

Becoming Strangers Again Chapter 131-133

Posted by Adminh, 123

Chapter 131

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Chapter 131

but I was

too weak to even sit up. I could barely lift my head, the dehydration and exhaustion taking their toll. I wanted to call out, to let whoever was out there know I was here, but my voice was a mere whisper, lost in the suffocating silence of the room.

The footsteps grew louder, more hurried. Then, a loud bang echoed through the space, causing me to flinch. Someone was at the door, pounding on it with relentless force. Each hit reverberated through the walls, shaking me to my core. I prayed was Ryan, that he had finally found me.

With a final, resounding crash, the door gave way. Splinters flew as it broke open, and Ryan rushed in, his eyes wide with panic and relief. He spotted me immediately, his expression softening with profound relief and concern.

"Lily!" He shouted, dropping to his knees beside me. His arms wrapped around me, pulling me close. I felt his warmth, his strength, as he cradled me gently. "I'm here. I'm here," he repeated, as if trying to convince himself as much as me.

I managed a weak smile, feeling the tears well up in my eyes. "Ryan," I whispered, my voice barely

audible.

He pressed a gentle kiss to my cheek, his touch tender and comforting. "You're safe now," he murmured, his voice choked with emotion. "I've got you."

But my body, pushed beyond its limits, had other plans. The world around me began to fade, my vision narrowing as darkness crept in from the edges. I wanted to stay awake, to hold on to the safety of his embrace, but I was slipping, my strength ebbing away.

"Ryan..." I managed to say before the darkness claimed me, pulling me into unconsciousness.

The last thing I felt was his arms tightening around me, his voice a distant, soothing murmur as I surrendered to the void.

When I woke up, I found myself in a familiar room one that I knew belonged to Ryan. The soft lighting and the comforting scent of his place wrapped around me like a warm blanket. An IV drip was attached to my hand, delivering much-needed fluids into my system.

I turned my head slowly and saw Ryan seated on the sofa, his head resting in his hands, his posture tense and weary. The moment he saw I was awake, he sprang up and hurried to my side, his eyes wide with relief and concern.

"Lily," he said softly, reaching out to take my hand. "You're awake. Thank God."

I managed a weak smile, squeezing his hand lightly. "Ryan," I whispered, my voice still raspy. "You found me."

He nodded, his eyes glistening with unshed tears. "I was so worried, Lily. I thought... I thought I was too late."

I shook my head slightly, feeling the sting of tears in my own eyes. "You weren't. You saved me."

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Chapter 131

He gently brushed a strand of hair away from my face, his touch tender and soothing “I’ll always find you, no matter what. You’re safe now. Just rest!

The comfort of his presence and the security of being in his home allowed me to relax. I knew t **was** safe, and for the first time in what felt like forever, I felt a sense of

peace,

“Thank you,” I whispered, my eyes closing as exhaustion claimed me once more. “Thank you for coming for me.”

“Always,” he replied, his voice a soft promise that followed me into sleep.

When I woke up again, the first thing I noticed was Ryan lying beside me, his arm protectively wrapped around me. The IV drip was gone, replaced by a lingering ache in my hand.

I shifted slightly, and Ryan stirred, his arm tightening around me for a moment before he opened his eyes. He looked down at me, his expression softening with relief when he saw I was awake.

“Hey,” he said quietly, his voice rough from sleep. “Are you okay?”

I nodded, feeling the sincerity of his concern. “Yes, I’m okay. Thanks to you.”

He smiled, a tired but genuine smile, and brushed his thumb gently across my cheek. “I’m just glad you’re safe now.”

I hesitated for a moment, then asked the question that had been weighing on my mind. “What about Jake? What happened to him?”

Ryan’s expression hardened slightly. “He’s not going to get away with what he did. They’ve intercepted him by sea, and he’s being brought back to Canada. He’ll face justice for what he’s done.”

A wave of relief washed over me. Knowing that Jake would be held accountable lifted a heavy burden from my shoulders. “Good,” I whispered, leaning into Ryan’s embrace. “I’m glad.”

He held me closer, his presence a solid anchor in the aftermath of the ordeal. "You don't have to worry about him anymore," he murmured. "I'll make sure of it."

For the first time in days, I felt a sense of true safety. With Ryan by my side, I knew I could begin to heal, to move forward. I closed my eyes, letting the comfort of his embrace and the knowledge that Jake was no longer a threat lull me into a peaceful rest.

"Thank you, Ryan," I whispered.

"Always," he replied softly, his breath warm against my skin. "I'll always be here for you."

As I lay there, wrapped in the comforting embrace of Ryan's arms, a sudden thought struck me. I lifted my head to look at him. "Ryan, what about the boys? Noah, Lian, and Ethan—are they okay?"

A gentle smile spread across his face. "They're fine, Lily. They're already asleep."

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Chapter 139

Relief washed over me, eating the tight knot in my chest. Thank God I murmured, leaning into **him**. Knowing that my triplets were safe and sound made everything else seem manageable.

Ryan brushed a kiss across **my** forehead. I made sure they were well taken care of. They've been worried about you, but they're strong, just like their mom."

I felt tears welling up with an overwhelming relief of knowing my children were safe. "I can't wait to see them **in** the morning."

"And you will," Ryan assured me. "For now, you need to rest. You've been through a lot."

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Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ?

Chapter 132

When I woke up the next day, the sunlight was straining through the curtains. I reached out, expecting to find Ryan, but the space beside me was empty. For a moment, panic flickered through me, but then I remembered where I was and took a deep breath.

I stretched, feeling the remnants of soreness fan also a renewed strength. After a quick shower, I dressed and made my way downstairs, the smell of breakfast wafting through the air.

As I reached the bottom of the stairs, I saw them my boys, my precious triplets Noah, Liam, and Ethan. They were gathered around the dining table their chatter filling the room. The moment they saw me, their faces lit up with pure joy,

"Moin!" they shouted in unison, scrambling out of their chairs and running towards me.

I dropped to my knees, opening my arms wide. They barreled into me, their little bodies warm and endearing, and I wrapped my arms around them tightly. Tears streamed down my face, and I didn't

"Oh, my babies, I cried, holding them close, feeling their familiar weight and warmth. "I missed you so much"

They hugged me back fiercely, their small hands clutching at me as if they were afraid I'd disappear again. "We missed you too, Mom" Noah said, his voice muffled against my shoulder.

"Are you okay. Mom?" Liam asked, pulling back slightly to look at me with his big, concerned eyes,

I nodded, smiling through my tears. "I'm okay now I'm so much better now that I'm with you."

Noah, always the quietest, held onto my hand tightly, his face buried against my side. "We were so worried, he whispered.

"I know, sweetheart. I'm so sorry you had to go through that. But I'm here now, and I'm not going anywhere, I reassured them, kissing the tops of their heads.

We stayed like that for a while, just holding each other, the relief and love between us evident. Finally, I pulled back slightly, looking at each of their faces, memorizing every detail,

"Let's go have some breakfast," I said, my voice shaky but filled with happiness. "And then you can tell me everything I missed"

They nodded eagerly, and we made our way back to the table, hand in hand. As I watched them chatter excitedly, their faces animated and bright, I felt a deep sense of gratitude. We were together, safe, and that was all that mattered.

Ryan appeared in the doorway, a soft smile on his face as he watched us. I met his eyes, silently thanking him for everything. He nodded, as if to say. "I'm glad you're home."

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Chapter 122

As I sat with **my** boys, soaking in their presence and their animated stories, I heard footsteps approaching. I looked up to see Richard and Sarah, Ryan's parents, standing in the doorway. Their faces were filled with warmth and relief.

"It's nice to have you back home, Lily," Sarah said, her voice gentle and sincere.

Richard nodded in agreement, his eyes kind. "We were all so worried about you. It's a relief to see you safe and sound."

I stood up, feeling grateful for the support they offered to Ryan and the boys. "Thank you, Richard, Sarah. I can't even begin to express how much your support means to me."

Sarah stepped forward and wrapped me in a warm hug. "You're family, Lily. We're just glad you're here and okay."

Richard joined in, patting my back reassuringly. "We're all here for you. Whatever you need, just let us know."

Tears threatened to spill again, but they were tears of gratitude and relief. I pulled back and smiled at them. "Thank you, really. I don't know what I would've done without all of you."

Ryan walked over, joining us. "We're just happy to have you back where you belong," he said, his arm wrapping around my shoulders.

I glanced at the boys, who were now happily digging into their breakfast, their faces bright and carefree. Then I looked around at Richard, Sarah, and Ryan—my family.

"Home," I said softly, the word tasting sweet on my tongue. "It's good to be home."

After breakfast, the boys ran off to play, their laughter echoing through the house. I stayed at the table, savoring the moment of peace. Ryan came over, a serious expression on his face, and sat down beside me.

"Lily, there's something we need to talk about," he began gently, taking my hand in his.

I nodded, bracing myself. "What is it?"

He squeezed my hand reassuringly. "We need to return to New York, at least until after Jake's case is handled. It's important for your safety and to ensure everything is settled properly."

I took a deep breath, processing his words. "I understand," I said quietly. "It makes sense."

Ryan nodded, his eyes searching mine. "Once everything is taken care of and Jake is no longer a threat, we can come back. You can regain your position at the hospital and pick up where you left

off."

Returning to my job at the hospital, to the life I had worked so hard to build, seemed like a distant dream. But with Ryan's support, it felt attainable. "I want that," I said. "I want to get back to our lives."

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III

Chapter 182

He smiled, leaning in to kiss **my** forehead. "We'll get there, Lily. One step at a time"

I nodded, "When do we *leave*?"

"As soon as possible," Ryan replied. "We need to make sure the boys are sealed and safe, and then we can focus on the legal matters. Richard and Sarah will help us with helping you back at the hospital"

I looked over at Richard and Sarah, who were watching us with supportive smiles. "Thank you both," I said, feeling deeply grateful for their effort

Sarah nodded. "We'll take care of everything here. Just focus on getting things sorted out in New

York."

Richard added, "We have a lot of people here who help handle your issue here, Lily. We'll make sure everything is ready for your return."

"Alright," I said, taking a deep breath. "Let's do this."

Ryan's hand tightened around mine. "Thank you."

“Ryan, what about Stephanie’s funeral?” I asked softly, knowing her passing had occurred under tragic circumstances.

Ryan’s expression remained stoic. “Angelo attended on behalf of the family? he replied matter factly. “They’re dealing with it in their own way.”

I nodded, feeling a twinge of sadness for Stephanie’s loved ones, even though she hadn’t been a close friend. Her death had been a shock, but it didn’t evoke the same emotions as losing someone dear.

Sarah interjected with a troubling piece of information. “Lily, there’s something else you should know.”

I turned to her, curiosity mingling with apprehension. “What is it?”

“Stephanie’s mother is blaming Ryan for her death. She revealed.

My eyes widened with shock. “Has she lost her mind?!”

Ryan’s mother interjected, her voice firm. “She’s been spreading lies and accusations. If she persists. I’ll have no choice but to sue her for defamation of character.”

The news left me reeling. While Stephanie’s passing didn’t elicit sadness from the family due to her troubled history, being unjustly accused of her death was a bitter pill to swallow. I exchanged a glance with Ryan, silently offering my support in the face of such baseless accusations.

“It’s absurd,” Ryan declared, his frustration evident. She knows as well as we do that I had nothing to do with Stephanie’s death.”

I reached out to grasp his hand, offering a reassuring squeeze. “I’m sorry you’re having to deal with

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Chapter 132

this, Ryan.”

“Don’t be, she’s going to regret doing that.”

“We won’t let her tarnish Ryan’s reputation. We’ll put an end to this.” Sarah chimed in.

“Stephanie’s mother **is** crazy,” I said, shaking my head, “Jake told me that Stephanie stabbed herself with a pen.”

Ryan’s eyes darkened, and he nodded. “It’s true, Stephanie was unstable, and that incident was one of many. She had a lot of issues, and her mother’s denial only made things worse,

I felt a chill run down my spine, recalling Jake’s account of the incident. “It’s just so hard to believe that she would do something like that to herself.”

“She was troubled, Lily. There were many things that her parents couldn’t help her with, and in the end, she became a danger to herself and others.”

Her story was really a tragic one. Standing up, I packed up the dirty plates on the table. “I’ll drop this in the dishwasher and join the boys outside.”

I’ve missed them so much and I’m more than certain they’ve missed me too, so I intend to spend more time with them as much as I can to make up for the missing time,

“I’ll join you too.” Ryan chimed in, helping me with the rest of the plate on the table, “I’ve missed having my family together.”

I smiled widely at him. “Me too.”

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Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ?

Chapter 133

LILY

We returned to New York two days after because Ryan wanted to make sure that I was fit enough to travel. It basically made me run a full time routine before we left for New York.

Finally arriving home, I watched the staffs roll in our suitcases into the house with the boys racing before us, clearly excited.

To think Ryan told me that they’ve been crying all these while I was gone, and the loudest one.

I chuckled which drawled Ryan’s attention to me. “Care to queue me in on joke.”

I gestured towards the boys who just raced into the house, already knowing their way around. "I'm amused at how fast they forget things and move on

He chuckled too. "It would be tragic if that was not the case." He grabbed my hand and squeezed, "imagine Liam or one of the boys walking to you and reminding you what you did years ago."

I laughed....like who wouldn't? "That would indeed be scary."

Ryan led me into the bedroom. "What do you feel like having? I'll have the maids fix it while you

shower."

I smiled. "Would you like to shower with me?" I asked, batting my lashes at him.

"Don't tempt me Lily." He muttered as he took slow predatory step towards me. "I am a man who has missed his wife."

"**His** wife?" I teased, lifting my finger, "I don't see a ring."

Fuck this! He closed the distance and slammed his lips on mine like a starved man.

Well maybe I am the starved one because I wrapped my hand round his neck, pulling him deeper into my embrace.

Our tongue fought for dominance as we both sucked and nibbled our lips. I pulled away after a while, slightly breathless. "I think you should lock the door." I do not trust the boys not to barge in.

Nodding, he hurried over to the door and locked it and while he was at it, I hurriedly removed my

clothes.

Ryan hurried back, lifted me into his arm and carried me into his bed.

He made me feel how I haven't felt in a long time.

Ryan and I lay entwined in bed, the warmth of his body pressed against mine. His fingers traced

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