

Becoming Strangers Again Chapter 51 – 60

TheWorldWideBook

Posted by Adminh, 227

Chapter 51 LILY “He’s actually moving to Canada.” I blurted out, watching as Becky’s eyes widened in utter disbelief, her reaction mirroring the incredulity I felt at the audacity of his decision. “Can you believe it! I mean, the man’s practically planning on traveling to New York everyday fou work” Becky let out a resigned sigh, momentarily diverting her attention to the sweet bundle of joy cradled in her arms. “And how’s Jake coping with this bombshell?” she inquired gently, her maternal instincts kicking in as she cooed soothingly at the whimpering infant. “I haven’t had the chance to break the news to Jake yet, I admitted, a pang of guilt tugging my heart. “He already knows that my acceptance of his proposal had been more out of pity than genuine readiness for marriage. He stormed out in anger before I could explain A sympathetic wince crossed Becky’s features as she absorbed the news. “That sounds incredibly tough, she murmured sympathetically, “So, where do you and Jake stand now?” With a nonchalant shrug, I reclined in my seat, crossing my legs as I pondered the uncertain state of my relationship with Jake. Honestly. I’m not sure.” I admitted though deep down, I harbored hopes of reconciliation. “But I plan to swing by his place after work and try to hash things out.” Nodding understandingly, Becky excused herself to lay down the sleeping baby, leaving me to contemplate the complexities of my personal life. Minutes later, she returned “Ryan wants to introduce the boys to the board members and the media as his heirs. I informed her. “As he rightfully should,” Becky muttered with a roll of her eyes, a hint of sarcasm coloring her words. “Those boys deserve to inherit everything he owns.” I couldn’t help b but chuckle at her blunt assessment. “You’re making it sound like that’s the sole reason for their presence in his life,” I remarked, my amusement evident. “Whatever,” she deadpanned, before her expression softened into laughter. “So, they’re headed to New York, huh?” she remarked, “And that means you’ll be tagging along, right?” I shook my head, causing Becky’s expression to shift from curiosity to a puzzled frown. “Why exactly aren’t you joining them?” she blurted out, her tone tinged with a hint of disappointment. “And haven’t you missed me?” Unable to resist indulging her playful banter, I offered a half-hearted response. “Of course, I’ve missed you, sweetheart,” I replied, feigning a smile as she mock-blushed in response. “But I have work commitments that I can’t simply abandon. Besides, I believe it’s important for Ryan to have quality time with the boys and strengthen their bond” Becky’s amusement quickly turned to concern, her frown deepening as she voiced her objection. “You do realize that Ryan won’t be the only one bonding with the kids, right?” she stated matter-of-factly, her tone carrying a hint of exasperation as if she couldn’t believe I hadn’t grasped the obvious. Confused by her sudden change in demeanor, I furrowed my brow in confusion. I’m not sure I follow, I admitted. “If you have something to say, just come out with it.” As Becky sighed, her demeanor shifted from playful banter to a more serious tone. Adjusting her hair into a ponytail, she leaned forward, a look of earnest concern etched on her face. I’m not trying to cast aspersions on anyone, but I need to be rational here,” she began, her lips briefly moistened with a nervous lick. “You do realize that Stephanie doesn’t have any children of her own, right? She’s been yearning for Ryan’s

heir for years, but so far, she's come up empty-handed." I blinked in surprise, the pieces of the puzzle slowly falling into place. "Wait, are we talking about Stephanie?" I asked, seeking confirmation. Giving me a look of incredulity, Becky nodded emphatically. Who else could we possibly be talking about?" she replied, her eyes darting across the screen in a manner that signaled she was about to dispense what she considered sage advice. "Listen to me, that woman harbors no affection for you, and by extension, she has no reason to care for your children. The fact that you've been able to provide Ryan with something she's desperately wanted but couldn't have is more than enough reason for her to harbor bitterness. Leaving your children in the care of a resentful woman is a risk you can't afford to take, trust me "So, what do you suggest I do?" I asked. The idea of asking Ryan to evict his girlfriend seemed extreme, but Becky's concern for the safety of my children was valid. "He could arrange for Stephanie to relocate to a different place until the kids return to Canada, or he could find alternative living arrangements for himself and the children, Becky proposed. "Either way, the priority should be ensuring that the kids are never left alone with her?" The notion of Stephanie posing a threat to my babies seemed unfathomable, but Becky's insistence gave me pause. After all, Stephanie was a lawyer, surely she understood the consequences of any wrongdoing. "I'll discuss it with Ryan" On my way home from work, I decided to make a stop to Jake's place to check on him. I rang the doorbell twice, but received no response Frowning. I cautiously typed in the code, pushed the door open and stepped inside, only to be greeted by Jake descending the staircase, his expression guarded. "What are you doing here, Lily?" he demanded. I offered a nervous smile, attempting to diffuse the tension in the room. "I came here to talk," I began, gesturing towards the sofa in invitation "Can we sit down and have a conversation?" The reluctance in Jake's expression was obvious, but begrudgingly, he relented and joined me on the sofa, his demeanor guarded, "What do you want to talk about?" he inquired, his tone clipped and brusque. Seating myself beside him, I shifted to face him directly, my heart pounding in my chest as I prepared to address the elephant in the room. "I want to apologize for how I've treated you, I began, steeling myself for his reaction. Jake's gaze bore into me, his eyes filled with skepticism. "What exactly did you do, Lily?" he demanded, his voice tinged with frustration. "If you're going to apologize, you need to acknowledge the specifics of your actions." Swallowing hard, I met his gaze head-on, mustering the courage to confront my own shortcomings. "I shouldn't have accepted your ring out of pity," I confessed, my voice tinged with remorse. "And I should have been honest with you about not being ready for marriage yet." He regarded me in silence for a moment before releasing a resigned sigh. "Will you ever be ready?" he asked, his voice filled with a hint of longing. I nodded, a small smile playing at the corners of my lips, "Someday," I affirmed softly. His smile widened slightly as he extended his hand towards me. "Come here," he invited gently. Without hesitation, I melted into his embrace, feeling the warmth of his touch enveloping me. "I hate it when we have misunderstandings," he admitted, his voice laced with regret "Me too." I murmured against his shirt. He pressed a tender kiss to my temple, his arms tightening around me in reassurance, Later that night, after I had finished tucking the boys into bed, I dialed Ryan's number. He picked up almost immediately, as if he had been expecting my call "Did you miss me?" he teased, and I couldn't help but let out an exasperated puff. "Don't flatter yourself, Ryan, I retorted, the flatness of my tone

punctuated by his laughter, which indicated that he was merely teasing me. “Is everything alright?” Ryan’s voice took on a more serious tone, a hint of concern evident in his voice. “I know you don’t call unless it’s something serious.” “I want to discuss Stephanie, I stated firmly, my tone brooking no argument. There was silence on the other end of the line before Ryan finally responded, his voice tinged with caution. “What about her?” he asked, his tone guarded “If you’re planning to take my kids for the weekend at your place, I don’t want them anywhere near her,” I demanded. “Why!” Ryan asked, his voice laced with curiosity as he attempted to grasp the reasoning behind my request. “I’m not comfortable with her being around my kids, I explained, opting for a simpler explanation to mask the complexities of my feelings. “You can have her stay at one of your penthouses, or you can have the kids stay at either of your penthouses.” Another silence followed, stretching out until I began to wonder if the call had dropped. Just when I thought he wouldn’t respond. Ryan’s voice broke the silence. “I’m not doing that.” My jaw tightened at Ryan’s response. “What do you mean you’re not doing that?” I demanded, struggling to contain my frustration. I’m not comfortable with Jake being around my kids,” he argued defensively. “But you don’t see me telling him to stay away.” His reasoning struck me as flawed, and I couldn’t help but push back. “That’s not even a valid comparison, Ryan, I retorted, my frustration evident. Jake loves the kids, Stephanie doesn’t. Besides, I don’t

live with Jake* “But he’s with them every day,” Ryan countered, his tone firm. I hadn’t expected the conversation to take this turn, and I struggled to find a response. “You told me you didn’t want Jake around when you visit the kids, and I respected that even though it strained my relationship.” I pointed out, my voice tinged with disappointment. “Why can’t you do the same for me?” “Make the same request,” Ryan’s voice came through, rough and strained, leaving me puzzled. Frowning. I struggled to grasp his meaning “What do you mean?” I asked, confusion lacing my tone. “Come with the kids, and I’ll ensure you won’t even catch a glimpse of Stephanie,” he replied tersely, his words sending a chill down my spine. I scoffed at his offer, feeling a surge of indignation rising within me. “Is that your way of manipulating me into coming to New York?” I retorted, my frustration evident. “It’s the only way Stephanie will be kept away from the kids,” he responded coolly, his tone devoid of emotion. “I have to go, Lily Goodnight.” And with that, the call abruptly ended, leaving me feeling more unsettled than ever. COMMENT

Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ?

Chapter 52 RYAN “You’ve found a place already? I inquired of Sebastien, my trusted aide whom I had tasked with finding the ideal residence for me. “Send me some pictures. If it looks good. I’ll wire the money to you” “Yes, sir” came his prompt response before the call disconnected. Moments later, the images of the prospective residence popped up on my phone screen, and upon seeing its perfection, I wasted no

time in transferring the payment to Sebastien Before I could fully immerse myself in the excitement of securing a new home, a knock on my office door interrupted my thoughts With a sigh, I watched as my mother entered, her expression somewhat troubled. "What's this I'm hearing?" she demanded, her tone betraying a hint of concern. "It's nice to see you too. Mum," I replied dryly, rolling my eyes in exasperation. Rising from behind my desk. I made my way over to join her on the sofa. "What brings you to the office? You hardly ever come here." "I heard Lily had three babies for you and didn't tell you anything about it!" She blurted out, her tone laced with disbelief and disapproval I nodded, bracing myself for the onslaught of judgment that was sure to follow. "And:" I prompted, steeling myself for her reaction. "And we should be discussing seeking full custody," she declared, her voice sharp with conviction. "After what she's done, she doesn't deserve to have those kids at all" Raising an eyebrow at her audacious suggestion, I couldn't help but feel a surge of anger. "And you think we do?" I countered, my tone tinged with frustration. "After everything we've put her through, what right do we have to claim a role in those kids' lives?" Before my mother could interject with more of her unwelcome opinions, I held up a hand to silence her. I'm fairly certain that if Lily had been under any more stress from us, she would have lost those babies before she even knew she was pregnant," I asserted, refusing to entertain any further discussion on the matter. Her frown deepened, her eyes sparking with defiance. "And who gave you that ridiculous notion that I was putting her through so much stress?" she demanded, her voice edged with frustration. Tilting my head slightly in response to her question, I allowed my expression to convey my disbelief at her denial, though it seemed to have little effect on her determination to defend her actions. "Whatever she did back then was her way of showing gratitude for being accepted into the Williams family," she continued, her tone dripping with condescension. "Accepted?" I scoffed incredulously, shaking my head in disbelief. "Do you even know the meaning of that word? Because you and Dad never accepted Lily! Not once!" Her nostrils flared with indignation, her gaze piercing as she fired back, "And you? Did you accept her?" With a sharp gesture, she punctuated her question, her manicured finger drumming against her knee. "You didn't accept her either, despite being married to her. That's why you always sent her off to our house." Pointing an accusatory finger at me, she pressed on, "No man who truly loves his wife would be so eager to send her away like that." Licking my lips nervously, I allowed her words to sink in, painfully aware of the truth in her accusations. "You're right, I admitted reluctantly, feeling the weight of my own shortcomings bearing down on me. I was a terrible husband, but I'm determined to make amends. I'm trying to fix what I've ruined, and I refuse to stand by and watch you and Dad destroy it." My mother regarded me silently for a moment, her expression softening as she exhaled heavily. "Stephanie was the ideal type we envisioned as a wife for you, Ryan," she confessed. "But that wasn't the reason I disliked Lily or treated her the way I did The self-reproach etched on my face quickly gave way to disbelief. "So what? You suddenly have a justification for mistreating her?" I retorted, incredulous at her attempt to rationalize her behavior. She nodded solemnly, her gaze unwavering. "I could see the way you looked at her, even before you were married," she explained. "I knew you weren't in love with her, and I thought you were simply using her as a rebound after your breakup with Stephanie. But then it ended in marriage." A bitter laugh escaped my lips as her words sank in "And that was enough reason to subject her

to torment?" I demanded, struggling to comprehend her twisted reasoning. "I thought she had something against you, which led to you marrying her. It was obvious it wasn't love because even though you smiled at her at the church that day, it wasn't genuine. I hated her for trapping my son in a loveless marriage, my mother mused. "She didn't trap me," I argued, feeling a pang of guilt at the realization of the pain I had caused Lily. "If anything, I was the one who trapped her in a marriage and made her life miserable." Chapter 53 With a weary sigh, my mother seemed to drop the topic for the time being, shifting her focus to another matter. "So, what's the plan" she inquired, her tone betraying a hint of curiosity. "It's obvious you're not going to file for full custody My mother's sudden interest in the details of my life left me feeling uneasy "Why does it matter?" I countered, a touch of defensiveness creeping into my voice. "At the end of the day, whatever decision I make is mine, and you all will have no choice but to accept it." Rolling her eyes, my mother diverted her gaze momentarily to the artifacts on my desk. "I didn't ask because I want to interfere or anything, Ryan," she clarified, her tone softening "I only asked because I really want to meet my grandchildren." Pondering her words carefully, I searched her expression for any hint of insincerity. "They'll be coming over this weekend," I revealed, deciding to extend the olive branch. "Maybe I'll bring them to the villa so you and Father can spend a few hours with them." A smile slowly spread across her lips, genuine warmth lighting up her features. "That would be lovely," she

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responded, rising to her feet and gathering her purse. "I'll let you get back to work" I watched her exit the room, the sound of the door closing softly behind her marking her departure. The anticipation for the weekend had been building within me, and when it finally arrived, I was practically buzzing with excitement. As the chopper touched down on the rooftop, I wasted no time in making my way to Lily's place, eager to reunite with my children. As I stepped into the living room, I was taken aback to find Liam bounding towards me, eager arms outstretched in welcome. Who would have imagined this moment just a short while ago? Noticing their suitcases neatly arranged in the living room, I scanned the room for Lily, only to have her emerge from the kitchen with Noah perched happily on her back, enjoying a piggyback ride. The sight of her, playing with our son, warmed my heart. With the possibility of Lily joining us on this trip, it seemed that my efforts to bridge the gap between us were beginning to pay off, but I knew there was still work to be done. "Are you coming with us?" I inquired hopefully, holding my breath for her response. She nodded firmly. "There's no way I'm leaving those kids alone with that woman," she asserted. A sense of relief washed over me as I realized that we would be facing this weekend together, as a family. Despite the challenges we had faced, it seemed that this weekend had the potential to be nothing short of perfect.

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Posted by Adminh, ?

Chapter 53 potential ial trip to New York Lontlined my reasons for wanting to go, which alid. However, he countered with a point that gave me pine. He expressed concern that Stephande, currently in a relationships with Ryan, might eventually marry his This hypothetical scenario raised an important question if Ryan and Stephanie did marry, and if Jake and I also tied the knot later on, would I constantly need to accompany the children whenever they visited their father? This I found myself at a loss for an immediate response to Jake's reasoning Consequently, I made the conscious decision to shelve the issue for the time being I fimly believe that we should address this matter when it becomes relevant. For now, I am definitely not going to overanalyze the situation "Are you feeling alright! Ryan's concerned voice alimply brought me back from my wandering thoughts, disrupting the mental haze I found myself in "Liam has been nying in engage with you for a while now, but you haven't seemed present" With a deliberate slowness, Elinkeil, refocusing my gaze downward to meet Liam's expectant eyes. It was evident that my distraction. had left him feeling neglected "What were you saying, my love? I inquired tenderly, reaching down to affectionately cup his cheek before planting a gentle ki*s upon it, hoping to reassure him. Twas asking if we're going to visit Aunt Becky, Liam repeated eagerly. "Indeed, we are." I affirmed with a warm smile, prompting an immediate turned triumph toward has brothers, as if to say, "I told you so" It appeared they had been engaging in a debate about our destination. They kept insisting that we were only going to Daddy's place." "We're headed over to my place, Ryan interjected. "We'll be seeing Grandma, Grandpa, and Aunt Becky" My gare swiftly shifted to Ryan, eyebrows furrowing in surprise. "Your parents?" questioned, a line of tension evident in my voice, though I made a conscious elfort to keep it sulslued, not wanting the boys to pick up on my growing frustration Ryan simply nodded in response. "Yes, they're aware of the boys, and Moin is particularly eager to meet them," he explained casually, pulling out his tablet as if our conversation required only a fraction of his attention. "Don't worry, Lily, It's just a brief visit, a few hours at most. "Just to be clear, if they say anything that makes me uncomfortablelde or try to undermine me in any way, I won't hesitate to speak up," I asserted firmly, ensuring Ryan understood my stance on the muller. He nodded once in agreement, his expression unrealalale. "That's dine by me" he responded with a brief nod The remainder of the journey was filled with an unspoken tension, the silence punctuated only by the burn of the car's engine until it finally came to a stop outside the familiar residence, a place I had once called home, Stepping out of the car, the staff promptly assisted with the suitcases, their movements ellicient and practiced. Meanwhile, I held onto Noah and Ethan, their small hands tightly gripping mine as we made our way towards the front door. "You can use the master bedroom, Ryan informed me as we entered the house and headed towards the living room. I blinked at him, momentarily taken aback by his unexpected offer. Why was he suggesting this now? "Remember, we converted it into an adjoining room for the baby nursery," he continued, as if reading my thoughts. Tve already arranged three single beds for the kids in the adjoining room. It just makes sense for you to be close to them, especially since they're in an unfamiliar environment. I make it easier for you to attend to them and for them to seek comfort from you." That makes sense. "Thank you" I replied gratefully, though a slight pang of discomfort lingered beneath my gratitude. Even though I was already familiar with the environment, I found myself standing by the stairs, gesturing for Ryan to lead the way. It was my subtle way of conveying that,

despite my familiarity, I felt like a visitor in this moment-and perhaps Talways would whenever I stopped by "You know where the master bedroom is. Lily," Ryan responded to my silent cue, his tone tinged with a hint of exasperation. "This isn't my house, Ryan, and courtesy demands that I let you take the lead," I replied evenly, meeting his gaze head-on. He stared at me unblinkingly for a moment, then scoffed before taking Liam's hand and leading him up the stairs. I silently followed behind with Noah and Ethan in tow. Ryan stopped at the familiar door, gesturing towards it. "This will be it. Dinner will be ready in thirty minutes," he informed us, planting a quick ki*s on the boys heads before walking away. It took us a good forty-five minutes to bnally make our way downstairs, as I had to take a quick shower and assist the nanny with the boys before heading down to join the rest of the household. As we entered the dining area, I couldn't help but notice the table set with a delicious spread Glancing at Ryan, I inquired. "You remembered to exclude the cheese, right?" I wasn't overly concerned about Liam's allergy, knowing that Ryan's chefs were well aware of it, considering his own similar trait. "Yeah, I made sure it was excluded," Ryan confirmed with a nod. Senling into our seats, we all began to enjoy the meal. Surprisingly, the boys remained remarkably well-behaved, much to my relief. However, av 1 ate, I couldn't shake off the sensation of being watched. Raising my head, I caught Ryan's gaze fixed on me. I tilted my head in a questioning gesture. "What is it?" I asked, curious about the sad smile playing on his lips. "This," he murmured softly, his expression wistful. This is what my family could have been like if I hadn't messed things up." "The deed has already been done, and it's best if you learn to move past it." I gently advised, offering him a reassuring smile. "Instead of dwelling on regrets, focus your energy on the boundless love you have to offer these little boys" His unexpected question caught me off guard, causing a momentary pause in our conversation. "What if I don't want to?" he asked. I raised an eyebrow in surprise at his response. "You don't want to what? Channel your energy into loving your sons?" I asked, feeling a pang of concern. If he wasn't willing to commit to that, then perhaps our presence in New York, under his roof, was indeed questionable. He quickly corrected himself, his voice softening. "Moving past it," he clarified. "What if I don't want to move past the idea of what we could have been as a happy family? What if I want to work towards turning that idea into a tangible reality?" Dumbfounded by the sudden shift in conversation, I returned my attention to my food, feeling a sense of frustration bubbling within me. "You can't have your cake and eat it too, Ryan," I remarked quietly, the words heavy with implication. I think it's best we finish our meal in silence" The

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remainder of the dinner passed in somber quietness. Once the meal was over, the boys expressed a desire to watch a movie, and Ryan suggested I join them. However, feeling drained and weary, I politely declined. I couldn't comprehend how they all seemed so energetic while I felt utterly exhausted and longing for sleep. Please tuck them in after the movie, I requested sofily as I ki*sed each of the boys on the cheek, bidding them goodnight before retreating to my bedroom to seek some much-needed rest. The following morning. I took my time getting the boys ready for the day ahead, methodically

ensuring they were dressed and prepared for the upcoming board meeting. Meanwhile, I had already dressed myself in a striking red suit, complete with a matching shirt and a pair of red bottom heels, a deliberate choice to exude confidence and professionalism. Ryan entered the room, looking equally polished and ready for the day. A smile spread across his face as he complimented my appearance. "You look dashing," he remarked warmly. "Thank you," I replied, feeling a flicker of appreciation for his kind words. Squatting down to the boys' level, Ryan began to explain the day's plans in terms they could easily grasp. "Daddy is taking all of us to work because I want you to meet the people I work with," he explained gently. The boys nodded eagerly, their excitement evident, which elicited a chuckle from Ryan as he affectionately ruffled their hair. Rising to his feet, he turned to me with a serious expression. "My father will be there," he informed me, his tone tinged with a hint of warning. "Please ignore any snarky remarks he makes in that room." "Why should I ignore it?" I countered, feeling a surge of defiance. "If he comes at me in front of people I don't know and cameras, I'm not going to hold back." Biting his lower lip, Ryan nodded, his expression conflicted. "I think you're misunderstanding me. I'm not telling you not to stand up for yourself," he clarified, his tone earnest. "All I'm saying is that it might be best not to engage with him. He knows how to twist words to make you look like the bad guy, especially in front of those who are inclined to listen. So, I think it's in our best interest not to give him the satisfaction." I straightened my posture. I'm not the same Lily they used to trample over," I asserted firmly. "Let's just get this over and done with." 曲

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Posted by Adminh, ?

Chapter 54 STEPHANIE The maernet is blowing up with news, and honestly, it's driving me absolutely bookers. I simply cannot fathom the constant chatter about Ryan's sons being hailed as the Triplet heirs, it's like nails on a chalkboard to my sanity. "He had the audacity to present them to the board!" I vented aloud to my reflection in the mirror, feeling utterly alone as I lacked any real confidants in the moment. "And to top it off, she casually took her seat right beside him, as though she holds some entitlement to that position. Anger and sorrow consumed me, intensifying my self-loathing to a point where I couldn't bear to look at myself. How could I fail at something seemingly as simple as keeping a man? With each passing moment of self-reflection, my image in the mirror transformed from a potential source of comfort to a stark reminder of the disappointment I've become, mirroring the words my parents had ingrained in me throughout my life. I just wanted to prove them wrong, to demonstrate that I can actually succeed at something. With determination burning inside me, I reached for the vintage mirror and hurled it across the room, watching it shatter into countless shards. Yet, despite the destruction, my anger remained unabated, offering no peace or sense of satisfaction. Stepping away from the vanity stool, I exchanged my current attire for a stunning red Versace gown, complemented by a matching purse and a pair of crimson Alexander Wang shoes. Who said I wasn't invited if Ryan is hosting a party? After all, I have news of my own to share. With purposeful strides, I made my way to my car and drove straight to Ryan's office, spurred on by the live video circulating on the internet,

showcasing him introducing his sons. If he's there, I'll make sure he knows I'm not one to be overlooked. Upon my arrival. I parked my car and stepped out, fully expecting the paparazzi, who were undoubtedly lurking outside in hopes of capturing an official snapshot of Ryan's boys, to swarm my vehicle. Despite any reservations Ryan may harbor, I remained steadfast in my belief that I was still a pivotal figure in the unfolding saga. As anticipated, the moment they caught sight of me, the paparazzi descended upon me like a whirlwind, their cameras practically thrusting towards my face in their eagerness to capture the moment. "Ms. Stephanie," one of them called out eagerly, his voice barely audible amidst the chaos of flashing cameras and shouted inquiries, "are you taken aback by the revelation that your man now boasts the title of father to not one, not two, but three sons?" Summoning forth a smile that masked the inner anger and frustration threatening to consume me, I replied with practiced ease, a skill honed through years of observing my parents lives opposite of what the media sees. "Taken aback Hardly." I responded smoothly, "I've had the pleasure of meeting with the charming triplets on several occasions. Let me assure you, they are nothing short of delightful, each one a ray of sunshine and innocence. My smile widened.. "How does it feel knowing that you are unable to have an heir for Mr. Williams, and he suddenly has three heirs?" The question hit me like a slap in the face, igniting a fierce blaze of anger within me. Yet, despite the seething anger raging inside, I summoned every ounce of self-control to conceal any trace of my inner anger from my body language or facial expressions. "Speculation serves no purpose." I cautioned, my voice steady. "As I've stated before, I am genuinely thrilled by the presence of these children. In fact, I see it as a wonderful opportunity for my own future family, I continued, tenderly resting a hand on my abdomen in a silent gesture I'd hope they'll catch on. "My child will have the privilege of growing up alongside these remarkable boys, providing both companionship and inspiration." The paparazzi's fervor only intensified, their barrage of questions coming at me like a relentless onslaught. "Are you implying that you are currently expecting a child with Mr.

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Williams?" they pressed eagerly, their excitement evident. With a composed exhale, I released a measured sigh, uncrossing my arms and meeting their probing gazes with an unblinking one. "I don't believe I need to offer any explicit confirmation," I replied calmly, choosing my words with deliberate care. Rest assured, my partner and I have discussed the matter thoroughly, and we are both eagerly anticipating the expansion of our family. I urge you to exercise caution in spreading unfounded rumors that could potentially harm these innocent children in the future." As Ryan emerged from the front door, flanked by a phalanx of security personnel and projecting an irritatingly idyllic image of a big perfect family, the paparazzi instantly abandoned their focus on me, swarming towards him like moths to a flame. I maintained my distance, locking eyes with Lily, whose smug expression only fueled the fire of my simmering resentment. If looks could kill, she'd be lying lifeless on the floor without a shred of remorse. "How does it feel to juggle triplets while your girlfriend is pregnant?" one of the paparazzi thrust a microphone in Ryan's direction. seizing the opportunity to ambush him with their probing questions Chugler 34 A1 observed the subtle flicker of shock and panic that

briefly flashed across Ryan's face, I couldn't help but silently congratulate myself on a job well done. If he was intent on broadcasting the news of those little nuisances to the entire world, then I needed to devise a formidable counterattack. "I'm glad to have the triplets in my life" Ryan finally realized the question. "However the pregnancy news about Stephanie is all unprocessed news" Not only did the paparazzi who asked the question frown at his response, I did too. "What do you mean by it's an unprocessed news? Didn't you say few weeks ago during a live video that you were hoping for a baby with her?" "I was happy trying to have a baby with my girlfriend but it never happened, and now we aren't together anymore, she comes at me with the news of a baby, so pardon me if I'm still trying to process it." My breath hitched at his response, while the paparazzi went even more frantic at him. "Are you saying that you and Ms. Stephanie are no longer a couple?" Ryan moved his gaze back to me. "I said what I said. Stephanie and I ended our relationship weeks ago." SEND GIFT

Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ?

Chapter 55 LILY I had to hold my peace till we got back to the house because things aren't making sense to me right now. Getting into the car, I made sure that my sons were all comfortable before fastening my seatbelt Ryan instead of taking a seat by the window, next to the boys, he crawled over to my end and sat directly opposite my seat, I guess that's the advantage of a limo to him, and rather a disadvantage to me because I do not want to sit facing him like this. Pulling out my phone, I scrolled through the hospital staff group chat to chat up on what's happening. Ryan however misinterpreted my anger. "Are you okay?" Lifting my head, I blinked at him briefly then returned my attention to my book. "Yes, I am fine." "Are you sure about that?" he probed again, and slowly, I started getting angry. Slowly lifting my gaze again, I arched a brow at him. "And why do you think I am?" I drawled out, mindful of my tone for that sake of my kids. "Stephanie?" I licked my lips. "We will talk about what happened out there when we get home Nodding, he pulled out his own phone while I returned to mine and the boys chatted about how big the company was and whatnot. When we got home. The boys retired to their room with the nanny to get showered and changed into my comfortable clothes, while I remained in the living room, waiting for Ryan who stopped to address one of the concerns of his staffs outside. Eventually he walked in and when he saw me, when our gaze locked, he quickly looked away. "I know I should have told you that Stephanie is carrying my baby and I apologize for that doing that," he rasped as he walked in further into the living room. "I was hoping to get a confirmation that the baby is really mine before telling anyone about it." My nose crinkled. "What are you talking about?" I asked him, not seeing the need for all this information. "What is my business of your girlfriend," I paused, "or should I say ex-girlfriend is pregnant?" "Isn't that why you are upset?" he asked as he walked over to the bar to fix a drink for himself. "I need to care to be bothered or concerned about such information and honestly, I'm not. Folding my hands, I watched him take a shot. "What I want to know is why you brought me under the pretense that Stephanie stays with you?" Walking back to the living room, he sat down and crossed his legs. "Why?" he chuckled, "because the kids will be

happier if you are around and so would I” he lifted his glass at me in a form of toast. “I guess you can say I needed you here.” “You needed me_7” unable to believe his absurdity, I lifted my head and laughed humorlessly. “Please tell me you are f@cking joking right now.” “I didn’t think you’ll swear.” He jested, getting me even more irritated. I am not surprised though, he always has a way of getting on my nerves. “You think this is a joke to you?” I asked him through gritted teeth. “I left my responsibility at the hospitals, left the lives that I should be saving to come down here with you and you think it is a joke?” was a joke. The anger on my face flushed the slight smirk on his face into a more serious expression. “I never said your coming here was Please refrain from insinuating things that I did not say.” “Give me a reason why I shouldn’t be on my way back to Canada? His head swiped up quickly. “Liam, Ethan and Noah want you here Lily.” He mumbled as he stood to his feet and slowly approached me. “You are here only for two days with one day already gone.” He stopped right in front of me, his eyes dancing around my face. “Half day is already gone Lily, let’s not argue and have fun with the rest of the time remaining “Fun!” with him? he has clearly lost it. I glanced at my wristwatch. “When are we going to your parents?” I asked, changing the topic completely and not caring that I was blunt about it. “Dinner.” He replied curtly, returning to his seat on the sofa, “I know the kids are tired from the activities of today, so I thought it was best to let them rest.” He smiled at me, “you need to rest too.” “Cool.” Grabbing my purse from the sofa, I turned to walk away

when Ryan called out my name, sighing, I took deep breath before turning to face him. “Yes?” “Your boyfriend,” he rasped, staring absently at the content of his glass, “what was his name again!” he made a show of trying to remember Jake’s name when I know he does. He has a deep memory: Ryan hardly takes in anything into that brain of his and forget it. Chapter AI “Can you get straight to the point or I will walk away.” I warned him with a deadpan expression to show him that I am not bluffing at all He chuckled “Jake. Have you both fixed your differences?” I nodded. “Yes, we did, and!” “Is he aware that you are doing this?” he asked again and my gaze narrowed “is he aware that we are sharing the same roof?” Yet again. I nodded. “And!” He shrugged. “I just want to make sure he is cool with this and that I am not causing any problem between you both.” That’s thoughtful of him, far too thoughtful of him which is why I find it suspicious. “I don’t know what’s going through your head bur you need stop.” He smiled yet again. “You want to know what I am thinking?” he asked and I blinked at him. “All you have to do is ask baby, all you have to do is ask” Shaking my head, I turned and retreated to my room to get some rest because I will most definitely need it in order to be able to face his parents. COMMENT SEND GIFT

Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ?

Chapter 56 RYAN All dressed and ready to go, we all headed to the car. After the kids got in and Lily tried to go in after them, I grabbed her and pulled her back. She blinked

at me. "What?" Smiling softly, I jerked my head towards her dress. "I just wanted to tell you that you look beautiful in that black dress." She stared down at the dress in question before returning her gaze to me with an unsure expression etched on her face. "I am not sure what you wear in the dress because it is just a basic black dress, but thank you" She detangled my fingers from her arm and got into the car. The ride to my parents was going smoothly until that jackass decided to call. Although my eyes were buried on my phone, the entirety of my attention was on Lily's conversation with Jake; not that she was trying to hide it or keep it low in any way. "We are heading to their grandparents place" She informed Jake with a smile, a real smile and not that diplomatic smile that she offers me. "You want to speak to them!" I head swiped up quickly and I glared at her. "Don't" I growled that one word and she halted. "How many times have I told you not to get him involved anytime I am with my kids?" Liam lifted his head and stared at me and I flashed him a smile before reaching down to kiss his forehead. He returned his attention to his brother Noah. Lily who was still glaring at me sighed before looking out the window. "I will let you speak to them before they go to bed." Is she f@cking kidding me!! I opened my mouth to argue that my kids will not speak to that man whilst under my roof but on a second thought, I decided it was best not to argue with her. The rest of the ride happened in awkward silence until the driver pulled over outside my parents' driveway. We got down and so did Liam. Ethan looked up at the gigantic building and poured. Liam leaned towards him and whispered, although it wasn't much of a whisper since everyone around him heard him. "I told you theirs will be bigger." Tilting my head, I tried to figure out what they were talking about when Lily came to the rescue. They are comparing my house to yours." She explained and I chuckled. "They have this habit of comparing every house they visit." "Really?" chuckling again, I glanced at them. "I guess there is a lot I need to know about them." Reaching for either of them, I took Ethan's hand, while Noah and Liam opted to take Lily's hand. We walked into the living room but it was empty. One of the staffs approached us. "Welcome Mr. Williams." She acknowledged. "Your father requested that you and your sons meet him in the study room." I tried not to make a big deal of how Lily wasn't mentioned; surely, they should have known that I will show up with her, taking the lead. We all walked up the stairs to the study. I was the first to walk in with Ethan. "Since you are meeting with your grandchildren for the first time, they little effort you would have made was to make it not look like a business meeting." I reprimanded before taking a seat. My mum's eyes lightened as she saw Ethan, however when Lily entered with the rest of the boys, she frowned. "You came with her?" she asked with a scoff, not bothering to hide her disapproval. Lily took a seat next to me, with both boys sitting in between. "It is nice to see you too Mrs. Williams. My mother scoffed yet again which irritated the heck out of me. I cleared my throat to capture her attention. "Remember what we talked about." I chastised softly. "And for heaven's sake behave yourself in front of the kids." "You will not talk to your mother like that. My father warned me and I moved my gaze to him. "As opposed to how you talk to her in public?" I fired back at the hypocrite. "Besides, I was just calling her to order, something you should equally take note of too." Lily cleared her throat. "Can we pipe it down?" she requested, moving glances to each adult in the room. "I know we all have our differences but please let's not do this in front of the kids, they can sense the negative spirit in the air." Mum got off her seat, walked over to us and squatted to the boy's level, smiling at them. "Hi," she greeted Noah with a wave. "I

am Sarah, your grandmother.” 1/2 Chapin Mi Noah blinked up at Lily who nodded and encouraged her to reach out to him, was when Noah offered a smile. “I am Noah He whispered shyly. “It is nice to meet you” While mum moved her introduction to Ethan, I waited eagerly for Liam’s reaction towards her, she thinks she can just talk down on Lily when she walked in and expect Liam to accept her with open arms? She is going to get the biggest shock of her life. “IL” mum greeted Ethan. “I am Sarah, your grandmother.” Ethan repeated the same process with Noah before accepting her handshake and offering his name in return. She moved to Liam and repeated the process of smiling and offering her name but Liam just blinked at her in response. “Don’t be rude Liam,” Lily chastised him softly. “Your grandmother is saying hello and you are expected to respond.” He moved her gaze to Lily before returning it to mum. “I am Liam.” Was all she got. No smile and no nice to meet you. I snickered. Father cleared his throat. “What was their names again?” he asked me. I hated the tone at which he spoke. I understood what he was trying to do because I was once at the receiving end. He is trying to instill the fear of Richard Williams into them but I am not g

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going to let that happen. “If you can’t remember the names they just mentioned to mum, you can have them introduce themselves to you again.” I will not have him behave as though they are not present or as if they are insignificant We stared at each other unblinking until he realized that I was very much aware of what he was doing. Sighing, he looked at the kids. Lily stared at me, exhaled heavily before bending to whisper to Noah. “Go say hello to grandpa.” He stood up and dragged his feet over to Father, his usual shy smile replaced with an unsure smile. It was as if he couldn’t figure out if the man standing before him is a friend or a foe. “I am Noah.” He mumbled. Father didn’t respond at first, he just stared at him. “Look me in the eyes when you talk boy and speak out, I can’t even hear you properly.” “You will not speak to him like that.” Lily warned him. “One more tune and attitude like that and I will take the kids and leave.” Father chuckled mockingly at Lily as he watched Noah return back to his seat. Ethan walked over and did this introduction, a bit louder and bolder than Noah. It was as if he doesn’t care if grandpa is being a mean asshole. Next up was Liam but he remained seat. Lily reached forward and caressed his head, encouraging him to go ahead but he shook his head and moved his head to father, staring him dead in the eyes. “I don’t like grandpa so much.” He stated matter-of-factly. “He is not being nice.” He turned to Lily again. “Mummy can we please go home! I want to go home.” I couldn’t feel prouder at a father at that moment. N

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Posted by Adminh, ?

Chapter 57 KYAN The feistiness in Lism is something I am going to putter treat them like this, then he deserves every bit of attitude be any reason. If he is going to it, cold Lily tried to encourage him to go say hello, but I interpersed if he doesn’t feel like then leave him be “Ly ded Father cleared his throat, clearly upset about L glass on the small table

beside him and took a sp. ehaviour but can't do do you think ahe . He reached for porch Vidi spending their holidays bere with your © Tve come to the decision that they will be spending the holidays with me" I informed him with a restor isti't up for update

"However, I'm open to the idea of arranging a vist, perhaps for a day or two, to spend some time with them." that you bod be He fed me with a penetrating stare, attempting to assert his authority, but I remained unmoved and unaffected by his atten intimidate. "It will require far more than a mere two days to counteract the sillines sharply, his tone dripping with disdain Lily, unable to tolerate his disrespect, swiftly came to her defense. "I beg your pardon," she hissed with unhidden anger, her eyes flashing with indignation. "You would do well to choose your words more carefully, sir. I refuse to stand by and allow you to speak to me and my children in such a disrespectful manner" He arched a questioning brow at her, his voice dripping with contempt. "Why do you look so offended he rasped his tone laced with disdain. "Surely, you don't need to be reminded that you've failed to raise these kids to the standards of the gesture, he uncrossed his legs and leaned forward, his eyes narrowing in scrutiny. They need to be groomed the Williams, and only then can we discuss the possibility of my son having full custody over them." think and behave "That's enough" I interjected sharply, rising to my feet and straightening my shirt, my indignation boiling over. It's abundantly dear that you have no interest in having us here or getting to know your own grandchildren" "Why?" he dared to ask. his gave fixed on me with lazy indifference. "Because I suggested custody of kids that was hidden—" mething as sensible as you having total Before he could finish his sentence, I cut him off, unwilling to entertain any further disrespect "I said that's enough!" I yelled, my voice ringing out in the room, undoubtedly startling the kids. I would rather startle them than have my father reveal to them that their mother hid them from me. As I said, we will take our Lily wasted no time in standing up, not waiting for any further discussion. Mum followed suit, her glare now directed at my father "What is wrong with you, Richard? Can't you save this convenation for when the kids are not around?" the chided him, her tone tinged with disappointment. "It's best they know what's going on too," my father retorted stubbornly. This man has truly lost it Mur turned to me with an apologetic smile "Please forgive your father for his shortsightedness, she implored, her tone softening How about we have dinner before you leave? her suggestion was a feeble attempt to salvage the situation, but I couldn't help feeling a pang of irritation at the thought of prolonging our stay in this tense atmosphere Burying my hands in my pockets, I tilted my head in contemplation. Dinner with this type of compensation?" I shook my head in disbelief. "I'd rather take my family somewhere fancy and let them have dinner in peace." My mother took a hesitant step forward, her eyes pleading with me to reconsider. "I promise that your father will not bring this up at the table," she assured me earnestly I knew she didn't have the power to control what my father might bring up, but I allowed her to hold onto her hopeful delusion. Turning to Lily, I silently sought her input, and she nodded in agreement. "Fine," I relented, "we'll stay for dinner." My mother's face lit up with gratitude. "Thank you so much she exclaimed. But as her gaze shifted to Lily. I noticed her smile transition from genuine to forced. "Could you help me set the table?" she asked, her tone somewhat strained. "I don't think so," I interjected firmly, addressing my mother. "We have enough domestic staff to handle that," I added pointedly, ensuring she didn't miss the subtle message. "Lily is your guest today, so she has no business helping you set the table" Lily cleared

her throat, drawing my attention to her. She shook her head gently. "I don't mind helping" she insisted, gesturing towards the boys. Please keep them company" Her implication was clear don't leave them alone with your father Watching Lily and my mother leave the study, I let out a sigh of relief Squatting down to the boys level, I smiled warmly at them "How about I show you around the house?" I suggested. "Yes" they exclaimed eagerly, their eyes lighting up with excitement Feeling content that my father hadn't succeeded in dampening their spirits By the time I finished showing the boys around the house, dinner was served, and we all sat down to eat in a tense silence. My father. unable to simply enjoy the meal without stirring up trouble, broached a topic that I absolutely did not want to discuss in front of Lily. "Is that child really yours?" he asked abruptly, his words cutting through the quiet air "Stephanie's parents may have been good friends to our family, but I want to be sure that the baby is really yours" My grip on my fork tightened, frustration bubbling beneath the surface. "Can we not talk about this right now?" I pleaded, my voice strained with irritation. "Why?" he pressed, his conduct evident. "Because your ex-wife is here?" Deciding that ignoring him might be the best course of action, I remained silent, pretending as though his words hadn't even reached my ears "You don't need to be shy about discussing your relationship in front of her son, especially considering she's engaged to another man," my father persisted, his words like a knife twisting in my gut. "Can you please just f@cking shut it?" I hissed, immediately regretting my outburst as I realized I had used a swear word in front of my Rubbing my hands down my face, I tried to calm myself, forcing myself to breathe t

through the anger and frustration. Coming here had been a mistake. "I think it's time we left, Lily spoke up. Looking up. I wholeheartedly agreed with her. "Yes, we should," I agreed, grateful for her suggestion. "The boys are tired from the day's activities and need to rest. With that, I rose from my seat and helped Erluan out of his chair, while Lily assisted Liam and Noah. It was time to put an end to this uncomfortable evening and retreat to the comfort of our own space. "Thank you for the dinner, Sarah," Lily expressed her gratitude to my mother. "We really enjoyed it" My mother rose from her seat and hugged the boys tightly before we made our way out of the house, escaping the oppressive atmosphere. We climbed into our car and drove away, the tension slowly dying away with each passing mile. Halfway into the ride, the boys succumbed to sleep, their breathing steady and peaceful. "What did you and Mum talk about?" I inquired. In the kitchen, I mean. What was the conversation about? It wouldn't be out of character for my mother to say hurtful things to Lily, It seemed as though Jake wasn't the only obstacle I faced on the path to reconciling with Lily. "We didn't discuss anything you need to worry about, Lily replied, her attention focused on her phone screen. "I can handle your parents just fine. Her words were confident, but I couldn't shake off the unease that lingered within me. I didn't press further, respecting Lily's privacy. Instead, I pulled out my phone and immersed myself in work-related matters during the ride home. Upon our arrival, I assisted Lily in tucking one of the boys into bed. However, as I made my way to my bedroom. I encountered Angelo. He glanced around cautiously before leaning in to whisper to me. I have some troubling information about Jake." Instantly, my brows furrowed in concern. "Do I need to pry it out of you?" I questioned, my tone serious, Angelo chuckled softly. "I don't think this is the appropriate place to

discuss it. Lily wouldn't be pleased if she found out you had her fiancé investigated." He had a point. "Meet me in my office."

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Posted by Adminh, ?

Chapter 58 RYAN As soon as we entered my office, I made a beeline for the mini bar, pouring myself a drink to steady my nerves. "What did you find out about him?" I inquired, turning to face Angelo, my expression serious. Taking a seat and crossing his legs, Angelo delved into the disturbing findings. "According to the report I have on him, he's involved in real estate management, and he claims to have graduated from UIA," he began. "However, when I checked the list of graduates from the year he supposedly graduated, I found a Jake Willow on the list, but the face didn't match." My eyebrows shot up in alarm. "So, you're saying he's using someone else's identity?" I clarified, a sinking feeling settling in the pit of my stomach. Angelo nodded grimly. "Unfortunately, yes. The real Jake Willow died in a car crash just a few days after his graduation," he revealed. "So, I don't even know if the name he's using is truly his birth name or some stolen identity." "It seems Lily has a streak of bad luck when it comes to choosing men," I remarked, a mixture of sympathy and frustration evident in my tone. "What do you think he could possibly be hiding that would drive him to steal someone's identity?" Angelo shrugged, his expression thoughtful. "I'm not sure, but I plan to dig deeper," he replied determinedly. "I'll look into his family and social circle. Maybe then I'll uncover what he's truly up to." Nodding in agreement, I couldn't shake the sense of remorse for Lily. "You do that and keep me updated," I instructed, watching as Angelo left my office to carry out his investigation. As I sat alone, I couldn't help but reflect on the potential impact of this revelation on Lily. In all my efforts to win her back, I had never considered the possibility that she might genuinely love him. The thought of her being hurt by discovering the truth about the man she loves weighed heavily on my conscience. This is messed up," I muttered under my breath. Downing the remainder of my drink, I decided to put the matter aside for the time being and focus on preparing for the evening ahead. With a heavy heart, I left my office to shower and get ready for the night. Getting into my bedroom, I showered, changed into a loose greysweatpant and got into bed, hoping to catch some sleep. However, an hour later, I was still tossing, unable to get my conversation with Angelo out of my head. f@ck this! I'm done trying to force myself to sleep. Unable to shake the troubling thoughts swirling in my mind, I tossed and turned in bed for what felt like an eternity. An hour passed, and still, sleep eluded me. Frustrated, I rolled off the bed and grabbed a white round-neck shirt from the closet. Slipping into a loose pair of grey sweatpants and grabbing a pack of cigarettes from my drawer, I made my way out of the bedroom, desperate for some fresh air to clear my head. Perhaps a smoke in the garden would help ease the tension that gripped my mind. I stepped out into the cool night air and headed for the garden. The sight of the lake that flowed in the middle of the garden was a soothing sight, one of the reasons I had chosen this house in the first place. As I gazed out at the water, a sense of calm washed over me only for a fleeting moment. er me, Lighting the cigarette, I took a deep drag, the bitter taste mingling with the night air as I exhaled a cloud of

smoke. As I smoked, my mind drifted to the worst-case scenarios of who Jake might turn out to be. I prayed he was anything but a serial killer or a psychopath. The thought of someone with malicious intentions towards Lily sent a shiver down my spine. The last thing I wanted was for a deranged individual to be obsessed with Lily to the point of wanting to harm her. "I didn't realize you started smoking again, Lily's voice broke through my thoughts, her presence catching me off guard. Dressed in a nightwear and covered with a long robe, she settled down beside me, and I fought to keep my gaze focused on the lake, avoiding the temptation to stare at her legs "I smoke whenever my mind won't stop working, especially when I should be resting admitted, taking another drag from the cigarette. I glanced at her briefly before returning my attention to the calming expanse of water. "Is the smoke bothering you?" I inquired, concerned about inconveniencing her with my habit She shook her head. "I'm fine," she assured me softly, her voice barely above a whisper. Nodding in acknowledgment, I allowed the silence to settle between us as we both stared out at the expanse of the lake. It wasn't long before Lily broke the silence once again. "Do you want to tell me what's bothering you?" she inquired gently, her concern evident in her I hesitated, unsure of how much to reveal. I rather not tell her anything until I have figured this whole thing out "Just work in general," I lied. "But it's nothing I can't handle," I added, attempting to reassure her. Caring her neck to look at me, she studied my face for a moment before sighing softly. "You've always had a problem with letting people know what's going on inside your head," she remarked, a hint of amusement in her tone. "It used to frustrate the hell out of me back then" Exhaling a cloud of smoke. I glanced down at my ring-unclad finger, feeling a pang of regret. "I'm sorry." I mumbled, my voice barely audible above the rustle of the breeze I didn't realize how frustrating my behavior was for you back then." She chuckled again, the sound soothing in the quiet night air. "More like all of your behavior," she teased gently, a hint of fondness in her tone "Damn I cursed under my breath, feeling a pang of regret. I really was an asshole back then, and the most annoying thing was that I didn't even realize it." She shrugged nonchalantly. "It's fine. I moved past is already, so it doesn't hurt me anymore," she reassured me, her words laced with understanding. Once more, silence descended upon us, but my mind refused to quiet down. Thoughts of Jake consumed my thoughts, swirling in a relentless storm. Unable to contain the curiosity any longer, I blurted out. "Tell me more about Jake." Lily turned to me, blinking slowly in surprise. That was so random," she pointed out, a quizzical expression crossing her features. "Why do you want to know about him?" Because I want to know the lies he fed you Just the thought of it alone is making my blood boil in anger. "Because I want to ensure he's the right fit for you and our kids" I replied, masking my true feelings with a plausible explanation. "He's going to be a father to my kids someday, so it's only fair that I know the kind of person he is and what he does. The kind of family he comes from and other basic things about him" Lily didn't respond immediately, her gaze piercing as she studied me intently. For a moment, her silence unnerved me, but I held her gaze steadfastly. Would you rather I have someone look into him? Loffered, sensing her hesitation. After a moment's pause, she shook her head. "There isn't much to know about him, she began, her voice soft. "His parents are deceased, and he was raised by his grandmother in a comfortable environment in Italy. He studied at ULA, and as far as I know, he doesn't have many friends" Suppressing the urge to scoff, I pressed on with my questions. "No friends at all?" I probed, and Lily

nodded in affirmation. "That's rather weird," I remarked, unable to conceal my skepticism. Lily quickly countered my assertion. "That's not weird," she defended, her voice firm. "He's an introvert, and I respect that. I don't consider him weird at all." "An introvert" I repeated, mulling over her explanation. It was certainly one way to define him. "And his grandmother—surely you've visited her before accepting his ring!" Again. Lily nodded. "I've visited his grandmother three times, and we speak on the phone every now and then," she confirmed. Interesting. I a

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am eager to know if Angelo will find out only about his grandmother when he looks into him. Just be careful, Lily," I cautioned, my voice tinged with concern. Her brows furrowed in confusion. "What's that supposed to mean?" she inquired, her eyes searching mine for an answer. Licking my lips, I crushed the cigarette underfoot. "I care about you, Lily," I rasped, turning to face her squarely. "I care about you so much that the mere thought of anything happening to you pains me. I need you to be careful." She cleared her throat, her expression a mix of surprise and apprehension. "I'll be fine, Ryan," she reassured me softly. "I hope so too." I replied, my voice thick with emotion. Leaning in abruptly, I pressed a kiss to her cheek, feeling her tense under my touch. "I hope so too, Lily," I repeated. In a moment of recklessness, I closed the distance between us, capturing her lips with my own. But before the kiss could deepen, she pushed me away with force, her hand connecting with a stinging slap against my cheek. Stunned, I watched as she rose to her feet, her eyes blazing with anger. "Don't you dare do this again," she growled, her voice low and fierce. "I'm going to pretend this didn't happen." I smirked as I rose to my feet, unable to resist a hint of sarcasm. "Does that mean you're not going to tell your fiancé?" I taunted. Her glare spoke volumes, but she turned on her heel and stomped away, leaving me alone with my thoughts. As she disappeared from view, I found myself inexplicably drawn to her ass. **SIND GOT**

Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by **Adminh**, ?

Chapter 59 RYAN Lady and the lays are set to leave for Canali today, and I've decided to go with them to see my new place and take care of some matters concerning Jake. However, before leaving. I needed to make a quick stop at the office to handle a few tasks, as I wouldn't be available tomorrow or the day after. Thirty minutes after I arrived at my office, I heard a ruckus just outside. At first, I tried to ignore it, but the noise grew louder until it became impossible to ignore. With a sigh, I pushed away from my desk, rubbing my temples to ease the growing tension, before making my way toward the door. Upon swinging the door open, I was met with the sight of Stephanie, her hand poised mid-air, ready to strike my secretary across the face. My features contorted with anger at the shocking scene unfolding before me. "What the hell do you think you're doing?" I erupted, my voice laced with fury, causing Stephanie to recoil instantly. "Do you believe you have the right to raise your hand and strike my staff?" Her frustration

evident, Stephanie licked her red lips before responding, "I wouldn't have even considered hitting her if she hadn't tried to prevent me from seeing you" Was she serious? I felt incredulous. "She's simply doing her job, Lemphasized, hoping to drive the point home. "Even if you were to lay a land on her, it wouldn't change a thing. You wouldn't be granted entry into my office regardless. Why? Because that was my directive, and my instructions supersede any pain you wish to inflict upon her"

Stephanie's furious gaze darted across my face, her eyes shimmering with a hint of moisture. "What have I ever done to you to deserve this?" she demanded, her voice trembling with emotion. "You do realize that I am still the legal representative of this company!" I couldn't help but feel a pang of frustration at her words Digging my hands into my pockets, I hit down on my lower lip, contemplating her question. Slowly, my eyes swept over her figure before I responded, my tone firm "When was the last time you actually set foot in She shot me a glare. "What does that have to do with anything?" "Everything." I retorted, my expression deadpan. "Because if you bothered to show up at the office where you supposedly work, you would have realized that I submitted a request for a change of legal representation, and your firm approved it. As of last week, I no longer have any affiliation with you." Her gasp was audible as she placed a hand over her chest, her eyes widening in disbelief. Do you despise me so much that you now want to cut me off completely?" she questioned, her face tinged with hurt, my Bone Tu Exhaling wearily. I held the door open wider, gesturing for her to enter "Come in," I relented, my exhaustion evident in my I lend you a listening ear today, for the sake of what we once shared" She stepped inside, and I closed the door behind her. I'm puzzled, I began, my voice softening slightly. "How is it that your father owns the firm, yet you were unaware of my request for a change of representation? Retrieving two bottles of water from the fridge, I handed one to her. "Is there something you're not telling me? I'm here to help" She twisted the cap off her water bottle, her expression guarded. "Help with what she inquired, a note of caution lacing her words. "Did you lose your job at the firm?" I broached the topic delicately, hoping for honesty. "Did your father terminate your employment?" She stared at me for a moment, her laughter nervous and strained. "What nonsense are you talking about? Why would my father ever consider firing me?" she countered, her tone incredulous: I couldn't help but agree silently. Why would her own father dismiss his only child from the company? Taking a gulp from my water bottle, I urged her to do the same. "So why are you here? What did you want to discuss that nearly led to my secretary getting slapped?" I pressed, curiosity mingled with apprehension. "I miss you," she confessed, her voice barely above a whisper, her eyes shimmering with unshed tears once more. "I miss us," she added softly, her gaze pleading for me to reconsider our relationship. "I understand that you want to provide your triplets with a complete family, but you don't necessarily have to reconcile with Lily. There are people who co-parent, and their children are still happy. I'll be kind to them, I promise." "You and I both know that my decision to end our relationship had nothing to do with my kids, and deep down, you understand it," I calmly asserted, trying to ease the tension between us. As I observed Stephanie before me, it was evident that she was hurting, and my heart ached for her. "Stephanie, I understand that you still harbor feelings for me, but the truth is, I don't reciprocate them anymore," I continued. my lone gentle yet firm. In fact, I'm starting to question if I ever truly loved you." Her frown deepened, her eyes searching mine for any sign of doubt. "You did love me, Ryan," she

insisted, her voice tinged with desperation. I shook my head slowly, meeting her gaze with sincerity. I was infatuated with you,” I admitted, and I mistakenly confused it with love. But whatever emotions I had back then have faded away. You need to stop causing scenes like this in public.” She sniffed, her composure faltering as she wiped away a stray tear. “You didn’t have to make our breakup public,” she protested, her voice trembling with emotion. “Now I’m being subjected to public scrutiny.” She wouldn’t succeed in making me feel guilty for my actions that day. “I provided you with ample time to announce our separation to the public, yet you chose not to do so. Instead, you opted to announce your pregnancy, I reiterated firmly, refusing to let her shift the blame onto me. “I am pregnant she declared, her voice echoing with a mix of pain, anger, and betrayal, her eyes flickering with emotion “What’s wrong with sharing that news with the world?” she challenged, frustration evident in her tone. “Nothing.” I conceded calmly, maintaining my composure as I met her gaze head-on. There’s absolutely nothing wrong with announcing your pregnancy. Eventually, your baby bump will become visible, so why not let people know? However, I added, gesturing toward her still-flat stomach, “once the baby is born, I intend to have a DNA test done. If the baby is indeed mine, I will love and care for it with every fiber of my being. But it’s crucial to understand that it won’t change anything between us – not now, not ever. Tears streamed down her cheeks, her voice barely above a whisper. “How can you be so cruel?” she uttered softly, the pain evident in her

er words. “How can you discard me like this?” “I’m not discarding you,” I replied, my frustration evident as I ran my fingers through my hair. “You’ve had exes, Stephanie. Is this how you reacted to your breakups with them?” Wiping away her tears, she rose from her seat, determination flickering in her eyes. “I never loved any of them the way I love you,” she asserted. Grabbing her purse, she continued, “I’m not giving up on you, Ryan. I’ll fight for what I want, and mark my words, you’ll regret treating me like this.” With that, she turned on her heel and stormed out of my office. I watched the door close behind her before finally turning my attention back to my work. Upon our arrival in Canada, darkness had already descended, necessitating an overnight stay at a hotel. There was no chance I would rest my head in that house without first ensuring that every detail aligned with my preferences. The following day, after carefully inspecting the property and making necessary adjustments, I made my way to the location Angelo had disclosed as Jake’s workplace. With any luck, the changes to the house would be well underway by the time I concluded my business there. As I arrived at AK Real-Estates, I approached the receptionist’s desk. The woman behind it recognized me instantly, who in the world of business wouldn’t? After all, I had gained familiarity and title as a prominent collector of properties. “Good morning, Mr. Williams,” she greeted me warmly, her tone reflecting a familiarity born of professional acquaintance. “How may we assist you today?” “I’m here to meet Jake Willow,” I informed the receptionist, who nodded in response. “His office is on the third floor, on the left,” she directed me. With a hint of surprise, I noted that Jake indeed worked in this building. Making my way to the elevator, I ascended to the third floor and followed the receptionist’s instructions. Upon reaching the door labeled “Jake Willow,” I knocked once before entering. However, the person I encountered inside was not the Jake Willow I had expected to see. Instead, an unfamiliar face greeted me with a puzzled expression. 色

Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ?

Chapter 60 LILY Today marks Ryan's move into his new home, and I'm on the lookout for the perfect housewarming gift. It's quite amusing, actually, that he's already throwing a housewarming party. I didn't expect him to have a social circle here just yet, but then again, he's a prominent businessman, so it's no surprise he's gathered people around him. Choosing a gift for someone who seems to have everything poses a challenge. After some thought, I settled on a cozy bedwarmer and a practical microwave. Unfortunately, the microwave won't arrive until tomorrow. Meanwhile, Liam, being the artistic soul that he is, sketched a beautiful portrait of us as a family. I'm confident Ryan will appreciate this heartfelt gesture. As we arrived at Ryan's new place and opened the door, we were met with a surprising sight. Instead of a bustling crowd, it was just Ryan and Angelo in the living room, accompanied by soft background music. It was a peaceful and intimate setting, a far cry from the bustling party I had imagined. Releasing Noah's hand, I ventured further into the room, my brows furrowed in confusion as I observed the scene before me. "I thought this was supposed to be some sort of party?" Ryan, raising his wine glass, nudged Angelo's leg, prompting him to do the same. "We've got wine, and with two, it's already a gathering." he remarked casually. I let out an exasperated sigh. "Are you serious right now?" Just the two of them for a party? "So, this housewarming celebration was just for you and Angelo?" Ryan shook his head in response to my question. "So, are more people coming?" I pressed further, only to receive another shake of his head. "What exactly are you trying to tell me, Ryan!" He chuckled at my bewildered expression. "I'm saying that this gathering isn't solely for me and Angelo," he explained, a warm smile spreading across his face as Ethna nestled against his thigh. "We've got you, Ethan, Noah, and Liam. That's six of us, and trust me, six is more than enough." Shaking my head in response to Ryan's explanation, I handed him the bedwarmer before settling comfortably onto the sofa. "How's everything going, Angelo?" I inquired, directing my attention to the young man who seemed to be Ryan's constant companion. With a warm smile, Angelo replied, "I'm doing just fine." Meanwhile, Liam presented Ryan with the gift he had brought, eliciting an instant sparkle of excitement in Ryan's eyes. "You got something for me?" Ryan asked, his voice tinged with childish delight as he unwrapped the painting book Liam had gifted him. His smile widened as he gazed upon the artwork. "Is this meant to represent our family?" he questioned, looking to Liam for confirmation. Liam nodded in response to Ryan's inquiry, prompting Ryan to lower the book to his thigh so he could better examine the images. Slowly, he traced his finger over the pictures, identifying each family member depicted within. That's you, mommy, me, Ethan, and Noah he said Ryan's grin widened, and I couldn't help but notice the genuine happiness radiating from him, especially considering Jake's absence from the picture. Thank you," he murmured gratefully, leaning down to plant a kiss on Liam's cheek. "I'll hang this in the living room," he declared, his gaze returning to the picture. And could I commission another one for my office?" he added, turning to Liam with a hopeful expression. Liam responded with an enthusiastic nod and a wide smile. "I'd be delighted to sketch another one for you," he assured Ryan. I chimed in, offering some insight into Liam's passion for drawing. "He'd

be more than happy to do it. He enjoys sketching more than his schoolwork.” I explained, directing my words to Ryan. His warm gaze shifted towards me, and he blinked with a hint of gratitude in his eyes. “Thank you for the bedwarmers, I really appreciate it,” he expressed sincerely. Angelo interrupted the moment by clearing his throat and rising to his feet. “We’ve ordered dinner. Ill go beat it up before serving” he announced As I rose to lend a hand, Ryan unexpectedly gripped my arm and gently guided me back onto the sofa. “Let him handle it,” he insisted. referring to Angelo, who had already headed towards the kitchen. I watched Angelo’s retreating figure, noting the absence of any domestic staff. “When are your staff coming in?” I inquired, curious about the logistics of maintaining such a spacious home. Chapter 60 Carefully placing the painting on the table, Ryan turned to face me, his full attention now on our conversation. I won’t be having live-in staff, he explained calmly. They’ll come over on Sundays to ridy up and restock the kitchen, and then they’ll leave My brow furrowed involuntarily. “You mean you’ll cook your own meals? Do your own laundry?” I couldn’t help but feel skeptical about the idea Clicking his teeth in a casual manner, Ryan leaned back on the sofa, resting his elbow on the armrest and propping his head up with his hand. They’ll take my diny clothes to the laundry on Sunday, but I’ll pick them up myself. And as for meals, Il be preparing them myself,” he reiterated calmly. “Sure...” 1 muttered skeptically, my disbelief evident in my tone. “Let’s see how long you stick with this decision of yours” Throwing his head back, Ryan erupted into hearty laughter at my challenge. “On that note, I’d like to grab some kitchen utensils, and I could use your help in picking out good ones. Can you make time for that tomorrow?” Confusion knitted my brows together. “What’s going on? Where’s the real Ryan, and who’s taken over his body? I wondered aloud, struggling to comprehend the sudden change in his behavior. “And why aren’t you having someone fetch them for you? Why go to the trouble of getting your kitchen utensils yourself?” “I want to experience a simple family life with my kids and with you too.” His words caught me off guard, and a frown creased my forehead as 1 processed his unexpected declaration. “You want to experience a basic family life with your kids and me too?” 1 repeated, uncertainty lacing my tone. Seeing my reaction, Ryan hastened to clarify. “I mean, if that’s something you’d like to be a part of,” he added hastily, his s

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mile faltering slightly. The direction this conversation was slowly taking wasn’t one I was prepared for, and I knew I needed to put an end to it. “Fine,” 1 relented, deciding to change the subject. “I can free up my lunch for you” A bright smile lit up Ryan’s face, and he clapped his hands together in excitement. “That’s perfect! Thank you,” he exclaimed gratefully. Just then, Angelo emerged from the kitchen with a tray laden with food. Ryan suggested we dine in the living room, and we all settled on the floor, sharing a meal and exchanging laughter over a random joke found on the internet. The next day during lunch, I wrapped up work earlier than usual to make time for the plans I had with Ryan. After parking my car near his place, we hopped into his vehicle, with Ryan taking the wheel, his playful spirit evident despite his role as the driver. “Did I mention look even better in jeans?” he quipped, shooting me a quick glance accompanied by a boyish grin you Shaking my head, I kept my attention on the road ahead. Tell me why

you didn't just order these utensils online," I inquired, hoping for a straightforward answer "Because I wanted to spend soire quality time with you," Ryan responded promptly, his sincerity contrasting with his playful demeanor. I couldn't help but roll my eyes at his response. It seemed like he had taken it upon himself to turn everything into a joke. "Is teasing me becoming a new hobby of yours!" I teased back, though my question held a hint of seriousness. "I was actually being serious when I asked you that question: He glanced at me once more, his gaze holding a hint of sincerity. I was actually being serious," he replied, his eyes meeting mine with meaningful wink. I genuinely want to spend time with you, Lily That's why I've chosen to live without staff, in the hope that you and the kids will come around more often. And I'll even find a laundry service near your place, so I'll have a reason to stop by more frequently 1 was utterly dumbfounded. Staring at him in disbelief, I struggled to find the right words. He couldn't just drop bombshells like that and expect everything to remain normal. What are you up to, Ryan?" I whispered, my voice barely audible as I tried to make sense of his unexpected confession. He too remained silent for a while as if thinking of a reason. "I know you are engaged to be married, I know you have moved on, but that is not going to stop me from loving you, or from showing it." SEND GIFT