

## Chapter 359 A Secre

Gracie had already walked out of the room, but she abruptly turned around and grabbed Janessa by the collar. "Everything you have belongs to me now," she said smugly. "Rayan, the house, the car, all the money. What, are you angry with me?"

Finally, Gracie felt that she had triumphed.

After her matter with Frank had been exposed, her life had been hell. She had enough money, yes, but she still suffered humiliation. And it was all because of Janessa.

Additionally, if this woman hadn't stuck to Rayan's side all this time, Gracie wouldn't have had to work hard to win him back. At last, Janessa was getting what she deserved. She couldn't even blame this on anyone else, since it was all her fault.

Her retribution had come.

And now, Janessa had no choice but to walk away from Rayan much like Gracie had been forced to do before.

"Tell me, Gracie, what benefits did Larry offer you? Why would you collude with him?" Janessa couldn't figure it out. If Larry had really wanted something from Rayan, then Gracie certainly wasn't the right person to partner with. More importantly, why had he approached Janessa first, if he would eventually use Gracie anyway?

"Benefits? Do you think everyone is like you? You'll do anything for money, won't you? In exchange for cash, you conspired with your ex-husband's enemy to destroy him and his company. What a vicious woman you are." With that, Gracie let go of Janessa's collar. She picked up a piece of wet tissue from the tea table and wiped her hands carefully, as if to cleanse herself after touching something disgusting. And then—of course—she threw the dirty tissue right in Janessa's face.

"Believe me when I say this, Janessa. You will never rise again for the rest of your life." No sooner had she finished speaking than a horn began to sound from the door.

Gracie leaned over and peeked outside. When she turned back, she looked Janessa up and down, her eyes full of mockery. "Rayan is going home with me. You had better move out of this place as soon as possible." She flicked her hair over her shoulder and strode away haughtily, her high heels clacking loudly on the floor.

Still on the ground, Janessa lay back and stared at the ceiling. She wondered how everything ended up this way.

There was no need for her to step foot in the company again. Needless to say, she had already lost her job.

Janessa stayed inside and did not leave the villa for the next three days. The servants were confused at first. Why hadn't Rayan returned?

But it didn't take long for the rumors to go around, and it spread among the staff quickly.

Almost instantly, they changed their attitude toward Janessa. Although they remained diligent in their duties, they were cold to her, and didn't speak to her unless absolutely necessary.

Janessa promptly caught on to the change in their behavior, but she said nothing. She took comfort in the thoughts of her unborn child, and told herself she couldn't afford to be glum and miserable.

Otherwise, her child might turn out to be a rather dark and sullen person. No mother would want that for their child.

Janessa stood by the window and ran her hand over her belly. She looked out at the familiar yard outside. It hit her then—staying here was just another kind of torture.

It was a good thing that she still had her own place.

Janessa wasted no time. She packed up her belongings and left the villa without a word.

Nobody was speaking to her anyway, and they even pretended not to see her as she dragged her suitcase out the door. Out of power, out of favor, as the saying went.

Janessa drove back to her place. To her surprise, someone was already there.

Was it a burglar?

She left her suitcase by the door and took out the baseball bat she had hidden in one of the shoe cabinets. Then she carefully and stealthily made her way inside.

It wasn't until she reached the kitchen that she saw Alana. Bits and pieces of vegetables were strewn all over the place and on her apron. Janessa thought she looked rather pitiful.

"Why didn't you tell me you were here?" Janessa cried out. "You scared me half to death." Janessa trudged back to the entrance, returning the baseball bat to its proper place and pulling her suitcase into the living room.

"I did send you a message on WeChat, but you ignored me. Wait, what? Why do you have your suitcase with you? Did you have a fight with Rayan?" As far as Alana could tell, ever since the couple got back together, their relationship had been nothing short of wonderful. Why was Janessa suddenly here with all her stuff?

She could only think of one explanation. Janessa and Rayan had broken up.

"Nope. I was just worried you'll have nightmares if you're here by yourself. I came to keep you company." Janessa's tone was light and casual, and as expected, Alana didn't believe a word she had said.

"Oh please. Save your paltry excuses. Ugh, I failed in cooking again. We'll have to order take-out!" Alana took off her apron and dove into the sofa to browse through their delivery options. Even as she did this, she continued to chatter nonstop.

"Look, it's not that easy to learn how to cook," Janessa said. "You have to be patient with yourself. But do keep my kitchen tidy, please. I did a painstaking job putting this home together, you know." In fact, she had felt sorry for her poor kitchen after seeing what Alana had done with it.

It was her kitchen, after all.

"Hey, don't be so mean. If worse comes to worst, I'll pay you for everything I destroy." Alana finally decided on a restaurant and called her order in. When that was finished, she tossed her phone aside and looked at Janessa intently.

Her friend had definitely grown thinner. In less than a week, her cheekbones had jutted out and her eyes looked gaunt.

"Why are you staring? Is there something on my face?"

"Janessa, tell me the truth. Is it because of my family's problem that you had a fight with Rayan?" Alana knew her very well. When Janessa had told her that she would ask for Rayan's help, Alana knew she wouldn't change her mind and budge. She had been grateful then, but all she felt now was regret. If she had tried harder to stop Janessa, perhaps this wouldn't have happened.

"It has nothing to do with you." They were silent for a while before Janessa sighed. She didn't want to say anything, but judging by the look on Alana's face, it was clear that she would have to explain sooner or later.

And so, Janessa told her everything, down to the very last detail. As expected, Alana exploded in anger.

"Fuck! So he just let that bitch bully you? Why didn't you fight back? Were you scared that Rayan would beat you up or something?" She couldn't understand why her best friend just let Gracie go after what she had done.

Of course, Janessa wasn't the type to just take abuse without complaint. But she had yet to recover, and she cared more about the life inside her belly. She couldn't risk endangering her unborn child again.

"I don't want to retaliate for the time being. I thought I should take the high road for now and be the better person. Believe me when I say that I did something good." As she spoke, Janessa's hands went to her belly, and a warm smile bloomed on her face.

"Wait, no way! Are you... Are you pregnant?" Alana practically screamed the last three words. Janessa winced at the shrill sound and had to cover her ears.

"Keep your voice down! Do you want the whole building to know that I'm pregnant?"

"No, I'm sorry. I was just too excited. But you and Rayan... The baby..." She wanted to ask Janessa if she was planning to keep it or getting an abortion.

However, she couldn't bring herself to ask the question out loud. Personally, she didn't want Janessa to abort the baby. They both knew that the chances of her getting pregnant were very slim, and besides, it was a human life they would be getting rid of.

"I intend to raise the baby by myself," Janessa said, her voice calm yet full of resolve. "But it's still in the early stages. You can't tell anyone else." She had already thought the future through, and had even considered the superstitions.

The elders used to say that a pregnancy should not be made public until it passed the first trimester. Janessa wouldn't lose anything by believing that adage and keeping her pregnancy a secret. More importantly, she didn't want Rayan to know. He might just take the child away.

Now that he had chosen Gracie over her, Janessa could never let him know about the existence of this child.

"All right, I understand. In any case, I want to be the godmother of your child!"

Janessa laughed at Alana's zeal. "Well, of course, that's a given! Make sure to give us cash gift on the day of its birth."