

# **No Remarriage: You Don't Deserve Me (Lenora and Zachary) Stay Away**

## **Read Stay Away 161**

### **Stay Away 161**

Chapter 161 Dissolving The Marriage

Chapter 161 Dissolving The Marriage

Lenora didn't quite catch what was said, assuming it was just Zachary's drunken ramblings.

She attempted to pull her wrist away but failed. Zachary's grip only tightened instead.

She reached out to pry Zachary's fingers open but couldn't budge them at all.

Zachary softly murmured again. "Nora, I love you."

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Lenora's body jolted, her actions abruptly halting. She thought she might be hearing things. Turning her ear toward him, she softly asked, "Zachary, what did you say?"

"I love you, Nora. Don't leave me. I realize my mistakes now, and I promise to love you right from now on. Please, don't leave me..."

Zachary was well aware of his own cowardice. He feared seeing the cold, mocking gaze of Lenora. His only recourse was to beg Lenora in this manner. Upon hearing this, Lenora lowered her gaze.

She thought, perhaps Zachary had mistaken her for someone else in his dreams.

Even if he hadn't admitted his mistake, his reluctance to divorce her was merely a result of guilt gnawing at him.

After enduring so much hardship and paying a painful price, she was determined not to get entangled with him any further.

Lenora continued to gently pry open Zachary's fingers one by one.

Sensing Lenora's intention to leave, Zachary felt an overwhelming wave of despair in his heart.

Despite hearing my confession, she showed no reaction. In the end, am I unable to keep her by my side?

A wave of bitterness welled up from the depths of his heart.

No, I can't let her go!

Suddenly, Zachary tightened his grip on her wrist. Caught off guard by the unexpected force, Lenora let out a startled cry and found herself falling onto him.

With a swift roll, Zachary pinned Lenora beneath him. He aimed for her lips, planting a forceful kiss. Her lips were soft and tender, and he couldn't help but let himself be intoxicated. "Mmm..."

The air was thick with the scent of alcohol, Lenora held her breath, her arms braced against her chest as she forcefully pushed against his shoulders. She twisted her head from side to side, struggling to avoid his burning lips. "Zachary... let me go..." she protested. Zachary's chest was as immovable as a rock, and despite summoning all her strength, Lenora couldn't

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push him away.

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Zachary freed one hand to grip Lenora's chin. Taking advantage of her fomentary pain, his tongue fortetully parted her lips, invading deep into her mouth. His audacious actions left Lenora breathless, Lenora was both upset and anxious, ready to bite him in her irritation. But Zachary suddenly stopped, burying his head in the crook of her neck. The warmth of his breath showered her skin as he murmured. Nora, what do I need to do to keep you from leaving the? Whatever you ask of me, I'll do it!"

Lenora fell silent for a few seconds, staring at the ceiling before giving an earnest response. "Bring the child back to life. For the sake of the child, I can tolerate your presence as its father. But you know that's impossible." Upon hearing about the child, Zachary felt a chill run through his heart.

He didn't offer any response and simply lay on Lenora's body. His breath was steady, as if he had fallen asleep.

The few murmurs from a moment ago seemed as if they had never occurred, as though they were merely

figment of Lenora's imagination.

Lenora pushed him away from her, straightened her clothes, and left the room.

Before she left, she glanced at Zachary, who was lying on the bed, and said, "Once you've sobered up, we should go to City Hall right away. There's no point in delaying it any longer."

The door then swung open and closed.

Zachary slowly opened his eyes, a bitter smile playing at the corners of his mouth,

No matter what, I can't keep her by my side anymore. Given her intelligence, she can surely tell that I wasn't drunk. She had merely left me with some dignity, not exposing my false pretense, which was unsustainable in the first place. He wished so deeply that he was truly drunk, never to awaken. Then, they would never have to divorce.

Zachary closed his eyes, struggling to lift himself from the bed.

While straightening his clothes, his hand brushed against a pack of cigarettes and a lighter in his pocket. Instinctively, he pulled them out and lit a cigarette. He opened the window and began to smoke leisurely.

chilly wind blew against his face, the glow of embers flickering unpredictably, while the view ahead was shrouded in a swirling haze of smoke.

Once upon a time, Zachary couldn't comprehend why some people were so fond of smoking.

Now, he understood.

Once he finished his cigarette, Zachary snuffed out the butt, then spent some time in the cool breeze, waiting until the smell of smoke had dissipated from his clothes before he left the room. Meanwhile, Lenora was waiting for him downstairs.

It seemed as though she knew that he would be down in a moment.

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The two shared a glance before quickly averting their eyes.

His reluctance to part and her unwavering persistence to do so couldn't be any clearer to them.

"Let's go."

"Alright." Lenora stood up and followed Zachary from behind before getting into the car.

This time, Zachary didn't deliberately slow down, and the journey was smooth.

The car soon pulled up in the parking lot outside City Hall.

This was their second visit there.

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Zachary and Lenora exited the car one after the other, each holding onto their respective IDs. They walked shoulder to shoulder naturally. Neither of them said a word, creating an eerie silence. As he stepped inside, Zachary suddenly grasped Lenora's hand. Before she could pull away, last time.

he said, "One

Over the course of three years, he had numerous opportunities to take her hand and prevent her from leaving.

Regrettably, he missed those chances.

Now, it was too late. Redemption had completely disappeared from his sight.

His hand, as always, was warm as it enveloped her hand

Lenora recalled the last time they visited City Hall. Her vision was blurred then, just as it was now. He was holding her hand, leading her up the steps.

It seemed no different from the last time, yet the contrast seemed undeniable.

In front of the counter window, Zachary and Lenora submitted the documents.

The staff glanced at the names, lifting his head as he was about to speak. Suddenly, something caught his attention, causing him to lower his gaze once again for a closer inspection of the name on the document. Assured that he wasn't mistaken, he lifted his

gaze, his eyes shifting between Zachary and Lenora. He asked, "Why do you want to divorce?"

Zachary and Lenora are getting a divorce, could it be that Zachary has really cheated? The staff member felt like he had discovered a secret and was trying hard to suppress his curiosity and excitement. "Our personalities clashed."

"The relationship fell apart."

Lenora and Zachary responded at the same time.

After they had responded, the two shared a glance.

"Are you certain? Marriage is a lifelong commitment. Don't you want to think it over?"

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"I've thought it through, Lenora responded calmly.

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At this moment, Lenora finally understood the difference between this visit to City Hall and the last one.

The last time, even though she had chosen to divorce Zachary, her heart was filled with reluctance and raging emotions.

Back then, she was still deeply in love with him. However, she didn't want Zachary to know about her feelings for him. She didn't want to appear clingy or desperate, which might make Zachary look down on her. So, she agreed to the divorce. This time, she was incredibly resolute, showing not the slightest hint of hesitation.

She was absolutely certain about what she wanted-a divorce.

Listening to Lenora's definitive response, Zachary felt a bitter and stifling sensation in his heart.

The staff then turned their gaze toward Zachary,

Zachary heard himself saying, "I've made up my mind

At the same time, he also heard something shattering within his own heart.

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He carefully gathered the pieces and tried to put them back together. However, the cracks were too severe, making it impossible to restore it to its original state.

The last time he visited the Civil Affairs Bureau, he hadn't realized he had fallen for her, yet he found himself subconsciously stalling for time.

This time, he understood his feelings. He had feelings for her, yet his response was resolute and swift.

Perhaps this was the last thing he could do for her in their marriage.

Upon hearing Zachary's answer, Lenora exhaled slowly.

It was finally coming to an end for her.

However, she didn't feel any sadness, nor was there any joy.

All she felt was peace.

She figured she might feel a little unsettled shortly after getting divorced, but with time, she would gradually adjust.

The staff collected the marriage certificate and handed over two divorce certificates to them. "Alright, your marriage has now been dissolved!"

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Chapter 162 You Still Care About Me

Chapter 162 You Still Care About Me

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Zachary clutched the divorce certificate in his hand so tightly that his knuckles turned white.

For a fleeting moment, he was filled with the urge to tear it into shreds.

The staff member held the two marriage certificates, already stamped as void, and asked, "Do you need these? If not, we'll dispose of them."

"I do!" Zachary replied, taking them and shoving one into Lenora's hand.

still

Lenora was taken aback but didn't say anything. She simply placed the divorce papers into her bag. "Let's go," she said. "Alright."

On the way back, Lenora rolled down the car window. The cold wind brushed against her face, chilling her to the bone.

She stared at her own face in the side mirror, her expression blank.

Contrary to her expectations, her heart didn't feel at ease. Instead, it felt somewhat heavy.

A subtle bitterness and sorrow gradually crept into her heart.

It wasn't really painful, but her entire chest felt incredibly stifled and uncomfortable.

Lenora struggled to keep her eyes wide open, determined not to let Zachary see the redness that had crept

into them.

In truth, her reaction was no surprise.

From the age of sixteen to twenty-five, nearly a decade had passed. Even if one had raised a dog, a sudden separation would trigger feelings of reluctance, let alone when it involved a person.

He was the man she had loved for a decade.

He was the gleaming ray of sunshine in the icy, dreary phase of her life, the destination she had tirelessly pursued.

He had already become a part of her life, his presence a routine she was accustomed to.

Thus, it was impossible for her to move on in such a short time.

Despite all the years together, she ultimately failed to warm his heart.

She had tried her hardest and pushed herself to the brink of exhaustion, yet she found herself incapable of loving him any longer.

So, she wanted to let him go..

Lenora suppressed the sting in her heart, striving to muster a faint smile.

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Chapter 162 You Still Care About Me

Farewell, sixteen-year-old Lenora.

From that point forward, she bid farewell to her past and embarked on a new journey in life.

"Zachary," Lenora suddenly called out.

"Hmm?" Zachary glanced at the rearview mirror, catching sight of Lenora's serene smile.

He enjoyed seeing her smile. Yet, at that moment, it felt incredibly jarring to him.

She has finally broken free from me and is able to be with Jonas. She must be overjoyed, right?

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"I know you were never happy with our marriage. These past three years, you've been living under a lot of pressure. Truthfully, I owe you an apology. I'm sorry for holding you back for so long. Now that we're divorced, I sincerely hope you can spend your life with the one you truly love, grow old together, and live a life full of happiness."

The last time they had visited City Hall, Zachary had said something quite similar to her.

Back then, when she heard his well wishes, it was utterly heart-wrenching. Devastated, she failed to muster a response.

A long time had passed since then, and only now was she finally able to return his blessing with a calm

heart.

A bitter sensation gripped Zachary's throat, making his eyes burn. He quickly lowered his gaze to hide his

emotions.



She truly doesn't love me. That's why she can utter such well wishes. But the love of my life is divorcing me. How could

possibly grow old happily and contentedly!

Beep-

Just then, a yellow sports car ran a red light, speeding toward them from the street on the right.

At that moment, it was too late to stop. Zachary's eyes narrowed, and without a second thought, he immediately turned the steering wheel to the right. The two cars collided head-on.

Bang!

The deafening noise that resulted left Lenora's mind momentarily blank.

After that, the world seemed to spin before the car came to a halt. She gradually regained consciousness in the passenger seat.

Enduring the pain within her, she turned her head slightly, only to see Zachary slumped over the steering wheel, fresh blood trickling down from his temple.

The piercing sound of screeching brakes, her father's face streaming with fresh blood, the flaming car, and the truck driver's menacing expression-these hauntingly familiar scenes once again surfaced in her mind

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Lenora's face turned deathly pale, her body drenched in a cold sweat. She couldn't help but tremble uncontrollably. The scene before his eyes became increasingly blurry until eventually, she lost

consciousness.

When she woke up again, she found herself in a hospic.

As she sat up, she was about to call for a nurse when she noticed Zachary lying on another hospital bed. His head was wrapped in a bandage, an IV drip hung from the

back of his hand, and he was dressed in a hospital gown, unconscious. He was quite tall, almost too tall for the hospital bed to comfortably accommodate him.

Thinking back to the events that occurred before she fell unconscious, Lenora's heart sank. In a state of panic, she rushed to Zachary's bedside, tightly grasping his hand. "Zachary? Are you alright? Please, wake up!"

Her heart was brimming with anxiety.

She had never been so terrified before, terrified that Zachary would end up like her father, who, after the car accident, had fallen into a coma and never woke up.

She hadn't forgotten that the truck had originally come from the right, heading straight for the passenger side of the car where she was sitting.

Had her father not swerved the steering wheel to the right back then, using his own body to shield her, he wouldn't have died. The one to perish would have been her.

Just like that time, Zachary also chose to shield her from danger.

Is Zachary going to leave me too?

No matter how much Lenora called out, Zachary, who was lying on the bed, didn't respond at all.

Lenora's eyes welled up

with tears, her fear intensifying, "Zachary, you can't die!"

She thought she had already managed to move on, but seeing Zachary lying lifelessly on the bed, she felt as if an invisible hand was squeezing her heart, causing it to constrict painfully.

If something were to truly happen to Zachary, Lenora would never forgive herself.

She was like a jinx, always bringing all sorts of misfortune to those around her.

The one who should have been killed was her.

"Don't cry. I'm okay." A raspy voice sounded.

Upon hearing the voice, Lenora looked up, only to see that Zachary had opened his eyes without her realizing it.

His head was wrapped in white bandages, his gaze fixed on her. His hair was slightly disheveled, and his handsome face was a little pale, a sight that was fragile yet beautiful at the same time. Unknowingly, Lenora found herself stunned.

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## Chapter 162 You Still Care About Me

In that fleeting moment, it was as though she could hear her own heartbeat.

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"What's the matter? Too happy to react?" Zachary's lips curved slightly, accentuating his already strikingly

handsome features.

Lenora couldn't help but swallow, a surge of joy and relief welling up from the depths of her heart. She averted his gaze, wiping away the tears that had stained his face.

"You're... you're okay. That's all that matters."

"What about you? Are you hurt?"

Lenora shook her head. "No, I'm fine. Do you feel any discomfort anywhere? I can call a nurse for you."

After she finished speaking, she didn't wait for Zachary to respond. She immediately got up to call for the

nurse.

After the nurse arrived, Lenora asked anxiously, "Nurse, are his injuries serious?"

"Him?" The nurse glanced at Zachary. "He's got two broken ribs and a slight concussion. It's not too serious, but he does need to stay in the hospital for recovery."

Upon hearing the nurse's words, Lenora breathed a sigh of relief. As she sat on the hospital bed, her heart -Could still feel the trauma from the accident.

After the nurse had left, Zachary looked deeply into Lenora's eyes, asking softly. "Why were you anxious just now? Were you afraid I might die?"

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Lenora didn't respond to his question. Instead, she just stared blankly out the window, her gaze distant. "Years ago, my father did the same to save me. In a crucial moment,

he swerved the car, putting himself in the face of death. Just now, when I saw you slumped over the steering wheel, motionless... It suddenly reminded me of that time..."

"Don't be scared. I won't die. I won't suddenly leave you behind like Mr. Wilkin," Zachary her.

y softly comfort

Lenora let out a soft sigh, overwhelmed with relief. Yet, her emotions were a complex mix.

I have been consumed by worry earlier. If Zachary had truly died, he would have been in the morgue, not in a hospital room, wouldn't he? At the crucial moment, Zachary swerved the car to the right. One could say that what Dad did was out of pure paternal love, but Zachary... Does he realize that if the car accident had been even more serious, he could have lost his life?

"Nora, you still care about me, don't you?" Zachary looked at her with hopeful eyes.

In his heart, he could feel scattered sparks igniting to kindle the flames of hope.

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## **Stay Away 163**

Chapter 163 Let Me Feed You

Chapter 163 Let Me Feed You

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"Don't overthink it," Lenora said, lowering her eyes. "You were severely injured because you were trying to save me. I'm just feeling uneasy."

She subtly shifted her perspective, replacing her heartache with unease.

irving to save her.

Just as she would feel grateful and concerned if a stranger got hurt trying

However, heartache was different.

Some say that when one found oneself caring deeply for a man, it signified that one had likely fallen for

him.

The light in Zachary's eyes dimmed. "Aren't you going to ask why I saved you?"

In such a perilous situation, he had no time to think. He didn't even consider his own safety, instinctively steering the wheel and driven solely by the desire to prevent her from getting hurt. "No matter the reason, I owe you my gratitude. Thank you, Zachary," Lenora sincerely looked at

him.

If Zachary was willing to risk his life to save hers, then she was also capable of repaying him with her life.

If there ever came a day when Zachary faced danger, she would willingly risk her life for him. However, she no longer dared to trust him, let alone give him her heart again.. The words of gratitude from Lenora sounded extremely grating to Zachary.

He scoffed, "Is it just verbal gratitude, then?"

"So, how would you like me to thank you?"

"Could you possibly... Zachary blurted out, pausing for a moment, "stay at the hospital and take care of me until I'm discharged?"

For a fleeting moment, Zachary actually wanted to say, "Could you possibly not leave me? Could we perhaps consider remarrying?"

Lenora furrowed his brows, and just as Zachary began to feel uneasy, thinking that he shouldn't take advantage of someone in distress. Lenora gave a slight nod. "Sure."

Seeing Lenora agree, Zachary felt a surge of joy fill his heart suddenly.

Subsequently, he heard Lenora say. "You were injured while saving me; it's only right that I take care of

you."

Zachary's expression stiffened, and the small spark of joy in his heart instantly faded away.

He lowered his gaze, a hint of bitterness flickering in his eyes.

What good would it do if she stayed and took care of me for a few days? We are, after all, destined to part ways.

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Chapter 163 Let Me Feed You

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"Forget it, I was just pulling your leg. I have Miranda to look after me. What are you planning to do next?"

Lenora answered truthfully, "I'm going traveling with Soph and Fiona."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know yet."

"When are you leaving?"

"These two days I guess."

Zachary swallowed hard.

Is she really in such a rush?

Lenora looked at him earnestly. "Are you sure you don't need my care? I can postpone my schedule for two days.

"No need. What are your plans after you return from the trip?"

Lenora shook her head. "I'm not sure. I think about it when I get back."

After speaking, Lenora noticed that Zachary's IV drip had finished. She called for a nurse to have it changed.

Not long after, the police arrived, bringing Lenora's bag. They had already confirmed Zachary and Lenora's identities from the documents in the car. They briefly questioned them and also revealed the identity of the perpetrator.

He was a wealthy scion who had just gotten a new sports car. He couldn't wait to show it off on the streets. As a result, his new car ended up being completely wrecked, and he himself ended up with a broken leg.

Upon discovering that the person he had crashed into was none other than the CEO of Fuller Group, he reached out to his family in a state of panic.

However, Zachary didn't want to pursue the matter. In his heart, he even felt a strange sense of relief that the accident occurred.

Due to that car accident, he and Lenora had become intricately linked once again. If it meant seeing Lenora again, he was even willing to break a few more ribs.

After the police had left, Lenora opened the bag to check its contents. Inside, the cell phone was unscathed.

As twilight fell, she dialed Miranda's number. "Miranda, there's been an accident. Mr. Fuller is currently at Mercy Hospital, Could you please gather some of his clothes and bring them over?"

Miranda asked, "Oh? Is Mr. Fuller's injury serious?"

"Don't worry. He's relatively fine."

"That's good to hear, Mrs. Fuller. How about you? Do you need a change of clothes too?"

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"There's no need. I'm fine. There's no need for a hospital stay."

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The conversation was clearly heard by Zachary. He closed his eyes, feeling a surge of discomfort in his heart.

In other words, she is set to leave the hospital tonight. Who knows, she might even embark on a trip with her friends tomorrow, and God knows when she'll return.

Zachary suddenly realized that now that they were divorced, they were no longer obligated to keep each other informed of their whereabouts. Their lives would no longer intertwine.

Later on, she would have her own life and her own job. Perhaps I could only chance upon her occasionally at The Fuller residence. If she were to intentionally avoid me, it wouldn't be a surprise if we didn't meet for a year.

The mere thought of that situation left Zachary's heart filled with bitter sadness.

He truly couldn't accept it.

"What would you like to eat? I'm going to get some food." Lenora's voice interrupted Zachary's train of thought.

He slowly opened his eyes. "Anything will do. I don't have much of an appetite right now."

"Alright, then I'll pick out whatever is available."

With that, Lenora picked up her cellphone and left the ward.

Roughly twenty minutes later, she returned, carrying dinner with her.

In her hands, she held a variety of items-bread, fritters, soy milk, and almond and honey oatmeal.

Lenora casually placed everything on the table. "I've bought a variety of things. What would you like to

eat?"

"I don't feel like eating anything at that moment."

"Even if you don't feel like eating, you have to. You're still nursing an injury. How will you recover without food? Besides, you've always had a weak stomach..."

In the midst of speaking, Lenora suddenly halted, falling into silence.

We are already divorced. It would be better if I watch what I say.

Zachary, too, remained silent. Over the past three years, she often cared for him, reminding him about his meals thrice a day. She feared that he would lose track of time due to his work and meetings, so she took it upon herself to supervise his meals. That was how they gradually developed the habit of dining together

in his office.

Going forward, he would no longer hear her caring reminders, let alone have the opportunity to share a meal with her.



Lenora divided all the different types of food in half, setting them on the bedside table. "I've placed them here for you. Help yourself when you feel like eating."

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Seeing Lenora turn out, "Wait!"

to leave, Zachary thought she was about to go. Without a second thought, he called

Lenora halted, turning to look at him. "What's wrong?"

"I feel like having some almond and honey oatmeal. Zachary glanced at his right hand, which was hooked up to an IV drip.

His intention was quite clear.

However, Lenora seemed oblivious to it as she placed the oatmeal on the bedside table to his left, the spoon in the bowl. "Eat," she said.

This way, he was able to eat his meal with his left hand

Zachary's eyes dimmed as he silently scooped a spoonful. Just as he was about to bring it to his mouth, the spoon slipped from his grasp, spilling its contents all over the blanket. "Hand me a tissue. I've spilled the oatmeal," he said.

"Be careful," Lenora advised as she used a piece of paper to clean up the oatmeal spilled on the blanket.

Zachary carefully scooped up another spoonful of oatmeal with his left hand, trembling as he brought it to his lips. Again, a few drops spilled onto the blanket along the way. After a painstaking journey, the spoon finally reached his mouth, but there wasn't much left. With a sense of resignation, Lenora reached out and took the spoon from his hand. "Let me feed you."

"No need, I can do it myself."

Zachary pursed his lips, his face expressionless as he evaded her hand. He scooped up another spoonful of oatmeal, repeating his previous action, but only added a few more stains to the blanket.

Unable to bear it any longer, Lenora took the spoon directly from his hand. She picked up the bowl, scooped a spoonful, and brought it to his mouth.

Zachary watched her serious expression as he ate the oatmeal she had served him. A satisfied yet imperceptible smile played at the corners of his mouth.

The moment Lenora looked up, the smile had already vanished.

He ate another spoonful of oatmeal, his gaze burning intently on her face.

He was captivated by how stunning and mesmerizing her eyes were.

Her eyelashes were dark and long. Up close, he could see each one clearly. When she blinked, it was like a miniature fan fluttering, twinkling repeatedly. Zachary had always known that her skin was incredibly fair and delicate. It was smooth and soft to the

touch..

However, his realization came too late, he had lost her

After dinner, Miranda arrived with a change of clothes

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+5 Free Coins

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Chapter 163 Let Me Feed You

Lenora glanced at the sky, then said to Zachary. "Since you don't need my care, I'll head back first."

Zachary lowered his gaze, his lips pressed tightly together.

Lenora then said, "I will pack my things and leave tomorr

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Chapter 164 Everything Was A Lic

Chapter 164 Everything Was A Lic +5 Free Coins

"That's not necessary." Zachary spoke with an air of nonchalance. "The previous divorce agreement still stands. Galaxy Bay is yours. I'll move out" Despite his firm exterior, he was devastated inside.

Lenora shook her head. "You should take it back. If you don't want it, then I'll just have an agent sell it off."

When they had signed the divorce agreement previously, she had wanted this mansion.

Every corner of that place was filled with traces of their life together over the past three years. She wanted to stay and reminisce in the memories, but at the same time, she was not willing to let Susanna take over the mansion.

But now, she no longer desired the mansion. The memories of the past held nothing for her but pain and

regret.

Since she had decided to move on, it was best to discard all of the past.

Upon hearing this, Zachary felt as though he had been drenched with a bucket of icy water, chilling him to the bone. It was as if a massive weight was pressing down on his chest, causing his breath to become rapid and labored. She actually wants to sell the mansion where we have lived together for three years and has no desire to keep a single memory? Is she that desperate in trying to get rid of me?

"Anyway, I'm taking my leave."

Lenora picked up her bag and left the hospital room.

Zachary lay on the bed, eyes tightly shut and feeling utterly drained. It felt as though a piece of his heart had been brutally ripped out, leaving him with a pain so intense it numbed his entire body. All he could feel was an icy chill. She is gone. From now on, I no longer have a legitimate reason to see her.

Unless he was plotting something, their encounters would be few and far between.

Just like any ordinary divorced couple, they would each live their own lives without disturbing the other.

Zachary's fists involuntarily tightened, his knuckles turning white and creaking under the strain.

Upon returning to the villa, Lenora began to pack.

Her suitcase was spread out on the floor. As she turned to grab her clothes from the wardrobe, a kitten had somehow found its way into her suitcase, meowing at her. Lenora gently patted Cotton's head, and in response, Cotton affectionately licked her fingers.

Naturally, Lenora wanted to take Cotton with her. However, she was planning a trip and couldn't bring Cotton along. So, she decided to leave Cotton at a pet store the next day.

By the time she finished packing all of her deceased father's belongings and her own luggage, it was already ten o'clock at night.

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## Chapter 164 Everything Was A Lie

She held Cotton, standing at the top of the third floor aircase booking dom

This was the place they had shared for three years. Every tertenten Arial of decoration peterson her aspirations and longing for their married life.

When she first moved in, her heart was filled with hapness, anticipation, and grinsuse

Life after marriage was slightly different from what she had imagined, yet it brought her sense satisfaction.

Every morning, they would wake up together. They would then go for us, or he would hit the m while she practiced yoga by his side.

She would always choose his suit for the next day in advance, match it with a te, and personally koor is for him before he headed out.

She loved seeing him in a suit. It outlined his physique perfectly, accentuating his broad shoulnden and slender frame.

She enjoyed watching him take charge in meetings, summarizing and speaking has mind. His decesor exuded a sense of control and authority. As if he was ruling an empire, he radiated an irresistible thatima and vigor.

She also found herself drawn to the sight of him when he was engrossed in his work at the desk. Has focused demeanor was incredibly captivating, easily reminding her of her father.

Moreover, as he climbed on top of her, his eyes were fiery red, a testament to him losing control. His passionate advances would send her through a wild ride. Their sweat-drenched bodies would cling tightly together, causing her heart to pound fiercely for him every time. She would lose herself hopelessly in their relationship.

She had thought that after more than two years of harmonious coexistence, Zachary must have felt at a hint of affection for her.

However, when Susanna returned to the country, it dealt her a devastating blow. Her sweet dreams were completely shattered.

It turned out that everything was a sham, as he was just putting on a show all along

His acting skills were so good that he had deceived her for three whole years.

The night before his business trip, he was able to casually show her affection, asking her to wait for his

return.

"Meow..."

Cotton's meowing disrupted Lenora's train of thought, pulling her out of the memories of her past.

Since she had decided to move on, those memories were now history.

There was nothing worth reminiscing anymore.

With that, Lenora carried Cotton down the stairs.

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Chapter 164 Everything Was A Lie

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Early the next day, she first took Cotton to the pet store and didn't expect to run into Miranda on her way

oul.

"Miranda, why are you back?"

Mr. Lancaster has gone over, so there's no need for me to look after Mr. Fuller," Miranda said with

chuckle. "Mrs. Fuller, where are you off with Cotton?"

"Miranda, I've divorced him already, so there's no need to call me 'Mrs. anymore. I'm about to go on a trip and I'm thinking of leaving Cotton at the pet store for a while."

"Why can't you just leave it here? Cotton has already gotten used to this place. If we send it to an unfamiliar pet shop, it might not adjust well, especially since it's still so young."

A look of unease appeared on Lenora's face. "This is his mansion; staying here might not be appropriate."

"It's alright, Cotton was brought here by Mr. Fuller; it's fine for him to stay here for a few days. Mr. Fuller said that this place won't be sold for now. Besides, this mansion is so large that it would take some time to sell even if he wanted to. Plus, I'm still here, aren't I? If Mr. Fuller really does sell this place, I'll take Cotton home with me for a few days. After all, Cotton is familiar with me, and I'm quite fond of it."

Leaving Cotton in the care of Miranda was indeed a better option than going to the pet store.

After some thought, Lenora said, "Miranda, thank you. Please take good care of Cotton."

"Mrs. Fuller... Ms. Wilkin, rest assured, I will definitely take good care of Cotton and make sure he's healthy and well-fed."

Subsequently, Lenora made another trip to the Fuller residence.

Considering her marriage with Zachary had already ended, she knew she had to inform Allison about it.

When she was in postpartum care after childbirth, Allison didn't come to see her. It was likely that Zachary had kept it a secret from his grandmother,

However, Allison was exceptionally perceptive. In fact, she had almost guessed it all from the start.

-Nora, you've been wronged. It's okay that you've left. Zack doesn't deserve you anyway. No matter what, you'll always be my granddaughter. You should come and visit me often, alright?"

"Grandma, I understand. No matter what my relationship with Zachary is like, you will always be my grandma."

Allison went into the study and fetched a set of documents, saying, "These were left for you by your grandfather. He said that if you ever divorced Zack, these would be yours. He was concerned about you having to suffer after parting ways with Zack."

The document was an inheritance left to Lenora by Gerald. It comprised a substantial amount of assets, including cash and real estate. Coupled with the assets promised in Zachary's divorce agreement, Lenora could afford to live a life of luxury as long as she steered clear of gambling and drugs.

At the end of the document, there was a sheet of paper on which a passage was written:

Nora, by the time you read this letter. I would have already departed. Throughout my life. I've weathered countless:

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storms, and I have learned to accept all that life throws at me. The only thing I can't let go of is you and Zack. There are things that Zack, being in the middle of it, can't see clearly. Yet, as an observer, I can see it objectively. The way you look at Zack is the same way I used to look at your grandmother. I know you're a good child, and how I wish could be with Zack, carrying on the Fuller family's glory. I secretly hope that you would never lay eyes on this letter, but I never want to force you into anything. I acknowledge how much you have suffered recently. Even if Zack has realized his mistakes, it might be too late. If you choose to leave him, I won't hold it against you. All I want is for you to be happy. As long as you're happy. I will be content.

When she finished reading the letter, Lenora's face was already streaming with tears.

Sobbing, she threw herself into Allison's arms, her heart aching intensely. "I've been unfilial, causing Grandpa to constantly worry about me..."

Once upon a time, the knot in Lenora's heart that couldn't be untied was the death of her father. Now, another one was added, which was the death of Gerald.

"Sweet child, it's not your fault. As long as you're living well, your grandfather would be at peace, even in his afterlife. I too would have my mind put at ease." "Grandma, I will. I will make the most of every day that is yet to come."

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## Stay Away 165

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After leaving the Fuller residence, Lenora headed to Sephia's residence with her luggage.

Sophia did not stay at her family home. Instead, she lived alone in a loft. The place was spacious, had bright and open views, and was very comfortable.

Lenora thought to herself that once she returned from her travels, she could also purchase a loft and live there alone.

However, that was a matter for later.

Sophia had already planned out the itinerary for the trip

When she had visited Lenora a few days ago, she had taken the latter's passport away with her and made the visa arrangements. She had also prepared the plane tickets. Lenora repacked her luggage for the trip in Sophia's loft.

Then, she, Sophia, and Fiona made their way to the airport that night, ready to travel to the first destination in their itinerary-Nardor.

Nardor, a name that meant the path to the north, was one of the five countries in North Epea. A winter trip to Nardor primarily involved skiing and viewing the Aurora. According to Sophia's plan, their main objective was to chase the Aurora and experience Nardor's culture and tradition, with skiing simply being a secondary activity.

The Aurora is a natural phenomenon occurring near the Earth's polar regions. The dazzlingly beautiful lights that appear at night are diverse, colorful, and unpredictable. It is a breathtaking spectacle that often leaves one at a loss for words when trying to describe it. Lenora had only seen it in pictures, so when she learned of Sophia's plan, it drew her attention. immediately.

At the airport lounge, Sophia zoomed in on a map on her phone and enthusiastically talked the others through the itinerary. "We'll start off with two days in Olswick, then chase the Aurora in Torthbury. After that, we'll rent a car and drive to Summer Island and Capston Island. We'll then take a cruise to Strasson. Once we arrive at the Lommore Archipelago, we'll rent a car again and drive around for five days. On our



back, we can spend a few days at Saspiuburg. What do you guys think?"

way

"Sure. Your plan sounds great," Lenora replied.

Fiona did some calculations. "The whole trip will take almost half a month, and my annual leave will be just enough."

"After that, you can return from Saspiuburg while I go off with Nora to explore other places. We'll be back by New Year's Day," said Sophia. "Nora, is there anywhere in particular you'd like to visit?" Lenora thought for a moment before shaking her head "Nope. I'm okay with anything you plan."

Sophia tugged at her arm. "Come on, I want to hear your thoughts! This trip is primarily to celebrate you being newly single. You should be more involved!"

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"Okay... We'll talk about it when we leave Nardor.

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"All right, then." Sophia glanced at her watch and continued, "We should be boarding soon."

"I'm going to the restroom." Lenora rummaged through her bag for some tissue and rose to her feet.

Sophia promptly followed her. "I'll go

go too,"

Lenora had emerged from the restroom stall and was washing her hands at the sink when she heard Sophia call out loudly, "Nora, are you done? Wait for me outside for a while." "Sure," Lenora replied, then went to wait outside the restroom for Sophia.

She was looking around in boredom when the figure of a man suddenly came into her view.

She casually glanced over, sensing that the person seemed somewhat familiar.

Upon shifting her gaze and getting a closer look, she turned deathly pale, looking as though she had seen something utterly terrifying.

I'll never forget that face.

She remembered the moment the car and the truck had collided at the intersection, causing a thunderous explosion that lit up the sky.

Before losing consciousness, she had managed to lift her head and take one last glance.

She had seen the truck driver's menacing grin, and from then on, it was deeply etched in her mind.

Every time she was struck with a nightmare, that face would appear over and over again, tormenting her repeatedly and impossible to dispel.

After the car accident, she never received any apology from the driver, only a court-ordered compensation.

Furthermore, due to her firm decision to severely punish the driver, the compensation was not much. Nonetheless, it amounted to almost everything the truck driver owned.

If she had been just an ordinary orphan, there was no telling how long she would have to wait to receive

the money.

Back then, the car accident had garnered plenty of attention because of who her father was. With the help of Gerald, people from various social sectors, as well as the media, the driver was sentenced to seven years imprisonment for causing death by drunk driving and subsequently fleeing the scene. That was considered a rather severe sentence. Seven years had now passed, and it was only natural that the driver had been released from prison.

Even though no amount of punishment could ever make up for the pain Lenora felt from losing her father, there was nothing more she could do.

The truck driver evidently did not recognize her as he walked straight past her and entered the men's

restroom.

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"Nora, what are you looking at?" When Sophia walked out of the restroom, she noticed that Lenora was in a daze and followed the latter's gaze toward the men's restroom. However, she did not see anything out of the ordinary. Lenora shook his head, "It's nothing. Let's go. It's almost boarding time."

"Let's go.

With every step she took, Lenora kept glancing back at the men's restroom, a hint of confusion rising within her heart..

Following the initial investigation by the police and the prosecutor's office, it was found that the truck driver came from an extremely ordinary, even impoverished background. So, why is he here? Domestic flights can sometimes be

cheaper than high-speed trains, but this is departure lounge three at the international terminal. All the planes at this departure lounge are bound for the North Epean countries. It's a long flight and, especially during the peak tourist season, the price of flight tickets can easily run into the thousands. That's a significant expense for a truck driver.

She was deep in thought while she walked. Since she was not paying attention to her surroundings, she suddenly bumped into a man, who almost lost his balance. Fortunately, she managed to steady him.

Snapping back to reality, she quickly apologized. "My apologies! I'm so sorry!"

"It's fine, the man uttered before walking off.

"Nora, what are you thinking about? You seem to be in a world of your own. You didn't even respond when I called you earlier."

"Nothing"

Observing Lenora's silence, Sophia widened her eyes in disbelief and demanded, "You're not still thinking about Tyrant Fuller, are you?"

"No, it's not like that. You're overthinking," Lenora denied repeatedly.

"I was just asking. Why such a big reaction? Could it be that I guessed right?"

Lenora was silent.

After a nearly twenty-hour flight, the group finally arrived in Olswick at around two o'clock in the afternoon local time, then took a taxi to their hotel.

Meanwhile, Zachary was leaning against the back of the sofa inside a hospital ward, resting with his eyes closed. He would occasionally tap his fingers on his phone that lay on the armrest, seemingly waiting for

some news.

The sound of his phone ringing broke the silence. He answered the call, his movements subtly betraying a hint of urgency. "Hello?"

A young man's voice rang out from the other end of the line. "Mr. Fuller... Oh, wait... I should be addressing you as chairman now."

"Elijah, be serious. You know what I want to hear."

From the other end came the click of a lighter and Elijah's laughter. "Patience. Ms. Wilkin and her friends

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have gone to Nardor. I saw them board the plane with my own two eyes. I even heard them say that they'll spend a few days in Olswick first, then head to Torthbury, Capston Island-" ""Not this."

"Okay, okay! Are you still worried when it's me? I've placed the tracking device on Ms. Wilkin. She won't notice it."

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## **Stay Away 166**

Chapter 166 Lenora Tricked Him Into Marriage

Chapter 166 Lenora Tricked Him Into Marriage

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Elijah had placed the tracking device when Lenora was lost in thought. She even thought that she was the one who accidentally bumped into me and didn't suspect a thing!

A dark glint flashed in Zachary's eyes. He promptly ended the call and opened a particular app on his phone while holding his breath.

Sure enough, a small blue dot appeared on the map, right at Jacaster International Airport.

His lips curved into a slight smile, and he closed his eyes.

He took a deep breath, then turned to Miles, who was sitting on the couch nearby. "Proceed with the discharge procedures."

"Mr. Fuller, your injuries haven't healed yet," Miles responded, startled.

"It's fine."

Seeing that Miles did not move, Zachary looked up and asked, "What are you waiting for."

Miles hesitated. "Mr. Fuller, there's something I'm not sure if you're aware of or whether I should even bring it up."

"What is it?"

"It's about Mrs. Fuller, Miles replied.

He knew that Zachary was eager to leave the hospital because he wanted to find Lenora,

Although she's a good person, Mr. Fuller is my boss, and I don't want to see him being deceived.

Zachary raised an eyebrow when he heard that it was related to Lenora. "Go on, then." After a pause, he added, "I won't hold it against you."

"Did you happen to review Mrs. Fuller's medical record from when she had the miscarriage?" he asked hesitantly.

"No." Zachary answered promptly, giving his assistant a look that indicated the latter should continue.

Miles had guessed as much.

During those few days when Lenora was hospitalized, Zachary was constantly by her side, information he got about her condition was directly from the doctor. However, a doctor might not necessarily mention things that are somewhat irrelevant.

and all the

At the time, Miles was the one who was holding onto her medical record and relevant documents to handle the hospitalization payments and various other procedures.

I saw her medical record, and one line in there left a deep impression on me. I've been holding onto this matter in my heart for a month. My initial plan was that if Mr. Fuller and his wife were to reconcile, I'd keep it to myself. Now that 1/4 14:27 Fri, Nov 8

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they've divorced, I thought long and hard about it and decided it's best to speak up.

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"When I was helping with Mrs. Fuller's paperwork previously, I noticed her medical record indicated 'a transverse cervical tear with childbearing history. As he spoke, he pulled out the photos he had taken of the medical record. "That can't be." Zachary immediately dismissed the idea without even glancing at the photos. "The test equipment must've been faulty."

He had been with Lenora for three years and they had slept together, so he was well aware of her physical condition

She was sixteen when she came to our house and has always been under my watchful eye. If she has given birth, how could I possibly not know? Besides, during this pregnancy, she was clearly inexperienced. If she had given birth before, surely she would've been more experienced.

In any case, Zachary found Miles' claim to be nothing more than utter nonsense.

Miles, however, said, "At first, I thought the doctor had made a mistake, so I indirectly asked her about it. However, she confidently assured me that, based on her two decades of medical experience, there was absolutely no mistake."

Zachary paused, looking into Miles' eyes doubtfully.

Miles nodded. "If you don't trust me, you can call the doctor and ask her yourself."

Lowering his gaze, Zachary lifted a hand and pinched the bridge of his nose. Then, he said nonchalantly, "Call her over, then."

"Yes, sir," Miles replied.

He could tell that Zachary still did not believe him. Sighing, he left the room.

When Zachary was all alone in the ward, he pondered what Miles had told him but still felt convinced that the doctor had made a mistake.

The idea of Lenora having given birth before is utterly ridiculous. Instead of childbearing history, it'd be more believable if she had a miscarriage history. After all, a thin endometrium lining could be a result of multiple miscarriages.

A few minutes later, Miles returned with the female gynecologist who had performed the labor induction for Lenora

"Mr. Fuller, why did you want to see me?" The doctor shorted inwardly at Zachary for being unfaithful, but outwardly, she remained very polite.

Zachary cast a glance at Miles.

Catching on, Miles promptly brought out Lenora's medical record and presented it to the doctor.

She glanced at it, utterly perplexed. "What's the matter? Is there a problem with this medical record? Or is Ms. Wilkin feeling unwell?"

Furrowed his brow, Zachary took the medical record and read out loud. "A transverse cervical tear with

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childbearing history."

The doctor could not understand what he was doubtful about. "That's right. It's common among women who have given birth. Ms. Wilkin's recovery is considered one of the best. You can't tell she's given birth at all! Your eldest child must be three or four years old now, right?"

Miles held his breath, not daring to let out a single sound. He sneaked a glance at Zachary and discovered that the latter's face had clouded over.

Zachary's gaze was dark and grim. He asked in a low voice, "Are you certain there's no misdiagnosis?"

"Misdiagnosis?" the doctor echoed in confusion.

"I don't have any children," he said, clarifying the situation.

For a moment, the doctor's expression froze.

He doesn't have a child? So, that means... she tricked him into marrying her? Well, what a pair indeed! One's a cheater while the other is a liar. Truly, birds of a feather flock together. They're as bad as each other!

She met his piercing gaze and hurriedly explained. "There's absolutely no chance of a misdiagnosis. I couldn't have made a mistake. Besides, this medical record has been signed off by another doctor. If you don't believe me, call her in and ask her yourself.

Upon seeing that his face still looked ashen, the doctor thought of something and added, "Mr. Fuller, wasn't your third wedding anniversary with Ms. Wilkin just recently? Judging by her physical recovery, seems she gave birth at least three or four years ago.

In other words, it would be perfectly normal for him not to know about any events preceding their marriage if Lenora had chosen to deliberately keep them hidden.

"That's all. You may leave now. Zachary managed to maintain a calm facade, but as to whether he was intentionally suppressing his emotions, only he truly knew. "Right, of course." The doctor breathed a sigh of relief and hastily made her exit.

Then, Zachary turned to Miles with a face devoid of expression and instructed, "Fetch the other doctor mentioned in the medical record."

"Yes, sir," Miles responded before leaving.

Just as he was about to open the door, he heard Zachary say, "Remember to make sure that not a word of this gets out."

"Understood."

Regardless of the truth of the matter, if it were to get out, not only would it damage Lenora's reputation, it would not reflect well on Zachary either.

A few minutes later, Miles brought over the other doctor.

The response from the other doctor was the same. She was absolutely certain and even broke down to Zachary the differences between the uterus of a woman who had given birth and one who had not.



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## Chapter 166 Lenora Tricked Him Into Marriage

He waved his hand as a certain emotion stirred in his eyes and said grimly, "Leave."

The second doctor fell silent and departed.

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Miles dared not utter a word. He quietly followed the doctor out, giving Zachary some time to process things on his own.

The deeper the love, the deeper the hurt after being deceived.

Concealing one's childbearing history was considered grave matter in Miles' opinion.

The mere thought of being deeply in love with his wife after getting married, only to have a child appear out of nowhere and call her "Mom" sent goosebumps all over his body.

Inside the hospital ward, it was eerily silent.

Zachary leaned against the back of the sofa, expressionless. He pressed his thin lips tightly together, knitted his brow, clenched his teeth and fists, and stared fixedly at the ceiling, lost in thought.

He was unwilling to believe what was written on the medical report, yet the two doctors had spoken with such certainty.

Slowly closing his eyes, he strained to recall the night that led to his marriage with Lenora.

Although he had been drugged, he was fully conscious, and he distinctly remembered that it was not her

first time.

He had not minded. Firstly, he did not have feelings for her at the time. Secondly, she had already graduated from university by then, so it was not unusual for her to have been in romantic and intimate relationships.

But now that I think about it, it's strange. I don't seem to have heard anything about Lenora dating back in university

As he thought back to the time when Lenora was in university, something flashed across his mind like a bolt of lightning, causing him to abruptly open and widen his eyes.

He did not believe that she had given birth before because that would require at least six months of pregnancy. Before they got married, she had lived at the Fuller residence, and it would be difficult to hide a six-month pregnant belly.

However, he suddenly remembered that she had participated in a national Uprian competition in her sophomore year and won first prize. With funding from the national scholarship committee, she was then sent abroad to study for a year. She spent the whole of her third year abroad! If she had gotten pregnant and given birth during that time, it'd align perfectly with the doctor's prediction of three to four years....

He clenched his fists even tighter without realizing it, gripping so hard that his knuckles turned white.

## **Stay Away 167**

Chapter 167 Her First Man

Chapter 167 Her First Man

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The mere thought that this could be true filled Zachary's heart with an indescribable mix of bitterness, sorrow, anger, and frustration!

Veins throbbed visibly on his forehead, his teeth clenched so tightly they creaked. He was desperately holding back the urge to explode!

Our child couldn't be born! Yet, she had a child with another man? Who is that man? Is he her first man? How could he let Lenora give birth to a child all alone, and yet he didn't take responsibility for her? If I find out who he is, I'll definitely tear him apart! Lenora had always wanted to go abroad with Jonas before. Could that man be Jonas? Did they have a lovenest abroad? Could it be that they were already together when Lenora was still a third-year student?

In the darkest corners of his heart, a fierce fire ignited, blazing fiercely. The flames leaped high, growing more and more intense, nearly consuming Zachary's sanity in its entirety!

Miles stood against the wall outside the ward, as still as a pillar, quietly pricking up intently.

There was not a single sound in the ward, almost as if there was no one in there.

his

cars to listen

Miles thought to himself, surely Mr. Fuller must be deeply heartbroken now. He must be silently reminiscing the past, quietly nursing fresh wounds in his heart while digesting all the pain and bitterness. Clang!

Suddenly, a deafening noise echoed from the ward, causing Miles to shudder.

Following that, clanging sounds reached his ears.

Upon closer discernment, he could make out the thud of a table being overturned, the scraping sound of a couch being moved, the sharp, grating noise of a glass hitting the ground, and the clatter of something else falling-... Miles recoiled in fright, feeling fortunate that he had managed to get away,

He could easily picture the scene of Zachary kicking over a table in a fit of rage.

After a flurry of commotion had passed, tranquility once again settled in the ward.

After an indeterminate amount of time had passed, a raspy voice finally emerged from within. "You, should go first."

The voice sounded relatively calm, yet when listened to closely, one could discern the subtle hints of fatigue and bitterness seeping through.

Miles glanced at his phone; it was already eleven at night.

Judging from the current situation, it seems like tonight will be a sleepless one for Mr. Fuller

Early the next morning, Miles came rushing to the hospital ward.

Upon entering, he smelled a pungent stench of smoke, so dense it was suffocating.

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The room was in utter chaos, with the table flipped over the couch shifted from its usual spot, and the floor littered with all sorts of things.

Zachary was seated on a single-seater couch, leaning back against it with his legs crossed. His arms rested on the armrests and his eyes were firmly shut, a slight shadow of fatigue visible beneath them.

It seemed like he was already in this very pose when Miles left the night before.

The ground before him was covered in a thick layer of ash.

Countless cigarette butts littered the ground, their exact number impossible to determine

With a sigh, Miles moved toward the window across the room. He opened it, letting the air circulate

Following a few seconds of silence, he slowly approached Zachary "Mr. Fuller, perhaps you'd like to switch to a different room first? I'll have someone tidy this one up."

After a considerable while, Zachary spoke with his eyes closed, his voice raspy, "All right."

Seeing that he didn't bring up about getting discharged again, Miles felt a wave of relief surged within him.

He was genuinely worried that if Zachary insisted on being discharged from the hospital like this, his body certainly wouldn't be able to take it.

Miles was quite sympathetic toward Zachary.

He had seen the surveillance footage while assisting the latter with the aftermath of the car accident

Had it not been for Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Fuller wouldn't have sustained such serious injuries, only to be met with such distressing news. Fate has a way of toying with people, indeed

Miles stepped out for a bit, returning a few minutes later. He then said to Zachary, "Mr. Fuller, could you please move to the adjacent room for a while? Someone will be coming to clean this one shortly "Okay."

Zachary slowly opened his eyes.

His

eyes were dim and devoid of emotions. They were as deep as an abyss, filled with red veins.

As he hadn't slept at all the night before, the creases of his eyelids were more pronounced. His brows were deeply furrowed, exuding an intimidating aura, and his whole demeanor radiated an air of hostility." He stood up

and, stepping over the clutter on the ground, headed straight for the room next door.

Following behind him, Miles poured a cup of water, placed it on the table in front of him, and took the initiative to ask, "Mr. Fuller, is there anything you need me to do?"

He didn't believe Zachary would do nothing after learning about the news.

Zachary settled down on the couch, his long legs crossed over each other as he leaned back lazily against the back of the couch. He pinched the bridge of his nose between his thumb and index finger, inadvertently revealing the steel watch on his wrist. 2/4

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Chapter 167 Her First Man

He slowly lifted the glass of water and took a sip, then rered, "Find someone to investigate what happened during Mrs. Fuller's third year of studying abroad. I want the details."

After spending a night in the hospital ward, chain-smoking the hours away, he finally managed to calm himself down, carefully considering the oddities of the situation, a doubt that he already had since before

Lenora's pregnancy this time seems to indicate that she's a nice who's unsure of many things. If she has given birth before, she should have some experience. Bender, if she did go birth, where is the child now? Did she treat him as if he didn't exist, or is she still in contact with him

Zachary was certain that in the three years since their marriage, Lenora had not once returned to the city where she studied abroad.

Eventually, after calming down, he figured that the child probably had no connection to Jonas.

They still don't know each other at that time, Moreover, given Lenora's fondness for children and her affection for Jonas, she'd surely end up with him if they really had a

child together. Even if Jonas were to treat her poorly, there's no way she'd abandon the child to marry him.

Zachary hadn't forgotten about Lenora's desire to divorce him and raise their child alone previously.

So, who exactly is the father of the child?

This was what Zachary wanted to know most!

All in all, there were too many oddities about this matter, and Zachary couldn't put it out of his mind.

He had to uncover the truth: only then could he put his mind at ease.

-Understood, Miles responded.

"Get it done as soon as possible!" Zachary commanded in a deep voice.

"I got it."

After a brief rest at the hotel, under Sophia's guidance. Lenora's group embarked on their journey in Olswick

Before their arrival, a fresh layer of snow had just blanketed the streets of Olswick. Yet, this did not dampen their spirits to venture out and explore.

The first place they visited was Kushburn Gate Street

Word had it that this street was the most bustling shopping district in Olswick.

The streets were flanked by a forest of European-style buildings, housing a myriad of shops both big and small. There were restaurants, cafés, shopping malls, and a plethora of luxury boutiques such as Louis Vuitton, Chanel, and Hermes, among others. It was somewhat reminiscent of Southton Street in Sparaville.

The streets weren't particularly crowded, allowing the trio to leisurely stroll around.

With her hands tucked in her pockets, Lenora crunched through the thick layer of snow beneath her feet. Her gaze casually swept over her surroundings from time to time, her pace unhurried. She didn't seem

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like a tourist at all.

Sophia was the most energetic of all, documenting the journey's scenery through her phone camera as they went along. Every now and then, she would pop into a shop to have a look.

The tax refund rate there was incredibly high, making it very cost-effective to purchase luxury goods.

Before lon

Sophia's hands were filled with various items. Fiona also purchased some items that were of great value for the price, intending to take them back as gifts for her parents, family, and other friends. "Hey, hey, hey, can someone take a picture of me?" Sophia stood in front of a building, swinging the shopping bags in her hands.

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## Stay Away 168

Chapter 168 Are You Dating Someone Younger Chapter 168 Are You Dating Someone Younger

The architecture was distinctly gothic in style, with towering spires and well-defined lines. Its simplicity gave it a grand and spectacular look. The dome-shaped windows and the slender columns lined up on both sides added to its magnificence. On either side stood two sculpted statues.

Fiona took the shopping bag from her hands. Pointing at Lenora, she said, "Get Nora to take your picture.

Fiona was a professional photographer, but she could tell that Lenora was not in high spirits. She wanted to involve Lenora more to gradually lift the latter's mood.

"Nora, take a picture for me!" Before Lenora could refuse, Sophia had already thrust the phone into her

hands

Feeling helpless, Lenora found a good angle and casually took a few photos of Sophia.

Sophia took a look at her phone and gasped, "Wow! Not bad, Nora, You've managed to capture me so beautifully!

Fiona glanced over, smiling as she said, "Nora, you're really skilled. How about you become our personal photographer from now on?"

"Huh?" Lenora's eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

Sophia chimed in, "That's right, you should be our personal photographer! You can't refuse. You're here on vacation and don't take pictures of yourself, so why not be our photographer?"

"Fine," Lenora agreed, she figured that she did need a distraction.

The restaurant Sophia chose for dinner was a Clusian restaurant she saw while perusing various guides. It was a barbecue restaurant,

Her reason was that having barbecue food in freezing weather was the best feeling in the world.

Most of the customers in the restaurant had Aplotthian features, and the waitstaff could speak a bit of

Clusian

After each of them ordered a few side dishes, they went to get their dipping sauces.

Suddenly, someone bumped into Lenora.

Lenora turned her head, only to see a young man blushing slightly, his face filled with remorse. He glanced at her, then at her clothes before apologizing in Uprian, "Sorry, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean it." Lenora followed his gaze down to her clothes, noticing a splotch of sauce where she had been bumped

Lenora replied to him in Uprian, "It's okay, just be a bit more careful."

Lenora returned to her seat, carrying a plate of dipping sauce. She pulled out a few napkins and scrubbed her outfit clean of sauce, leaving behind a brown stain. It was highly noticeable against her white down Jucket.

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Chapter 168 Are You Dating Someone Younger

The young man followed her, his face filled with anticipation. Suddenly, he asked in Clusian. "Miss are you Clusian?"



Lenora looked at him in surprise. "Yes,"

"Are you here on holiday?"

"Mm-hmmm."

"How about you add me on WhatsApp? Let me know the cost of dry cleaning when you get the chance. If it doesn't come out clean, I'll compensate you with a new outfit."

"That's not necessary." Lenora said.

Although she wasn't one to live extravagantly, the down jacket that cost over three thousand didn't seem too much compared to her salary.

The young man hesitated for a moment.

At that moment, Sophia came over with a plate of dipping sauce, nudging Lenora with her elbow. "Nora just add him. He's being sincere after all. Besides, it's not easy to meet fellow countrymen in this place. Who knows, we can even hang out together in the next few days."

The young man nodded in agreement, gesturing toward a table nearby. "We just arrived yesterday, and haven't had the chance to sightsee yet. What about you guys?"

"We arrived this afternoon."

Sophia followed the direction of the young man's pointed finger, her gaze landing on two other men seated at the table. They appeared to be of similar age to the man standing before her.

Curiously, Sophia asked, "Are you guys university students?"

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The young man flashed a shy smile. "Yes, we decided to travel together after finishing our senior year. You guys have any travel plans? If they're similar, we could rent a car together. It would be a lot cheaper and we could look out for each other." Sophia chuckled. "Let's see how it goes. How about you add me on WhatsApp first?"

The young man glanced at Lenora, noting her lack of interest in adding him on WhatsApp. Left with no choice, he added Sophia instead. "Alright, I'll be heading back now."

He looked at Lenora again and said, "Miss, if you can't get your clothes cleaned, don't hesitate to come to

ΠΕ

"Alright," Sophia responded on behalf of Lenora.

After the man had left, Sophia glanced at Lenora. "Oh, come on, Nora, don't be so cold!"

Lenora looked up. "Was 1?"

"Weren't you?" Sophia widened her eyes. "He has been nothing but sincere, yet you've remained expressionless. Isn't that cold enough for you?"

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Lenora hesitated for a moment. "I just thought it wasn't necessary, that's all."

From early on, Lenora was aware of her own issue. Perhaps it was due to her habit of being alone. Apart from maintaining necessary client relationships, she was rather passive when it came to socializing

In a nutshell, she would welcome anyone who approached her but wouldn't be bothered if they didn't

She didn't have much desire to make friends, preferring to avoid unnecessary social interactions like the one she had just experienced.

Her becoming friends with Sophia and Fiona was also largely due to their getting along at the office.

As for Zachary, he was probably the only one she would take the initiative to maintain her relationship

with.

Sophia said. "Whether it's necessary or not, let's just consider ourselves as travel buddies. We can have fun together during the trip, but once we're back in the country, we'll go our separate ways. Hearing Sophia put it that way, Lenora realized she had a point.

"Are we going to join them?" Lenora asked.

It depends on their itinerary. Many Clusian tourists who come here usually head straight to Torthbury. The longer they stay, the higher the cost. They're college students, so they might not stay in Olswick for long."

As she spoke, Sophia glanced at her phone, a teasing expression on her face. "He added me on WhatsApp."

"What? You're into dating someone younger?" Fiona joked.

Sophia shot her a glance. "If anyone's going to do that, it'd be Nora."

Bewildered, Lenora lifted her head. "What does this have to do with me?"

"He initially wanted to add you on WhatsApp!"

"He just wanted to reimburse me for the dry cleaning. Lenora admitted nonchalantly. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Wouldn't a normal person be overjoyed and run off when they had the chance if you didn't ask them for compensation? But it seems to me that he's quite eager to pay up."

Fiona commented, "I knew something was off. From that angle, there's no way he could have accidentally bumped into Nora. I suspect it was deliberate. He probably just wanted to get Nora's contact."

Lenora felt they were overthinking it. Just as she was about to speak, Sophia chimed in. "Nora, haven't you heard the saying? The quickest way to move on from a relationship is to start a new one. You're single now. isn't it perfect that someone is interested in you? Or are you still hung up on Tyrant Fuller?"

Lenora immediately denied it, "No, I'm not."

"Nora, there's no need for such resistance. Just let things take their course." Fiona advised. "If there's a chance for us to travel together, finding love under the aurora could be quite romantic"

Lenora was rendered speechless.

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Chapter 168 Are You Dating Someone Younger

Sophia glanced at her phone again. "He said his name Connor Morris."

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Just as Sophia had speculated, Connor and his group were set to head to Torthbury in pursuit of the Aurora the very next day. Meanwhile, Lenora and her companions were

planning to stay in Olswick for a few more days, Connor sent a regretful emoji: If we have the chance, let's meet in Torthbury again.

Sophia: Sure, have a good time.

Connor: Miss, what's the name of the lady whose clothes I accidentally dirtied? Could you possibly share her number

with me?

## Stay Away 169

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Chapter 169 He Could Not Accept It

Chapter 169 He Could Not Accept It

Upon seeing the message. Sophia chuckled mischievously, showing her phone to Lenora. She thanked him. He's still asking for your number. Lenora still felt they were overthinking it. "Didn't I already tell you?" she said, he simply wants to reimburse me for the dry cleaning bill." Sophia raised an eyebrow, responding to Connor: Why do you need her number?"

The indicator at the top of the page indicating that the other party was typing had been lit for quite a while. Finally, a message from Connor came through: He dirtied her clothes. It's only right that I cover the dry cleaning costs.

Upon seeing this, Lenora spread her hands. "See, I told you-

Before she could finish. Connor sent another message: Also, she is exceptionally beautiful

Sophia chuckled lightly, teasing, "Nora, do you have anything else to say?"

Lenora glanced away, her eyes casually drifting toward the direction of Connor and his group. Unintentionally, her gaze met with Connor's.

She immediately averted her gaze, feeling extremely embarrassed.

She had no intention of starting a new relationship at the moment.

Even if she was open to it, she wouldn't choose someone younger than herself.

Due to her lack of affection growing up, she was more inclined to seek a mature and steady man, someone who could embrace her flaws and provide her with a sense of home, just like a father would. Many university students these days were essentially still kids. She was already exhausted and had no interest in accompanying a child as they matured,

After spending three days in Olswick, Lenora and her two companions journeyed to Torthbury.

Meanwhile, Zachary had just been discharged from the hospital and had returned to Galaxy Bay.

As soon as he stepped through the door, a small bundle came rushing toward his feet.

Zachary halted, looking down at it.

He quickly remembered that during the time Lenora was in postpartum care, she was unusually quiet and reserved. If it wasn't for Cotton's companionship to distract her, her condition might have worsened. She doesn't love me, yet she cared so much for the child. If she really had a child in the past, how could she behave as if the child didn't exist?

Cotton seemed oblivious to the human gaze, meowing as it clambered onto Zachary's shoe. Its sharp claws hooked onto his pants, attempting to climb higher.

Zachary picked up Cotton, ready to head upstairs when Miranda emerged from the bathroom, carrying a

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Chapter 169 He Could Not Accept It

bag of trash. "Mr. Fuller, you're back."

Zachary let out a low hum in response.

Miranda subconsciously scrutinized Zachary,

He seemed to have lost some weight, his features becoming more distinct. His eyes appeared sunken, with a pronounced crease on his eyelids that made them look doubly sharp. His brow bone was high and his brows furrowed, adding to his mysterious and imposing demeanor. His natural aura was such that it was intimidating to meet his gaze.

Miranda quickly averted her eyes, sighing to herself. Mr Fuller has had a rough time recently. The passing of his father, his wife's miscarriage, their subsequent divorce, and then a car accident. With this series of events, how could anyone possibly not lose weight? "Before she left, Mrs. Fuller instructed me to hand over a box to you," Miranda said.

Zachary halted in his tracks, the hand that was storing Cotton's back paused. He then raised his gaze to meet Miranda's eyes.

Miranda hurriedly went to fetch the box. It was meticulously crafted, its surface adorned with pearls.

Upon opening it, he found a multitude of delicately crafted jewelry boxes inside.

"Mr. Fuller said that the jewelry you gifted her is far too expensive. She finds little use for them in her daily life, so she asked me to return them to you,"

Zachary set Cotton down and slowly walked over. He picked up a box and opened it to reveal a necklace inside.

After he finished his interview that day, he had bought it on his way to pick her up at the Fuller residence. She probably only took a glance at it, never even taking it out

The box below was filled with a variety of jewelry, including necklaces, bracelets, bangles, earrings, brooches, and so on.

These must have also been gifts I gave to her.

Aside from that one necklace, he had no recollection of the rest.

I must have instructed Mr. Lancaster to choose them, as I have not seen any of them before.

Subsequently, he also found several square boxes inside the chest, which were clearly ring boxes at first glance.

Upon opening one of them, he found a women's ring inside.

It's from the day Charles apologized to her; I took her to buy matching rings.

After the custom-made ring was delivered, he personally slipped it onto her finger.

He still remembered how the ring looked on it.

He still wore the other ring, but he had never noticed when she had taken off hers.

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Zachary held the ring, studying it for a long time with an obscure gaze

He placed the ring back into its box, closed it, and tookat upstairs.

At eight in the evening, inside a private room at the club, the lighting was dim and the surroundings novy.

Michael pushed open the door to the private room and entered. After exchanging greetings with Finn and a few others, he scanned the surroundings and headed toward the corner couch.

He took a seat next to Zachary, casually inquiring. "What brings you here?"

"It's peaceful," Zachary replied, his voice steady.

"You've divorced?" Michael pulled out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket.

"Mmm-hmm."

Michael glanced at him, tossing over a cigarette.

Zachary lit his cigarette using Michael's lighter and began to smoke.

"Where is she now?" Michael asked, exhaling a ring of smoke.

"Traveling in Nardor with friends."

Observing Zachary's calm demeanor, Michael gave him a surprised look. "You're just letting her go? If it were a woman I loved, I wouldn't let her leave that easily!"

Zachary remained silent, his index finger lightly tapping the ash from his cigarette before placing it back between his teeth.

There was no way he could just let her go so easily.

If it had truly been easy for him to do so, he wouldn't have instructed Elijah to put a tracking device on

her.

Had it not been for the sudden revelation, he would have been in Nardor already.

Michael was unaware of what had really transpired. Seeing Zachary silent, he thought the latter had really moved on. "This isn't like you," he said.

"I need some time."

Zachary closed his eyes, leaning back against the couch. His lips parted slightly, and a wisp of smoke escaped, curling upward in rings until it vanished into nothingness.

That incident felt like a sting in his heart, one that was so deep it pierced his flesh

If he didn't find out the truth, the nagging sting would occasionally remind him that she had a child with another man.

Ironically, it was only after he fell in love with her that he came to learn about the matter. He was totally unprepared for it.

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As for moving on, he just couldn't do it.

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He clearly understood that he was genuinely in love with Lenora, and he couldn't bear to let go of the three years they had spent together.

She was like an inconspicuous plant, silently and subtly making her way into every corner of his life, event before he realized it.

Spending time together had caused him to naturally develop feelings for her.

However, she had a child with another man and she could still have feelings for him. In fact, the latter might be indispensable to her.

He didn't know what he could do to draw Lenora's attention, even for a single moment.

Whenever he thought of that child, he would feel a whirlwind of emotions, as if a trapped beast was roaring and raging within him, yearning to break free. He harbored an intense



desire to tear whoever the father was apart. "Did something happen?" Michael asked, observing Zachary's expression.

Zachary remained silent, holding a cigarette in one hand while pouring himself a glass of wine with the other, one that he downed in one gulp.

Sensing the mood, Michael didn't press further with his questions. "You think you're already healed? You shouldn't drink too much," he suggested.

"Zack? Why have you started smoking too?" Charles came over and sat down.

Zachary snapped back to reality and said nonchalantly, "I just feel like it."

"I heard, you and Lenora got divorced?"

"Mmm-hmm."

The surroundings fell silent for a moment.

Though some of them were playing cards and others were drinking, their attention was subtly yet constantly drawn toward Zachary

Rumors had always circulated that Zachary's marriage to Lenora was solely due to Gerald's fondness for the latter. The clarification interview earlier was also allegedly done due to the pressure exerted by Gerald.

It hadn't been long since Gerald passed away, and Zachary had already divorced Lenora. Thus, it seemed the rumors were indeed true.

Susanna had also been absent from the public eye for quite some time.

Another theory was that Zachary divorced Lenora with the intention of marrying Susanna. Therefore, he wanted the latter to keep a low profile.

Charles knew a little of what really happened. He was aware that Lenora had suffered a miscarriage and subsequently requested a divorce.

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Although he had never thought highly of Lenora, he couldn't ignore the fact the child was Zachary's still.

He was about to offer his comfort, when unexpectedly, an insensitive individual chimed in, "Congratulations, Mr. Fuller, for escaping from your suffering. In my opinion, you should have left long ago. How could a woman like Lenora ever be worthy of a man your caliber?" FTI, NDY O

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## Stay Away 170

Chapter 170 I Miss You Deeply

Some of those who were not fully aware of the situation voice their agreement.

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In particular, those who had gone to great lengths to gather information on Zachary and were appearing there for the first time hoped to seize the opportunity to establish a relationship with him.

Charles thought Zachary would lose his temper, but to his surprise, the latter remained silent before suddenly asking, "So, who do you think is worthy of me?"

The man hadn't anticipated that Zachary would pay him any attention. His joy was evident, and without thinking, he blurted out, "Ms. Carston of course!"

Zachary remained impassive, his gaze sweeping over the people beside him. In a deep voice, he asked, "Is that what you all think?"

The group exchanged glances, then nodded in agreement one after another.

Zachary sat in the shadows, his expression unreadable. He gently swirled his glass of wine, remaining silent for a long time.

The person, seemingly oblivious, remarked, "I suppose you're about to have your happy ending with Ms. Carston, aren't you, Mr. Fuller?" Clang!

Suddenly, there was a loud bang

Zachary had kicked over the table in front of him.

The wine bottle on top shattered with a crash, splattering its contents all over the floor.

Zachary's face was filled with gloom, his brows furrowed deeply. Without uttering another word, he tossed his wine glass aside and stormed off.

The individual was taken aback, staring blankly at Zachary's receding figure. Even after the door had closed, his mouth remained agape.

The people around him also turned pale, while the room instantly fell into a deathly silence.

Everyone exchanged puzzled glances.

Even those who were playing cards on the other side stopped and looked over, not daring to draw another card. Their faces held a curious expression, clueless about what had just occurred. "You guys carry on."

Michael shattered the room's silence as he went after Zachary

In another private room...

"Don't be upset. They don't know anything. You should just ignore them."

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Holding his wine glass, Zachary looked at his reflection mirrored on the glass surface. A wry smile emerged from his mouth. In a deep voice, he confessed. "I'm not angry at them. I'm angry at myself." Why did all of them think that way? Naturally, it was my actions that gave them such a misconception.

Zachary recalled a time when Lenora was out dining with friends and happened to run into him, his friends, and Susanna..

Charles had suggested Lenora address Susanna as Mrs. Fuller and offer Susanna a toast.

He didn't stop it then. In fact, he tacitly approved it, even personally pressuring Lenora himself

It had been three years since she married Lenora, but side from the time when Charles apologized, he had never introduced her to his friends.

Even when he ran into friends while out with Lenora, he would awkwardly introduce her as his sister. His attempt to cover up their relationship only made matters worse.

In front of his friends, he had never acknowledged Lenora's status.

Therefore, their contempt for her was merely to curry favor with him by going along with his stance.

The more Zachary dwelled on it, the stronger the bitter pang in his chest grew.

Over the past three years, he had caused Lenora too much distress,

As Lenora had pointed out, he had uttered too many apologies.

Despite knowing she was wronged, he continued to treat her unfairly, solely because she was understanding and submissive.

She endured his treatment time and time again until he pushed her patience to its limit.

At that point, she could no longer tolerate it.

Zachary lifted his wine glass to his lips, draining it in one gulp before pouring himself another.

Michael advised him, "You've just been discharged from the hospital. You shouldn't drink anymore."

In the recent instances when Zachary sought him out for drinks, it was invariably due to problems arising between him and Lenora.

Moreover, Zachary had never smoked before, but now, he was no different from a chain smoker.

From early on, Michael knew that Zachary was both fickle and deeply emotional.

That's why he is suffering on Lenora's account

Zachary was stubborn. "I'm fine."

now!

Michael looked at Zachary, saying, "It's clear that you still have feelings for her. You should try again. Regardless of what made you back down, I hope you think it through, so you don't live a lifetime of regret." 2/4

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+5 Free Coing

Zachary found his thoughts drifting back to the matter that had been keeping him up at night recently,

causing him to reach for his drink more frequently than usual.

Michael was at a loss for words.

It looks like, to Zachary, I'm nothing more than a drinking buddy!

Michael's best efforts to dissuade Zachary were futile, as Zachary ended up drinking quite a bit. Hesitating for a moment, he stepped outside and dialed Lenora's number.

At that moment. Lenora was at the Olswick airport lounge, waiting for her flight to Torthbury.

When she saw Michael's incoming call, she glanced at Sophia and Fiona, then rose and walked over to the window to answer it.

"Hey, Michael' What's up?"

"Zack is drinking"

Upon hearing Zachary's name, Lenora's heart skipped a beat. "What do you mean?"

What does him drinking have anything to do with me?

"He has just been discharged from the hospital and is still on medication, so he can't drink alcohol. But he refuses to listen to me."

"So, you want me to persuade him? If even you can't convince him, I doubt I can. He doesn't listen to me." "Regardless of whether it will work or not, it's worth a shot. He got severely injured trying to save you. You surely wouldn't want to see his condition worsen, let alone lose him, would you?" Though I don't think it will really be that bad....

Lenora furrowed her brows, hesitating for a moment. Fine, give him the phone." Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Okay"

When Michael returned to the private room, he saw Zachary about to drink from his glass. Swiftly, he grabbed the latter's wrist. "Stop drinking for a moment

Zachary looked at him with a furrowed brow.

Michael handed over the phone. "It's for you."

Why didn't I hear my phone ring?

Zachary's eyes were already somewhat hazy as he accepted the phone warily. "Hello?"

The steadiness of his speech was slightly drinking

She steadied her emotions. "Zachary?"

, and from this, Lenora could tell instantly that he had been

Upon hearing the familiar voice, Zachary felt a jolt in his body. He sat up straight, a spark lighting up ing/4

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his eyes. It was as if he was in a dream. "Nora?"

"It's me."

"Do... Do you need something from me?" His voice was exceptionally soft, as if a louder tone would shatter the dream.

"Are you drinking?"

Zachary immediately put down the wine glass in his hand. "No... Not at all."

Lenora's eyes flickered, her voice was soft as she said, "There's no need to lie to me. If your injuries worsen because of your drinking and you end up back in the hospital, you're the one who's going to suffer. If you don't care, then just keep drinking. After all, you're rich and the hospital is yours. You can stay there as long as you like."

"I'm sorry, Nora. I'll stop drinking.

Shaken by Lenora's words, Zachary felt a bit guilty, pushing his wine glass far away. He muttered softly, "Thank you for showing me concern, Nora. I'm really happy. Even if you were lying, I would still be happy. I thought you were going to forget me.... Upon hearing these words, Lenora felt a wave of bitter-sweet feelings surging in her heart.

She took a deep breath, remaining silent as she promptly hung up.

Even though Lenora knew full well that Zachary was a master of deception and his words couldn't be trusted, she found herself unknowingly letting her guard down.

However, since she had already decided to move on, the best solution was to simply not listen to him.

In that way, her stance wouldn't waver.

"Nora, I truly didn't want to divorce you, but I know that I can't hold you back. I hurt you too deeply... I don't even have the courage to ask you to stay... The past few days since you left, I've been sleepless. I've missed you so much, Nora... His response was met with the dial tone of a disconnected call.

Zachary closed his eyes, a bitter taste overwhelming his mouth.

Finally, he mustered the courage to say those words, yet she couldn't hear it and no longer wished to listen.