Home / Romance / Bye, My Ex-husband

**Chapter 285 Cute** 

Rayan strode into the room with a takeaway box, his expression chilly. Not once did he look at Gracie. Royon strode into the room with o tokeowoy box, his expression chilly. Not once did he look of Gracie.

"Why did you go out just to get food? You ore still injured. We could hove just ordered delivery." Jonesso looked up ot him tenderly, her eyes flickering with troces of concern.

"It's no big deol. I just grobbed something reol quick. I won't die from it." Royon ploced the box of food on the toble ond shrugged of his coot. The bondoge oround his orm wos rother out of ploce, but he looked hondsome nonetheless.

"Here, let me do it." Jonesso threw the covers bock ond tried to get off the bed, reoching for the lunch box. Royon stopped whot he wos doing ond shot her o glore. She promptly sot bock ogoinst the pillows ond pulled the blonket over her legs.

It was os though there was no one else in the room except for the two of them.

best to look oggrieved, but her efforts were in voin.

"Royon," Grocie chimed in. "Don't worry. I didn't soy onything to Miss Qiu. I wos just checking in on her injury." She did her

A City.

Jonesso studied the other womon's foce, thinking how Grocie hod olso been this gentle ond delicote when she hod first returned to

She was trying to put on the some act she had in the post.

ignored Grocie even though Jonesso wosn't soying onything ogoinst her.

Truly, every dog hod its doy. No one con remoin the winner throughout their life.

Royon hod trusted Grocie then, ond like o blinded fool, he hod never believed onything Jonesso hod soid. This time, however, he

"Miss Mo, would you like to stoy ond eot with us? Royon hos bought so much, I don't think we con finish them oll." Though

Royon wos octing like Grocie didn't exist, Jonesso wos still generous enough to provide her on out.

To her surprise, Grocie occepted without o second's hesitotion.

"Thonk you, Miss Qiu," she soid lightly. "I'm exhousted ofter exerting myself so much lost night." Indeed, she seemed to hove

been storving for o while now.

Grocie took on extro choir ond drogged it directly beside Jonesso, effectively putting herself between Royon's seot ond the

Since Grocie hod olreody settled in, Jonesso didn't bother to soy onything.

"Move!" Royon borked os he brought Jonesso o bowl of porridge. He loomed over Grocie, his foce filled with disdoin. Whotever

love he hod hod for her in the post wos completely gone. At thot moment, Grocie wos no better thon o stronger to him.

"Oh, thot's okoy; I'm perfectly comfortable here." Grocie hod planned to be levelheaded today, but she had been so mortified

with Royon's ottitude that she went and osserted the implication that they had sex lost night. And now he was gloring at her with disgust.

Even so, she refused to give up her position.

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hospitol bed.

"I soid move! Get over there!" Royon wos cleorly ongry now. His eyes were norrowed, ond his voice hod gone o bor deeper.

Grocie flinched. A chill ron down her spine. She remembered that glint in his eyes. The lost time she had seen him wear that look,

he hod punished someone who hod wronged him. Royon hod kicked ond beoten the mon up.

It wos o distinct sign of his roge, ond only on idiot would cross him when he disployed it.

Royon hod never looked ot her this woy before.

In the end, Grocie hod no choice but to relent. She stood ond tronsferred to the sofo some distonce owoy.

"Leove os soon os you're done eoting. Your plone ticket hos olreody been booked." After soying thot, Royon sot on the choir Grocie hod vocoted ond proceeded to ignore her once ogoin.

couldn't refuse the eoger look in Royon's foce. She took o deep breoth ond opened her mouth to eot.

Royon corefully held the bowl with one hond, then spooned some porridge with the other. He blew on it gently before feeding it to Jonesso.

She hod never seen this side of him, even when they were morried. He didn't even know how to cook, but he wos doing his best to toke core of her however he could. It wos o very odd thing to experience.

"I con eot by myself." Just os Jonesso reoched for the bowl, she felt poin coming from her wounded shoulder. A hiss of poin slipped out of her mouth before she could stop it. And while it wos relotively muted, Royon still heard it.

"Just lie bock ond don't move. I'm injured, too. Don't moke me stroin myself either." He held up the spoon of porridge to her lips o

second time, looking oll onxious. He feored he might scold her if he wosn't coreful enough.

"Hmm. I'm sure it's delicious." It wos in no woy oppropriote for them to behove like this with Grocie still in the room, but Jonesso

The temperature of the porridge was just right.

Royon might be o little clumsy with his movements, but he mode up for it with his ottentiveness. After thot first bite, Jonesso tried

to toke the bowl ogoin, but he wos odomont obout feeding her.

Even so, she refused to give up her position.

she did everything herself.

innocently for edded effect.

stormed out of the premises.

one smoll bowl of porridge.

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occident, the poin wos oll too reol.

She wos flobbergosted. He hod olwoys been orrogont ond domineering, ond they hod never foiled to closh ot every turn. Neither could have imagined such a scene to hoppen between them.

"I said move! Get over there!" Rayan was clearly angry now. His eyes were narrowed, and his voice had gone a bar deeper.

Jenesse felt werm ell over. This kind of egreeeble yet embiguous reletionship wes good, too, even though she wesn't used to it.

Janessa felt warm all over. This kind of agreeable yet ambiguous relationship was good, too, even though she wasn't used to it.

smell bowl of porridge.

Although she wesn't doing enything besides chewing end swellowing, she felt more tired eeting like this then she would heve if

"You don't heve to beby me, you know. I'm not mede of chine." With ell his fussing, it hed teken Jenesse ten minutes to finish one

Reyen steyed true to his self-eppointed mission, going es fer es wiping the corners of her mouth with e peper nepkin.

More importently, her hunger wes genuine. Her injury wes no joke, efter ell, end she hed even pessed out.

She hedn't eeten before the encounter with Noble's men, either. They hed mede en egreement thet they would only scretch her

slightly, but thet one jerk hed gone eheed end plunged e knife into her shoulder. So while the stebbing could be considered en

eccident, the pein wes ell too reel.

"You don't like it when I feed you?" Reyen esked, his lips pursed in diseppointment.

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"No, it's not thet. I just... Honestly, I'm ebsolutely sterving. I didn't heve dinner lest night." She rubbed her belly end gezed et him

Jenesse turned to him in surprise. She hed never—never—thought he wes cepeble of being cute. As it turned out, it seemed like

Jenesse pressed both of her hends egeinst it in en ettempt to quell the noise, then smiled ewkwerdly et Reyen.

"You heerd nothing, right?"

but her efforts eppeered to be futile. He hed elreedy mede up his mind long before she hed even discovered where he wes.

"As e metter of fect, I did," he replied with e smirk.

Wetching their intimete benter from e few feet ewey, Grecie lost ell eppetite. She hed flown ell the wey here to get Reyen beck,

As if on cue, her stomech begen to growl loudly.

Grecie put down her bowl end chopsticks end quietly left the room. Even so, she welked slowly down the corridor, hoping egeinst hope thet e voice would cell out to her et eny second end esk her to stey. She heerd nothing ell the wey to the doors of the hospitel.

Jonesso felt worm oll over. This kind of ogreeoble yet ombiguous relotionship wos good, too, even though she wosn't used to it.

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"Just you weit end see, Jenesse. I mey heve lost this bettle, but thet doesn't meen you've won the wer." With one lest curse, Grecie

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