

## No Chance 1271

### CHAPTER 1271 AREN'T YOU AFRAID WE'D BEAT YOU UP?

The more they talked, the more Rose felt unsure about her stance. Her panic was rising to the surface and soon, it would be obvious to all.

The male guard snorted. "He deserves it. They have no one but themselves to blame for what happened to their family."

The last thing Rose wanted to do right now was continue weeding, but she knew they would stop talking too if she stopped. She took a deep breath and continued tugging at the grass.

The female guard laughed. She glanced at Rose crouching not too far from them and said, "According to Twitter, Norman Bennett has become a public enemy number one, which makes sense. He'll probably get beat up if he shows himself in public. He can't stay home. He's lost all the influence he once had, so he has no one to change the tides of what's trending."

Trending?

Rose's expression tightened.

What's trending?

How could that b\*tch Elisa, do this?!

The female guard read Rose's mind. She wanted to tell Rose to be patient. She'd tell her everything in a minute.

After a short pause, the female guard continued, "The way I see it, this is just karma. None of this would have happened if Norman wasn't rich and if he could keep it in his pants. Like I said, it's karma. He deserves it. His wife is in prison. His daughter is dead. But it all worked out for him in the end. He reunited with his affair partner and the daughter he had with her. You men are just the worst!"

The male guard felt insulted. "You can't say that! Not all men are disloyal like Norman! Instead of loving his brother, he murdered him. He even turned his back on his wife, who helped him kill his brother. Instead, he cheated on her and had a child with someone else. He has no morals whatsoever. So please don't group all of us men with him, okay?"

The female guard snorted. "Fine, fine... You are a good man. I won't group you with him. Except for you, all men are trash!"

Rose's expression grew darker. Trending... It sounds like Elisa had exposed that incident. There was a chance the photos Elisa had shown her were now on the internet.

"How could this happen?! How could Norman cheat on her?!"

She looked up in disbelief, catching the female guard's mocking smirk. Rose had her suspicions they were doing this on purpose. Her mocking smile just confirmed her suspicions. They both had deliberately stood within earshot of her so she could listen in on their conversation!

She brushed the weeds from her palms, stood up, and stalked their way. She glared straight at them.

The two guards caught her gaze and stared right back at her. They had no intention of chasing her away or reprimanding her.

"You're doing this on purpose, aren't you? You want me to hear what you're talking about!" Rose tried to keep her voice calm. No one else knew of the anxiety bubbling beneath the surface.

She had not been doing well in prison these days. People have been threatening her. They'd mess her up if she didn't tell them what they wanted to know! It was only one day, and their threats had come true!

She did not know how she would handle the repercussions.

The two guards looked at her coolly. "You're overthinking it. You've abandoned your work to talk to us. Aren't you afraid of us punishing you?" Replied the female guard.

#### CHAPTER 1272 TIT FOR TAT

She was blatantly threatening Rose, but Rose did not feel an ounce of fear. She had killed and confessed to her crimes. Why should she be afraid?

She was just standing there talking to two guards. Was there a reason she should be afraid?

"What is happening outside? Has anything else happened besides trending on the internet?"

Standing in front of the two guards, Rose attracted the attention of the other prison mates. They were curious and wanted to eavesdrop. There was nothing much to do in prison. It wasn't like they had phones they could get their much-needed gossip on. They spent most of their time watching grass grow. The chance of finding out what was happening in the outside world was too good to pass up.

The female guard sneered, "What does whatever happening on the outside have anything to do with you? You're in here now. There's nothing you can do from here."

"That is defamation. You are both government workers, and you know that we were charged with manslaughter. It was premeditated. How dare you talk about my husband in this manner? I could easily sue you for this when I get out of here!"

The female guard roared with laughter. "What did I say? Did I accuse you of anything like the way you're accusing me right now? Instead of trying to force the blame on me, shouldn't you be more focused on what's going on with your husband outside?"

Rose, "... "

She had been so angry that she couldn't control herself from approaching them and picking a fight with them. But now...

She took a breath, steadied herself, and said, "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have let my emotions get the better of me."

The female guard smirked at her. "Seeing how pitiful you are, I guess I can tell you what's happening outside. But you can't let your emotions control you again."

Rose forced herself to remain calm. "Yes, ma'am."

Rose was no longer in the mood to feign belief in what she was being told. She wanted to know what was happening outside and then decide by herself if they were telling her the truth.

Recently she had been wondering if her husband would stay faithful to her. But the things Elisa had said and those photos that corroborated what she had shown her were giving her doubts.

More importantly, Norman was really good at hiding his tracks. He hadn't done anything to make her suspicious, but after what Elisa had said and the photos she had shown her, Rose was...

Rose took a deep breath.

Realizing Rose was on the verge of breaking down, the female guard smirked, "Norman is not doing great outside. Twitter has ousted him for having multiple affairs and having a bastard daughter with one of those women. They even found out where the woman's address was."

Rose's features became increasingly twisted as the female guard continued to speak, "This issue has pretty much been verified. Someone has even interviewed the woman. She has more or less admitted to it, but some of the others are still too afraid to come forth."

Rose gritted her teeth. "I want to see Elisa."

Her eyes were red as if she was on the verge of tears.

But they did not know that Rose was someone who paid tit for tat.

The male guard eyed her. "You're a prisoner. Do you think you have the right to that?"

Rose sneered and took a step towards them. "Do you take me for a fool? Why else would you be saying these things in front of me? Isn't it because Elisa ordered you to? Isn't me requesting to see her exactly what she wants?" She hissed.

CHAPTER 1273 GARETH WICKAM WAS AS STUBBORN AS A CHILD

The female guard glanced at her coolly. "Do you really think you have anything to offer Elisa in your current situation?"

Rose froze. The color left her face.

"I think you should get back to work. It looks like it's the end of the Benetts."

Rose's heart was racing. Dread filled her.

The two guards ignored her and continued chatting among themselves.

But they were talking about...

Norman. Rose's anxiety was rising. Her suspicions of him cheating rose from 50% to 70%.

Her emotions were all in a mess.

...

It had gotten dark.

Elisa had arrived home.

As soon as she got home, she heard the sound of a car in her driveway.

Elisa looked out the window. She frowned when she saw it was the familiar Rolls-Royce. Why was he here again?

Hasn't he realized that he wasn't welcomed?

Gareth emerged from the car.

His long legs strode towards the front door. Gareth had seen her when she had pulled back the curtain to see who it was.

Elisa frowned. Gareth looked away and continued approaching the front door.

Elisa's frown deepened. She went to open the door. As soon as she opened the door, she spat out, "What are you doing here?"

Not saying a word, Gareth walked straight through the door as if he owned the house.

Elisa's expression darkened. She closed the door and glared at him. "Did you come here for dinner?"

"I am your patient." Gareth said as if that explained everything.

"But I am not your nurse!"

Looking at her, Gareth said calmly, "My stomach hurts. I'm sure I'll feel much better after eating some of your homemade food."

Elisa, "..."

She hated emotional manipulation.

Did she need to do everything for him just because he was her patient? What was she? A Saint?

Elisa stared at him blankly, "If you like being here so much, then stay. I'll leave."

Elisa had just got home, so she had not even had the chance to change. She stalked towards the door.

Gareth grabbed her arm. "Don't make a scene. Just make me dinner, Elisa. My stomach hurts."

Elisa?

Don't make a scene?

Elisa started to waver. She felt unsure of her decision. Was... Was this really Gareth?

She looked up at him.

Gareth looked calm, but his lips were pale, and his eyes were bloodshot. Elisa frowned. She placed a finger on his pulse.

She put the other hand on his forehead. The heat almost scalded her. She frowned and asked him concernedly, "Do you know you have a fever?"

Gareth frowned. He pursed his lips and stayed quiet.

Now that she knew he wasn't feeling well, Elisa couldn't very well on her conscience leave him alone.  
"Take a seat."

She turned, but Gareth held on tightly to her arm. Elisa frowned, "Let go?"

Gareth did not move, nor did he respond. Instead, he stubbornly held on to her like a child.

CHAPTER 1274 AREN'T YOU LEAVING?

Elisa frowned.

"Let go?" She said again.

Gareth finally let go of her and sat down on the couch.

Elisa stared at him, perplexed. He really was acting more and more like a child.

He was probably acting this way because he was sick.

Elisa went to get the first aid kit.

After a while, Elisa returned with a glass of warm water and some medicine. "Take two of this."

Gareth frowned. He did not want to move or take the medicine.

Elisa, "..."

"Do you hate swallowing pills that much? Does this mean you haven't been taking your medicine per the doctor's instructions since you got sick?"

Gareth's lips tightened, and said nothing.

Elisa frowned again. "It's a miracle Jeremy is still willing to look after you even when you're being so uncooperative."

Gareth's expression darkened. Elisa suddenly thought of something. Taking in Gareth's tightly pursed lips, she asked, "Has he been giving you injections all this while?"

Gareth remained silent, but his silence was more than telling.

Elisa chuckled. "What a surprise. Who would have known that the great Gareth Wickam was afraid of swallowing pills."

Even though they had been married for three years, the accumulative time they spent together was less than colleagues working together for half a month.

Elisa had never been his doctor. She had no idea what his daily routine consisted of.

Gareth's features darkened even further at Elisa's teasing.

He glared up at her. "You're imagining things."

"Then take them." Elisa had no intention of making fun of Gareth. She was deliberately taunting him to make him take the pills. Because of his stomach cancer, she shouldn't agitate him too much.

Gareth frowned in annoyance. But to stop Elisa from mocking him further, he swallowed the pills in one go.

Elisa arched an eyebrow but remained quiet.

She was exasperated with this man.

She didn't expect them to continue having so many encounters after their divorce.

Even though she was exasperated with him, her conscience would not let her ignore him.

If only she were a bit crueler, she could leave him to his demise.

Gareth's fever finally receded after twenty minutes.

After taking his temperature and finding that his fever had gone down, Elisa ordered, "Lie down and rest. I'll make dinner."

Gareth did not say a word.

Ignoring him, Elisa headed to the kitchen.

Elisa made a simple meal of two side dishes and one soup. She placed them on the table and saw Gareth had gotten up from the couch. Grabbing the thermometer, she took his temperature once more. Satisfied with the results, she gestured towards the table. "Come eat."

Gareth washed his hands and sat down across from her.

He still did not say a word but looked more at ease now.

They ate in silence. Elisa started to frown again once dinner was over. He wasn't planning on staying, was he?

Happy to leave the dishes for the moment, she stared at him. She might not have said anything, but her eyes gave her thoughts away.

Isn't it about time you left?

It didn't look like Gareth got the message. He sat comfortably in the chair with no intention of moving.

Elisa frowned and went straight to the point. "When are you leaving?"

CHAPTER 1275 DOESN'T HE KNOW IT'S ABOUT TIME HE LEFT?

It was a simple question. Elisa didn't want to say too much, but Gareth's mood soured. He pursed his lips, still not saying a word.

Elisa, "..."

This man made her speechless. If it weren't for his grandmother and his being sick, their relationship would have ended long ago.

"There's no reason for you to stay. You've eaten dinner. So kindly f\*ck off."

Any civility she had shown him earlier was now out the window. She had even sworn at him. Instead of getting angry and ashamed of his actions, Gareth rose from his seat and returned to the couch. He sat back down and turned on the TV.

Elisa, "..."

Had she not been clear enough? Or was Gareth not understand plain English?

Doesn't he understand she was trying to get rid of him? She had been clear as glass with him. Didn't he know it was time he left?

She breathed deeply and tried again, "Gareth Wickam, I'm telling you to f\*ck off."

Gareth couldn't be that thick-skinned to stay after she had spoken to him like this.

The sound from the TV filled the silence. The TV was on, but Gareth wasn't watching it.

It was a shopping channel.

Elisa was about to speak up again when Gareth switched the channels. He said one word in response.

"Stomachache."

Elisa, "..."

His attitude made it difficult for her to believe he was in pain.

He was treating this like it was his own home.

Elisa's expression was stormy. So what if he were sick? He can't expect to stay here with her all the time. She had compromised. She had even made dinner for him. They were divorced and hated each other, and now she was doing all this for him. Had this bastard gotten used to her serving him?

"Don't make me repeat myself. Leave. This is not your home, and we have no relationship."

Elisa's voice was colder than ice. Anyone who heard it could make out the disgust she had for him.

Gareth's face darkened. Losing interest in staying, he stood up and left without saying a word.

Elisa let out a sigh of relief.

She didn't care what he thought. All she wanted was for him to leave.

Later that night, after Elisa had showered and tidied up, her phone rang.

It was her assistant. Elisa answered it immediately.

"What's wrong?"

"Ms. Benett, we've gotten news that Rose is requesting to see you."

Elisa sat down on the bed and took her time to respond.

"Ignore her. Carry on with the plan." Elisa replied calmly.

Her assistant expressed her understanding. They had nothing else to discuss and hung up.

Elisa stared at the darkened screen of her phone. She didn't know if she was staring intently at her phone or if she was deep in thought.

...

The next day.

The woman Norman had been sugar-babying had finally left the house.

Reporters surrounded her before she even made it to the main road. "Are you sure you have the right person? I'm not famous." She asked confusedly.

"Maybe you weren't, but you sure are now. How have you been, Miss Sky?"

#### CHAPTER 1276 EYES ROLLING

April Sky froze. She stared at them in bafflement. "What are you talking about?"

April's eyes were wide with confusion. She had somewhere to be but chose to stay and find out what was happening.

"Are you currently having an affair?" The reporters asked.

April's expression immediately soured. "What rubbish! What do you mean I'm having an affair?"

Instead of hindering them, the reporters went on to the next question. "Did you have a daughter with Norman Benett? Did Norman buy the house you're currently staying in? Is it true your name is on the deed? Can you verify this?"

April's eyes flashed with panic. She quickly regained her composure and responded, "Please do not accuse me of such things without any proof. My private life has nothing to do with you."

The reporters continued to bombard her with questions. "You're not denying these accusations and instead emphasizing it being your private life. Could this really have nothing to do with you?"

April's features twisted further. "Do not twist my words! I'm trying to say that I want to keep my private life private. This does not mean your accusations are right! I'd just prefer the public not to know about my life. Is there anything wrong with that?"

"Your daughter has your last name. Is Norman Benett her father?"

"I've said that this is my private life! Please do not spread rumors about it!" April was enraged. She said, "I have the right to call the police on you for defamation and slander! Move aside! I need to leave!"

April tried to get through, but the reporters surrounded her tighter.

Despite using all her strength, April could not get out of the crowd of reporters. People were gathering around them to watch the scene. It was impossible for her to get out of there.

"What are you doing? Are you trying to kidnap me?" April cried out in anger. She almost snarled at them. But... Anyone who knew her knew that she was excited and filled with expectation.

"Could you please give us a response? Do you and Norman Bennett have a daughter together?"

"I've said over and over again that this is private!" April may not have answered them, but her denial to respond was an answer in itself.

Everyone could tell it wasn't as simple as she made it out. The more she denied it and tried to hide the truth, the more it proved she was involved with him!

Meaning she had something to do with what they were trying to find the answers to!

"Let me out! Let me out, or I'll sue you all!" April looked extremely annoyed. But she secretly wanted them to find out. She took a deep breath as if trying to regain her composure.

Questions came one after the other. Each was worse than the one before. She could no longer fight them off. While the reporters were waiting for her response...

No one expected her to...

What April did next...

Was!

Both of her eyes rolled to the back of her head!

She fainted!

The reporters were all stunned!

"Quick! Send her to the hospital!" Someone cried. "Or you'll be blamed for this!"

The reporters were dumbfounded. No one had expected her to pass out from just a few questions.

CHAPTER 1277 SHE WAS CONVINCED

"Quickly! Hurry up!"

Someone said before they finally sent her to the hospital.

Her fainting had proven one thing to them all!

That was!

She was indeed involved with Norman! And they had a daughter together!

The reporters dispersed once she was sent to the hospital, as April showed no sign of waking up.

Once everyone had left, April slowly opened her eyes to peek through.

A person who woke up from a fainting spell would usually be confused.

But this woman was not confused in the least.

It was as if she was completely aware of what was happening.

She had not fainted at all, but...

...

Going back in time.

The day before yesterday.

A private room at a restaurant.

April glanced at the location she had received via text message. She followed a waiter to the room.

A woman sat against the window waiting for her. The windows were covered with a linen curtain. No one could see them from the outside.

The woman smiled when she saw April. "Nice to meet you, Miss Sky."

April nodded and took the seat across from her. "Nice to meet you too."

She greeted her casually, with no sign of embarrassment or awkwardness.

The woman scanned her before smiling, "We both know why I've asked you to come today. I need your help with something. This will expose your relationship with Norman, but it can become problematic. Your reputation may be affected by it too. Are you still willing to go ahead with it?"

April frowned with confusion. "What is it that you want me to do? Let's hear it first."

The woman smiled. "It's simple enough. I will release some photos of you together with Norman on Twitter. The day after that, I'll hire some reporters to harass you. All you need to do is be ambiguous with your answers and let them assume the worse."

April hesitated. She wanted nothing more than to go public with her relationship with Norman. She didn't want to continue living as if she was doing something horrible. She loved Norman with all of her heart. She wasn't with him because of his money.

But... A life of hiding in the darkness was too painful. Norman couldn't even be seen in public with them. What's to say about him holding their daughter? He couldn't send their daughter to school. She had cried and complained to April about this many times. April was done living this way. She wanted the whole world to know of their relationship.

This woman had convinced her, but...

The woman interrupted her thoughts with a wide smile. "I know you're worried about how this will affect your daughter, but you need to know that if you continue to live like this, your daughter will suffer even more. Are you aware of how this will affect her mental and emotional development? When she is older, people will bully her for not having a father."

April paled instantly. She looked the woman in the eye. For a brief moment, she didn't know what to say.

She still had two concerns. "Once this goes public, people will call my daughter a bastard. When that happens..."

"What's wrong with being a bastard? A bastard she may be, but it should not define her. It's not exactly something she had control of! Besides, who knows what happened back then. Unless..."

#### CHAPTER 1278 YOU'RE MORE WORSE OFF THAN ME

The woman deliberately paused there. April looked at her suspiciously. "Unless what?"

"Haven't you considered making up a story to cover this up? Sometimes a little embellishment is needed."

"You mean to say..."

"Of course, you could make something up to say you and Norman were both innocent in this and put the blame on Rose. It's the perfect coverup. When everything's over, who would care about these minor details? Once this goes public, all you have to do is reap the benefits from it."

"Reap the benefits?"

What kind of benefits?

"I came looking for you, fully knowing you are not totally on board. Besides explaining what benefits are waiting for you, I'm also here to give you something to help convince you."

...

The memory ended there.

April lay on the bed without any intention of getting up.

She looked calm, but she felt a flicker of uneasiness.

Looking around, she saw her bag next to her. Taking out her phone, she saw no missed calls or text messages. She frowned unhappily.

She knew Norman was a timid man, but now that it's come to this, shouldn't he call her?

Was he still afraid of the people around him finding out?

She became irate.

Norman Benett! You coward!

How could they have their happy ever after if he was like this?

She had no issue with Norman having no money. She truly loved him and wanted to share a life with him. But she could not understand why he was so afraid. Maybe she hadn't realized it because he was at the height of his career back then, but now...

April sighed. She put down her phone helplessly. She's done all she could. The rest depended on them.

...

That evening.

The night was still young.

Gareth, Vincent, and Jeremy had gotten together earlier in the night.

They sat together. Each with a glass in hand. But instead of wine in Gareth's glass, he was drinking... Water.

Gareth's face sank when Jeremy poured him the water.

Vincent laughed loudly. "Hahaha! You're worse off than me."

"With how things are right now, you can no longer be stubborn. Now that we know you can be healed, you shouldn't indulge yourself anymore." Jeremy said calmly.

Before, he had allowed Gareth to have a glass of wine or two knowing... He did not have long to live. There was no way Jeremy could heal him. All he could do was try to prolong it as long as he could.

But Jeremy allowed him a glass or two when he saw how much Gareth was suffering.

At least it'll make him feel better. If Gareth were to die soon, he shouldn't die suffering. He should...

But everything was different now.

Jeremy didn't care how Gareth felt. If he could be healed, there were plenty of chances he could drink in the future. It wouldn't be too late.

Swallowing his laughter, Vincent looked to Gareth. "Just a little longer, bro. You'll be better in no time. Then you can drink to your heart's desire."

Vincent said whatever he wanted, whereas Jeremy stayed silent.

However, Gareth...

## CHAPTER 1279 NOTHING WORKS

His face darkened as he was annoyed upon the mention of her name.

Gareth placed the mug down. Let alone drinking wine, he didn't have any desire to drink water.

Vincent could tell that he was troubled. He asked cautiously, "What's wrong? Are you still worried about your grandmother? Didn't Elisa already figure out a way?"

Jeremy shot a glance at him without saying anything.

Clearly, Jeremy didn't agree with Vincent's questions. Just like Gareth, Vincent was also vexed about something.

Nevertheless, Gareth remained silent.

Upon seeing that, Vincent gulped down the glass of wine in his hand before putting it down irately.

"You're not the only one who's mad – I feel the same way too! That dumb woman – she doesn't know what's going on at all. She's not even talking to me now, and she blocks all my numbers. Sometimes, I really want to strangle her."

Vincent usually wouldn't complain about his fights with Rachel because he was worried about being teased by his friends.

But now that he had already decided to take action, he vented his anger naturally, not worried about their opinions of him anymore.

Jeremy looked at him before saying calmly, "It's because you didn't cherish her all this while – you've been picking fights with her instead. Of course, things would turn out this way today. You will have to put in more effort."

"Come on! How would I have known that this would happen? If she had given me that sooner, we wouldn't have had any interactions at all, and I wouldn't have gotten together with her. She would not have started hating me!"

Gareth glanced at him coldly. "So, what are you complaining about now? You don't want to be hated by her, or are you regretting getting to know her better?"

Vincent's face turned gloomy. "F\*ck, of course, it's the latter! She's just a tomboy, after all! I can't believe that I've fallen for her now, seeing how much I looked down on her before. Do you know what a disadvantage it is to be in the position I'm in right now?"

He filled his glass with wine and gulped it down again, flashing his annoyance at the situation.

He didn't even know what else he should say.

Jeremy smiled as he said, "Just bear with it. What goes around comes around. Karma is a b\*tch, you know."

"D\*mn it!" Vincent scoffed indignantly. "What has it got to do with karma? I'm doing it for my late mother's heirloom. She's just an outsider..."

At that point, Vincent suddenly realized it was the wrong thing to say and stopped himself.

Jeremy arched one eyebrow. "Hmph... it seems like you finally realize she's not just an outsider."

Vincent's brows were locked tightly into a frown. He was at a loss for words, so he took a deep breath and said, "Alas... help me out, guys. We can't be like this forever. Do you know—"

"Why not?" Jeremy's interest was piqued all of a sudden. Even Gareth's earlier grievances seemed to ease slightly as he focused on Vincent.

"What? How could you say that? Are you my friend?" Vincent flared up and poured himself another glass of wine.

Gareth swept an icy glance at him. "Pestering people has always been your strong suit, hasn't it?"

On top of that, Vincent had taught him the same tactic.

However, Vincent's lips twitched as he said, "I've tried everything I could, but that woman simply doesn't buy it. What else can I do?"

#### CHAPTER 1280 ARE YOU SURE?

As Vincent spoke about it more, he became even more infuriated.

Yet, there was nothing he could do about it.

Jeremy patted his shoulders before saying calmly, "Since things have reached this point, all you can do is win her back. Aren't you the best at picking up girls?"

"She doesn't buy anything I do – that's the problem. There's nothing I can do about it!" Vincent's pitch rose. "I already told you that she's a tomboy – why don't you believe me? All the tactics that would win other girls over don't work on her at all. I've already tried everything in my power. What else can I do?"

He was exasperated, on the brink of breaking down.

Gareth replied coolly, "It's not that they don't work on her; it's just that she no longer trusts you because you proved to be indecent in the past."

"D\*mn!" No truer words had been spoken. Vincent became more incensed as time passed. "Why is this so difficult?"

I never thought picking up girls could be so difficult. Ever since meeting Rachel, she has been the most troublesome woman – no, tomboy – ever!

Jeremy smirked to himself as he laid his eyes on Gareth and chimed in, "What about you?"

The intention of the simple question was clear enough.

Vincent's attention was diverted to Gareth. "How's it going? Did both of you make some progress?" he asked curiously.

Gareth was in another messy situation. As soon as the subject was brought up, Vincent's mood suddenly changed for the better. Only people who are both miserable can bring each other some comfort.

If Gareth had made up with Elisa, Vincent would have remained sullen, thinking about his predicament with Rachel. Nevertheless, he would congratulate his good friend either way.

A frown appeared on Gareth's face. His annoyance deepened further upon the mention of the topic.

Seeing how he pursed his lips quietly, Vincent chuckled. "Well, your situation might be worse than mine, but I'm not any better."

He couldn't help sighing. A surge of exasperation washed over him at the thought of Rachel.

Gareth shot him a stern look before commenting, "I'm far better than you."

Both Jeremy and Vincent were stunned when they heard that.

To them, his situation was no better than Vincent's.

How could he be so confident? they wondered internally.

However, Vincent showed no signs of elaborating on his statement. Looking at Gareth speechlessly, he said, "As your friend, I know I shouldn't be a wet blanket. But I really don't understand the source of your confidence. Why do you think your situation is far better? I'm relying on the comfort that we're both stuck in sh\*tty situations, yet you're now telling me you're way better?"

Meanwhile, Jeremy remained silent.

Since Gareth only let out a cold snort without any other explanation, Vincent felt the urge to prove himself.

"Why don't you explain exactly how your situation is better? Do enlighten my ignorance, as I can't tell at all!" he said sarcastically, implying that Gareth had no grasp of the situation.

Regardless, Gareth merely looked at him coldly. "Are you sure you want to know everything?"