

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

Stay Away 41

Chapter 41 I Do Not Like Her

Chapter 41 I Do Not Like Her

When Lenora saw Susanna by his side, her heart gave a jolt. She quickly averted her playfully nudged Sophia..

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gaze and

Sophia also noticed the man and woman standing not far away. The smile on her face immediately faded, replaced by a look of disdain.

The two approached and greeted, "Mr. Fuller."

Zachary nodded lightly.

It turned out that Lenora didn't arrange to meet her lover today, but rather, Sophia.

"Nora, Ms. Tortell." Susanna was very surprised to see the two of them and hurriedly explained to Lenora, "Nora, you're here too. I'm sorry. I was with Zack..."

Zachary watched Susanna's cautious demeanor and thought back to her gentle and calm appearance when she had just returned to the country, indistinguishable from the ordinary people. A twinge of heartache stirred within him. All these changes occurred because Susanna found out that he was married.

She didn't want to part ways with him, but her moral compass reminded her that she was the other woman. Consequently, she often found herself immersed in a painful struggle, which ultimately exacerbated her illness. "No need to say more. I understand. You guys go ahead and enjoy yourselves. We won't disturb you any longer."

Lenora took Sophia's hand, intending to leave, but Sophia remained unmoved. She smiled and asked, "Ms. Carston, who did your makeup today? It looks really beautiful."

Susanna revealed a puzzled expression. "I drew it myself."

"Ms. Carston is so talented. Your makeup skills are quite impressive. I think you're even better than Ms. Mila. Don't you agree?"

Susanna's face stiffened as she forced a tug at the corner of her lips.

"If Ms. Carston's aesthetic judgment is lacking, she should listen more to others' opinions. Blind self-confidence can lead to mistakes, and it's not fair to let others take the blame for your errors."

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Susanna's face turned pale, and she bit her lower lip.

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"Let's go, Nora," Sophia said, pulling Lenora away as they turned to leave.

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Susanna turned and collapsed into Zachary's arms, her voice choked with tears as she said, "Zack, I didn't know. I really didn't know that such a thing would happen. That day, it was Lola who was in charge of public relations. We had no idea she would do this. I'll apologize to Nora right now. Even if she asks me to leave you, I'm willing to do so. I owe her in the first place. Why did I come back? I shouldn't have come back. I'll go back now..."

Susanna spoke in a flustered and incoherent manner.

Zachary held her in his arms, comforting her with gentle pats on her shoulder.

"Susanna, it's not your fault. Don't blame yourself, and don't take it to heart. You've done nothing wrong

I Lenora. It's me who doesn't like her. It's me who wants to divorce her. Even without you, would still choose to leave her. My initial marriage to her was nothing more than a calculated move, just to appease my grandfather."

The sales guide stood to one side, feeling somewhat overwhelmed. The amount of information was a bit too much.

Upon reaching the next shop, Lenora realized that the black card in her pocket was missing.

The black card had just been used at the third clothing store, with only the jewelry store in

between.

Lenora asked Sophia to wait for a moment as she went back to retrieve the black card. As soon as she entered the shop, she heard Zachary saying, "Lenora... It's me who doesn't like her. It's me who wants to divorce her. Even without you, I would still divorce her. The only reason I married her in the first place was because I was to appease my grandfather."

In an instant, Lenora felt as if she had plunged into an ice cellar, a bone-chilling cold enveloping her entire body, causing her to tremble uncontrollably.

Lenora stood still, as motionless as an ice sculpture.

Susanna glanced at Lenora, asking, "Is that true? You don't love her, and you love me?"

"Yes, I don't love her. I love you."

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A look of embarrassed amusement appeared on the salesperson's face.

Just a moment ago, she discovered that the information was somewhat overwhelming. Who would have known that the woman, who was suspected to be the original wife, had returned once again, standing motionless at the same spot? She was about to step forward to remind her when she heard two sentences from behind. For a moment, she was unsure whether to remind her or not.

I don't love her. I love you.

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Lenora had known all along that Zachary did not love her but was in love with Susanna.

At this moment, when she heard Zachary speak it himself, her heart ached so intensely. It felt as if it was being torn apart wildly, shattered into pieces, scattered all over the ground, bleeding profusely. Zachary once said that he would get the divorce certificate as soon as he returned from his business trip.

After returning from his business trip, he didn't mention it, nor did Lenora.

In her heart, she wished to prolong their marriage even further, hoping that Zachary would never remember.

Still, fantasies were, after all, just fantasies.

Zachary couldn't remember at the moment; perhaps he had forgotten, but he would eventually recall they still had to take that step.

She once fantasized about Zachary liking her if Susanna wasn't in the picture.

Now she had the answer in her heart.

Even without Susanna, Zachary would not have liked her.

Another salesperson stepped forward, who wasn't entirely aware of the situation. "Madam, you're here for a card, aren't you? When I saw you approaching the door earlier, a card fell. I picked it up for you." The salesperson returned the card to Lenora.

Lenora took it. Turning to the salesperson, she expressed her gratitude, "Thank you."

Lenora turned around, pushed the door open, and walked out.

Upon hearing the sound, Zachary looked over, only to see the retreating figure of Lenora. Her back was turned, leaving an image of solitude and determination.

He suddenly felt a sense of unease in his heart.

"Zack, what are you looking at?"

Nothing." Zachary shook his head as he averted his

gaze.

Holding the black card in her icy-cold hand, Lenora took a deep breath and approached Sophia. "Soph, let's go. We can stroll around somewhere else."

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The two of them took another stroll around the fourth floor, purchasing bags and jewelry.

After a tiring stroll, the two found a restaurant on the fifth floor to have a meal. After eating, they went up to the sixth floor to watch a movie. Once the movie ended, they continued their leisurely exploration until five in the afternoon, after which they went to have dinner together.

For dinner, as per Sophia's request, they had barbecue.

Somehow, when Lenora was dipping the meat slices, she became lost in thought. The sauce splashed onto her hand, but it was as if she couldn't feel the pain.

"Nora, Nora. Oh dear, how could you be so careless?" Sophia anxiously grabbed a stack of napkins, quickly wiping clean Lenora.

A burn left a patch of red on the back of her fair hand.

"Does it hurt? Is it serious? Do you want to go to the hospital to have it checked?"

Lenora shook her head with a smile. "It's all right. I'll be fine once I apply some ointment when I get home."

Sophia muttered, "What's going on with you? How could you get burnt by this?"

"I was lost in thought just now, contemplating some matters. I'm going to freshen up in the

restroom."

Lenora gently rinsed the scalded area with cool water.

She turned off the faucet, and only then did she notice in the mirror that someone had silently appeared beside her.

Lenora walked past her, moving forward.

"Lenora, I'd like to have a chat with you about Zack," Susanna said with a smile.

"What would you like to discuss? You lead the conversation," Lenora said, her expression neutral.

"Let's talk about Zack. Actually, it was only a few days ago that I found out he had already married you."

So, you're planning to leave him?" Lenora asked with a light chuckle.

She didn't believe Susanna's words, having just found out that she had married Zachary.

From the very beginning of their collaboration, Yelena had been targeting her. The

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provocation was clear.

They were collaborators, and acting in such a manner did not benefit Yelena.

Unless there were more significant interests at stake.

Susanna's face stiffened.

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"So you never intended to leave him, then what did you plan to discuss with me? To tell me to get lost?"

Susanna calmed down, gave a slight smile, and said, "Lenora, don't be so sharp. The relationship between Zack and I can't be summed up in just a sentence or two."

Lenora smiled faintly. "I really don't want to know about the matters between you two."

"No. It's not that you don't want to. It's that you're too afraid. Lenora, admit it, you're just too scared to face the relationship between Zack and me. You look up to him while he and I are equals. We've walked through college together, matured from innocence together, and faced hardships together. That sense of destiny, tightly interwoven, is something you could never understand."

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Chapter 42 Truly Ruthless

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Lenora clutched the edge of her clothes tightly, a wave of bitterness washing over her heart.

Susanna was right; she was looking up at Zachary

When she first entered the Fuller family, she could only take advantage of Zachary's visits to the Fuller residence. Standing by the table, she would steal a few glances at him, and that alone would fill her heart with contentment.

And at that time, standing by his side, dignified and upright, was Susanna.

"Later on, due to certain circumstances, I had no choice but to leave, to break up with him. You probably didn't expect this, but it was I who initiated the breakup. He was always reluctant, though, and you may have noticed that he would go on a business trip every July. In reality, he was coming to see me because that was the season when we first met."

Lengra held her breath, her mind momentarily blank.

Her heart was trembling. Search the (f)indNOVEL.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

She was reluctant to acknowledge the words spoken by Susanna. She wanted to say that it wasn't the case, but she found herself unable to refute it.

She knew that what Susanna said was true.

From the first year of their marriage, Zachary would take a business trip every July for an unusually long duration.

She initially thought they had just gotten in touch, but it turned out... they had been in contact for quite some time!

He was truly a man of deep affection. Every year, he would go to see his old lover. After returning from abroad, he would effortlessly resume his role as her dutiful husband... Zachary, you truly are ruthless!

In this three-year marriage, what am she considered?

She felt like a clown. Her marriage, what she thought were the best three years of her life, were all lies, a deception.

"Your wedding anniversary is in September, on the twentieth. Actually, that day is my hday. Susanna's words came like Hades from hell.

Lenora simply couldn't believe it. "No... It can't be..."

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Chapter 42 Truly Ruthless

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"What's so impossible about that? Why don't you ask Zack yourself?" Susanna mocked with at laugh.

Lenora felt a chill coursing through her entire body, as if she had fallen into an ice cellar. The cold was so intense that her teeth chattered. She clenched her fists tightly, her fingers digging into the flesh of her palms, yet she felt no pain at all.

Her wedding anniversary, astonishingly, coincided with her romantic rival's birthday.

This is truly hilarious! Absolutely hilarious!

She still remembered; it was Zachary who had chosen this day.

He said that he had specifically consulted an expert, and that day was an auspicious one.

So that's how it is... So that's how it is....

-No wonder every year on their wedding anniversary, he would drink so much, his emotions running deep.

She initially thought he had feelings for her.

The truth was, on their wedding anniversary, he was thinking about another woman!

She had genuinely believed that they had once been happy together, only to realize that she had been naively led around in circles.

Lenora began to laugh.

"Why are you laughing?" Susanna's face stiffened.

"I'm laughing... I'm laughing at you." Lenora looked up at her. "You came to tell me all this, isn't it just to make me back down? It's a pity that as long as I don't divorce Zachary, you'll always be the other woman. Even if we do divorce, you'll still be the other woman. I advise you not to provoke me, or else I have a thousand ways to crush you, ensuring you'll never

recover."

Susanna's smile froze on her face. "Lenora, what's the point of clinging onto Zack like this? He won't even spare you a second glance! If you have any shred of dignity left, you should divorce him as soon as possible!"

With a faint smile on her cool face, Lenora said, "Speak up. Speak louder. Let everyone in the restaurant hear you. Let them all see what kind of person the big star Susanna really is!"

Susanna fell silent, her eyes glaring resentfully at Lenora.

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"Ms. Carston, is there anything else you wish to say? If not, I'll take my leave now."

After speaking, Lenora was the first to leave the restroom.

However, she did not return to her seat.

Lenora aimlessly wandered through the mall.

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On the road, she encountered many couples. Some were hand in hand, chatting and laughing, while others were engaged in arguments. Some walked forward hand in hand, silent. However, they appeared so vivid, so real.

Unlike her, the cherished three-year marriage she once had turned out to be nothing more than a carefully crafted lie by someone else. It was all fake.

Precisely because it was a facade, she was able to cover all bases.

-Lenora felt a deep pain in her heart, so intense that it left her gasping for breath.

The phone rang; it was a call from Sophia.

Lenora answered the call, "Hello, Soph. I just ran into an acquaintance and had a brief chat. I'll be home soon."

She switched off her phone, laboriously lifting her steps, and returned to her seat in the restaurant.

She saw the items purchased next to the seat, all of which were bought using Zachary's black card.

"Soph, after eating, I want to go back and return all these clothes."

"Return? But why would you return them?" Sophia asked, puzzled.

"Actually, this black card isn't mine. It belongs to a family member. I'm afraid of spending their money and them finding out, so I'd better return it." "All right. Then I'll go back with you."

Upon witnessing Lenora's generous gesture, the counter staff were extremely polite, promptly processing her return and refund.

After issuing the refund, Lenora took out another card of her own and purchased the clothes again.

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+10 Free Colna

Sophia couldn't help but complain, "You're such bother. Wouldn't it be easier to just transfer the money to them another day?"

Lenora gave a small laugh but didn't say anything.

Subsequently, the two bid each other farewell.

At this point, it was already nearing seven o'clock.

After some thought, Lenora decided to take a taxi to the grand theater.

Since she had already promised Allison, she decided to treat it as the last time.

Of course, just because she went, it didn't necessarily mean that Zachary would go.

By the time she arrived at the grand theater, it was already nearing half past seven.

The hall was incredibly noisy, every seat filled with people.

Lenora's seat was at the front. She walked up and settled into her designated spot, the seat next to her remaining vacant.

At half past seven, the lights in the hall dimmed, leaving only the stage lights on.

The audience, too, had quieted down, leaving behind only a few barely audible whispers.

The host took the stage and delivered an opening speech, announcing the commencement of the dance.

Lenora glanced at the empty seat beside him, blinking her eyes.

As expected, he didn't come.

This vacant spot had become Lenora's place to store her belongings.

At first, Lenora was somewhat restless in her heart. However, as time passed, she gradually became captivated by the actors on stage, completely engrossed in the play.

At some unknown hour, a man suddenly passed by right before her eyes.

Lenora tilted her head slightly, continuing to watch the stage. What's the matter with this person? They're late and even blocking people's view. Don't they know to bend down while walking? How rude.

Immediately following, the man bent slightly at the waist and came to a stop next to Lenora.

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He moved everything from the seat next to him onto the ground and sat down.

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The moment the man touched her belongings, Lenora immediately covered her own items and rebuked, "What are you doing?"

After reprimanding, Lenora noticed it was Zachary and was taken aback for a moment.

The surrounding audience watched her, and so did Zachary.

Lenora quickly helped to place the items on the ground, making room for Zachary to sit down.

The audience continued to watch the stage performance.

Zachary leaned toward Lenora, lowering his voice to say, "I'm sorry. I arrived late."

"Don't speak. Just watch the performance," Lenora said emotionlessly, pointing toward the

stage.

Zachary didn't say anything. He just looked up toward the stage.

Around half past nine, the dance concluded.

All the performers returned to the stage, bowing to the audience.

A round of applause echoed from below the stage.

Some fans of the dance performers had even prepared bouquets to present on stage.

Most of the audience had already left their seats.

Lenora picked up several paper bags from the ground, stood up, and left with the other spectators.

Zachary took the paper bag from her hands on his own initiative. "Let's

1. go.

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hapter 43 Deceived Her For Three Years

Chapter 43 Deceived Her For Three Years #10 Free Coins

The driver had parked the car outside, and Lenora had moved to one side to get into the back seat. She looked out at the night view through the car window, remaining silent throughout the journey.

The driver focused intently on the road ahead as he drove.

Outside, the clamor and the blare of horns were incessant, creating a stark contrast with the tranquility inside the vehicle.

Zachary looked at Lenora, whose expression was slightly dimmed, and asked, "Why did you return and repurchase with the card I gave you, especially since you've already used it?"

Later, he received another text message on his phone. It was a notification that all the previous deductions had been fully refunded. However, she still had all those goods in her possession, which meant she had essentially repurchased them with her own money. Lenora continued to gaze out the window, not turning back. "If I want to spend, I spend. If I don't want to, I won't. It has nothing to do with you."

"Are you angry because I went shopping with Susanna?"

"Haven't you done enough for Susanna? It was just a stroll around town. Why would I be angry?"

A smirk of mockery appeared on Lenora's face as she leaned back in her chair, closing her eyes momentarily.

"What happened to you, then?"

What happened to me?

She also wanted to know what had happened to her.

She felt weary deep within, hollow, unable to muster enthusiasm for anything.

Just like a machine that had lost its power and stopped running, the mobile phone had run out of battery and shut down.

In the past, she could deceive herself, believing that during their three years of marriage, Zachary did harbor feelings for her.

However, now, when she saw Zachary, Susanna's words would surface in her mind.

She yearned to ask him, if he was so fond of Susanna and couldn't forget Susanna, why did

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he marry her?

+10 Free Point

"What happened to your hand?" Zachary suddenly noticed a red patch on the back of Lenora's hand.

"I got scalded while eating."

"Why not get it checked out? Leroy, go to the hospital."

Lenora opened her eyes to look at him, her gaze filled with concern. For some reason, she found it incredibly ironic. She forcefully withdrew her hand. "No need. It's not a big issue."

In the past, whenever she saw him in this state, her heart would soften.

Now she really wanted to laugh. He was truly a great actor.

He acted so convincingly, deceiving her for three years.

"Lenora, it's okay to be angry, but don't jeopardize your health as a joke."

"I wasn't angry, nor was I joking." Lenora leaned back in her chair again and closed her eyes.

Zachary's expression was serious as he looked deeply at Lenora, who remained indifferent and aloof. "Lenora, do you really have to be like this?" he asked.

"What's wrong with me?" Lenora opened one eye, raising an eyebrow at him. "I simply don't heed your concern. Isn't that what you wanted? You don't have to exhaust yourself pretending to be a good husband for my sake." Zachary's face grew increasingly grim. "Lenora, what exactly are you trying to say?"

"What am I saying that you don't understand? Don't you understand what you've done yourself? Do I really need to spell it out for you?"

"What have I done for you to accuse me of such a crime?"

"What have you done?" Lenora chuckled. "Do you still remember when our wedding anniversary is?"

Zachary paused for a moment, then replied, "September twentieth."

"Why are you feeling guilty?"*

Zachary remained silent.

Lenora said with a smile, "I just found out too that September twentieth is Susanna's birthday. You truly have deep feelings for her, even using our anniversary to remember her."

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As she spoke, a sour sensation welled up in Lenora's nose, and a wave of bitterness surged in her throat, overwhelming her to the point of tears.

She held back her emotions and asked, "Every year, you take a business trip in July for at least half a month. What is it that you do?"

The car's interior fell silent, the driver not daring to let out a single breath.

Seeing Zachary remain silent, Lenora suddenly roared in anger, "Speak! Explain! Why aren't you explaining?"

He was at a loss for words, not even willing to lie to comfort her.

"Feeling guilty, are you? Afraid to admit it, are you?" Lenora interrogated word by word.

"If you loved her so much, why didn't you wait for her? Why did you choose to marry me? It's not like you couldn't live without me. Why did you have to demean me like this? You don't even treat me like a human being!" Lenora shouted angrily, tears streaming down her face, her entire body trembling. Ever since her father passed away, she never cried in front of others again.

Her heart was tender, filled with self-doubt and sensitivity, which was why she had grown accustomed to building a sturdy shell around herself when out in the world.

She was just an ordinary person, adopted by the Fuller family due to a stroke of luck. Yet, this led her to live in constant fear and trepidation, treading carefully and observing every word and action.

The Fuller family looked down on her. Apart from her grandparents, only Zachary would show her some kindness. Sometimes, Lenora would think even if he didn't love her, he must have had some feelings for her..

But she was mistaken. She was terribly wrong.

If he truly harbored some affection for her, he would never have treated her this

way.

To him, she was even less than a stranger.

He was just like those people, even more indifferent than them by a large margin. However, he hid his emotions deep within, displaying only politeness on the surface, which left her utterly bewildered. The inside of the car was as quiet as if it were empty.

After a long silence, Zachary took a deep breath, looking at Lenora, whose face was streaming with tears. His heart felt as if it was being tightly clenched by someone. In a deep voice, he

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said, "I'm very sorry."

Again, he apologized. No matter what happened, all he would

ay was sorry.

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"What else can you say besides apologizing? Zachary, I've just realized your heart is made of stone!"

Overwhelmed by a wave of mixed emotions, Lenora was in deep distress. She was panting heavily, reaching up to wipe the tears streaming down her face.

"I will compensate you."

Lenora started to laugh. "Haha, compensation. Always compensation. How do you plan to compensate me? By not divorcing me or by letting me resign and leave this place? What I want, you simply cannot give. So, what will you use to compensate me?" Zachary fell silent once again.

Lenora didn't want to say anything more. She took a deep breath, calming her emotions, "I don't want to talk to you right now."

Zachary remained silent, his eyebrows slightly furrowed and his eyes dark and dull.

The car fell silent, the atmosphere heavy and oppressive.

The driver didn't even dare to glance at the rearview mirror.

The car drove into the mansion and came to a stop in the courtyard.

Lenora stepped out of the car, retrieving her spoils of the day from the trunk before entering the mansion.

Zachary trailed behind her, watching her efficient silhouette. He paused for a moment before catching up.

Lenora went straight back to her room while Zachary lingered at the staircase for a while before heading to the study to deal with some work.

However, his work efficiency was particularly low that night. He spent half an hour on a document and still couldn't finish it.

Every now and then, his mind would wander, his thoughts emptying out without any clear idea of what he was pondering.

Time had flown by so quickly that when he looked up, it was already past eleven.

Zachary set down the documents and returned to his room. Looking at the somewhat empty

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master bedroom, he felt a certain emptiness in his heart as well. Perhaps it was because they had lived together for three years, and the sudden separation was somewhat hard to adapt to. Without meaning to, Zachary glanced over and noticed that there were additional items on

the table.

It was that black card, returned just as it was.

There was also a note on top, handwritten with a message: Remember to pick up the divorce certificate on Monday.

Zachary swallowed hard, his fingers slightly tightening around the black card.

Somehow, he found himself standing at the entrance of the pleasantly cool room. He lifted his arm and hesitated for a moment before finally knocking on the door.

With semi-dry hair, Lenora came to open the door. Upon seeing Zachary, she asked nonchalantly, "Is there something you need?"

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Chapter 44 Let Us Have A Child

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"The divorce agreement... I'd like to discuss it with you again. Please come to the study."

"All right."

Lenora put the towel back in its place, followed Zachary out, and closed the door behind them as they entered the study.

Zachary found the original electronic version of the divorce agreement. He added a few new clauses and then moved aside from the screen, inviting Lenora over. "Come and see the new content I've added."

Lenora leaned forward, one hand propped on the table, her gaze fixed on the few lines of text highlighted in red on the screen.

The first new rule added was that both parties could divorce but not leave the home. After receiving the divorce certificate, they still needed to live together in the Galaxy Bay mansion.

The woman was required to assist the man in concealing the truth from his elders. Moreover, when necessary, they would play the part of a married couple at the old house, showing respect to the elderly until the elders found out about their divorce.

The second rule was that both parties, male and female, must not discuss their past marriage) and divorce in public.

The third condition was that when both parties were residing together in the Galaxy Bay mansion, neither party was permitted to bring other men or women to stay overnight in the mansion.

Another change occurred in the division of property.

Originally, Lenora would receive twenty million, two mansions, and two luxury cars.

Now, it had changed to fifty million, two villas, and two luxury cars.

Lenora carefully read through the newly added clauses. "I have an objection to the first one. The agreement states that we must continue to live in the Galaxy Bay mansion until our grandparents learn about our divorce. If they never find out, wouldn't we be stuck living in the Galaxy Bay mansion forever? Moreover, you wouldn't be able to openly be with Susanna, so what's the point of the divorce?"

"It could be limited by time.

Lenora calculated the time and said, "Two months. Within two months of the divorce, we must let our grandparents know about our separation. After two months, we can move

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anywhere we want and part ways for good."

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If there had been more time, her pregnancy would have become noticeable, revealing her

secret.

A glint passed over Zachary's eyes. "All right."

For two months, she had been so eager to leave this place.

She must have hated him to the core, right?

Lenora pointed at the divided property and said "The original arrangement is fine. There's no need for so much."

"The promise I made to you, I failed to keep. Let me make it up to you from here."

Zachary insisted, and Lenora didn't argue with him about it. She just wanted to finalize the divorce agreement as soon as possible.

-After both parties had confirmed, Zachary reprinted two copies of the divorce agreement.

The two individuals sequentially signed the divorce agreement.

Then they held on to one each.

"All right." Lenora neatly signed her name without any hesitation, picked up her copy, and said, "If there's nothing else, I'll be going now. Remember to pick up the divorce certificate on Monday." "Um," Zachary responded softly.

Lenora, clutching the divorce agreement, swiftly returned to her room. She shut the door, leaned against it, and in an instant, her strength left her, and she slid down to the floor.

Her fingers trembled as she clutched her chest tightly. The heartache was so intense it nearly suffocated her.

She had loved him for ten years. How could she possibly stop loving him just by saying she didn't?

It was indeed time for a divorce, and after the divorce, they would have nothing to do with

each other.

They had been husband and wife for three years, not a particularly long or short time. Yet, there always seemed to be a lack of fate between them.

While there were still some feelings left, it was better to end it early, allowing these three.

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years of marriage to become a beautiful memory.

+10 Free Coins

Instead of waiting until it was too late, what remained was resentment and blame when they reflected on the marriage. Lenora was suffering from insomnia.

She lay in bed, tossing and turning, as scenes from the past three years continuously surfaced in her mind.

His gentleness, his intelligence, his thoughtfulness, his romance, his passion, his wildness, and even his indifference.

Lenora still remembered it; it was the anniversary celebration of the Fuller family.

She took a sip from the glass of wine handed to her by a stranger, her head spinning and throbbing. She then retreated to the upstairs hotel to rest.

In her daze, a muscular arm was draped across her waist, pinning her beneath him.

Only a few scattered images remained in her mind that night, alluringly vivid.

Somehow, Gerald came to know about their affair. He sought them out individually to discuss the matter, and ultimately, he arrived at a solution that was quite fitting for the time. He suggested that they should get married. They didn't hold a wedding ceremony. Instead, they simply had a meal with the Fuller family at the Fuller residence, and afterward, they went to collect their marriage certificate.

She then became Zachary's wife.

Back then, no one knew just how happy she was inside.

She married the man she loved.

She married the man she had loved for several years.

He was so dazzling that all she could do was look up to him.

Before they got married, their interactions were quite limited. Whenever Lenora saw him, she could only muster a greeting from the sidelines.

He would gently utter a "hmm," sometimes merely nodding at her. On a few occasions, he would follow his "hmm" with a question, "How is Nora doing in school now?"

This question seemed like one posed between distant relatives to alleviate awkwardness, yet it had warmed Lenora's heart and sweetened her mood for several days.

3/5

Chapter 44 Let Us Have A Child

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She was so engrossed in her studies that she often forgot to eat. Initially, she hoped to catch his attention through her diligence. Later, her desire evolved into wanting to walk beside him openly and proudly.

She loved him like a moth to a flame, yearning to chase the radiance of the sun and moon. She was well aware of the thousand mountains and rivers that lay ahead, aware

that it was a path leading to a dead end. Yet, she journeyed relentlessly, vowing never to turn back, even if it meant hitting a wall.

After their marriage, she continued to tread lightly, fearing that he might grow to despise her.

Zachary was very tolerant toward her, gently leading by example to teach her the ways of marital harmony. As they grew more familiar with each other, their life together became increasingly sweet.

It was a sweet time for her back then.

Looking back now, he had subtly expressed his stance in certain matters without making a

sound.

After their marriage, he consistently bought condoms for their home.

A year after their marriage, Lenora felt that their life had finally settled down. After a moment of intimacy, she nestled in his arms and said, "Zack, let's have a child."

His demeanor suddenly turned cold. "Now is not the time."

Lenora had yet to realize. "When would be the right time?"

"We'll talk about it later. Be good." He patted her head and got out of bed to take a shower.

As she looked back now, it seemed he had never considered having children with her.

In this world, only Susanna could bear his child.

If she had looked into his eyes at that time, she would have discovered a chilling coldness in their depths, devoid of any warmth.

Three years passed in the blink of an eye, like a silent movie with an audience of only her.

She still hadn't warmed up to him.

His heart was never moved by her.

She could only bid farewell with a smile..

Chapter 44 Let Us Have A Child

The past has turned into nothingness, just like a dream.

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Zachary, after we part ways, may the breeze still be gentle. May you marry a graceful woman as delicate as a willow, and may you once again encounter a good fate in this life, growing old together. Resolving grudges and untangling misunderstandings, let's not harbor hatred toward each other. After parting ways, we both found relief, each finding our own joy.

The difficulty of forgetting vanished like smoke in the clouds.

Suddenly, the ringtone of the mobile phone echoed.

Lenora jolted awake from her dream, only then realizing that she had unknowingly fallen asleep. She turned her gaze toward the illuminated screen of her mobile phone.

It was past three in the early morning.

Michael was calling her.

Lenora pressed the answer button. "Hello, Michael?"

"It's me. Come and take Zachary away."

"Zachary? Isn't he at home?"

"He came looking for me to drink at one in the morning," Michael said through gritted teeth, "Who knows if he's suffering from some serious illness?"

Lenora hesitated. "Can't you bring him over?"

"He wouldn't leave. I tried, but he insisted on staying here to drink."

Lenora gazed out into the pitch-black night. At that moment, the emotions she had just experienced in her dream were completely swept away by the wind. This troublemaker!

Why go out to drink so late at night? Can't he just drink at home?

Stay Away 45

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Chapter 45 She Was Not The Wife He Envisioned

Chapter 45 She Was Not The Wife He Envisioned

+10 Free Cons

Left with no other choice, Lenora put on her clothes and drove to the address Michael had given her. With familiar ease, she navigated her way to the private room and pushed the door open.

Two people were seated on the couch. One was Michael, and the other was Zachary.

Leaning against the back of the couch, Michael lit a cigarette.

Zachary sat on the couch, leaning against the backrest, his eyes closed in rest. In his hand, he still held a wine glass, half-filled with wine.

Upon hearing the sound of the door opening, he briefly opened his eyes, only to close them again.

Countless bottles of liquor were strewn haphazardly across the ground.

Lenora frowned deeply. "He couldn't have drunk all of this, could he?"

Michael nodded solemnly. "Yes, it was all him."

"Zack."

Lenora called out to him, then walked toward the couch, taking the wine glass from his hand and placing it on the table.

Zachary opened his eyes, his gaze as dark as pitch, staring straight at her without uttering a

word.

Lenora locked eyes with him, somewhat uncertain whether he was truly drunk or not.

"It's too late. Go home and rest."

Zachary raised his hand to rub his brow. As he stood up from the couch, his figure suddenly swayed.

Lenora immediately stepped forward to support him. "Can you still walk?"

"Sure."

Zachary's hoarse voice echoed as he brushed away Lenora's hand, staggering forward alone. Lenora caught up. Turning to Michael, she said, "Goodbye. Thank you for tonight, Michael." Lenora walked beside Zachary, constantly keeping an eye on him to prevent him from

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Chapter 45 She Was Not The Wife He Envisioned

falling.

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Walking beside him, Lenora could smell a strong scent of alcohol emanating from him, unsure of how much he had drunk.

Despite his rare state of inebriation, he still managed to press the button for the basement in the elevator.

Upon reaching the garage, Lenora led the way, looking back at Zachary. "The car is over here."

Zachary, with eyes as deep as ink, watched Lenora intently, slowly following behind her.

With a practiced ease, Lenora opened the driver's side door and fastened her seatbelt. Turning to Zachary in the back seat, he said, "If you're tired, feel free to take a nap."

"All right," Zachary responded nonchalantly. As he leaned back in his chair, his eyes closed in restful meditation.

Lenora started the car and drove back to the mansion.

The car had already come to a stop. She glanced at Zachary through the rearview mirror, but Zachary showed no reaction.

Lenora switched on the car's interior light and turned to look back.

Zachary was seen leaning against the back of the chair, his eyes tightly shut, breathing evenly.

He had fallen asleep..

Lenora watched him from a distance, observing his sleeping face. His features were sharply defined, as if sculpted, with his closed eyes drawing a long line of eyelashes.

His full brow bone cast a sharp shadow in the hollows of his eyes. Unsure of what he had dreamed, his brows furrowed slightly,

Lenora turned her head and leaned against the back of the chair. She was certain that she couldn't move Zachary by herself.

The only option was to wake Zachary up.

Lenora unbuckled her seatbelt, stepped out from the driver's side door, and opened the backseat door. Bending over, she patted Zachary's shoulder. "Wake up, Zachary. Wake up."

Zachary opened his eyes in a daze, and Lenora said, "We're home. Go up and sleep."

Zachary rubbed his eyes, then nodded.

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Chapter 45 She Was Not The Wife He Envisioned

The two of them ascended the stairs one after the other.

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"

Lenora saw that he was still relatively sober, so she didn't bother with him any further. She walked straight into her room, about to close the door, when she noticed Zachary had followed her in. Squinting his eyes, he bypassed Lenora, walked straight to the bed, flopped down, closed his eyes, and fell asleep.

Lenora was rendered speechless.

Lenora wordlessly shook her head, helped him remove his shoes and socks, and casually pulled a blanket over him.

As soon as she approached, the overpowering smell of alcohol hit her. Lenora pinched her nose and stepped back, intending to sleep in another guest room. Suddenly, Zachary grabbed her wrist. His eyes remained closed, and he was mumbling something under his breath.

Lenora struggled a bit but couldn't break free. So, she leaned closer to Zachary's mouth, wanting to hear what he was saying.

-Wifey..."

Lenora's face turned pale.

She had been married to Zachary for three years, yet he had never once called her "Wifey." Instead, he would either call her "Nora" or "Lenora."

She was not the wife he envisioned in his heart.

The woman he envisioned as his wife was... Susanna.

Lenora found herself somewhat ridiculous. In the dead of night, she had crawled out of her bed to bring Zachary back from outside. Yet, the moment he closed his eyes, he started. calling out for Susanna in his dreams.

She shouldn't have bothered about him. She should have just let him drink himself to death outside!

Lenora forcefully pulled away from Zachary's grasp, grabbed a new quilt, and went to sleep in another guest room.

After she left, Zachary continued to murmur softly, "Nora... Wifey..."

In the quiet depths of the night, two topics suddenly descended like thunderbolts on a clear day, instantly shooting up the trending list and sparking heated discussions among netizens.

The glaring sunlight filtered through the window, casting its rays on Zachary's face. He lifted

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Chapter 45 She Was Not The Wife He Envisioned

his hand to shield his eyes, slowly opening them in a daze.

His head was throbbing so intensely. It felt as if i was about to explode.

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He closed his eyes and rubbed his forehead, taking a moment to collect himself. As he sat up, he realized that he hadn't been sleeping in the master bedroom but rather in a room that was comfortably cool. Lenora was not in the room, and the other half of the bed was neatly made, clearly untouched as if no one had slept there.

Zachary put on his shoes and went out, first returning to the master bedroom to take a bath and freshen up.

After he had changed his clothes and came down from upstairs, he reached into his pocket and suddenly realized that he didn't seem to have seen his own cell phone.

Zachary returned to the cool room and searched but still couldn't find his phone.

He struggled to recall the events of the previous night, estimating that he either left it in the car or it was left behind in the private room.

Zachary went downstairs to look for his phone in the car, and indeed, he found a phone. However, it wasn't his phone; it was Lenora's.

He picked it up and headed toward the living room just as the ringtone of Lenora's phone. echoed.

Zachary glanced at the screen. The incoming call displayed was from her assistant.

He answered the call, and immediately, an anxious voice came through the receiver. "Ms. Wilkin, you've finally picked up! You need to check the trending news quickly." Zachary raised an eyebrow. "What's up with the trending news?"

The assistant jumped in surprise. "Mr. Fuller... Mr. Fuller, why is it you? Please, take a look for yourself. You and Ms. Wilkin have been photographed."

Zachary hung up the phone.

The young assistant patted his chest, scaring him to death.

However, how did Ms. Wilkin's phone end up in Mr. Fuller's hands? Could the trending news be true?

Previously, Lenora's phone lock screen password was his birthday. He wasn't sure if it was still the same now.

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Chapter 45 She Was Not The Wife He Envisioned

Zachary gave it a try, and indeed, it opened.

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A flurry of missed calls and news notifications from various platforms came pouring in.

Zachary cleared the message notifications, found Twitter, and opened the trending page.

The top search term directly related to him was: Zachary's affair.

When he clicked on the page, the first thing that came into view was a post by a prominent verified blogger: Just a few days ago, Zachary was deeply involved with Susanna, but now he's seen spending the night with a beautiful woman. What do you all think? Below were nine accompanying illustrations.

The first four illustrations were photos of Lenora and Zachary watching a ballet at the grand theater. The shots were taken from an angle behind and to the side of Lenora and Zachary's seats. Zachary's profile was captured clearly, while Lenora's side face was not as distinct.

The fifth image was a moving picture, showing Lenora and Zachary leaving together after the dance had ended. Zachary was even seen carrying things for Lenora.

The following four images were snapshots from the surveillance footage of the club's garage. At three in the morning, Lenora and Zachary had sequentially entered the same car, and Zachary appeared to be drunk.

Although they weren't caught spending the night together, emerging tipsy from the club at three in the morning certainly didn't paint a picture of innocence.

Stay Away 46

Chapter 46 Manifestation Of Guilt +10 Free Coins

Top comment in the comment section: No way, o way! Can there really be people who believe that the young master from the Fuller family is pure and innocent? Do they really think he's like the male lead in a novel? He's been having a great time. It's just that nothing has been exposed yet.

The comment section was a mixed bag, filled with Zachary's fans defending him and Susanna's fans distancing her from Zachary. Onlookers were merely enjoying the drama, while the haters held on relentlessly. Below, there was another trending search term: Lenora.

The incident exploded last night. After several hours of diligent effort, netizens had already dug up the Twitter account of Lenora, Zachary's alleged affair partner. They compared the photos previously posted on Lenora's private Twitter, and the clothes were identical. Moreover, the past grudges and gratitude between Lenora and Susanna

were well-known. Many netizens were already aware that she was the director of the MQ brand and the adopted daughter of Gerald.

Beneath the revealing and insightful post, the comments were polarized.

On one hand, some bystanders and Susanna's detractors believed that since Lenora was the adopted daughter of the vice chairman, she could be considered Zachary's childhood friend. They speculated that perhaps Susanna was the one interfering in their relationship, playing, the role of the third party. Alternatively, they suggested that Lenora and Zachary might simply have a platonic sibling-like relationship, which the media had taken out of context.

Some passersby, as well as fans of Susanna, believed that Lenora had intentionally come between Zachary and Susanna. They used the previous incident involving makeup to argue that Lenora was deliberately targeting Susanna.

Lenora's Twitter was quickly overrun. This time, it was much worse than the last.

The number of responses under the latest Twitter post surged from double digits to triple, then quadruple digits. The fan base was growing, and so were the private messages.

Zachary immediately used his phone to call Miles, his assistant, instructing him to quickly suppress the trending search.

Not long after, Miles returned the call. "Mr. Fuller, we're already suppressing the trending search. However, it seems someone deliberately leaked this news at night, catching everyone off guard. Even if we suppress it now, the matter has already escalated." "Just do your best to suppress it."

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Chapter 46 Manifestation Of Guilt

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+10 Free Coins "Noted."

After hanging up the phone, Zachary scrolled through the comments under Lenora's Twitter post. They were overwhelmingly filled with accusations of him being a homewrecker, calls for apologies, and the like. Only a very few spoke up in defense of Lenora. There were also private messages, a screen full of ruthless curses involving her parents, children, ancestors, and even organs, filled with all sorts of vulgar phrases.

It was simply unbearable to look at.

With a look of innate disgust, Zachary directly helped Lenora to turn off private messages and comments from strangers.

However, turning off the comments without responding only lowered the heat of the search. Also, it was seen as a sign of guilt in the eyes of the netizens.

Zachary once again urged Miles to suppress the trending search, and called the club, asking them to bring over the mobile phone.

The clientele of the club were either rich or noble. When they found a cell phone in the private room, they dared not keep it for themselves. They quickly turned in the phone.

The young man who delivered the phone also said to Zachary, "Mr. Fuller, your phone rang several times when I arrived. It seems like there's something urgent. You should probably return the call as soon as possible." Upon opening his phone, Zachary saw dozens of missed calls.

Calls had come in from Miles and other secretaries, as well as from the Public Relations department. Clearly, they had noticed the trending topic early on and wanted to notify Zachary, but no one had been answering. Yelena had also called Zachary several times.

Zachary was worried about the impact of the situation on Susanna, so he immediately called. Yelena back, "Ms. Wate, how is Susanna doing now?"

"Finally, I've managed to get in touch with you, Mr. Fuller. Susanna is not in a good state right now. She feels guilty for causing Ms. Wilkin to be labeled as the other woman. If I hadn't stopped her, she would have almost clarified the situation for Ms. Wilkin on Twitter. Mr. Fuller, Susanna is my artist. I have to consider her interests. I can't let her do this. Otherwise, her future will be ruined."

"I understand."

"I want to know how you plan to handle this matter, Mr. Fuller. I have a personal interest."

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Chapter 46 Manifestation Of Guilt

+10 Free Coins

hoping that this wouldn't affect Susanna. You had promised before, not to let Susanna bear the stigma of being the other woman. No response is the best response. Neither Mr. Fuller after a few days, this

nor Ms. Wilkin are insiders. They are just venting their frustrations,er Mr. Fuller matter will be forgotten."

"I have the same intention and have already arranged for people to suppress the trending topics, so it won't affect Susanna."

"I hope that you will keep to your words, Mr. Fuller. You still remember the matter of Stardust Entertainment, don't you? Just because you don't clarify things doesn't mean others won't."

Zachary understood what Yelena meant. "I will handle it."

Only a very few people knew about his marriage to Lenora. Most likely, only his grandparents could help clarify things for Lenora.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Fuller. Could you please check on Susanna? She's been extremely emotionally unstable lately."

"All right."

After hanging up the phone, Zachary called Miles, instructing him to keep a close eye on this matter and absolutely not allow any news of clarification to surface.

Once the matter was settled, he would personally explain it to his grandparents.

Zachary held Lenora's phone, intending to return it to her room. However, as he reached the door, a thought struck him, and he decided to keep Lenora's phone in his pocket instead. Upon reaching the living room downstairs, he said to the housekeeper, "Don't mention the news to Mrs. Fuller."

The events on the internet

were illusory. Those people were merely venting their pent-up frustrations. After a few days, the rhythm would have passed.

Miranda hesitated, "If Mrs. Fuller happened to see the news herself..."

"You needn't worry about this. As long as you keep it from her."

Miranda could only nod in agreement.

Only then did Zachary go to the car to see Susanna.

Upon waking, Lenora instinctively reached for his phone next to her pillow, but her hand met only air on her first two attempts.

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Chapter 46 Manifestation Of Guilt

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She opened her eyes, stretched lazily, and propped herself up to search for her phone beside the pillow, but she couldn't find it, no matter how hard she tried.

Lenora held her forehead, reflecting on the events of the previous night.

When she went to pick up Zachary, she brought her mobile phone. However, after returning, she went straight to sleep in the new guest room

Her phone was probably in the room she used to occupy.

With these thoughts in mind, Lenora got out of bed, washed up, and got dressed. She then went to her own room to look for her phone. There was no one in the room. She had no idea how long Zachary had been awake. The chill from the quilt had long since dissipated. Lenora searched everywhere on the bed, by the bedside, and all over the table, but still couldn't find her phone.

She even swung the quilt around twice.

She rubbed her head, thinking that if it wasn't in the room, it might have been left in the car or the private room.

Lenora went to her car to look for her phone again.

She searched every nook and cranny but still couldn't find it.

So, there was only one possibility now. She must have left her phone in the private room when she picked Zachary up.

She couldn't retrieve it in a short while, so Lenora went to have breakfast.

After breakfast, she drove to the club she had visited the day before. She went straight to the counter and asked, "Did anyone find a mobile phone in room 502?" "Miss, yes. We had it, but it has already been returned to its owner."

"Returned?" Lenora raised an eyebrow. "Are you sure you didn't make a mistake? I haven't received a cell phone."

The staff member specifically confirmed with a colleague. "Miss, we indeed have already returned it to Mr. Fuller and personally delivered it to his doorstep."

Lenora frowned. There was no need for the staff to tell such a lie.

It must have been Zachary who took her phone and placed it somewhere she hadn't noticed.

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Chapter 46 Manifestation Of Guilt

+10 Free Coins

Lenora drove home, searching thoroughly in the living room, but to no avail. She then proceeded to Zachary's study, scouring every corner, but still found nothing. She even checked the master bedroom, but there was simply no trace of her mobile phone to be found. It was truly bizarre.

Lenora used Miranda's phone to dial her own number. She wandered from upstairs to downstairs but didn't hear any ringtone. Left with no choice, she dialed Zachary's number again.

The phone rang over and over again until finally, in the last few seconds, someone answered, "Hello?"

A woman's voice came through the speaker.

Stay Away 47

Oh, it's you, Nora. Zack is currently cooking for me."

Chapter 47 The Difference Between Love And Not Loving Coins

+10 Free C

Chapter 47 The Difference Between Love And Not Loving

Upon hearing the words "cooking," Lenora paused for a moment.

In her mind, she just couldn't associate Zachary with cooking in any way.

"Nora, you might not know this, but Zachary's culinary skills are actually quite impressive. During his university days, he lived alone off-campus and honed his cooking skills. He often cooked meals for me."

Lenora knew that Susanna was deliberately speaking for her to hear, intentionally provoking her.

Lenora's heart was instantly pierced with pain.

A man who was willing to cook for the woman he liked surely loved her deeply.

However, in the three years since they got married, Zachary had never once cooked. Lenora didn't even know he could cook.

She had heard that cooking together could strengthen a couple's bond. Even though they had a housekeeper at home, Lenora would occasionally cook herself. However, Zachary had never once offered to help her. This was the difference between love and the lack of it.

Bearing the pain in her heart, Lenora said, "Give the phone to Zachary. I have something to ask him."

"What's the matter? I can ask for you."

The provocation was blatant, a barefaced challenge. She was still Zachary's wife at the time. Yet, she had to go through Susanna to ask Zachary any questions. Wasn't that absurd?

Even if Lenora was contemplating divorce at the moment, it was impossible for her to let Susanna take advantage of the situation.

"Give the phone to Zachary! I have something to ask him. I want to ask him directly!"

Susanna was about to say something when Lenora interrupted her abruptly, "This phone has an automatic recording feature. If you don't want me to play this recording for Zachary, hand over the phone to him." Susanna knew that Zachary would not break up with her over such a trivial matter, but she still wanted to maintain a good image in front of him. Thus, she could only take Zachary's phone with her to the kitchen.

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Chapter 47 The Difference Between Love And Not Loving

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+10 Free Coins

The phone had remained off the hook for over dozen seconds, then Susanna's voice came through the receiver again.

"Zack, Nora called for you."

"Could you hold this for me? I don't have a free hand right now. Did she mention anything?" Zachary's voice was somewhat indistinct.

"I asked her just now, but she didn't respond."

Zachary seemed to move closer to his phone. "Lenora, what's up?"

"Zachary, where is my phone?"

"It's with me."

"What are you doing with my phone?"

"I accidentally left my phone at the club. So I used your phone to contact someone at the club to deliver it. I was in such a hurry when I left that I carelessly took it with me. I'm sorry for the inconvenience." Susanna lowered her gaze, a shadow crossing her eyes. So, was Lenora unable to see the trending topics anymore?

Did Zachary carry Lenora's phone on his person by accident, as he claimed, or was it a deliberate act to prevent Lenora from seeing the trending news?

It was then that Lenora realized Zachary's phone had been left at the club. "Can you find someone to return my phone now?" she asked.

Zachary shook his head. "I'm afraid it won't work."

"Where are you now? I'll send someone to pick it up."

"I'm at Susanna's house at the moment, but we are planning to leave shortly."

"Leave the phone at the door."

"There's nothing at the door. Someone might take it."

"Can you hand over the phone to the security guard at Susanna's residential area?"

"No, when I came today, I noticed the guard post was empty. I guess the security guard must

have taken a leave."

Lenora was rendered speechless.

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Chapter 47 The Difference Between Love And Not Loving

"Are you speaking the truth?" Lenora asked, filled with doubt.

"Of course, it's true. Why would I lie to you?"

"All right, then. When will you be back?"

"It depends. Hard to say for sure."

Lenora was truly fed up. She promptly hung up the phone.

"Nevermind. It's not the end of the world if I don't have a phone."

With great care, Miranda suggested, "Mrs. Fuller, why don't you use my cell phone?"

Lenora shook her head, handing back her phone. "No need."

+10 Free Coins

On the other end of the phone, Susanna returned the cell phone to the main screen, turned off the display, and placed it in Zachary's pocket, asking, "Zack, why did you respond like that?" There was a mailbox at her front door, and the security guard hadn't taken any leave.

Clearly, Zachary took this action because he didn't want Lenora to get hold of the phone.

Zachary spoke calmly. "I was afraid that if she saw the news, she would rush to clarify things, which could affect you. If we could delay it for a while, then that would be for the best. When the time comes, I'll persuade her not to bother with clarifications. Even if she insists on clarifying later, no one would believe her anyway."

When Susanna heard these words, a glint of satisfaction flashed in her eyes. However, she spoke with a hint of guilt. "But this isn't fair to Nora. Zack, should we help her clear things up? I don't want to continue like this. Even if people scold me, it doesn't matter." Zachary looked at her with a smile and said, "Don't speak like this anymore. I've promised to protect you. Lenora is a commoner, so the netizens will tire of scolding her after a couple of days. But you're different. If you clarify things, it will definitely affect

your career." Moreover, given Susanna's current mental state, she might not have been able to withstand the onslaught of cyberbullying.

"But.

"Don't dwell on it. Don't blame yourself or feel guilty. It's me who doesn't let you clarify things. If Lenora is to blame anyone, it should be me. I will handle this matter." Susanna wrapped her arms around Zachary's waist from behind, pressing her face against his back. "Zack, you're so good to me."

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Chapter 47 The Difference Between Love And Not Loving

"All right. You can wait outside. The meal will be ready soon."

"Okay." Susanna left the kitchen.

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Zachary turned his head to gaze at her retreating figure, standing dumbfounded for a few seconds before turning around to continue cooking.

He lied.

He wasn't afraid that Lenora would see the news on his phone and seek clarification. Rather, he feared that Lenora would be upset by the comments on the internet. However, when Susanna asked him, he subconsciously lied for unknown reasons.

"Mrs. Fuller, are you going out?"

"Indeed, today is the memorial day for my grandfather. I'm going to pay my respects to my grandparents," Lenora said to Miranda with a smile before stepping out of the living room.

Lenora's grandparents were country folk, originally buried in their rural hometown. Over a decade had passed since then, and their former village had been developed. Consequently, Lenora had their graves moved to a cemetery in the suburbs, alongside her father's. On the way to the cemetery, Lenora bought three bouquets of fresh flowers and other items. Her grandfather passed away when she was nine, and seventeen years had since slipped by. Her warm yet distant memories of him had gradually faded without her realizing, leaving behind only the image of his short, thin silhouette and a few tender moments in her mind.

Upon reaching the cemetery, Lenora placed three bouquets of fresh flowers on the graves of her grandparents and father, respectively. She also lit some candles for them.

She sat in front of her father's grave, staring at the cold tombstone that looked no different from the others around it. As soon as she closed her eyes, the horrific car accident that took her father's life flashed vividly in her mind.

A decade had already passed, yet she still couldn't forget.

Had it not been for her father sacrificing his life to push her out of harm's way, she would have long since met her end in the underworld.

She could gradually forget her grandparents as the years passed, but she could never forget her father.

He was the greatest father in the world.

After divorcing his mother, he never remarried,

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Chapter 47 The Difference Between Love And Not Loving

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In her childhood memories, both her grandparents had urged her father to remarry, but all their pleas were rejected by her father.

woman

He said that a human's heart was difficult to decipher. No one would know what the would be like if he were to remarry. He wasn't sure if she would treat Nora poorly. Furthermore, he was busy with work, and he didn't have the energy to manage another marriage. Lenora's father, Fernando Wilkin, was a journalist who often had to travel for work. Consequently, Lenora was left in the care of her grandparents.

Previously, Lenora did not understand him. However, as she gradually grew up and comprehended what her father was doing, she came to understand his persistence.

Many years ago, some newspapers still carried reports about Lenora's father.

It was during an interview that he first met Gerald, forming a friendship that transcended age.

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Chapter 48 Three Years In Vain

Chapter 48 Three Years In Vain

tell you something. "Dad, besides coming to pay respects to Grandpa this time, I also want to I'm planning to divorce him. Dad, you're surely going to be shocked by this news. During All Souls' Day, I told you how good he was to me and that he was a good son-in-law to you. Just a few months have passed, and now we're going our separate ways. Do you find it amusing? To be honest, I find it amusing, too. From the moment he proposed the divorce until now, I've been somewhat dazed. How did we end up at this point of divorce... If someone had told me during All Souls' Day that I would be divorcing Zachary in a few months, I certainly wouldn't have believed them... I loved him so much, so how could I have possibly divorced him? Yet, such a thing truly happened... The story is a long one, and I hardly know where to begin. I'm pregnant now, and you're going to have a grandchild. If you're watching over us from heaven, please bless the child in my womb to be born safely... The truth is, I still love him. I've loved him for ten years, and we've been married for three. How could I possibly forget him easily? I feel a deep pain in my heart, a truly unbearable pain. Perhaps what was missing between us was just a bit of fate..."

She continued, "He has always been fond of his ex-girlfriend. Despite my three-year effort, I

go.. If you couldn't win his heart. We can't continue like this, so I have no choice but to let were here, Dad, you would definitely advise me to move on, but I just can't." Lenora said with a trembling voice, "I've loved him for ten years and finally became his wife. We've been doing well these past three years, so why does he suddenly want a divorce..."

How did it suddenly come to divorce? How did we unexpectedly reach this point of separation?

Lenora stood alone in front of her father's grave, murmuring to herself. Expressing her innermost thoughts aloud, she found some relief.

Now that things were settled, their divorce was inevitable.

Since things had already come this far, it was best to accept it with grace.

She was still carrying a child. She would give birth to this child and let them bear the surname Wilkin. This was her child alone, and she would raise them well as they grew up.

Lenora understood in her heart that after experiencing Zachary, it would be impossible for her to fall in love wholeheartedly with a second person in this lifetime.

He was handsome and suave, hailing from a distinguished family with exceptional abilities. Yet, he was also cold and heartless.

He taught her a lesson through his own actions.

Lenora had stayed in the cemetery until the afternoon.

After she had finished discussing her divorce from Zachary, she then shared her future plans

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with her father.

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company.

Upon informing Gerald and Allison about their divorce, she would resign from the Regardless of whether Zachary agreed or not, she would leave and then find a suitable place to live, where she would settle down and give birth to her child. Given the opportunity in the future, she would occasionally bring the child to visit Gerald and Allison.

Lenora knelt before the tomb, bowing her head three times in respect to her father. "Dad," she said. "I must leave now, but I promise to visit you again during the New Year."

Lenora rose to her feet, left the cemetery, and drove away.

As she was lining up to get on the highway, a black sedan suddenly sped by, wedging itself between her and the car in front. Startled, Lenora quickly hit the brakes.

On the highway, the black sedan had been consistently driving ahead of Lenora, maintaining a distance that was neither too far nor too close.

The brake lights of the car ahead lit up, and Lenora immediately stepped on the brakes to slow down. After glancing at the rearview mirror, she changed lanes and overtook the black can

The black car quickly caught up again, once more driving ahead of Lenora.

A few minutes later, the previous scenario played out again. The black car slowed down and once more moved ahead of Lenora, further reducing its speed.

Lenora decided to change lanes, and he followed suit, blocking Lenora's path.

In Lenora's mind, she figured that someone had intentionally blocked her car.

Why?

She clearly didn't recognize the license plate of the car ahead. When the black car passed her earlier, someone had smiled at her through the window, a driver she also didn't recognize.

When she exited the highway, the black car had followed suit, trailing behind Lenora. It then maneuvered its way in front of her, slowing down its speed. Consequently, Lenora had no choice but to reduce her speed as well. He saw Lenora moving slowly, so he reduced his own pace even further.

If things continued this way, the only option would be for Lenora to stop. However, parking was not allowed anywhere along this stretch of road.

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Lenora attempted to change lanes, but he mirrored her actions, persistently tailing right in

front of Lenora's car.

After Lenora tried to avoid the car multiple times, her heart was already filled with anger.

She knew in her heart that even if she successfully overtook the black car by changing lanes, she could only shake it off by continuously accelerating and racing against it.

Putting aside the fact that her driving skills weren't that great, even if they were, she wouldn't dare risk her own safety, let alone the safety of the child in her womb.

Seeking tranquility, Lenora glanced at the rearview mirror and switched to the outermost lane. She signaled and pulled over to the side of the road, then dialed the emergency number.

Suddenly, a thunderous bang echoed through the air.

The airbag deployed.

Lenora's head throbbed with immense pain, her vision blurred, and just before she slipped into unconsciousness, she realized that the white car behind her seemed to have been following her since she got onto the highway.

The piercing sound of screeching brakes echoed in the air, followed by a loud "bang." The entire car exploded, engulfed in roaring flames, reducing it to nothing more than a charred skeleton.

The familiar scenes played over and over again in her mind. Lenora suddenly opened her eyes, her head throbbing as if it were about to explode.

The scent of disinfectant wafted through the air, and Lenora understood that she was in a hospital.

Everything before her was a blur. She thought it was due to her long sleep, so she rubbed her eyes, giving them a few seconds to adjust. After waiting for a while, her vision remained blurry. A sense of dread thudded in Lenora's heart. An inexplicable fear and worry surged within her.

"You're awake," a woman's voice echoed by her ears.

Followed und of the voice, only able to make out the vague

the

Bewildered, Lenora silhouette of the speaking woman. She could discern the color of her clothing, but the woman's face and the specific style of her attire remained unclear.

Beside the woman, there was another man of considerable height dressed in similar attire.

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On either side of the room, there was a sickbed. The patients were family members.

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Cosing with their

"Miss, I'm a police officer." The woman stepped forward, taking Lenora's hand and placing it on her shoulder, allowing her to feel her badge. The doctor said that you've suffered a minor concussion due to a car accident, and there's fluid accumulation in your brain. Can you see clearly right now? The fluid is pressing on your optic nerve. Once the fluid gradually absorbs, your vision will recover."

Unable to see clearly, Lenora felt particularly insecure. She tightly held the woman's hand, asking anxiously, "How is my child? Is my child safe?"

"Rest assured. The child is very strong."

"But I've been injured. Will using medicine affect the child?"

"I'm not a doctor, so I can't be certain, but the doctor said your injuries weren't severe. There was no mention of this in the report either. With careful consideration of the medication, I believe the child should be fine."

"That's good. That's good." Lenora finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"Miss, how are you feeling now? I need to understand the specifics of the car accident. Can you manage?"

"Sure. Go ahead and ask.

"Name."

"Lenora. Lenora Wilkin."

"Age."

"Twenty-six years old."

"Identity card number."

"12345678910111213141."

"Phone number."

"14747474747."

"Home address.

"Galaxy Bay No. 7, Central District, Jacaster.

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"What were you planning to do when the incident occurred?"

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"I wanted to go home. Today was the memorial day of my grandfather. I visited him at the cemetery, then drove back home."

person responsible

"Your car was rear-ended while parked on the side of the road, and the fled the scene. A passerby reported the incident for you. Do you remember what happened before the accident?" Lenora brushed her hair back, nodding slightly. "I remember.

"Can you please describe it in detail?"

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Lenora meticulously recounted the circumstances of that time.

It was essentially consistent with what was seen on the surveillance.

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The male police officer was jotting down Lenora's words. "According to your speculation, the black car and the white car acted deliberately. Are you sure you don't know the driver of the black car?" "Yes. Did you manage to get a look at the driver of that white car?"

"No, he wasn't close. He was quite a distance behind me. I saw him twice in my rearview mirror when I changed lanes, but he was too far away for me to make out the driver's appearance."

"I understand," the policewoman comforted Lenora, "Rest assured. We are already devising ways to identify the suspects. Apprehending them shouldn't take too much time."

Surveillance was everywhere now, so there was simply nowhere to run.

"Thank you," Lenora said.

"You can get in touch with your family now. Your phone was not found at the scene of the car accident..."

"I left my phone at home, officer. Could I possibly trouble you to make a call for me using your phone?"

"All right. Go ahead and tell me the number.

In an instant, Lenora almost blurted out Zachary's number.

He should have been accompanying Susanna at that time.

A bitter smile appeared on Lenora's lips, and in the end, she chose to dial Miranda's number.

The call connected, and the policeman handed the cell phone to Lenora. From the other end of the line, Miranda's puzzled voice came through, "Hello, who is this?" "Miranda, it's me."

"Mrs. Fuller!" Miranda's voice was filled with surprise. "It's one thing to leave your phone at home when you go out, but how come you haven't returned yet?"

"I accidentally got into a car accident. Could you please come to Mercy Hospital for me?"

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Bring along some fresh clothes and toiletries. Also, my purse is on the table in my room."

Miranda was greatly alarmed. "Mrs. Fuller, are you all right? How did this happen, a car accident out of nowhere? I'm on my way, I'm on my way." "My hospital ward is..."

"Ward 503 of the Neurological Ward, Building 1 of the in-patient department," the police officer added.

"Okay, okay, I understand. I'm on my way."

After hanging up the phone, Lenora returned the mobile to the policewoman. "Thank you."

"Don't mention it. We'll notify you once we've apprehended the suspects."

"All right."

The police then left.

The doctor came over to examine Lenora. His findings were similar to what the female police officer had previously stated. Lenora specifically asked the doctor about the child's condition.

The doctor comforted Lenora, assuring her that medical science had advanced significantly, and her injuries were not too severe. He had already consulted with the gynecologist about her medication, ensuring it would not affect the child.

Lenora let out a sigh of relief and then spoke to the doctor. "My housekeeper will be coming soon to handle the paperwork. She's close to my ex-husband, so I hope you won't let her see my medical records or tell her about my pregnancy. Thank you."

"You're

pregnant, and you didn't tell your ex-husband?"

"He's soon to remarry."

The doctor couldn't help but show sympathy,

The patient was so young and beautiful, and the child in her womb was just over a month old. Yet, her ex-husband was already planning to remarry. It was clear that he had been unfaithful!

Even with such a beautiful wife, he still cheated. What a scumbag!

"All right,"

came a voice in agreement.

Lenora was lying alone on the hospital bed with nothing to do.

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Beside her room, there were two other patients.

Lenora was situated in the middle, listening to them converse with their family.

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The woman in the bed inside had a benign tumor growing in her brain. She had already undergone surgery and was about to be discharged. Both her family and her tone conveyed a sense of relief.

The occupant of the bed outside was an old woman who had suffered a stroke.

The daughter-in-law came to take care of her begrudgingly, complaining, "How much money has been spent just on hospitalization these days? No matter how much James earns, we can't keep up with such expenses..." Lenora glanced at the daughter-in-law, but all she could see was a blur before her eyes.

It seemed as though there was someone at the door.

Lenóra lifted her gaze, staring intently at the vague darkness for a long time. Finally, she confirmed that it was indeed a person clad in black attire.

This must be a family member of one of the other two patients, right?

Perhaps it was James that the old woman and her daughter-in-law mentioned in their conversation.

Why is he standing at the door without coming in?

Lenora found it strange.

A shadowy figure clad in black entered.

He skirted around the outermost sickbed.

Lenora finally understood he was a family member of the woman inside, likely her husband.

The dark figure halted before Lenora's hospital bed, advancing a few steps to sit by its side.

Lenora was taken aback, instinctively squinting her eyes. However, no matter how much she squinted, her vision remained blurry. She strained to identify the person before her, tentatively asking, "Are you... Zachary?"

"It's me, Nora. What happened to your eyes?" Zachary asked, his large hand gently cradling her cheek, his gaze falling on the bandage wrapped around her forehead, his voice filled with

concern.

Just now, Lenora had looked at him for a long time without uttering a word, which he found

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rather peculiar. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

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Upon hearing the familiar voice, Lenora was certain that it was indeed Zachary, "There's a hematoma in my head, pressing on the optic nerve, causing blurred vision and inability to see clearly." Zachary extended his hand, waving it in front of Lenora's eyes. "Can you see this?"

"I see things unclearly. I'm not blind."

"How did the car accident happen so suddenly?"

"Today was the anniversary of my grandfather's death, and I went to the cemetery to pay my respects. On my way back, a car rear-ended me." Lenora summarized in a few simple sentences. Only then did she have the chance to ask, "Why did you come here?" "I was at home when Miranda told me you had a car accident, so I came immediately."

In the afternoon, he returned home to hear that she had driven to the cemetery. Dinner time was approaching, yet she hadn't returned. He wanted to call her, but he couldn't. At that moment, he felt a pang of regret for taking her mobile phone with him. Upon hearing about her car accident, he immediately drove to the scene.

"When I arrived, Miranda was still tidying up. You'll need to come a bit later. Wait here. I'll go and change your hospital ward for you."

"All right." Living with others, Lenora was somewhat unaccustomed to it.

Zachary had left the ward.

have The old woman's daughter-in-law gossiped, "Is this your ex-husband, or you found yourself another one now?" "Ex-husband."

did

"I see that he treats you quite well, so why you get divorced?"

"Is this considered good? When the mistress fell ill, he was by her side every single day."

"Oh my, I really can't tell he was that kind of person, looking so decent on the outside."

Lenora couldn't help but suppress her smile.

Zachary's face was indeed quite deceptive, she thought. Perhaps part of the reason she had fallen for him in the first place was due to his appearance. Soon, Zachary returned, assisting Lenora out of bed and into a private hospital ward. "Apart

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your head, are there injuries anywhere else?" he asked.

from your

Lenora shook her head. "No."

"Take a good rest these few days. Don't worry about the matters at the company."

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"During this period, I've really been going through a rough patch, having had to visit the hospital numerous times."

"Once your wounds have healed, you can go to the church and pray. I've heard that might help.

"Do you actually believe that?"

"Didn't you mention Mercury was in retrograde?"

"All right. I'll do that when the time comes."

"Be careful." Zachary pushed open the door, assisting Lenora inside. They sat down on the bed. "Are you hungry? Would you like something to eat?"

A memory of the morning's phone call flashed through Lenora's mind, and suddenly, she said, "I want to eat the food you make."

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Zachary, however, asked, "What would you like to eat?"

"What can you make?"

"I can make anything."

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+10 Free Coins

"Then I'll have some pasta," she replied. "Add some corn, a bit of ham sausage, and a touch of lettuce."

"All right. I'll go and buy the ingredients." Zachary placed his phone on the table. "I'll leave my phone here. If Miranda calls, answer it for me. I'll use your phone to make the payment. "Okay."

Lenora looked at him, nodding slightly, yet her eyes were hollow and lifeless.

She hadn't expected Zachary to agree.

Did she hold a small place in his heart as well?

No sooner had this thought surfaced than Lenora cast it aside.

Lenora, stop fooling yourself. He simply doesn't like you.

The divorce was still set for tomorrow.

She feared that if she missed this opportunity, she would never have the courage to bring it up again.

The phone on the table rang.

Lenora picked up the phone, unable to see the caller ID clearly on the screen. All she could make out was a blurry patch of green. She pressed the answer button, and a female voice came through the receiver. "Zack, have you eaten yet?" "It's me." Lenora spoke up.

"Why is it you?" Susanna asked in surprise, "Where's Zack?"

"He went to buy groceries."

"He went to buy groceries? Don't you have a housekeeper?"

"Miranda wasn't around. He had gone to buy groceries intending to cook for me."

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263%

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"Lenora, you..." Susanna was seething with anger her cold laughter filled with mockery. "Don't think that just because Zack cooked for you, you've won. You two will still have to divorce!"

"Tone down your smug expression. We're recording here," Lenora said calmly.

She wasn't talking nonsense. Zachary was busy with work, often making and receiving calls." He always had the automatic recording on to prevent any oversights at work or in case any evidence was lost. "Don't you be smug!" Susanna angrily hung up the phone.

With a light chuckle, Lenora placed his phone back on the table.

It's really satisfying to annoy people.

After a while, the phone rang again. This time, it was Miranda who called. She was asking about Lenora's new hospital ward.

-Lenora told her the ward number, and Miranda arrived shortly after. She showed concern

for Lenora, and only after realizing that she was not in any serious trouble did she relax. She then began to unpack and organize the items she had brought with her.

"Mrs. Fuller, have you eaten? If not, shall I go and buy you something to eat?"

"No need. Zack has already gone to buy it."

"It's nearly eight o'clock. Did Mr. Fuller mention whether he was staying at the hospital tonight or going back home?"

"No. I'll ask later during dinner."

Soon, Zachary returned.

Miranda stepped forward to help Zachary, taking the items from his hands. She initially thought that Zachary had bought takeouts, but upon opening the package, she discovered a large box of pasta, along with ham sausages, corncoobs, and lettuce. In addition to this, there were also some kitchen utensils, such as knives, bowls, and various seasonings.

"Excuse me, Mr. Fuller. What are you buying these for?"

"Mrs. Fuller desired the food I prepare."

Zachary picked up the knife and began to unseal the condiments. "Mr. Fuller, please stop joking around. Let me handle this. Why don't you go and rest? Perhaps have a chat with Mrs.

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Fuller."

"It's fine. I know how to cook."

"But... all right, then." Miranda conceded to him.

Zachary skillfully prepared the ingredients, and in no time, the pasta was ready.

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He first served Lenora a bowl, then passed it over. "I've finished preparing it. Do you want to give it a try?"

Miranda took the bowl and said, "Mrs. Fuller, let me feed you."

Who would have thought Mr. Fuller's cooking would turn out like this? He, indeed, has quite a talent.

"It's okay. I can eat myself. Just put it on the table and hand me the spoon."

Lenora scooped up a spoonful of pasta from the bowl, brought it to her lips and gently blew on it before taking a bite.

"Mmm, it's delicious. Thank you, Zachary." Lenora smiled at Zachary. She thought she was looking into Zachary's eyes, but from her angle, she was actually looking at his chin. "As long as you're happy, that's all that matters."

"I didn't expect Mr. Fuller to be so talented," Miranda said. "His first attempt at cooking was quite impressive. If he practices regularly, he's sure to become a skilled chef." Lenora just smiled without uttering a word.

After Lenora finished her meal, Miranda washed the dishes.

It was already past nine o'clock. Lenora wasn't sure if it was due to the injury she had sustained, but she felt somewhat lethargic and wanted to rest.

"Mr. Fuller, please go tomorrow."

home. I'll stay here with Mrs. Fuller. You can come to see her again

Zachary nodded. "Nora, I'll come to see you again tomorrow."

"All right. Zachary picked up his coat from the couch and left. "Wait a minute."

Zachary halted, looking at Lenora. "Is there anything else?"

"When you come tomorrow, don't forget to bring the documents, and kindly bring mine

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along as well."

24. 63%

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Zachary paused for a moment, frowning. "Lenora, there's no rush to divorce. It's better to focus on healing first. You can't see clearly to read, let alone fill out forms." Lenora moved her lips slightly. "It's fine if I can't see clearly. You can read it out to me."

My vision's blur. I'm not blind.

"The divorce agreement has already been signed. What difference would it make if we waited a few more days for your eyes to recover before collecting the divorce certificate? Are you really in such a hurry to get divorced?" Lenora's breath hitched. "Just consider me as such."

Zachary's face stiffened.

Miranda initially thought that Zachary would be like other men, keeping a steady home while entertaining affairs outside. However, it turned out that he and Lenora had long ago agreed to divorce.

She watched the young couple, who had stumbled and faltered along their journey, never imagining they would reach the point of divorce so quickly.

Last night, Mrs. Fuller brought Mr. Fuller home late. Upon learning about Mrs. Fuller's car accident, Mr. Fuller immediately rushed from home to the hospital. He even cooked for Mrs. Fuller. No matter how one looks at it, the two of them don't seem like they lack feelings for each other. So why had it come to the point of divorce?

Miranda advised, "Mrs. Fuller, the City Hall isn't going anywhere. It will still be there. Why don't you wait until you've recovered a bit more before going? There's no need to rush, is there?" Lenora shook her head. "We agreed to go tomorrow, so we will go tomorrow. Besides, it's just that my vision is a bit blurry. It won't delay our trip to the City Hall."

"Mrs. Fuller..."

"There's no need to persuade her anymore. If she doesn't value her own health, what good will your advice do?"

Zachary spoke in a cold voice. "Fine, since you've made up your mind, I'll oblige. Bring you documents tomorrow, and I'll accompany you to the City Hall to process the divorce." "All right."

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Zachary looked at Lenora, whose expression was indifferent. An inexplicable anger surged from his heart, and he stormed off, his sleeve flapping in his wake.

The door slammed shut with a resounding "bang."

Miranda watched as Zachary walked away, sighing. "Mrs. Fuller, Mr. Fuller is angry."

angry, so let him be. I don't even k

"He's what he's so upset about. Wouldn't my divorce from him fulfill his wishes?"

"Mrs. Fuller, you didn't return all afternoon today, and Mr. Fuller was quite worried. Upon learning about your car accident, he immediately drove over. He even personally cooked for you, clearly showing his deep concern for you." With a self-deprecating smile, Lenora said, "See, Miranda, he fooled you. Do you really think someone could cook like this on their first try?"

It must be said that Zachary was truly a skilled actor. She was almost deceived by him again.

Fortunately, she had long since seen through him, knowing that he could never possibly like her. Everything was just an act.

"You meant to say..."

"He was already skilled at cooking, often preparing meals for his ex-girlfriend. Just last week/ when his ex-girlfriend fell ill, he spent day and night by her side at the hospital. Do you still think he treats me well?" Miranda let out a sigh.

So that's how it was.

In the t

three years she had been at the mansion, she had never seen Zachary cook.

