

Fated out Chapter 25

Chapter 25

Whitney was pitiful? *wWw.noʋêlw@rmm.čom*

She pitifully enjoyed over 10 years of wealth and prosperity. Should she still continue enjoying this for the rest of her life?

Did she deserve to be replaced? Did she deserve to suffer for her?

She was only taking back what was hers, but it seemed as if she was stealing something from them.

It was absolutely ridiculous. *WwW(w).π(ø)ʋêLwoR(m).com*

They were pitying Whitney because she was not the true daughter of Larsons, but they did not think about how much Jessica had lost.

All these years, not only did she lose her immediate family, she also missed out on education and etiquette. These were things that couldn't be bought with money.

What had Whitney lost? She only lost her title as Larsons' biological daughter, which was not considered a big loss.

Compared to Whitney, who was the biggest winner?

Seeing their faces and hearing their discussions, Jessica felt that it was absurd and sad.

It was absurd that they chose to be selective about the person they turned a blind eye to.

It was sad because to gain the affection from her parents in the past, she listened to Julianna's requests, and did not fight with anyone from the school by constantly suppressing her anger. This allowed them to go overboard and bully her even more. *WwW.no(v)ELWorm.com*

She would not endure this in this life.

Jessica looked at the crowd that surrounded Yves. He was like a prince in a fairy tale as he looked at his surroundings while everyone screamed in excitement. His eyes were exceptionally cold.

She would be taking revenge on those who deceived or humiliated her in her past life. They would not be able to escape.

Jessica stopped looking and turned away from the crowd.

She turned into a small road, where a girl wearing a white t-shirt and jeans blocked her way. The girl seemed very anxious.

"The student in front. Wait," Yara shouted at the beautiful and elegant woman to stop. She was afraid that she would not be too happy about this.

She had heard that the students in St. Daniel were very rebellious and hard to talk to.

She did not want to disturb her, but the time was almost up. If she missed the registration, the school would cancel her admission.

Her parents would kill her.

Hearing a familiar voice, Jessica stopped and turned around slowly. She looked at the anxious girl in front of her.

There were indeed surprises everywhere. She did not expect that the first person she would meet here would be her good friend, Yara, whom she grew up with.

The good friend that lived off and hid under her.

She would never forget her expression during their last meeting.

Jessica knew that the Larsons were going to send her off to an old pervert in Hanson City, and she exhausted all her efforts and escaped.

Without any relatives to lean on, she found Yara, and wanted to borrow some money from her to leave Hanson City.

However, even though this woman initially agreed, she immediately turned her back on her, and revealed her whereabouts to Larsons.

The Larsons members came and took her away as she stood there crying crocodile tears. Back then, she sorrowfully said, "Jessy, Mr. Larson and Mrs. Larson are your parents. They will not hurt you. Even when your appearance was ruined, they found you a rich man. This shows that they adore you very much. You are blinded by jealousy, and you cannot blame your parents. As your friend, I do not want you to go astray.

1/1 *@ww.π@velwoRM.com*

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human world soon. I'll come visit you. I swear."

"I know," she said with a sad smile.

"Promise me too..." I continued feeling my voice shake, "That you'll keep in touch. Lyla, for Moon's sake, please pick up my calls, and text me back when you see my messages. You can call me in the middle of the night and I will do anything you want me to do, okay? I swear... you're not alone in this. I want to share your pain... uhm?"

She nodded severally and came into my hands this time around, pressing herself to me in a hug. "I promise, Nathan. You and Nanny – you're the only ones I have left. How cannot keep in touch?"

We stood there, in each other's arms for a moment longer, neither wanting to be the first to let go. But finally, she stepped back, picking up her suitcase.

"Goodbye, Nathan," she said softly. "Thank you for everything."

I forced a smile trying to be strong for her. "This isn't goodbye." I insisted. "It's just... see you later."

She didn't say anything, she smiled and nodded but I could see the sadness in her eyes and for a moment, I feared that this goodbye might be more permanent than either of us wanted to admit.

I watched as she turned and walked away, her figure growing smaller as she crossed the boundary into the human world.

Only when she had disappeared from sight did I allow my smile to falter.

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