

Chapter 264 Petty Revenge

Janessa had never expected to fly in Rylan's private plane. Now it made sense why she couldn't find her flight number, and why Rylan hadn't asked her for her passport details.

Thankfully, the traffic was running smoothly that night, and they just breezed through the checkpoints at the airport. They took off within minutes of their arrival.

Janessa leaned back against her seat comfortably and looked out the window.

It was already dark when they boarded the plane; they couldn't even see the clouds anymore.

Rylan was sitting on the other side of the plane. He watched her for a good while, but Janessa never noticed his gaze. As he studied her expressions, he saw hints of sadness in her eyes. If he didn't know better, he would think that she might be reluctant to leave the city.

Was she missing Rayan?

Rylan's face darkened at the thought, but he quickly put on a nonchalant smile. Plucking the bottle of red wine the crew had prepared for them, he held it up to her and said, "Why don't we drink and relax? It would take some time before we arrive at our destination."

"Hmm? I'm sorry, what did you say?" Janessa finally looked away from the window. She had been so immersed in her musings that she hadn't even felt Rylan move to the seat next to her.

When they had boarded, she was still feeling a little embarrassed and awkward around him, so she had made a point of sitting far from Rylan.

"I asked you to have a drink with me. What, do you think I have evil intentions by inviting you to drink?" Although Rylan was joking, he still wasn't able to meet Janessa's eyes.

He didn't dare look at her, lest he might not help himself from closing the distance between them.

He was painfully aware that there was someone else in her heart, and Rylan had no plans to force himself upon her. He was content to help her from the sidelines and watch as she obtained happiness.

"I think a drink would be a marvelous idea," Janessa chirped. In her current state, she could really use a few glasses of alcohol. She had barely left the country, and already her mind was swirling with thoughts of one person. She didn't want to yearn for him at all, but it seemed like her emotions had a mind of their own.

"All right! Here. And don't worry; I just opened this bottle." Rylan had a vague worry that Janessa might misunderstand his intentions, so he made sure to say that last point.

He poured another glass in front of Janessa and handed it to her. "Since we're talking with drinks, I have to say, there's something I'm curious about."

Janessa gracefully sipped her wine and waited for Rylan to continue.

"Just to be clear, I know this is your personal matter, and I respect your privacy, I really do. But I truly want to know." He paused then, and observed Janessa's reaction.

When she said nothing, Rylan plowed on and asked his question.

"You and Mr. Lu are already divorced, but you are still working in the same company, the same office even. Don't you feel uncomfortable at all?" Even he felt tense and embarrassed just thinking about it, let alone say it out loud. But at the same time, he had always wanted to know why Rayan had agreed to such an arrangement.

The man had even made Janessa his very own assistant.

Usually, when a couple divorced, their underlying incompatibility made it impossible for them to even be in the same room, much less work together. Rylan was convinced that he wasn't the only one baffled by Rayan and Janessa's case. In fact, everyone else who knew about were just as curious.

"Does it really matter either way?" Janessa asked innocently, leaving Rylan at a loss.

Of course, she knew that people would doubt her purpose for working in the Lu Group, and surely, Rayan did as well. But he had never questioned her outright, and had even kept her close to him in the office. That was probably what had piqued everyone's interest. And if she were being honest, Janessa was rather curious about it, too.

"I will tell you, but you can't laugh at me," she said after a sigh. She couldn't avoid the question forever, anyway. Janessa put down her wine glass and stared at the dark red liquid inside it. She needed to keep her thoughts in order first.

"Sure, take your time. I'm only asking because I care about you. Just treat me like your personal void. You can tell me anything, and I will never speak of it to anyone else." Rylan's eyes lit up as he spoke. If Janessa did tell him this secret, she might eventually open up to him and accept his feelings over time.

"The things is, I discovered something about Rayan just before we divorced. His ex-girlfriend came back to the city. It was so trite, to have a melodrama trope happen to me in real life." Janessa heaved another, longer sigh.

As weird and surreal as it was, this was still her life.

Or, at least, the first half of her life. Luckily, she still had the chance to direct the rest of her days according to her own wishes.

"So that's why you divorced?" Rylan asked, only to feel like he had crossed a line in the next second. He opened his mouth to explain himself, but Janessa cut him off.

"I was pregnant at the time, but it was an ectopic pregnancy. I had no choice but to abort the child. Rayan had no idea and simply thought I did it on purpose because I didn't want to have his baby, so he... Well, he was furious. But I'm over it now. In any case, the marriage had been nothing but pure torture for the both of us. I got out of it to end my suffering and seek my own happiness. I have the right to do that, don't I?" Her tone was wistful, and her question sounded more for herself than for Rylan.

"Then why... Why did you come to the Lu Group?"

Janessa burst into laughter then, her smile as free as a spring breeze.

"Rayan's ex-girlfriend played a great part in our divorce. I applied for work in the Lu Group to show her that I'm doing well in spite of the fact that she wrecked my marriage. Even if it means I have to face Rayan every day."

Rylan lowered his head and smiled to himself. She had said that she was already over the matter, but it was clear to him that Janessa still wanted to take revenge on her ex-husband and his mistress.

No sane woman would accept seeing her man get close to his former lover, let alone a former spouse. With the way things were, Gracie would naturally worry over Janessa's employment in Rayan's company.

Indeed, sometimes it was better not to lash out directly at an enemy. A person's imagination could be a terrifying thing when left alone.

And a person with a very rich imagination could be very dangerous.

"All right, go ahead and laugh if you want to. That's how it is, anyway. She disrupted my peace, so why shouldn't I return the favor?" Janessa's tone had become light and relaxed, but her words still carried a heavy weight.

"I wasn't laughing. I just wanted to applaud you. I think you did the right thing. But this manner of vengeance can't benefit you much." Nevertheless, Rylan still found her efforts endearing. He had never encountered a woman who would avenge herself in with such grace.

Janessa was truly special.

She peered at him now, mildly surprised that he didn't find her explanation funny. If anything, it looked like he had some ideas to add to her little vendetta.

"Do you have any advice to make this setup more exciting?" she asked all of a sudden, perking up like a child who had just found a shiny new toy.

Rylan leaned back and took a sip of his wine, slightly frightened by her question. He cleared his throat and said seriously, "Essentially, the best revenge is to live a better life than that other woman. But if you really want to hurt her, just tell me. I have my ways, and I'm not always so merciful to my prey, even if they are women."

"Oh my, then what happens if we are no longer friends in the future? Won't you spare me some mercy, for old times' sake?" Janessa had read between the lines and understood what Rylan wasn't saying.

"You think too much. Here, let me refill your glass."

The two clinked their wine glasses and dropped the subject entirely.

They soon grew bored, however, and proceeded to chat about random topics, all the way from music, movies to literature.

Whatever Janessa talked about, Rylan had a ready and knowledgeable response. And he wasn't pretending, either—he really did have a deep understanding of culture.

Thanks to their interesting conversation, the flight didn't feel long at all. Before they knew it, they were preparing to land.

It was also nighttime in Y Country when they arrived. When Janessa disembarked from the plane, it was as though she hadn't left home.

"Shall we, my goddess?" Rylan asked as he ushered her into his car like an old-fashioned gentleman.