

Chapter 378 I Hate Him

After brushing her teeth, Precious went to bed. As soon as her head hit the pillow, she was fast asleep.

Wendy was amused by Precious' ability to fall asleep without a care in the world. She caressed the little girl's chubby cheek and said, "If only your brother could have an ounce of your carefreeness."

Precious' mouth puckered and she continued to sleep soundly.

After tucking her in, Wendy flicked off the light switch and tiptoed out of her room, trying to not make a sound.

As soon as she turned her head around, she was met with the sight of Raymond staring down at the road through the French window.

Seeing that Wendy was making her way out of Precious' room, the little boy immediately straightened as if nothing had happened.

This made Wendy chuckle to herself. 'It's too late, little guy. I caught you red-handed.'

Wendy suppressed her urge to laugh and walked up to him. She looked down at the view before her and said with smiling eyes, "We are on the 26th floor. It's impossible to see anything on the ground from here."

Raymond's face scrunched up into a frown. "You got it wrong! I was not checking on him!"

Wendy raised her eyebrows and asked, "Eh? Is that so? I thought you were watching the snow outside."


Feeling caught, the tip of his ears reddened. After all, he was just a three-year-old boy and didn't know how to lie. "I..."

Wendy sat herself down on the sofa and waved the little boy over.

"Come over here."

Raymond made his way over to her with his head bowed down and his face red, feeling bashful.

Wendy held his wrist and pulled him into her arms, propping him up on her lap.

"Mom..." Raymond struggled in her embrace. "I am a man now. How can I sit on your lap like this?" 

"Silly boy." Wendy hugged the little boy in her arms and refused to let him down. She tweaked his nose and smiled, "No matter how manly you get, you'll always be my baby."

The little guy was dumbfounded. His ears were still red, but he sat on Wendy's lap quietly.

As far as he could remember, Wendy's schedule had always kept her busy. He aspired to grow up as soon as possible so that he could become a man. That was why every time Wendy tried to get to know him better, he kept his distance from her, trying hard to act older than his years. It had been a long time since Wendy held him in her arms like this.

At this very moment, Raymond felt both embarrassed and happy sitting on Wendy's lap. She had a pleasant scent to her and her arms that wrapped around him were so warm. It felt much better than when Ryan held him.

Raymond could not help but frown. "Why did that man come up again?" He willed himself to force all thoughts of Ryan out of his head.

"Mom..."

"Ray, you and I need to have a talk, okay?"

With his eyes fused to the floor, Raymond asked, "Mom, do you want to talk me into accepting him again?"

"No. That's not it." Wendy lovingly rubbed her little fellow's hair. 'Precious' hair is so soft, but Ray's hair feels so hard in comparison.'

She had heard somewhere that a stubborn child would have hard hair, but she didn't believe it back then. Now that she had Raymond, she finally believed what was said.

She gave it some thought and decided to start with a question. "Ray, tell me why you don't like Ryan?"

"There is no reason. I simply don't like him!"

"But I remember there was a time when you liked him very much." Wendy bent her head down and gave him a look. "Can you tell me why you suddenly changed your mind about him?"

The little guy lowered his gaze and did not say a word.

"If I remember correctly, you don't like him anymore after you found out that he is your father."

"That man is not my father!" Raymond said in a hard voice. "I only have my mother. I have no father."

Wendy let out a long sigh and lifted his chin with one finger. "Ray, tell me, is it because he was absent from your life for the past few years?"

The little boy clamped his lips down tightly into one hard line. It was obvious this was not something he wanted to talk about.

But Wendy was driven to get an answer out of him today. She had to figure out what was on Raymond's mind.

He was just a little boy. And little boys shouldn't have too many worries in their heads. Otherwise, that wouldn't be healthy.

Before when Raymond was still hospitalized, she did not dare to ask him about it because she was afraid of getting him worked up. Now that he was stable, she felt more at ease about confronting him with the

Ryan situation.

"Ray, you must tell me!" Wendy looked into his eyes. "Am I the one closest to you?"

The little boy nodded his head without thinking. "Yes!"

"Then tell me what is on your mind."

Raymond bit down on his lower lip and looked back at Wendy. His eyes slowly reddened out of emotion. "Mom..."

Wendy hugged him tightly in her arms, feeling sorry for him.

All this time, Raymond had been such an obedient and sensible child. In order not to worry her, he did not shed a tear even when he was sick.

At the sight of his red eyes, sadness began to wash over Wendy. "Ray..."

"Mom! I hate him! I hate him so much!"

'Hate?' Wendy's heart momentarily stopped beating when she heard this word. This was such a strong word. "Ray, you must tell me why, okay?"

Raymond hugged her neck with his arms and put his head on her shoulder. Soon, the fabric of her sweater was drenched by his tears. As he cried, she felt sad for him and held onto him tightly.

More tears sprung from Raymond's eyes as he said, "I hate him! Why does he have to be my father?"

"You dislike him?"

"No... It's because I like him that I hate him even more!"

Raymond's words caught Wendy off guard. What did he mean?

"Ray..."

"I hate my father! If it wasn't because of him, you wouldn't have gone through so much suffering! You worked so hard to take care of and support me! When we were still in the US and I got sick, you worked long hours during the day and at night, you took care of me. You could

only get two or three hours of sleep a night. Where was he then?" ①

"Ray..."

"When the doctor said I had leukemia, you didn't know what to do because the medicine was so expensive. I know you were considering selling your kidney secretly to save me!" At this point, the little boy cried even louder. "Where was he when we needed him most?"

A lump formed in Wendy's throat. Selling her kidney... She did think of doing so back then. That time of her life had been the most difficult.

Many illegal clinics in the US were looking for kidneys. It was at that time that she contacted one and was getting ready to sell her kidney to treat Raymond.

But later on, Roger discovered her plan. Though he yelled at her harshly, her predicament tugged on his heartstrings and he lent her a large sum of money, so that she would have enough money to pay for Raymond's medicine.

But Wendy had never mentioned this to Raymond and thought that she hid her secret well. How did he find out?

"Ray?"

"I overheard you talking on the phone."

Tears began forming in Wendy's eyes. She had never heard Raymond bring up such things before. The boy was only three years old. How could he bear such burdens in his heart? She felt like she really failed as a mother. She never noticed before that he had such a heavy heart.

"Ray, I'm so sorry."

Raymond sobbed harder and held onto Wendy tightly. "Mom, sometimes I think that if I wasn't around, your life would be much easier!"