

Chapter 284 Hope You Won’t Get Angry

Gracie was distraught over Rayan's lack of concern for her.
Grocie was distraught over Royon's lack of concern for her.

In the past, she didn't even have to raise her voice. Her tiniest groans of discomfort had always sent him into a mild panic. Now, even though she was dressed scantly and was practically throwing herself at him, he seemed to only have eyes for Jonesso.

Did she really have no chance to get him back?

When Grocie didn't reply right away, Royon turned to Jonesso again and tenderly stroked her face.

"I come here especially to see you Royon. Why won't you talk to me?" Grocie burst into tears, feeling aggrieved by his treatment.

But Royon just frowned and thought, 'Since when did I start getting irritated to see her crying in front of me?' His usual response to Grocie's weeping would have been distress and fluster, and he would be running around finding ways to coax her. Now, however, he only felt disgust at yet another proof that she wasn't as tough as Jonesso.

'Well,' he omitted silently, 'Jonesso's tenacity can get annoying sometimes.' But it was still better than what Grocie had to offer.

"You wanted to see me?" he asked wryly. "Fine, now that you have, you should leave and go home." Royon didn't want to waste his time dealing with Grocie.

"Are you still mad at me?" she asked persistently. She knew he had been hurt deeply by her actions, but she was still expecting him to forgive her.

With that thought, Grocie pushed her chest forward, causing her already tight dress to display her figure more distinctly.

Then she walked up to Royon and pressed her body against his back. She slowly rubbed against him, her fingers flitting lightly over his shoulders.

She was employing every means she knew to seduce him. It normally didn't take much for Royon to respond. He would grab Grocie at her slightest touch, then proceed to kiss her as he took off her clothes.

Now, however...

She had been pressing her chest against him for a good while, but Royon barely even flinched.

"Are you done yet?" he finally asked. His face was blank as he peeled Grocie off his body. Only then did he notice that she wasn't dressed properly. Even so, his eyes remained dead when he looked at her.

"You really don't love me anymore?" she whined. Although the truth was right in front of her, she still refused to believe it.

They used to love each other so much. How did it end up like this?

"I already told you, you were the one who ruined what we had. It's over between us." Despite the harshness of his words, Royon was careful not to raise his voice. He didn't want to disturb Jonesso's rest.

Gracie knew this, too. Fuming, she stepped back and began to shout. "Did I really ruin our relationship, or did you simply fall in love with someone else?" She turned to Janessa with a thunderous expression. "If this woman hadn't broken into your life, you wouldn't have acted the way you did. You were the one who forced my hand. Do you think I wanted to do those things? You drove me to desperation!"

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Royon scowled. She was being too loud on purpose. He quickly looked back to check on Jonesso and was relieved to find her still fast asleep. He got to his feet and picked up a shirt he had lying around, tossing it at Grocie. Then Royon grabbed her by the arm and dragged her out of the room.

"What? Are you afraid she would wake up? You're so fucking nice to her, aren't you?" Whenever Jonesso was involved in the issue, Grocie just couldn't contain herself.

"There's no point in pestering me like this, Grocie. We're finished. It's fate. Look, you can keep the apartment. And take this card. It has enough in it to let you live a comfortable life." Royon could be very generous, and more so to his ex-lover.

At the same time, it was his way of drawing the line between them. He didn't want to get involved with Grocie anymore. He now knew where his heart was, and whom he wanted to be with.

But before he could pursue his own happiness, he first had to cut ties to his past and let go of everything that was holding him back.

"Are you really going to be this heartless?" Grocie sat on the ground dejectedly. Her watery eyes glimmered under the bright hospital lights. She was hanging on to the last shred of hope in sigh. But she cheered up the very next second. Royon had lent her his shirt, hadn't he? He must have some lingering feelings for her still.

"I'm not being heartless; I'm just stating things as they are. You should leave now. I'll have Corbin book you a ticket for the next flight home."

With that, Royon turned and strode back into the ward to watch over Jonesso, leaving Grocie slumped on the bench along the corridor.

It seemed that they were very intimate, and Grocie was burned with jealousy.

Instead of leaving as she had been told, Grocie stayed and napped on the bench. She woke up early the next morning and tidied herself in the public bathroom. She watched and waited until Royon came out of the ward, and then she went inside.

Jonesso was already awake, nursing the stinging pain on her shoulder.

The men who had attacked her were, in fact, Noble's subordinates. 'I did demand a realistic performance from them, but damn this really hurts.'

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A few love bites dotted her neck. It wouldn't take a genius to guess what had transpired the night before.

"All right," Jenesse answered lightly and nodded. She didn't know why, but the sight of Gracie wasn't riling her up for some reason. If anything, she saw the other women as a fool, and a pretty funny one at that.

"I hope you won't get angry. You see, last night, Reyren and I were outside..." Gracie intentionally drifted off, her tone laden with meaning. It was easy to figure out what she was hinting at.

"Yes. One could easily get bored if they have access to all the delicacies in the world. Sometimes a distraction wouldn't be a bad thing." Grunting with pain, Jenesse set up gingerly and took a sip of water. It left a bitter taste in her mouth.

"You..." Gracie was obviously implying that Reyren had slept with her last night. How thick could Jenesse get? Why wasn't she reacting as expected? Instead, it was Gracie who was getting more and more furious while Jenesse remained composed.

"What do you want to say? You know, I've been here for half a month, but I've never seen gangsters roaming freely in the streets. Yet they targeted you as soon as you arrived. I wonder if the problem lies with the city itself or with you. Won't you think about it carefully? I can't come and save your life every time you're in danger." Jenesse's tone was kind and seemingly full of concern. Gracie didn't appreciate it, of course.

"You? Save my life? Please! Reyren would have come if you hadn't barged in. And he wouldn't be injured so pathetically, unlike you." It should have been Reyren who rescued her in the first place. As far as Gracie was concerned, Jenesse deserved getting stabbed.

"Well, no matter what, it's an undisputable fact that I saved you. Don't worry. I don't need you to thank me. I just want you to stop appearing in front of me from now on. Whenever I see you, I'm reminded of my unborn child, and everything you did to us. And when I think of that, I can't help but want to avenge the injustice that my baby suffered."

That day was etched painfully in her memory. Even now, when she recalled the moment, it was almost as if she could smell the soup Gracie had brought her.

It was like a nightmare that just went on and on.

"Get out of here!" A cold and sinister voice suddenly came from the door.

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