

## Chapter 379 Can't Fall Asleep

Wendy's heart trembled when she heard those words. She hugged Raymond tightly and whispered, "Don't talk nonsense!"

In the years she spent in the US, she wouldn't have been able to hold on if he hadn't been with her. She couldn't imagine how she could have gotten by if she didn't have him with her back then. And she never would have thought that her son had such an idea. "Ray..." Wendy whispered his name.

"I had a knife in my hand so many times. But I didn't want to leave you. I don't want to leave you. I want to live. I want to grow up and become a man. That way, I can protect you and give you a better life." Raymond sobbed.

Tears rolled down Wendy's cheeks as she listened to her son. She kept kissing the little guy's hair and apologized in a trembling voice, "Ray, I'm sorry. I was not strong enough."

"Mom, it's not your fault. It's my father's fault! If it weren't for him, you wouldn't have gotten pregnant. If it weren't for him, your life wouldn't have been in danger. Where was he when you had to work hard and take care of me at the same time? All your sufferings were because of him. I hate him! I hate him so much!"

Her heart ached with each word that came out of her son's mouth. "Ray, do you hate your dad because of me?"

Ray kept silent. It was obvious that he agreed.

Wendy's heart ached even more. Because of her, Raymond was unwilling to forgive Ryan. "Ray..."

"Mom, you have lived a hard life. It's not easy for you to raise me all by

yourself. Now, our life is finally getting better. But then he suddenly barged into our lives again. He even wanted to be free of his fault by saying that he didn't know about me. He really thinks that's an acceptable excuse? During my time in the hospital, he had been taking care of me. I know he was trying to make up for his absence, but I was not moved. How long has he been around? Two or three months? But you've raised me alone for three years. You tried your best to save me when I got sick. What he has done is nothing compared to what you've done for me!"

Wendy felt her chest tighten. "Ray..."

"No matter what, I will never forgive him!"

Wendy didn't know whether she should feel moved or sad. She wondered if he was really just three years old with the way he talked. He had a clear mind and sound logic. She was unable to refute his words at all. It was good that her son had a sharp mind. But she still felt sad for him.

He could have grown up as carefree and as innocent as his twin sister. He was too young to think of the things he had just said to her. Because of her, her son was forced to grow up so fast.

No wonder every time she mentioned Ryan, he would always put on a long face. It seemed that his hatred for his father had already been in his heart for a long time.

"Ray..."

"Mommy, let me finish what I have to say, okay?"

"Alright, go ahead."

Raymond snuggled in her arms and kept his head buried there the whole time. Sulking, he said to her, "But I hate myself the most."

"Why?"

"Because I used to like him. I liked him before I knew he is my father. I

knew that he liked you, and I even wanted the two of you to be together. I even expected him to marry you and be my stepfather one day."

Wendy's mouth twitched when she heard what he said. She asked, "What about now?"

"Now, I hate him!" Raymond said firmly. "Of all the men in the world, why did he have to be my father?"

In the past, he used to genuinely like Ryan. He believed that Ryan was a good man because he treated him and his mother well. But when he found out that Ryan was his biological father, all his affinity for him disappeared. It was because of him that Wendy had suffered so much. That was why he would never forgive Ryan. He would never forget what Wendy had gone through because of Ryan.

Mother and son hugged each other tightly.

Tears streamed down Raymond's face for a long time. Exhausted from crying, he fell asleep in Wendy's arms. His tears soaked her sweater.

She picked up the little boy and sighed when she saw his swollen eyes.

Now she knew that his hatred for Ryan had built up over the years. It was not going to be easy for that hatred to fade away. It was going to be an uphill battle. She knew that Ryan had a long fight ahead of him.

He had been sitting on her lap for a long time, so they felt a bit numb. She felt a tingling sensation as if a thousand ants were crawling on them. She clenched the muscles in her legs and waited for the numbness to disappear before standing up.

All those feelings had weighed down on Raymond's heart over the years. Today, he finally got to vent them out. He was so exhausted that he didn't wake up even when Wendy took him back to his room and took off his clothes.

Wendy took much care to lay him down gently on the bed. There was a

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Wendy took much care to lay him down gently on the bed. There was a



frown on his face even when he was asleep.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Wendy gently smoothed his tightened eyebrows.

"Mom..." he murmured.

"Ray, go to sleep." Wendy gently patted his back and sang a lullaby for him. His knitted brows slowly loosened.

Wendy tucked him under the blanket and watched his face, unable to calm down for a long time.

She thought that she had been a good mother to him. He grew up to be a loving and considerate boy, which she had always been so proud of. It wasn't until today that she found out how little attention she had actually given him. Bending over, she kissed him on the forehead.

She took one last look at him before returning to her room.

After a quick wash, she glanced at the clock and saw that it was almost twelve o'clock in the evening already. Raymond had cried and talked for nearly three hours.

When Wendy checked her phone, she saw several messages from Ryan. The last one was sent just ten minutes ago.

Thinking of Raymond's judgment of Ryan, Wendy sighed deeply. She sat on the bed and typed out a reply. "It's midnight already. Why haven't you gone to bed yet?"

Ryan replied instantly, "I'm not used to this. I can't fall asleep without you by my side."

She wondered if he had been waiting for her message this whole time. Otherwise, he wouldn't have replied to her so quickly. He sent out his reply almost as soon as Wendy messaged him.

Thinking of how he had been waiting up for her this whole time, Wendy

felt warm in her heart. But her emotions were clouded by Raymond's words earlier.

She typed, "Ryan, Ray and I talked about you just now."

"What did he say?" Ryan asked.

'If Ryan knows how much Ray hates him, can he still sleep tonight?'

Thinking of this, Wendy replied, "I can't explain it on the phone. We'll talk about it the next time we meet."

"Wait a minute," Ryan replied.

Wendy was confused. She had no idea what was going on. She wondered why Ryan asked her to wait a minute.

Just as she was about to send a message to ask about it, she suddenly heard a squeak in the room. She was shocked.

She looked in the direction of the sound and saw the wall moving. What she saw next stunned her. She saw a hidden door swing open on the wall. Wearing pajamas, Ryan walked in from the door. ②

