

# Bye, My Ex-husband Chapter 5

After a few moments of hesitation, Gordon stepped forward and held her in his arms.

His Adam's apple bobbed as he struggled to find the right words to say.

"It's not your fault. There's no need to blame yourself. Your parents built this company from the ground, and you paid the price for it. If you gave up, there would be nothing left to fight for. The least you could do is to hold onto the things they left for you."

Janessa's body trembled as she sobbed, and she struggled to breathe.

She couldn't tell how much Gordon knew. He frowned as he watched her fall apart.

When she became almost fragile in his arms, his heart ached for her.

"I'll help you deal with Aunt Fannie's funeral. I hope you realize that there are people here to support you."

Janessa sniffed and nodded at his comforting words.

The two rushed back to the hospital together.

When she saw her mother's limp body, she tightly wrapped her arms around herself.

If it weren't for Gracie and Rayan, she might have been able to see her mother for the last time and say goodbye.

Now, all she saw was her cold and lifeless body.

The tears in her eyes made everything look blurry.

Janessa couldn't decide if what she felt was grief or resentment.

After everything had been arranged, Janessa returned to the Qiu family with her mother's ashes.

When she got home, she found that the mourning hall had already been set up.

Even the elegiac couplet and flowers had been prepared in an orderly manner.

Janessa grimaced at the sight.

"I've never seen them do anything for me. My mother just passed away. They must be jumping with joy."

When her father passed away, and her mother took a more active role in the company, they were aware that the people around them had been preparing to make their move.

Now that her mother had succumbed to a cerebral hemorrhage and passed away, she was afraid that they would steal everything her parents had worked for.

When her father was still alive, he was a big help to them.

Now, it was up to her.

She vowed never to be as merciful as her father.

Gordon followed her, and he frowned when he saw the look of determination on her face.

There was nobody but them inside the mourning hall.

Janessa carefully placed the ashes in the middle of the table.

After that, she knelt with the incense in her hand.

She then kowtowed three times, as was customary.

Before she stood up, she faintly heard the sound of footsteps from afar.

The man frowned and quietly stood.

He bowed to the ashes and said, "Mr. Shen has arrived. What a coincidence."

Upon hearing his voice, Janessa sharply turned to Rayan and looked at him with fathomless eyes.

"What are you doing here?"

Disapproval and fury were evident in her voice.

"Shouldn't I be here for an occasion like this?"

Rayan briskly walked up to Gordon.

He looked him up and down with a scowl and said, "As for you, I don't think it's appropriate for a person with another surname to be here."

Gordon frowned at his words, and his usually gentle face hardened.

"When something important happens, I, even as an outsider, am more reliable. You're the son-in-law of the Qiu family. Would you care to explain where you were last night? If she had a choice, she wouldn't have to drive to the hospital herself and-"

"Gordon,"

Janessa interrupted.

She straightened her back and approached Rayan with a wary face.

Her expression then became cold and cruel as she regarded him.

"Mr. Lu, you're not welcome here. Please leave!"

Her words were firm and resolute.

Rayan's stoic expression wavered for a short moment to reveal how he truly felt before it returned to its usual cold expression.

"I received an invitation to attend the funeral.

What reason do you have to send me away?"

He quietly moved closer to her and assessed her with somber and calculating eyes.

"Is this some ploy to sleep with another man behind my back? Tell me!"

He narrowed his eyes at her.

Janessa's lips curled and she slapped him hard across the face.

She didn't say another word to him.

The sound of her palm connecting with his cheek resounded in the mourning hall.

Her hand tingled with pain afterward, and she clenched them tightly beside her.

Rayan's brows furrowed and he lightly touched the cheek that she hit.

His eyes darkened.

"That's what you get for disrespecting me in front of my mother! Rayan, I have nothing to lose now. I won't compromise anymore. Didn't you tell me that you wanted to escape? I'll let you do that!"

"Compromise?"

Rayan's mouth smirked as if she had told him a joke, and he stared at her with narrowed eyes.

"Have I ever put you in a position where you had to compromise? You forced your way into my arms for the sake of your father's company. Now that the company is in danger, you're telling me that you want to run away? Janessa, you really are a businesswoman."

His cold voice sent shivers down her spine, and his words were heavy with mockery.

He left no room for negotiation.

Janessa was furious with him but managed to scoff at his words.

"You sure play dirty, Rayan. You corrupt everything that you touch! Everything you do disgusts me!"

The defiant smile on her face unsettled him.

This woman knew how to get under his skin, and knew the exact words to say to push his buttons.

The atmosphere in the room was thick with tension, and both of their breaths grew ragged.

Gordon remained silent for a few moments as he stood between them.

As he motioned to step forward, he saw Rayan move from the corner of his eye.

Before he could comprehend what was happening, Rayan grabbed Janessa's hand and pulled her into his arms.

He roughly pressed their lips together.

He claimed her with greedy sweeps of his mouth and gripped her hard so she couldn't escape his hold.

He marked her as his, and this gave him a thrilling sense of retaliation.

Her brows furrowed in disgust, and she suddenly felt nauseous as he kissed her.

Janessa firmly shoved him away and wiped her lips with the back of her hand.

The blood had drained from her face.

The corners of Rayan's mouth twitched, and his eyes were full of malice.

"If you want nothing to do with this dying company, feel free to do whatever you want.

It would be too easy for me to purchase the company and take it off your hands."

He spoke as if he were superior to them, his words filled with dominance.

Janessa was brimming with anger, but she couldn't find the words to say.

Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed her uncle and other family members entering the room with a dark look on their faces.

Her face tightened.

"A married daughter is like water that has been poured out. She doesn't belong to her family anymore!"

She struggled to control herself in this situation.

"Unfortunately, your mother was the one who passed away, not your enemy!"

her uncle scolded in a harsh tone.

Janessa scoffed at his words and took two steps towards him.

"You're old and useless! How can you not know that the dead should be honored? You have no respect in the mourning hall.

Don't you worry that your position is no longer secured?" Her uncle was so angry that his face paled.

He clutched his chest as if he had been hit and gasped for air.

Her aunt raised her eyebrows at them and opened her mouth to answer back, but she quickly snapped her mouth shut when Rayan glared at her.

She could do nothing but cast her eyes to the floor and bear the insult.