

Read Novel No Way Back Chapter 12

No Way Back Chapter 12-Heartless Fowlers

It was totally out of Peter's expectations.

There wasn't even a hint of pain coming from Jane Fowler.

His verbal attack came so suddenly, and his tone left them with *no* leeway.

Peter did not realize that he felt a touch of panic in the face of Jane's heartlessness.

"I did help you back in the bar. How could you treat someone who had shown you kindness with such an

attitude?"

"That's what I am. Did you regret helping someone ungrateful?"

Jane replied without any form of courtesy.

Jane Fowler refused to bow low to others and lived a dog's life ever again.

Especially towards the Fowlers.

She had never owed the Fowlers anything at all.

"You!"

"Mr. Fowler, stop criticizing Jane!"

Lila could no longer hold back when she saw Peter keep pushing Jane. "Do you know how much Jane longed for her family? Why don't you and your family think about what you have done to her that she would say something so mean?"

Tears flowed from her reddened eyes as she spoke.

She wiped away her tears and raised her head, glaring at Peter, who was still astonished.

"I will not allow you and your family to bully Jane again."

"You're an asshole!"

Even a bystander like Lila felt terrible for Jane.

How could Peter Fowler, a brother related by blood, scold Jane and say so many mean words that hurt her so badly?

Jane had been missing for nineteen long years and yearned for her family's love and protection the most at this time. Were the Fowlers heartless?

Not only did they not care for her, they even hurt her. Why would they reunite with her in the first place if they wanted to hurt her instead of caring for her? They gave her hope and pushed her into a more bottomless abyss after. She was a daughter of the Fowlers, not an enemy of the family. She was Peter's sister by blood.

“ ”
“ ”

Peter was speechless.

After all, the main reason for Jane's departure was because of the misunderstanding they had.

That was also the reason Peter was still concerned about Jane.

It was because of the guilt he had for her.

“It's okay, Lila!”

“The Fowlers meant nothing to me now.”

Jane reached out to wipe Lila's tears as she comforted her softly.

She was too blind in the past.

The Fowlers were more important to her than her own life, while they saw her as just a mere weed.

She had almost neglected the true friendship she originally had that others would kill for.

Peter's heart skipped a beat when he heard what she said.

It seemed that the gentle girl always tip-toeing on eggshells and longing for her family's love was gone for good.

“Never return to the Fowlers if you dare, Jane. Jokes on you if you regret one day.”

Peter fled in despair after landing his final words.

“I will never regret it. Never!”

Jane responded with no hesitation.

“At the same time...”

“I will not forgive!”

“I will never forgive, not now, not ever!”

“Janie.”

Lila embraced Jane, feeling sorry for her.

Tears flowed freely from her eyes.

“I had no idea I thought there would still be chances that you would return to the Fowlers. I’ve thought of persuading you to give it a second thought.

“Now, I think they really did mistreat you. They do not deserve your joy and cheerfulness.

“You must have felt terrible. Cry if you need to...”

Lila was already sobbing as she spoke before Jane managed to drop a tear.

“It’s okay, Lila. All my tears had dried up a long time ago. You’re right! They do not deserve my best.

“Only people that I take as friends deserve all my goodness. As long as I still have you by my side, I’m not without anything.”

Lila nodded between sobs and sniffles and said, “Yes! Remember this. I’ll always be by your side, Janie!” Jane helped Lila wipe off the traces of tears from her face. She couldn’t help laughing, “I’m supposed to be the one being upset. Why are you sobbing like this when I did not shed a tear?”

“I feel sorry for you. You must have cried so many times when you’re alone, and I can’t stop myself from crying when I see what you’ve gone through.”

Jane couldn’t help getting lost in her thoughts.

Lila was right.

She had shed many tears because of the Fowlers.

Even if she did, it would only invite mockery and concerns.

She always hid under the sheets and let her tears flow, hiding all her weaknesses

She was scared it would deepen the Fowlers' hatred for her and have her kicked out of the family if they

knew.

She had dried her eyes from shedding more tears for the Fowlers.

They never cared for her anyway.

She would only shed tears for those worthy of her to do so.

Jane sent Lila off in a taxi.

"Janie, are you sure you're not coming home with me?"

"It's okay, Lila. I found a place already."

"Thanks, anyway."

Jane gently stroked Lila's head.

She lowered her eyes, thankful for Lila's offer.

"You don't need to thank me, Janie. I'll get angry if you continue to do so."

"Let me know if you need anything. I'll help you in any way I can."

Lila pursed her lips and grabbed Jane's hand.

"I will "

"I guess I'll never be alone again." Jane thought to herself

After sending Lila off, Jane made her way toward the riverside with both hands in her pocket, wanting to take a stroll.

The scenery at the riverside was panoramic, accompanied by the breeze from the riverside.

It was a pleasant night, considering the cooling weather of October in Stormton City.

The tipsiness she had earlier receded as well.

She would sometimes pass by lovers taking their stroll by the riverside.

Sometimes, she would come across a family of three happily playing together.

Some were walking their dogs, chattering happily.

Couples shouted after their kids to slow down, worried their kids might fall.

Jane felt like an alien.

She felt as if she doesn't belong there.

Why was that so?

Wasn't family something she should, at the very least, belong with?

Why were others' kids loved and spoilt?

Why did her family belittle, humiliate, and not even care when she was about to be burned alive?

She had never wanted to take anything away from Madelyn.

Jane had only wanted a family, and having a sister was all her heart's desire.

She only hoped the Fowlers would spare her a little love from what they showered Madelyn. She, Jane Fowler, was, after all, the bloodline of the Fowlers, one that was left wandering out there for nineteen years.

But the Fowlers never fulfilled the one humble request of hers.

Although it was undeniably part of Madelyn's plan, she wouldn't have succeeded if the Fowlers did not pamper and believed her tricks.

If only they had wanted, just a little, to know the truth, to feel sorry for her, and to do her justice, perhaps things would be different.

The matter wouldn't have escalated to the situation they were in now.

But, well, it was what it was.

She lived like a sting in the eye in that place she called home.

No one wanted her to stay.

All of them wished she would disappear, the sooner, the better. Some even hoped that she had died nineteen years back.

Jane wrapped the shirt she had on tighter to her body.

She started to feel the chill.

Jane continued walking by the riverside.

The street lights got lesser and lesser.

The pedestrians were getting lesser too.

At this moment, Jane stopped in her track.

“Come out if you want something from me!”

A few men awkwardly came out from their hiding.

“Stay still, beautiful lady. We won’t harm you.”

“We just need some services from you.”

These men specialized in picking up drunk girls outside the bar and clubs.

Some girls would get so drunk and wasted that they would fall asleep by the roadside.

These men would target these wasted girls, rob them of their belongings, and even do them dishonor.

Even if the girls knew what these men had done to them, they would have taken disgraceful pictures of the girls and threatened them not to call the authorities or the police.

This method was well-tested. Not only could they threaten the girls not to report them to the authority, but they could also leverage the pictures to threaten them into obedience.

Someone as sober as Jane usually wouldn’t have been their target.

But she was too beautiful.

The solitude charm she carried was too seductive.

They couldn’t help tailing her.

Little did they know, she threw herself into the net.

Furthermore, they were all in a secluded, dark place like this.

Wasn't that her giving them a big fat opportunity to score her?

"You purposely walked into a secluded place like this even when you knew we were following you?"

Jane took off the shirt she was wearing.

She was wearing a black vest beneath the shirt.

Her seductive body was exposed before the eyes of the men.

Their mouth watered at such a tempting target.

They couldn't believe her spontaneity.

This was their lucky day.

"I'm in a foul mood today. I need some punching bags.

The kick she landed on Cameron Croft earlier wasn't enough for her to release her anger.

Moreover, she met Peter Fowler, who upset her even more.

She might have nightmares if she did not vent her hatred and anger.

"So you wanted a free meal?"

"Let's see what you've got then."

"Get her!"

The men were too engulfed in their lust to pay attention to Jane's words. They went after like a pack of hungry wolves.

The ending of these men wasn't pleasant.

Bang! Thump! Slam!

Sounds of moaning and groaning echoed in the alley.

Jane took them down quickly with an overwhelming advantage over them.

Every strike she landed was enough to claim their life.

They were the scum anyway, the ones that hurt the women.

They were definitely good riddance for society.

Jane glanced at the men lying on the floor, moaning in pain.

She flung the shirt she had taken off earlier over her shoulder.

When she raised her head, her eyes met a pair of deep, dark eyes facing her.

She could feel the goosebumps all over her body.

Who was he?

How could she not feel his existence earlier?