

# Becoming Strangers Again Chapter 101-110

Posted by Adminh, 107

## Chapter 101

STEPHANIE

"Did you sell it?" I asked my father the moment he stepped into the living room.

My parents house isn't somewhere I frequent so often because this place brings nothing but bad memories. It reminds of how much I am not loved.

How ironic, I am not loved by my husband, nor am I loved by my parents. How great is my life.

"Yes, I did." He replied, moving over to the other end of the sofa. "it was sold last night." He replied and when I didn't give a response, he lifted his head to me. "it was sold for five

hundred thousand."

I arched a brow. "Really?" I was really expecting more. "when am I getting my money?" he didn't respond and I leaned forward. "when am I getting my money? I paid for half of that Lambo and I want my money back."

"I was thinking we could keep the money apart and use it as part of that—" My father began, his tone suggesting he was trying to reason with me.

"I want you to stop thinking and return my money to me," I snapped, cutting him off abruptly. "That money was from my savings, and it's going back there. So you better give it back to me before I lose my patience with you."

My father's jaw clenched angrily at my defiance. "How can you be worried about your savings?" he challenged incredulously

"Why shouldn't I?" I shot back, my frustration bubbling to the surface. "I worked hard for it, so of course I should be worried about it! Why should I constantly worry about a mess you created?"

Just then, my mother entered the living room, a cup of tea in hand. "Can you both stop it?" she chastised, her tone firm as she glared at both of us. "Just give her back her money, Waper. It isn't even going to go halfway in clearing a debt that you created."

For once, I felt a surge of relief that my mother was taking my side in this argument.

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“Once all this **is** settled,” my mother continued, her voice firm, “you are going to step down and let Stephanie handle the firm.” My father’s glare intensified, but my mother stood her ground, jutting her chin out defiantly. “What? Do you have any objection?”

“I’m not ready to retire,” my father responded stubbornly.

“And you think I care?” my mother retorted, her tone laced with frustration. “Do you want to keep running that company until you run it into the ground? Until you jeopardize everything for us?” She pointed her painted finger at me. “She is willing to sacrifice herself to help clear this mess, and the least you can do is show your gratitude and ensure this doesn’t happen again.”

“It wasn’t willing,” I interjected flatly, unable to contain my frustration. “You both, along with that bastard, literally forced me into this.”

“Enough,” my father gritted out, his patience wearing thin. “When we get to that bridge of me retiring, we will cross it.” With a heavy sigh, he removed his glasses and leaned back in his chair. “Now that you’re married to Ryan, what’s the next move? Are you making any progress?”

Sometimes, I find myself questioning why I went through with the marriage, knowing deep down that I wouldn’t be getting what I truly wanted. Perhaps it’s because marrying Ryan feels like the safest option for me right now. I can tolerate his hurtful remarks and the fact that he prefers another woman over me, as long as it means I’m safe and protected.

“I don’t think we’ll be making progress anytime soon,” I replied wearily. “I signed a prenuptial agreement before the marriage, which you’re well aware of. He would have to cheat for me to have any access to his properties.”

“Which is why you have to get pregnant, give him an heir, file for divorce, and then demand child support,” my father spat out bitterly, his frustration evident.

I glanced at my mother, silently seeking her support, but she shook her head in disapproval. With a heavy sigh, I chose to remain silent, unwilling to engage further in my father’s unsettling suggestions.

“Or better still, set him up,” my father continued, his voice dripping with bitterness. “Get him drugged, lure him into a compromising situation with another woman, snap some pictures, and file for a divorce.” He licked his lips angrily, his impatience palpable. “We don’t have all the time in the world.”

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“**And you** think **it’s** easy to drug Ryan?” I interjected flatly, incredulous at the absurdity of his plan. “Even if you manage to drug him, how do you propose to get him into a room with another woman to take pictures? What do you think his security will do while you attempt such a reckless scheme?” I rolled my eyes at the sheer impracticality of his suggestion. “Please, let’s think of something else.”

“Then get pregnant,” he retorted callously, **his** tone unyielding. “I think you’ve mourned the loss of that thing enough. Seduce him, get him into bed, and make him have sex with you.”

“I won’t be getting much either, even if I have a child,” my father frowned, his frustration evident. “Sure, I’ll receive something, but I doubt it’ll be enough to pay off your debt.”

“What do you mean you won’t be getting enough?” He inquired, and I tried to mask my amusement at his disappointment.

Shrugging nonchalantly, I couldn’t help but suppress a smile at the expression of dismay on his face. “He’s already made it clear that his properties and companies will be transferred to his sons and Lily.”

“What the hell?” my father erupted, leaping to his feet in outrage. “Why on earth did you agree to terms like this?”

I rolled my shoulders indifferently. “It was either that or he wouldn’t agree to the marriage,” I explained calmly, opting for the option that seemed to benefit everyone involved.

“At this point, I fail to see the purpose of this marriage!” my father exclaimed, his frustration boiling over.

How dare he undermine my efforts? Did he have any idea of the humiliation and insults I endure from Ryan? “Do you want me to file for divorce?” I challenged, my patience wearing thin.

He shot me a menacing glare, his frustration evident in his eyes. “Shut the hell up!” he spat out angrily, and I scoffed, turning my gaze away to avoid further confrontation.

“We should have gone with my suggestion,” my mother chimed in, her voice laced with regret. “We should have blackmailed him with the video, demanded the money we need, and put all this behind us.

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**“You think Ryan would fork over that kind of money for a woman?” my father scoffed incredulously. “He’s not that foolish”**

“Yes, **he** is,” I **argued**, frustration seeping into my voice. They didn’t seem to **understand** the depth of Ryan’s love for Lily. “Do you honestly believe that a man who willingly sacrificed his freedom for a woman wouldn’t be willing to part with a significant sum of money for her?”

“Even if he is willing to give up the money, do you think his father won’t catch wind of it?” my father countered, his skepticism apparent. “Richard Williams will undoubtedly interfere, and nothing will work in our favor. We’re only willing to go this far because he’s on our side by agreeing to this marriage.”

“I didn’t come here today for all this talk. I just want my money, that’s all,” I interjected.

“Does anyone have a better idea?” my mother queried, her tone pleading. “I truly want to put this behind us.”

“What happens when there are no children and no ex-wife?” my father posed the question, causing me to squint in confusion.

“What kind of question is that?” I hissed, feeling a surge of unease at the implications behind his words. “You better erase that thought from your mind.”

"Then his properties would go to his wife and legitimate children," my mother filled in, her voice steady.

I glared at her incredulously. "You can't seriously be considering harming another human being."

"Why not?" my father retorted sharply. "It's either her or our entire family. Which would you prefer?"

"She didn't ask you to take such risks," I yelled, my eyes burning with frustration. "Why should she have to suffer for a mistake you made?"

"Don't bother yourself with that," my father mused dismissively. "I'll handle Lily and her little riff-raffs while you focus on getting pregnant with Ryan."

"He won't touch me," I asserted firmly.

"Don't worry about that," Mum interjected, her tone unsettlingly calm. "When a man is consumed by grief, he can act irrationally. Once he starts mourning his

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loss, use it to your advantage."

## **Becoming Strangers Again**

### **Chapter 102**

RYAN

"It doesn't make any sense," I muttered, frustration evident in my voice. Why would Waper be working with Jake? I've racked my brain trying to come up with a plausible explanation, but nothing seems to add up. Waper and Jake working together just doesn't make any sense, period.

"Do you want me to find out?" Lily's voice broke through my thoughts, pulling me back to the present moment.

Shifting my gaze from the flower vase I had been staring at blankly, I blinked in surprise at her suggestion. "And how do you intend to do that?" I asked cautiously, hoping that her plan wasn't as concerning as I feared it might be.

"I can reconnect with Jake and gather all the information you need," she explained calmly. "The bastard will probably be willing to take me back."

My lips tightened as I struggled to contain the sudden surge of anger that welled up within me. "Let me get this straight," I said tersely, my tone laced with disbelief. "You want to go back to dating a man you just filed a restraining order against?"

She bit her lip, realizing the absurdity of her suggestion. "I won't entertain such thoughts again, Lily," I warned firmly, hoping to convey the seriousness of the matter. She nodded in response, but I wasn't entirely convinced of her sincerity. I couldn't trust her to abandon her plans in my absence. "Promise me you won't go back to that bastard for any reason."

Smiling softly, she approached me and settled onto my thighs. "I promise." Her eyes danced around my face. "I want to kiss you right now, but I know I shouldn't," she murmured.

To hell with

Stephanie. Ignoring any lingering doubts, I leaned forward and pressed my lips against hers, kissing her slowly and tenderly. Her hand found its way to the back of my neck, and a soft moan escaped her lips. We continued the kiss, gentle and unhurried, until she finally pulled away and rested her forehead against mine.

I breathed in the comforting scent of Lily, finding love in her presence. In that moment, all I felt was peace and calm. "There isn't anything you shouldn't do, Lily,"

I whispered softly, my voice filled with tenderness. "I'm the only one with restrictions." Because I'm the only one paying for my sins.

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My phone vibrated on the sofa beside us, and I glanced at the screen to see Stephanie's name. Quickly, I turned the phone over, avoiding the call.

“Go on, pick it up” Lily advised, her voice gentle as she reached for my hair, fingers running through it. “Ryan,” she whispered, concern evident in her eyes, “you don’t know why she’s calling.”

“It’s never anything important when it comes to Stephanie.” I replied dismissively, my hand finding its way to her hair too and lingering in there. “I’m going back tomorrow, and I’m sure whatever she has to say can wait until then.”

Biting her lip, Lily nodded in understanding. “And I guess you won’t be spending the night here,” she added quietly.

“I will,” I promised softly, longing to hold her close and cherish this moment of peace until I had to leave tomorrow. “I just want to hold you,” I whispered, my heart heavy with the knowledge that soon we would be separated by distance once again.

Sensing my need for closeness, she gently shifted off my thigh and reached out her hand to me. “Come on, let’s go to bed,” she suggested, her voice filled with warmth and understanding.

Chuckling softly, I left my phone on the sofa, intentionally ignoring any calls or distractions. Taking hold of Lily’s hand, I allowed her to lead me up the stairs to her bedroom, grateful for the opportunity to share this quiet moment together.

The next day arrived all too soon, and I had to leave early to attend an early morning meeting. Lily saw me off at the airport, and as expected, the paparazzi failed to respect our privacy, snapping pictures of us as we said our goodbyes.

Arriving

back in New York, I wasted no time heading straight to my office, diving headfirst into a flurry of meetings that seemed never-ending. Even after the last meeting concluded, there was barely a moment’s respite before it was time for the

next one.

The only reprieve I had was during lunchtime. As soon as I entered my office and closed the door behind me, I shrugged out of my jacket, rolled up my sleeves, and loosened my tie, relishing the opportunity to take a deep breath and decompress. It was a small but well-deserved moment of relaxation in the midst of a hectic day.

Just as I settled down to eat, my secretary buzzed through the intercom, informing me that Stephanie was here to see me. Initially, I was tempted to ignore her

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er a moment of deliberation, I instructed my secretary to allow her pretend that no one was waiting for me.

The door opened, and Stephanie walked in, appearing remarkably calm compar **to** her usual demeanor. I knew, however, that it was only a facade, and it wouldn't be long before tensions escalated. There was no way we could interact without some form of conflict arising.

"Where were you during the weekend?" she questioned, getting straight to the point.

Stephanie's question hung in the air, her tone laced with accusation. She didn't need me to confirm where I had spent the weekend; the paparazzi had made sure to plaster images of Lily and me all over social media.

Sighing heavily, I rubbed my temple, feeling the weight of exhaustion settling in. "Please, Stephanie, I've had a long day, and I just want to catch a break during lunch before diving back into my busy schedule. Don't ruin that for me, I pleaded hoping to diffuse the tension brewing in the room.

Her grip tightened on the strap of her purse, frustration evident in her expression "You were with her when I called you last night, weren't you?" she pressed, her voice tinged with hurt.

"Yes, I confirmed flatly, my own emotions overriding any concern for hers. "I was with her when you called."

Attempting to conceal her pain, Stephanie licked her lips, her eyes shimmering with unshed tears. "You do realize that you're clearly going against what the contract states," she pointed out, her voice wavering slightly.

Arrogantly arching a brow, I met her gaze head-on. "And what does the contract say?" I challenged, ready to defend my actions, regardless of the consequences.

"I take half of your property when you cheat," Stephanie reminded me, her tone firm.

"But I didn't cheat, I retorted matter-of-factly. "To the court and everyone else out there, all I did was be a good father to my children by paying them a visit and spending some time with them."



As her frustration heightened, Stephanie gritted her teeth. "Do you want to swear that you didn't spend the night with her?" she demanded, her voice filled with

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disbelief.

"I spent the night with the kids," I countered with a taunting smirk, relishing in her visible anger.

With a sad smile, she shook her head. "What will it take for you to choose me first? she pleaded, her voice cracking with emotion.

"That's never going to happen," I responded bluntly, refusing to entertain the idea. "With or without Lily, Samantha, it's never going to happen."

Tears welled up in her eyes, and she quickly wiped them away. "Will you ever be happy with me? Can you ever find peace with the thought of me?" she muttered, her voice barely above a whisper.

"I will only find peace when you disappear from my life," I confessed honestly, my words cutting through deep and painful as it was intentioned to be. "I'll only have peace in your absence."

She chuckled bitterly. "Of course, it's always about Lily," she spat, her resentment evident. "She'll always be your light and happiness. She'll always come first, and I'll always be second to everyone."

"I can't speak for everyone," I interjected, refusing to let her misconceptions stand unchallenged. "But I can speak for myself. You're not even my second choice, Stephanie."

Her eyes narrowed with anger. "You're going to regret saying that," she warned through clenched teeth.

I shrugged indifferently. "What greater regret could there be than knowing you and marrying you?" I retorted, unmoved by her threat.

In response, she flashed me her middle finger. "Fuck you! I blame myself for caring about your feelings for a moment," she snarled, her voice dripping with venom. "This was a big mistake."

With that final declaration, she turned on her heel and stormed out of my office, slamming the door behind her. Exhaling heavily, I leaned back in my chair, closed my eyes, and allowed myself to relax, even if it's only for a moment.

## Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ?

### Chapter 103

LILY

**I was engrossed** in my work at the office when my phone suddenly rang, interrupting my concentration. Frowning at the unfamiliar number displayed on the screen, I hesitated for a moment before deciding to answer it. As a doctor, I knew that it could potentially be an emergency, so I couldn't afford to ignore it.

Swiping the answer button, I brought the phone to my ear. "Dr. Urch," I greeted professionally.

To my dismay, a familiar voice scoffed on the other end, instantly souring my mood. "I thought by now, you would have gone back to answering a Williams," he sneered bitterly.

Rolling my eyes at his bitterness, I put the call on speakerphone so I could multitask while dealing with whatever nonsense he was about to throw at me. "What do you want, Jake? I'm very busy at the moment," I responded, trying to keep my annoyance in check.

There was a brief silence on the other end, and for a moment, I thought he had hung up. But then his voice came through abruptly. "I think something is wrong with me, doctor," he admitted.

My finger hesitated over the laptop keys as I processed Jake's words. "What is wrong with you, Jake?" I asked, my concern mingling with skepticism. Could he truly be serious? Was something genuinely wrong with him? Despite our adversarial relationship, I was bound by my oath as a doctor to provide assistance when needed.

"Can

you explain your symptoms?" I pressed, hoping for a clearer understanding of his condition.

"My heart," he whispered hoarsely, his voice filled with pain. "It hurts so hard, and it's filled with anger and resentment."

I couldn't help but wonder if his anger was directed towards me and his resentment towards Ryan. Exhaling tiredly, I resumed typing, unable to fully engage with Jake's plight. "I don't have time for your games, Jake. And please, stop calling me from different numbers. I blocked your old number for a reason."

"Not only did you block me, you filed a restraining order against me?!" he erupted,

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## Chapter 10a

**his voice rising to** a crescendo that made me wince, pitying my eardrums. "Of **all men to leave** me for, you chose Ryan? A married man?"

"I left you for..." I paused, my mind racing with the truth I wanted to express but I kept them to myself. "For such psychopathic behavior," I finally asserted. "When you behave like this, Jake, I can't help but feel afraid and wonder how I missed it all those years we were together."

"You didn't miss it," he spat back bitterly. "I just didn't show it." His admission sent a chill down my spine, and I couldn't help but question why I had ever been with someone so toxic.

"That bastard keeps bringing out this side of me every damn time," he continued, his voice filled with venom.

"Then I should thank him," I muttered under my breath. "I should thank him for finally seeing through the facade and recognizing the darkness that you desperately tried to hide."

There was a snuffle on the other end of the line, and I wondered if he was crying, but I dared not ask. "Don't call me again, Jake," I warned firmly, my patience wearing thin. "If you do, I'll take it to the police and report you for harassment."

Just as I moved to disconnect the call, his voice rang out once more, cutting through the silence.

"You're going to regret it," Jake's ominous words echoed in my mind, sending a shiver down my spine. Dismissing his threat, I disconnected the call, trying to shake off the unease that lingered.

Thirty minutes later, my phone rang again, and I instinctively thought it was Jake calling once more. However, I was surprised to see Becky's number on the caller ID. Putting aside my work, I answered the call and settled back in my chair, ready to catch up with my friend.

"What's up, girl?" I greeted enthusiastically. "How are you doing?"

"I'm certainly not okay right now," Becky responded hurriedly, her tone urgent.

The amusement on my face faded, replaced by concern. "Is everything okay? Is your husband and baby okay?"

"This isn't about me," she blurted out. "It's about you, Lily."

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My heart skipped a beat, a sense of dread **asked**, my voice trembling slightly.

"There's news circulating all over the inter ex-husband, despite knowing that he's married

My jaw dropped in shock. "How bad is it?"

over me.

"Very bad," Becky confirmed, her voice filled

## **Becoming Strangers Again**

Posted by **Adminh**, 102

**Chapter 104**

RYAN

"Did you do this?!" I erupted the moment I stormed into the master bedroom.

Stephanie, clad in a red translucent nightwear, rose from the bed at the sight of me barging in like a raging bull. Crossing her arms, she chuckled arrogantly. "I

suppose stirring up a bit of trouble with Lily was all it took to lure my husband back home.”

Her smug demeanor only fueled the flames of my anger. Closing the distance between us in seconds, I seized her by the neck in a tight grip, my fingers digging into her skin with deliberate force. She clawed at my hand, her red-painted nails leaving angry marks on my skin, but I remained unfazed by her struggles.

I felt no pain, not with the white-hot fury coursing through my veins, drowning out all else in its wake. “What the fuck is your problem?” I snarled, my voice dripping with venom. “Do you take pleasure in doing things that make me contemplate squeezing the life out of you?”

At some point, her feeble attempts to claw at my hand ceased, her struggles replaced by a chilling stillness that mirrored the coldness in her eyes.

“What the fuck happened to the sweet old Stephanie whose innocence I once found attractive?” I demanded, my grip on her neck relenting slightly as I searched for a trace of the woman she once was.

She attempted to laugh, but it emerged as a strained wheeze, a pitiful sound that only served to fuel my mounting frustration. With a surge of disgust, I released her, shoving her away from me with a forceful motion. “That sweet, innocent woman is long gone, buried beneath people’s betrayal!” She spat bitterly.

Had she lost her mind completely? “I never fucking betrayed you, Stephanie!” I continued, my voice rising. “If anything, you’re the one who’s constantly stabbed me in the damn back, you psycho!”

Sucking her cheeks in with a hint of defiance, she nodded reluctantly. “Fine, I accept that I was at fault at first,” she conceded, her voice filled with bitterness. “I shouldn’t have broken things off with you. But then I did, and when I returned, you accepted me! You assured me that things would go back to how they used to, but they never did! Why did you accept me if you knew you weren’t going to keep me?”

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Refusing to engage in a futile back-and-forth with her, I held her gaze steadily. “Every bit of bullshit I’ve tolerated from you so far

has been for Lily's sake," I declared firmly, my voice ringing with conviction. "So don't expect me to stand by and watch you mess with her without fighting back."

Dipping my hand into my pocket, I retrieved my phone and thrust it towards her, my grip on the device tight. "This article you published online is going to cost you," I gritted out through clenched teeth, my tone laced with a warning. "You will fucking regret it."

Exhaling sharply, she crossed her arms defiantly. "This has nothing to do with me."

Throwing my head back, I let out a humorless laugh. "And you expect me to believe that?!"

She shrugged indifferently. "Do I look like someone who cares about what you choose to believe?" she retorted coolly. "I told you this has nothing to do with me. I woke up to the news just as you did."

I scrutinized her carefully, searching for any hint of deception in her gaze, but found none. Either she hadn't orchestrated it, or she had become exceptionally skilled at deception.

"I have a question for you, Ryan," she stated flatly, her tone devoid of emotion. "How do you expect to have her accompany you all over the streets of Canada and not expect bloggers to write about an alleged relationship between you two?"

I narrowed my gaze at her, my frustration mounting with each passing moment. "I know what a speculative write-up from a blogger looks like," I snapped, my voice edged with impatience. "This is too detailed, Steph, which means someone gave them the information."

Her expression remained impassive as she countered. "And I am saying it is not me," she insisted, her words carrying a hint of exasperation. "I have no reason to fear you, Ryan. I don't fear you."

I racked my brain, trying to pinpoint who could be behind this orchestrated attack. My father was preoccupied with his own affairs, and my mother would never jeopardize our family's reputation in such a manner.

That left me with one possibility.

Could it be Jake? It is plausible he did it out of anger..

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"With the look on your face, I'm guessing you finally remember who you behind it," Stephen remarked casually, her voice laced with amusement as she turned her way back to the bed.

"I am going to look into it, and if I find out that it has something to do with you will be sorry," I warned tersely, my tone laced with a hint of menace. Waiting for a response, I turned on my heel and stormed out of the room, the sound of the door slamming shut reverberating through the air.

Stepping into my car, I immediately dialed Lily's number, but there was no answer. Frustrated, I left a voicemail, urging her to call me back as soon as she could.

Hours passed without any word from her, my anxiety mounting with each passing moment. Unable to shake off the nagging sense of unease, I reached out to some of my security personnel back in Canada, instructing them to keep a close eye on Lily and the children.

It wasn't long before I received a call from one of my guards. He informed me Lily had left for work earlier in the day and had yet to return home. Concern gnawed at my insides as I instructed him to head to the hospital to gather more information and keep me updated.

Forty-five agonizing minutes later, my phone finally rang. Seeing Silas's name on the caller ID, I answered hastily, my heart pounding in my chest. "What's going on? Is everything okay with her?" I demanded anxiously, desperate for reassurance.

"I couldn't get much information, sir," Silas informed me urgently, his voice tinged with concern. "But I was told that there was an emergency board meeting at the hospital, and they've been in there for hours."

My heart sank at the news. "Find out more, Silas," I instructed firmly, my mind racing with worry. "I'm on my way."

Disconnecting the call, I wasted no time in contacting my pilot, instructing him to prepare for a flight to Canada within the next few hours. With a sense of urgency, I hastily wrapped up my affairs at the office, my thoughts consumed by the unknown situation happening back home.

Just as I was about to leave, my phone suddenly rang, and relief flooded through me as I saw Lily's name flashing on the screen. Abandoning everything else, I answered the call.

all eagerly, my voice tinged with relief. "Hey, love," I greeted breathlessly. "I've been trying to reach you."

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"I've been in a meeting for over five hours, she replied wearily, her exhaustion evident in her tone.

I paused, my heart skipping a beat as I braced myself for her response. "What meeting?" I inquired, trying to keep my voice steady despite the turmoil brewing inside me. "Is it about the news circulating on the internet?"

Exhaling heavily, I heard the faint sound of a car door closing in the background. Where was she headed to? "Yes, it's about the news," Lily confirmed, her voice tinged with resignation. My heart sank as I cursed under my breath, bracing myself for what was to come. "The paparazzi are going crazy over the pictures and the interview," she continued, her words weighted with frustration. "They've clustered outside the hospital gate."

Shit. I already knew where this was heading. The hospital would want to do damage control, and I knew exactly what that entailed, having handled similar situations before. "Okay..." I muttered, my voice strained with apprehension. "Which decision was made at the meeting?"

Her response hit me like a blow to the gut. "I've been suspended," she stated matter-of-factly, her tone heavy with defeat. "This isn't the first time this has happened, and they reminded me of it. Most of the board voted that I should be dismissed, but because I've been dedicated to promoting the hospital, they decided to settle for suspension."

I could sense Lily's despair through the phone, and it weighed heavily on me. "How long were you suspended for?" I inquired, my voice laced with concern.

"Indefinitely," she replied with a heavy sigh. There was a brief pause before she continued, her tone filled with frustration. "I'm thinking of going for an appeal once everything has quieted down."

My heart sank even further at the thought of her facing such uncertainty. "Who was left in charge of the hospital in your absence?" I pressed, bracing myself for her response.

"Victoria's son," she answered bitterly, her annoyance obvious. It was clear that wasn't pleased with the situation.



"I'll be with you soon," I assured her. "I've already spoken to my pilot, so we should be flying out soon."

But to my surprise, she pushed back. "I don't think it's the best idea for you to

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come, she argued, her voice tinged with concern. "Your presence will only fuel the rumors and make matters worse."

I felt a wave of defeat wash over me at her words. "So what do you want me to do?" I asked, feeling utterly powerless in the face of her predicament.

"Just stay away for now, that's all," she replied softly.

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## Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ?

Chapter 105

LILY

As I sat there, the weight of guilt pressed heavily on my shoulders. I couldn't help but blame myself for what had happened. Ryan had been cautious, trying to maintain a distance, but I had been insistent, clinging to him like a lifeline. I vividly remembered that morning when he had urged me not to accompany him to the airport, but my desperation to see him off had overridden his caution.

Even as we stood beside the car, I had reached out to hold his hand, unwilling to let go. In hindsight, I realized that I had been the architect of my own downfall, the instigator of this mess. No one else was to blame for my suspension but myself.

Sighing heavily, I stared into my glass, the amber liquid swirling within. I couldn't bear to face my children with the anger that burned within me, so I had made a detour to the bar, seeking to unburden some of that anger in the numbing embrace of alcohol. I paid little attention to the young man nearby, aware of the fact that he was surreptitiously filming me. He was likely just another paparazzo, masquerading as an ordinary bystander.

The sound of Jake's voice sliced through the air, jolting me out of my thoughts. I braced myself as he slid into the seat next to me, his presence unwelcome. "You should have li

stened to me and stayed away from him,” he admonished, his tone dripping with disdain . “That man has been nothing but trouble to you.”

I couldn’t help but roll my eyes at his words. “As opposed to you being what?” I retorted sarcastically. “A blessing?” Raising my hand, I glanced at my watch, the seconds ticking by ominously. “You have just a minute to get out of this place, or I’m calling the cops.” It seemed he had conveniently forgotten about the restraining order that had been filed against him.

He scoffed dismissively, his arrogance grating on my nerves. “I came in here before you did, Lily,” he argued defensively. “I literally watched you walk in here, so why should I be the one to leave?”

I clenched my jaw, struggling to maintain my composure in the face of his provocation. This was the last thing I needed right now—  
an encounter with Jake, a constant reminder of past mistakes and heartache.

Frustration and anger boiled within me as I found myself trapped in another confrontation with Jake. What was I even doing here? With a heavy sigh, I reached

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Chapter 105

impulse to retaliate? The image of smashing that bottle over his head  
bro fleeting sense of satisfaction, but it was too late now.

How much longer would I have to feign ignorance with him? Ryan had already uncovered Jake’s alliance, so why continue this charade of pretending not what he had done?

Starting the engine, I pulled out of the parking lot, my mind consumed by thoughts of confronting Jake’s betrayal head—  
on. Finding a safe spot to pull over, I retrieved my phone and dialed Ryan’s number, relief flooding through me as he answered almost immediately.

“Hey,” He breathed out.

A chuckle escaped me. "Were you waiting for my call?" I teased, the tense earlier encounter slowly disappearing at the sound of his voice.

He exhaled roughly. "I didn't think you would take my call." He confessed, was contemplating calling and was more than excited when I saw your narrow my screen."

Despite the situation at hand, I smiled. "We already established the fact that working with Waper," I pointed out, going straight to the point.

"Yes, and?"

"I was wondering why I have to keep pretending around Jake that he is not a liar and a con artist?"

"Because I have to find out what Waper has to gain in all of these." Ryan replied: "The moment I get that, I will be helping you kick Jake to jail, and I will have Waper and his associates, assuming he has one."

He fell silent for a while. "Did you run into Jake?" he asked abruptly and I bit my lips knowing he figured it all out already.

"At the bar, just now."

Ryan cusses under his breath. "I am going to ignore the fact that you went to the bar under this circumstance." He breathed out. "Did he approach you?"

"Yes, he did," I responded, the truth rolling out of my mouth.

"And what did you do when he approached you?" he asked again, "did you c

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I shook my head as if he was present here with me. "No, I didn't, I walked away."

Ryan fell silent again and I knew he was trying to keep his anger in check. He is just as frustrated by the situation as I am. "Jake was the one who released those articles to the press," I revealed, knowing this would only make him more angry, but then he needs to know.

"He did what?" Ryan spat out angrily. "And how did you know this?" he queried, "I know for a fact that he didn't walk up to you to tell you this to your face.

"He kept emphasizing the fact that he created no scandal for me while we were dating." I mused, "The fact that he kept wanting me to believe that you came with excessive baggage gave him away?"

Ryan smacked his lips together, the sound very audible through the phone. "don't worry, I will handle him myself."

"And what do you intend to do?" I asked genuinely curious to know what was going on in his head. "You can't get him arrested, that will be a blind case because you do not have any evidence that he did it."

"Everything shouldn't be left for the law to handle," Ryan informed me with a clipped tone. "Sometimes, we should learn to do things our way and not always depend on the cops."

I don't like how he is sounding. "You are scaring me, Ryan." Placing my head on the wheel, I sighed. "don't do anything that will make you end up behind bars."

He chuckled. "I am not getting him killed." He assured me. "murder is the only thing that can get me behind those bars."

"Then what do you intend to do with him?"

"Have some men teach him why he shouldn't have messed with you."

SEND GIFT

## Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ?

Chapter 106

JAKE

When I remember that Lily keeps choosing that bastard over me, it pisses me the fuck off. What else does she want me to show her before she recognizes that that man **isn't** good for her and that I am the one who loves her dearly?

Yes, I admit that all of these started off as a game, then to a money making scheme, but then I fell in love. I want her love, I want her heart, I want her attention than whatever St ephanoe and her father has to offer to me.

Walking down the lonely alley with a lit cigarette hanging loosely on my lips, I nodded to the sound of the music blasting in my car through the headset I have

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After a few moments, I became aware of faint shadows trailing behind me, causing me to instinctively halt my steps. With deliberate caution, I removed the hood of my hoodie, revealing my identity, and turned slowly to confront the looming figures behind me. Six intimidating individuals stood before me, their presence casting a foreboding shadow over the dimly lit alley.

Furrowing my brow, I demanded, "What do you want?" It was inconceivable that Agapa would dispatch his henchmen so prematurely; after all, my deadline had not yet elapsed. "Who sent you?" I pressed, searching for any hint of motive behind their presence.

"We'll reveal our sender once our message has been delivered," one of them replied, cryptically, a menacing tone underscoring his words. My heart quickened as I watched them brandish the sticks they had concealed, advancing towards me with deliberate intent.

Instinctively, I began to retreat, taking gradual steps backwards before breaking into a desperate sprint. Yet, no matter how swiftly I fled, they pursued me relentlessly. It was as if these men were once contenders in an Olympic race, their athleticism allowing them to close the distance with alarming speed, overtaking me before I could reach the safety of the alley's end.

The first blow from the stick struck me squarely on the shoulder blade, sending a searing wave of pain rippling through my body, from my back to my brain. Before I could even process the pain, the onslaught continued, each strike landing with relentless force, leaving me reeling and gasping for breath. The blows came fast

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#### Chapter 100

and furious, **denying** me even a moment to catch my breath as they pummeled me mercilessly.

With each strike, my body convulsed in agony, the excruciating **pain** radiating through every fiber of my being. I stumbled to the ground, unable to withstand the onslaught any longer, as they closed in around me like a pack of wolves, their blows raining down upon me without mercy or restraint.

I surrendered to the pain, allowing it to consume me as I lay helpless on the ground, coughing up blood and feeling the sickening crunch of bones snapping beneath the relentless assault. They seemed driven by some insatiable hunger, as if their reward depended on the ferocity of their attack.

As darkness threatened to envelop me, the barrage of blows finally **ceased**, leaving me battered and broken, teetering on the brink of unconsciousness. Through the haze of pain and exhaustion, one of them squatted down to me and placed his phone close to my ear. I heard a familiar voice, taunting and triumphant.

"Hello," the voice sneered, its familiarity sending a chill down my spine. "I see you. received my message."

"You bastard!" Through gritted teeth, I lashed out at him, my words dripping with defiance despite the agony coursing through my battered body. "What have I done to deserve this brutal assault?" I demanded, each syllable punctuated by a painful cough as blood trickled from my lips. "Is **this** your twisted way of warning me to stay away from Lily?"

He scoffed derisively, his laughter a cruel echo in the desolate alley. "You've been relentlessly pursuing my woman ever since you learned of her divorce, and I've allowed you to carry on with your antics. Do you truly believe I would suddenly decide to intervene now?"

Lily must have confided in him, I surmised silently, my mind racing to

comprehend his motives. "Then what is the meaning of this?" I pressed,

desperation seeping into my voice. "Sending your lackeys to inflict such brutality upon me?"

His chuckle was devoid of remorse, each syllable dripping with malice. "Consider this a warning, Jake," he sneered. "Perhaps I won't involve the authorities this time. Perhaps I'll handle you myself, treating you like the lowlife scum you truly are."

"F\*\*k you!" I spat at the phone, seething with rage and pain.

Chapter Ten

"I'll make sure to f\*\*k you up if you ever dare to make Lily your target again," his menacing voice retorted before abruptly terminating the call

My glare pierced through the retreating figures of the men, incredulous at their callousness. "You're just going to leave me here?" I shouted after them, my **voice** echoing in the empty alley. "If you've decided to break my legs, at least have the decency to take me to the hospital or drop me off at home!"

"Call 911," one of them retorted as they climbed into their car and sped away, leaving me alone in the darkness.

Summoning every ounce of strength within me, I struggled to my feet and began **the** slow journey back home. This wasn't the first time I'd been subjected to such brutality, and I knew exactly what needed to be done.

Finally reaching the sanctuary of my own room, I retrieved the first aid kit and set about treating my injuries with practiced efficiency. Amidst the stinging pain and throbbing bruises, I reached for my phone and dialed Stephanie's number.

Stephanie initially ignored my calls, prompting me to persist until she begrudgingly answered.

"You do realize that your deranged husband sent some thugs to beat me up," I snapped, the frustration evident in my voice.

"He did?" she responded nonchalantly, her tone devoid of concern. "Why are you bothering to call me about it?"

"I'm calling to warn you I hissed, my patience wearing thin. "You know full well what I'm capable of. If you don't rein him in, I'll make you a widow faster than you can blink."

Her response was laced with amusement, her laughter ringing hollow in my ears. "Did you just threaten to murder Ryan?" she chuckled incredulously. "With what resources, Jake?" she taunted. "I'm genuinely curious to know. You can't even afford a decent meal, let alone a plane ticket to New York. Yet you dare to threaten a man who can effortlessly arrange dinner with the president."

Her laughter echoed through the receiver, a cruel reminder of my own inadequacies in the face of her husband's wealth and power.

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held back a bitter chuckle at her dismissive attitude, steeling myself as I laid bare the extent of my capabilities. "The same person you believe incapable of affording

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## Chapter 108

a proper meal was responsible for having an article published about Lily, resulting in her temporary suspension, as reported by the news,” I retorted. “If I possess the means to orchestrate such actions, then rest assured, I am more than capable of dealing with your husband.”

A tense silence enveloped the line as Stephanie processed the gravity of my threat, her labored breaths betraying her anger. “I dare you, Jake,” she growled defiantly, her voice dripping with venom. “I dare you to lay a finger on Ryan. Let’s see if you live to see another day.”

Despite the searing pain coursing through my battered body, a bitter laugh

escaped my lips, echoing hollowly in the confines of my room. The sound was short-lived, however, quickly replaced by a sharp pang of regret as the movement exacerbated my injuries.

“Your father won’t allow you to harm me, Stephanie,” I countered through

clenched teeth, the defiance evident in my tone. “I hold secrets that could ruin him, evidence that could land him behind bars for life.”

Her response was dismissive. “I call your bluff,” she retorted, her voice dripping with disdain.

But her disbelief mattered little to me; the truth remained unchanged. “I couldn’t care less about what you choose to believe, Stephanie,” I shot back, my resolve unwavering. “As I’ve said, rein in your husband or I will. I refuse to endure a repeat of today’s events ever again.”

I disconnected the call before continuing the first aid, hoping that if I take a nap after taking pain relievers, the pain will be lesser by the time I wake up.

SEND GIFT

## Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ?

## Chapter 107

RYAN



"I found something!" Angelo announced eagerly as he entered my room, his expression alight with excitement.

I glanced up from my laptop, curiosity piqued, and waited for him to elaborate. Instead, he simply tossed a heavy brown envelope in my direction. I caught it deftly, eyebrows raised in anticipation. "What's in here?" I inquired, already tearing open the sealed document.

"I believe it'll be more entertaining if you read it for yourself," Angelo replied cryptically, taking a seat beside me on the bed. "I think it's starting to make sense now."

Intrigued by his words, I wasted no time in looking into the contents of the envelope, flipping through the pages with increasing curiosity. With each passing moment, my eyes widened in astonishment. "Is this even legal?" I breathed, disbelief coloring my tone as I grappled with the implications of what I was reading.

Angelo's snort broke the tense silence. "Who cares about legality?" he quipped, a hint of amusement lacing his tone. "It's not like Waper can sue me if he finds out, because the document in your hand will implicate him if it goes public."

The weight of his words sank in as I processed the implications. In my possession was the financial statement of W&M law firm, revealing that Waper had transferred over a billion dollars to his private account, with no evidence of repayment to the company. It was becoming clear that something sinister was at play.

Angelo's analysis struck a chord, and the pieces of the puzzle started to fall into place. "I can swear with everything I have in me," he continued, his voice tinged with conviction, "that he was the one who suggested marriage with you by blackmail, hoping to get something out of you that could be used to pay off at least some of the debt."

"If this information gets out, not only will he lose the law firm, but he'll also end up in prison for money laundering," I mused aloud.

"What about Jake's role in all of this?" I pressed, sensing a gap in the narrative.

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## Chapter 107

Angelo shook his head. **I don't have an answer to that either," he admitted, his expression troubled But I'm confident Jake will come clean once he's questioned.** There's **no** harm in handing **him** over to the authorities now **that we're done with him.**

**My** mind raced with questions as I tried to piece together the timeline. “When did he transfer that money? Before or after my marriage to Lily?” I asked.

Angelo rifled through the file once more. “During your marriage to Lily,” he confirmed, his tone grave. “I don’t even think Stephanie was back in the country at that time.”

The reality of my failed marriage with Stephanie hit me with intense happiness. “I can’t believe it’s over,” I murmured. “I want another copy of this document,” I declared.

“You can have that one, I have another copy of it in two different flashes. I turned off my laptop and rolled off the bed to get dressed. “Are we going to Waper’s office?” he called out to me.

“No!” I yelled back, “we are going to his house.” I will be sending Stephanie a message to meet me there. Within few minutes, I was done dressing.

Together with Angelo, I set out to Waper’s place, not before sending Stephanie the message I was suppose to send to her.

“Lily will be delighted.” He rasped as he drove. “I can’t believe you both will finally, be having the happiness that you deserve.”

Just the thought of breaking the news of my divorce with Stephanie filled me with great delight. “I am taking a long needed holidays with her and the kids after all of this is done.”

“Yeah,” Angelo agreed, “You both sure do deserve it.” His phone vibrated in his suit jacket and he pulled it out and placed it on speaker. “Do you have any other thing on him Matthew?”

he asked the voice at the other end of the line.

I didn’t even realize he was still looking into Waper.

“He is a chronic gambler.” Matthew revealed, “I have the record of his payment for casino coins and what I can say is that it is totally outrageous.”

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Matthew’s revelation about Waper’s gambling addiction elicited a wry chuckle from Angelo. “Looks like we’ve hit the jackpot with this one,” he remarked, steering the conversation towards a **decisive** turn.

“**As** soon as possible, please forward all the evidence you have on him. Angelo instructed. “It’s time to bring this to a close

“Consider it done, sir. Matthew replied promptly. “On some occasions, he’s been known to spend over a million dollars in a single day.”

The pieces of the puzzle began to fall into place, illuminating the reasons behind Waper’s staggering debts to the company and, by extension, Stephanie’s coerced involvement in our marriage. It was clear now why she had been thrust into my life with such relentless force.

I’ve just sent the evidence, sir,” Matthew confirmed.

“Make sure to send a copy to the boss and also to my three email addresses.” Angelo instructed firmly.

“Yes sir, I will do that ASAP.” The call disconnected.

As the call ended, I wasted no time in checking the notification that had just chimed on my phone. Opening the file that had been sent to me, I scrutinized the contents. A transaction had indeed been made from an account registered under the name Transford Lopez, yet the verification details unmistakably matched those of Waper himself. It was clear: he had covertly funneled funds from his secret account to fuel his insatiable gambling habit.

Angelo steered the car to a halt outside Waper’s compound, and we disembarked, ready to confront the man who had orchestrated so much craziness in my life. Waper, emerging from the side garage, paused in his tracks upon spotting us, his expression a mix of surprise and feigned hospitality.

“Ryan?” he called out, his voice tinged with false warmth. “Had I known my esteemed son-in-law would be paying a visit today, I would have prepared a more suitable welcome.”

As Stephanie’s **car** pulled into the driveway and she stepped out, joining our impromptu gathering, her presence only served to intensify the tension in the air. “What’s going on?” she inquired, her voice laced with concern. “Why did you ask to

see me?”

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Because I have something of great importance to discuss with you and your family," I responded evenly, my gaze unwavering as I addressed Waper. "If you don't mind, lead the way, and make sure to bring your wife

along as well."

Waper regarded Stephanie with a mixture of curiosity and apprehension. "Has something gone awry?" he mused aloud, his gaze shifting between us. "Are you dying?" This time, his pointed question was directed squarely at me, his eyes searching for answers.

Suppressing a bitter chuckle, I shook my head. "Not anytime soon," I quipped dryly, gesturing towards the door. "Please, lead the way."

With a contemplative hum, Waper glanced briefly at Stephanie before wordlessly complying with my request. We fell into step behind him, our silent procession echoing through the corridors of his opulent estate. Waper motioned for one of the staff members to summon his wife to join us in the library, a task she carried out promptly before rejoining our procession.

Upon arriving at the library, I settled into a comfortable seat, silently observing as Waper gracefully walked across the room, his movements fluid and practiced. "Can I offer you anything?" he inquired, making his way to the mini bar. "Perhaps a glass of scotch?"

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"I'm fine, thank you," I responded tersely, my gaze never wavering from Waper's scrutinizing stare.

He acknowledged my response with a curt nod before retreating to the mini bar, leaving me to mull over my suspicions in silence.

Moments later, Waper's wife entered the room. "What's the occasion for this sudden visit?" she inquired, her smile faltering slightly as she settled onto the sofa beside her daughter. "Are we about to receive news of a grandchild?"

"In your wildest dreams," I muttered under my breath, suppressing a bitter laugh at the absurdity of the suggestion.

"I'm here to inform you all that I'll be filing for divorce tomorrow morning."

The room fell into a stunned silence, every gaze fixed upon me as if awaiting further explanation. Waper's wife was the first to break the silence, her voice laced with concern. "Did something happen between you two?" she inquired, her eyes searching mine for answers.

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## Chapter 107

Stephnaie shook her head in response before glaring at me. "Have you lost your mind?" she spat. "Have you forgotten what can actually do?"

Stephanie's words was met with a calm smile, masking the anger brewing within me. "I haven't lost my mind," I replied evenly, meeting her glare head-on. "But perhaps I've simply stopped caring about the leverage you hold over me."

With deliberate nonchalance, I reached for my briefcase and extracted the file detailing the illicit transaction Waper had orchestrated through the firm. "You might want to take a look at this, Mr. Waper," I remarked, sliding the file across the table towards him.

As Waper's eyes scanned the incriminating evidence before him, his initial composure faltered, replaced by a dawning realization of the position he now found himself in. The shock etched on his face spoke volumes.

No words were needed to explain the gravity of the situation; it was abundantly clear that the game was over.

## Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ?

## Chapter 108

RYAN

Waper's expression got his family worried. His wife got off the sofa and rushed towards him, she snatched the document away from him and read through it, and when she did, her eyes widened with shock. "How did you get this?" she blurted out, her eyes radiating the fear that she felt inside.

This can only mean one thing, she knew that her husband took out money from the company, and she knows that he gambles, the same way she is the part of this crazy scheme of trying to rip me off my money.

Despite all the crazy things that Stephanie has done so far, I hoped against hope that she does not know of **this** and that she isn't part of their plan.

I watched her equally stand to her feet and approach her mother. She collected the document from her and read through it. "I guess it is game over then." She muttered bitterly, dropping the stack of documents on the table. "I told you all this wasn't going to work."

Shit! She knew! She was part of it.

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Utterly disappointed in her, I tried not to let my expression give it away. "That's not all," I stated, drawing everyone's attention back to me. "I have something else on you Waper and just like Stephanie did, I am going to let you wonder what it might be."

"And you think I am going to believe you?" Waper spat. "I am **a** lawyer, you think I **am** going to believe anything you say without evidence?"

"You are a lawyer and a thief." I taunted. "Firstly Waper, I do not give a shit about whether you chose to believe me or not, and secondly, I have no reason to lie to you. This evidence is more than enough to have you and your entire crazy family stay off my back."

Stephanie abandoned them and rushed to my side. "I never wanted to do it, Ryan," she whispered, grabbing my hand. "whatever feeling I have shown towards you all this while has been nothing but the truth." She licked her lips, her eyes desperately pleading with me to believe her. "I love you Ryan and that is the honest truth."

"And there is no you after Lily," I responded. "my love is not for you Stephanie, it is for Lily and it will always be for her." I shoved her hand off mine. "All these

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months, you were busy scheming with your parents on how to take my money from me

Tears rolled down her eyes. "I am sorry Ryan, that was the only way I could remain ale

I didn't understand what she meant by that, and honestly, I didn't care. "Guess, what, I am taking that safety jacket off you. Standing to my feet, I fixed the rumple on my shirt. "I am sure you have figured out the drills yourself, if you release that video in your possession or submit it to the cop. I will also take mine to the cops. and let us all take the heat of the moment.

Without waiting to hear whatever silly thing they had to say, I stomped out of the room, slamming the door behind me

“I think this is the best thing I did this year. “Angelo pointed out with a grin as we made our way to our car.

It wasn't until we had gotten into the car and Angelo started the engine did I realized that I had left my phone in the study room. “Shit.” I cursed out and Angelo glanced at me.

“Is everything alright?”

“I left my phone in there,” I replied, already getting off my seatbelt.

“You want me to go get it?” Angelo offered but I shook my head.

“Keep the car running. I will be back shortly.” I got out of the vehicle and made my way back to the house.

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Without waiting for any directives of anyone, I made my way the stairs, toward the library. On getting to the door, I almost pushed it open and walked in, but. Waper's angry words made me halt and eavesdrop.

“You should have gotten pregnant just like I told you!” he yelled at undoubtedly Stephanie. “How difficult is it to seduce your own husband?!”

“I couldn't,” Steph responded tiredly. “Getting pregnant came from having sex, and Ryan wasn't even sleeping at home, so how was I supposed to seduce him or get him to sleep with me?“,

“You should have visited any of the homes where he stays, fucking drug every consumable liquid in that house, and let him drink it and find you on his bed! No

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man won't find you attractive while drugging!”

I heard her sniff. “For a moment, let us entertain the idea that what you just said worked, it isn't going to change anything, it isn't going to get me pregnant.”

There was a pause. “Is it that difficult for you to get pregnant?” Waper snapped, “Or does he have a low sperm count? What in the fuck's name is going to stop you from getting pregnant!”

“That is because I am incapable of getting pregnant!” Stephenie yelled. “I am infertile, father and your wife knows about it.”

“Because of the baby you lost?” he asked and at that moment, I actually felt sorry for Stephanie. “Did you forget we told the doctor to lie to make the case look more severe?”

My eyes widened with shock and my hand shook with anger.

“It seems you have been in character for so long that you can no longer differentiate your lies from your truth.”

Stephanie’s cry increased. “What don’t you understand father?” she croaked. “I told you that I am infertile. That means there was no baby to begin with. I was never pregnant, and the slight shoulder bump from Lily couldn’t have caused any harm even if I was pregnant, but guess what? I am saying, there was no baby. I was never pregnant for Ryan nor will I be for any other man.”

SEND GIFT

## Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ?

### Chapter 109

#### RYAN

I **was** certain that my cars betrayed me, I mean they have to because no human can be this cruel.

Pushing the door open, I heard several gasps of surprise from the people in the room, but my focus wasn’t on them. I didn’t care about the couple in the room. who has clearly sold their conscience for money, I stomped towards the woman whom I had assumed had a little bit of sympathy in her.

How dare she?! She is nothing but the devils’ incarnate. Her father clearly did not know about her plans to lie about a pregnancy, It was all her and her stupid mother’s plan, and the fact that she saw another woman slowly die with guilt, thinking that she killed a fetus. I had to go through the mental struggling of trying not to feel so sad about the child because that would make Lily feel even and in all of these, Stephanie was never pregnant.

guiltier,

Fucking hell! The truth hit me hard. Stephanie was infertile. All those tearful visits to hospitals, the desperate attempts



to uncover the source of our childlessness, they were all part of her elaborate facade. She had cried on my shoulder after each negative pregnancy—test, her anguish seemingly genuine. But it was all a charade, a carefully crafted illusion to conceal the truth.

With rage coursing through my veins, I seized her by the throat, my grip vice—like as I shoved her backwards until her spine collided with the unforgiving edge of a shelf. I cared not for her gender; in that moment, she was no lady. Only when one conducts themselves with dignity and compassion do they deserve such a title, and Stephanie had displayed neither. She was nothing more than a heartless monster masquerading in human form.

“How could you?” I snarled, my voice a venomous growl as I locked eyes with her, ignoring the feeble protests of her parents who pleaded for her release. “You forced Lily to bear the burden of your deceit, to carry the guilt of terminating a pregnancy that never existed!”

Stephanie’s sobs echoed through the room her tears flowing as she begged for forgiveness. “I’m sorry! It wasn’t supposed to go this far, I just wanted your attention,” she pleaded, her words choked with remorse. “But then my mother planted the idea in my mind, and it spiraled out of control.”

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## Chapter 109

Her **frantic hand** chawed at mine, desperation etched on her tear—streaked face as I rightened my **grip, my** anger boiling over. Perhaps I should end this here and **now** I retorted, my voice laced with venom. “So no one else will fall victim to your deceit and wickedness.”

“I’m filming this!” Waper’s voice bellowed from behind. “And if you don’t release her, I’ll go live and expose you for the crazy man you are.”

I scoffed at his feeble attempt to

intimidate me. “Go ahead,” I spat, my grip on Stephanie’s throat unyielding. I watched as her face turned purple, a grim satisfaction settling over me. “Perhaps it is time to show the world the kind of craziness and deceit that makes up your family.”

“What the hell?!” Angelo’s voice, familiar yet tinged with alarm, pierced through the tension in the room as he appeared in the doorway, swiftly pulling me away from Stephanie’s grasp.

Stephanie coughed roughly, her mother rushing to her side in a frenzy of concern. “How could you

attack me like that?" she sputtered, her words barely audible. amidst her choking. Ignoring Angelo's restraining hold, I lunged forward again, the anger still burning within me.

Angelo held onto me with a firm grip, his voice a murmur in my ear as he attempted to pacify me. I could sense his bewilderment, the shock evident in his eyes as he struggled to comprehend the situation unfolding before him. "What's going on, boss man?" he muttered. "What did she do **this** time?"

"She was never pregnant," I spat, shrugging off his hold. I watched as Angelo's jaw dropped in disbelief, his expression mirroring the incredulity that coursed through me. "This woman," I continued, my voice seething with rage, "she's infertile. Lily never killed any baby. It was all a lie!" I knew that Angelo would understand why I had been willing to resort to such drastic measures to confront the heartless demon before us.

Angelo's disappointment showed on his face as he addressed Stephanie. "You crossed a line, Stephanie," he muttered, his voice heavy with reproach. "Accusing your fellow woman of such a heinous act, it's unconscionable. Did you even stop to consider the toll it would take on her mental well-being?"

"Don't you dare compare my daughter to that lowlife," Waper snapped, his tone brimming with indignation. "Never again, Angelo. Such comparisons are beneath

us."

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## Chapter 108

**In a** fit of rage, I selected the nearest object valuable artifact resting on the table- and hurled it at Waper before Angelo could intervene. My aim faltered, and the **artifact** narrowly missed its mark, but the message behind my actions was clear.

You're absolutely right, I spat, my voice dripping with venom. "There should be no comparison between your daughter and Lily. Light and darkness have nothing in common."

Angelo intervened once more, his grasp firm as he sought to lead me away from the escalating conflict. "Come on, Bossman he urged, his voice a calming presence amidst the chaos. "Let's leave before things escalate further. Speaking in anger will only lead to words and actions we'll regret." With a gentle tug, he guided me towards the exit.

With a pointed jab of my finger at Stephanie's parents, I issued a stern warning. "This isn't over yet. You'll be hearing from me," I declared firmly, allowing Angelo to lead me away from the scene.

The journey home was shrouded in silence. Angelo focused on the road ahead, while I found myself lost in thoughts.

Pulling out my phone from my pocket, I dialed my father's number, and he answered promptly, "Son?" his voice greeted me.

"I'm divorcing Stephanie," I stated bluntly, wasting no time in getting straight to the point.

There was a moment of silence before my father responded, his tone measured. "Are you finally ready to see that woman go to prison as the consequences of her actions?" he inquired calmly. "Though I may not hold much affection for her, her children still need her."

"What are you talking about?!" my mother's voice interjected in the background. "He's not divorcing Stephanie, so he needs to drop that notion right now."

Ignoring my mother's protests, I focused solely on my conversation with my father. "Are you at home?" I inquired.

"Yes, son, I'm home," came his response.

"I'll be there shortly," I informed him before ending the call and tossing my phone aside. "Take me to my parents," I instructed Angelo, who complied without a word.

1983 June

We arrived at my parents house in short order, pulling into the familiar driveway. Angelo parked the car in the garage and turned to me. "Should I keep the engine running?" he asked, lazily inquiring whether I intended to stay for a while.

"Switch it off." I replied firmly, swiftly opening the car door and stepping out onto the pavement. "Come inside, join us for something to eat or drink," I added, extending the invitation to Angelo as I closed the door behind me.

Bypassing the staff and trusting my intuition, I made my way directly to my father's office. Its thick wall made it the ideal space for private discussions, and I was confident I would find my parents there.

As soon as I entered, my father wasted no time in addressing the conversation we had over the phone. Closing the door behind me. I took a seat, preparing to reveal the unsettling truth that had come to light.

"Wager is involved in gambling." I disclosed, watching as my father's brows shot up in surprise at the revelation. "He's amassed debts

totaling millions, and Stephanie. was strategically placed in my life to siphon off my wealth so her parents could repay their debts.”

“That can’t be true,” my mother interjected, her tone defensive. “I refuse to believe Stephanie would be involved in something so deceitful. She’s a wonderful girl.”

My anger flared at my mother’s denial. That ‘wonderful girl’ lied about being pregnant.” I retorted sharply, my gaze fixed on her. “She deceived us all. She was never carrying my child, and she’s incapable of conceiving. Stephanie is infertile.”

My mother’s yelp echoed through the room as she clutched her chest in disbelief. “How did you find out about this?” she demanded, her voice tinged with skepticism.

Her doubt grated on my nerves. “I heard it straight from the source,” I snapped, redirecting my attention to my father, who listened intently.

“I’m going to take some time off work and change my surroundings,” I continued. “But first, I’ll make my plans to divorce Stephanie public. I want our lawyer to prepare the necessary documents. And I want you to sever all ties with Waper’s **firm as** our legal representatives. We won’t be needing their services anymore. I don’t want to see them listed as our associates when I return from my vacation.”

“I’ll take care of it, my father assured me, his expression serious.

15:46 Fri, Jul 26

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Rising from my seat, I fixed them both with a pointed stare. “I believe you owe Lily an apology,” I stated firmly. With that, I turned on my heel and left their office,

sending Lily a message as I walked out.

“I AM COMING HOME.”

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## Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ?

Chapter 110

LILY

## I AM COMING HOME

I blinked at the text, trying to understand what it really means but failed to.

I know the text is from Ryan, and it means that he is coming to Canada, but there is a desperation that comes with the text that I do not understand.

Transferring the hospital coat to my left hand, I dialed his number but it went to his voice mail. Trying so hard not to overthink the situation. I have not seen Ryan type with so much desperation.

Turning off the stove, I leaned on the kitchen island and continued dialing his number but I kept being redirected to his voicemail.

I would have called Angelo to find out what was going on, but I don't have his number saved up in my phone. He has called me a few times, but I didn't save his number.

Scrolling through the few unsaved numbers that I have spoken with over the past few weeks, I hoped the one I picked out is Angelo's.

Dialing the number, I placed the phone on my ear and waited for him to pick. He finally did. "Hello? Angelo?" I breathed out, hoping he is really the one on the line.

"Hello ma'am," a voice that definitely didn't belong to Angelo responded. "I don't know who you were trying to call, but this is Dr. Rashid."

Shit! The Indian residence doctor. "Hi doctor Rashid," I greeted, "I am sorry if

I bothered you or caused you any inconvenience, but I was trying to call someone else."

"It's fine," he assured me, "things like that happen."

"Thank you for understanding." Disconnecting the call, I tried the next unsaved number and thankfully I got it right this time. "Angelo? Where is Ryan?" I breathed out in a hurry the moment I heard his voice. "He sent me a weird call and I have been trying to reach him, but he isn't taking my calls."

"It is not that he isn't taking your calls." Angelo informed me, "Ryan has been on a call for over two hours, which is why I think he was unable to take

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your call."

## Chapter 1

Oh... I guess I was worrying for nothing. "Everything is fine with him right?"

He kept quiet for a moment. "No," he responded, "man almost lost his mind. today.

His words made my body tense with worry "What happened today?" I asked, "Is he hurt?

"Emotionally? Yes," he responded, "he heard some crazy things from Stephanie today that made him lose his mind, and ever since he has been making calls to make sure that everything about the William's family is disassociated from the Waper's family."

I really want to know what's happening but Angelo isn't the one I should be asking. "Please tell him to call me back once he is done with the call."

"I think you should be more patient" he advised. "I believe he is coming down to Canada today and he isn't leaving anytime soon.

I still want to speak to him, to **hear** his voice

It is the only way

I will be calm. "Sure." I replied, giving him the response he wants to hear because I very much. know that I will be calling Ryan again.

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As soon as the call disconnected, I sent him a text again.

IF YOU NEED ME RYAN, PLEASE DO NOT HESTIATE TO CALL.

Clicking on the send button, I dropped the phone on the counter and returned to cooking, hoping to get a response from him.

However, when I didn't get any response, I knew I had to keep my mind busy or I was going to constantly worry. After cooking, I decided to make a quick stop at the grocery store to get some things for the house, since the boys are asleep and we are short of some things.

Quickly changing, I informed the nanny that I was stepping out before getting into my car, and drove off. However, what I didn't expect was that a grocery shopping that was supposed to take my mind out of constant worry, appeared as anger in form of Veronica.

She halted with a taunting smile when she saw me and of course walked up to me. "I see you are learning to be more domesticated now that you don't have a job."

Taking a deep breath, I inwardly told myself not to let her words affect me. "Don't

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Capres 110

get ahead of yourself Veronica." I advised. "You are and your son are just filling my seat temporarily, so don't let it get into your head."

"Temporarily?" she scoffed. "You really think you are coming back, don't you?"

I know for a fact that I am coming back. I won't let go of something Georgina and her husband worked so hard for. She gave it to me for a reason and I am going to get back my position. "I don't think I am going to come back, I know I am going to come back."

"Good luck with that." She mocked. "I have wanted that office ever since that crazy witch died, and I finally get it and you think you are getting it back?" she took a step closer and reached to touch my curls, dream on sweetheart, I'd hate to burst your bubble."

I am already frustrated with the issue of Stephanie and Ryan, I refuse to let her add to it. "If you will excuse me, I don't have all day to spend with you here." Grabbing the cart, I walked into the supermarket, leaving her standing in the doorway.

How bad can this day get? I try to make it less worrisome and problems keep popping up. If she thinks I have given up on that hospital, then she has lost her goddamn mind.

Her son isn't built for that position, he is yet to know his left from his right as a doctor, not to think of running a whole hospital.

It is only but a matter of time that he will make a mistake that will affect the entire hospital.

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SEND

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