and to her utter horror, Imani began to like it. Her body felt hot all over, and soon, all she wanted was to get even closer to the man.

Vaguely, she noted the pungent fragrance that permeated the room. Her physical reaction must be because of that damn incense.

Imani was never a chaste woman to begin with. It didn't take long for her to break under the pressure of the aphrodisiac, let alone the aggressive man pressing against her.

Hours later, the reporters she herself had arranged for barged into the room. Imani wasn't even fully awake before her scandalous photos were ruthlessly taken by the media.

The fatty was no gentleman, either, and his amorous attention was nothing more than torture. Horrible marks were left all over her body, most of them visible even when she was fully-clothed.

He hadn't done anything to her face, though, so that was a bonus. Or maybe not, since that meant everyone could recognize Imani, and she couldn't claim fabrication of the pictures.

As it was, Imani woke up to the incessant click of the cameras as the reporters surrounded the bed.

She opened her eyes, still a little disoriented from the drugs and last night's strenuous activities. It took a moment before everything came crashing down on her—the conception of her scheme, its careful execution, and finally, the brutal failure of it all.

Imani gritted her teeth, her face twisting with hatred. 'How come Janessa just keeps escaping again and again, while I am subjected to this humiliation?' She seethed as she tried to cover herself with the blankets.

Realizing that her bed partner was still sound asleep beside her, Imani kicked him to the floor, where he slumped in all his naked glory.

Shortly after, Aydin arrived into the room. His eyes were blazing with fury at the scene that greeted him. He quickly dismissed the reporters and ordered his servants to kick the man out of the building.

"Look at what you've done! You have disgraced the Qiu family with your recklessness!" Aydin had been against his daughter's plans since the beginning, but Imani had insisted that she had taken care of everything, and had assured him that it would go well.

Now, not only had she ruined her own marriage, she had also humiliated their entire family to the public.

"But everything was perfect! It was supposed to work! This is all that bitch, Janessa's fault. How can she be so lucky every single time? Why is it always her? Why should I live under her shadow? Why was she able to marry Rayan when I couldn't?" Imani had been head over heels for Rayan for as long as she could remember. She had always done her best to win his favor, but because of the circumstances between the Qiu family and the Lu family, it was Janessa who ended up marrying him.

They had finally divorced after three years, but Imani still had no chance with Rayan.

It was just so unfair.

"You'd better behave yourself from now on. Janessa is no longer the clueless girl we used to know. You can try to scheme against her all you want, but you are no match for her the way you are now. Just sit and wait. I will let her pay for all of this in the future." Aydin hated Janessa just as much as Imani did, maybe even more. But he had already come this far, and he still had a long way to go. Moreover, he was more far-sighted than his childish daughter. He had no choice but to endure.

He couldn't risk ruining his future success for the sake of a short-lived vendetta.

"Dad! Don't you see? I got raped by that disgusting man because of Janessa! And who knows what those reporters will write about this incident? If they publish my photos... Dad, I don't want my reputation destroyed." Imani wrapped herself in the quilt and clung to her father's leg, sobbing.

"I will find a solution for this. Just go home and don't go out for a few days." Aydin wasn't sure how much money it would take to make the press shut their mouths, but even if this scandal was suppressed, they would still have to explain it to the Zhou family. And that was no simple matter.

Sadly, the stars did not align in his favor.

Normally, the media would have had no qualms in accepting a bribe, but they couldn't afford to offend the person Imani and Aydin had gone up against this time.