

Becoming Strangers Again Chapter 81-90

Posted by Adminh, 124

Chapter 81

LILY

ryse

When days passed without any news of Ryan's release, I knew I had to visit him. With the weekend offering a more convenient time, I decided to take their child along, despite having to sacrifice their extracurricular activities for the trip. Booking a night flight, we embarked on the journey.

Upon arrival, we spent the night at Becky's place, and the following morning, I headed to the detention center to see Ryan. After receiving a visitor pass, I was directed to the visitation room and settled in to wait for him.

After a few minutes, the door swung open, and Ryan entered. He stopped short, his expression clouding with surprise and confusion. "What are you doing here, Lily?" he questioned, his frown deepening.

Rising from my seat, I closed the distance between us and enveloped him in a hug. Despite his reluctance to admit it, I knew he needed the comfort of a hug. His hands hung limply at his sides as I held him close. Gradually, he reciprocated, wrapping his arms around my waist and resting his head against my neck.

We stood in silence for a moment before I gently pulled away from the embrace. "What's going on, Ryan? You assured me you were on the brink of resolving everything, yet here you are, behind bars."

Ryan chuckled wryly as he walked over to the solitary seat. I followed suit, taking a seat opposite him. "It's nice to see you find humor in this situation," I remarked dryly. "But seriously, Ryan, what's really going on?"

He shrugged nonchalantly. "Someone was murdered, and someone has to be held accountable."

My confusion only deepened. "And why does that someone have to be you?" I pressed, unable to comprehend the situation fully.

"I'll just be here for a while," Ryan assured me, his tone calm. "I believe by now, the forensic results have been released, confirming the time of her death. All that needs to be done is to find CCTV footage or evidence proving my associates arrived after she was already deceased."

“And you believe they’ll find it?” I asked skeptically, my doubts lingering. It wasn’t uncommon for CCTV cameras in certain areas to malfunction, and the fact that they were taking so long to find evidence suggested that the camera near the victim’s residence might indeed be out of order.

“Even if they don’t, my father will,” Ryan asserted confidently, his assurance causing a slight wave of relief to wash over me. Perhaps they did have the situation under control after all. “You look beautiful, by the way.”

I couldn’t help but roll my eyes at his attempt to lighten the mood. “This isn’t the time for compliments, Ryan,” I retorted, though his words did manage to bring a small smile to my lips.

He shrugged nonchalantly. “Even if I were facing my last moments, Lily, I would still find a way to compliment you” Letting out a sigh, he leaned back, crossed his arms, and fixed his gaze on me. “Promise me something, though. If I end up spending

more time in here, don’t come back.”

I frowned at his unexpected request. “What do you mean by that?”

“No man wants a woman he’s courting to see him in a detention uniform,” he explained with a rasp in his voice. “So, don’t come back here. When I’m released, I want you to wait for me outside with a bag of chicken and wine.”

I raised an eyebrow at his unconventional request. “I thought chicken was supposed to be paired with a bottle of beer?”

Ryan shook his head. “You’re far too refined for a bottle of beer, **he** remarked with a hint of admiration

1/3

@

+82%

17:58 Tue, Jul 23 GB

Chapter 81

closed door, he knew our time was limited before the security personnel intervened. “How are the boys?” he inquired, shifting the conversation to something more familiar and comforting.

“Fine,” I replied, a chuckle escaping me as I recalled a recent conversation with Liam. “They all miss you, but Liam’s starting to get a bit upset with you.”

Ryan’s lips formed a tight line. “I can imagine. I promised him I’d attend his musical concert, but I missed it.”

Reaching out, I gently placed my hand on his. “I’m sure you’ll find a way to make it up to him,” I reassured him. Glancing at my wristwatch, I realized our time was running out. “I guess my visitation time is up.”

As he stood up, Ryan extended his arms. “Can I have one more hug?”

“Of course,” I replied softly, stepping into his embrace. I inhaled the lingering scent of his cologne, knowing it would fade in time. “You have to get out of this, Ryan,” I whispered in his ear. “You must.”

“Why?” he whispered back teasingly. “Do you miss me that much?”

Suppressing the urge to cry, I pulled back, meeting his gaze. “Don’t be so smug, Ryan. It would crush the kids if you ended up staying here.”

His eyes searched mine earnestly. “And yours?”

For a moment, I debated whether to evade the question, but ultimately, I knew he deserved the truth. “Yes, mine too. It would break my heart to see you locked up here.”

Abroad grin spread across his face. “Then I have to get out of here. I can’t bear to break your heart twice.”

As I made my way to my car, I unexpectedly encountered Sarah and Stephanie. Choosing to ignore their presence, I continued walking towards my destination, but Sarah and her security deliberately blocked my path.

“What are you doing here?” Sarah spat at me, her tone dripping with hostility. Stephanie, standing alongside her, regarded me with nothing but resentment—a reversal of roles, as I should have been the one harboring such feelings towards her.

“Didn’t I explicitly instruct you to stay away from my son?” Sarah bellowed with fury.

“And pray tell, what purpose do you serve by paying him a visit?” Stephanie interjected, her tone accusatory. “You’re neither a lawyer nor do you possess any evidence that could aid his **case**, so what use is your presence to him?”

“Comfort, I deadpanned, meeting their accusatory gazes with calmness. “Something that, at

this moment, neither of you can offer him. You should have witnessed the smile on his face and the laughter in his eyes in my company, despite the challenges he's facing."

"Are you trying to play smart with me?" Stephanie gritted out.

"The truth is a bitter pill, sweetheart, but you just have to swallow it," I retorted, fixing them with a steely glare before continuing on my path towards my car. With purposeful strides I reached my vehicle, climbed in, and slammed the door shut before driving away.

Upon arriving at Becky's house, I found her in the living room. "Where are the boys?" I inquired, seeking distraction from the annoying encounter with Sarah and Stephanie.

"My husband took them to the park, she replied, her gaze probing as she studied my designs

17:58 Tue, Jul 23 GOB.

Chapter 81

2 +82%

Sinking onto the sofa, I released a heavy sigh. "He claims that everything is going to be fine, but I don't know if I believe him." I confessed. Lifting my gaze to meet Becky's concerned eyes, I voiced the fear that plagued my thoughts. "What if he doesn't get out of this?"

"Why do you care?" Becky's question caught me off guard, and I furrowed my brow in confusion. "And don't give me the excuse that it's because he's the father of your children."

"Isn't that a valid reason?" I countered, genuinely perplexed by her inquiry.

Her skeptical gaze bore into mine. "A few years ago, if you had heard that Ryan was going to jail, you would have popped your champagne without a care in the world."

"That's not true," I weakly argued, feeling a pang of guilt at the reminder of my past indifference. Besides, this is different. A few years ago, he wasn't a part of my children's lives, but now he is. I don't want that bond to be cut short."

She scoffed dismissively. "I don't think so, Lily."

"What do you mean by that?" I pressed, feeling a flicker of unease at the direction of our conversation

Reaching forward, Becky clasped my hand in hers, her touch gentle yet **firm**. “It means you’re in denial, Lily, she said softly, her eyes searching mine for any sign of acknowledgment.

I chuckled nervously, attempting to diffuse the seriousness of her assertion. I still don’t understand what you’re trying to imply.”

“What I’m saying is,” Becky continued, her tone gentle yet insistent, “you, Lily, are starting to develop feelings for Ryan again, and there’s no denying it.”

Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ?

to such the generically, I eye hum “What is you

veho

Yeh The changes have been droppested häng the de wider fire me pass migh

Makoy our other was has cher change Alter changing. I approached the officer wins has t

weh he response my straig Ten make hun available. Thissent, my impalence

ok the Heather eyes A Was are interrupted from behurst. It was antes

demesio mow you have a lot of quests, but let’s keep in bene

has

was presence. Lead the way to your office, I instructed, my toe dr. James chuckiest

wakawa and Kallowed this wake

cewaand

my legs, ing jar with a steady gaze Why day you release me a wrec Here I demanded g
etting straight to the pout Did you that the kille

kad The case it closed yet, but you’ve been cd as a suspect

Abd War why I and ring unsented by the sun of events. They couldn’t simply cheer me

Test Bahree shealmsda CT1 Assage founded that hand madied chow cautocras were b
eukien for such as

dag

gaan of awr However, your taber
schon aged to procure footage from subade ha bracealedu/uki amor Kimow but was su
d be gvaseful ee hun

Mr hully row Swat carwe/kwwhere was sail work e be de Please Santes/wanese be
deserved Trepat ay big comes, and I expect you to do the sa

Bowenghohojodesk deal sunk his throws wo you drochings to me, please go ahead
member of ELE

Tag Brend be horware da ngung kh hers

would be runle Insend I resolved as that immat wwvd out the vegases. Thank s fate”

Wading ear of the evening comes, tokake bach of the testing the warn of freedom. I wan
nest the area

料

Sowing has

away with my

apparer Creng the distance how

hearing as when I couldn't help bun chuckle at his tired us approbed bir

m this be be late

you got me thugh so much sess for you ally decis my fiber warned sterphy before

ng his clowed surt, and his security closed the bend we

gourney home I could't help but bed forban's to come. I knew I had to face the press to
morro and I needed to be prepared 1 Grup liquid berang the sleeve

The attach cake care of everything regarding them my father responded cabby “The des
ign wam in akvasty working on

ting a design that close resembles ours

He got

the window as he outlined his plan. We're going to use your just obtention to our beneta ,” he explained Frx, wel barve dhe pasur puihhe same clarifying that you went the actual cuprin. Then you'll hold your own

wisence dxcussing how the devention impacted your psychological beath and addressin g the wrongful sations fan 35 Group While the public sympathizes with your ordeal, we'll release the design

sounded promising but at that moment, all I could think about was a hot shower, a nice dinner, and a good

“Where is Angeser” I asked, puzzled by his absence. It was wake him not to pick me up. I had halt expected to

my arsite the detention center holding a welcome home balloon— just the kind of dramatic entrance he

stuning some es fr he company he repied

I from better asking bout my mother or go sister Frankly, I chem't have the energy to de al with my mother's relentless

Sangaters, and my sister was curremix out of the courty

We speed into a comferable sience as the car made its way towards our gue. As we ap proached, I caught sight of a familiar figure sanding outside—it was Lix

Sou do realize far nothing cane from getting manded to her my father mused breaking t he silence. And nothing will came foam gating marded to her again.”

ignoring his commentary, my gaze remained fixed on the woman standing outside my gate, her presence stirring something within m e

With al the famage you've caused so far you should be focused solely on actions that b enet the company, and tying the knot with her work do as any good” my father continue t d, his words filled with Adisapproval

but I'm guessing your intresty suggesting Stephanie,” I remarked d

Se aged sonchalanty. “You already know the answer to than As the car came to a halt i n front of her, be loaned slightly swarts me Emme fun with her, but for the love of my sanity, do not propose.

That I canned with a smirk, I don't care for your saming" With that, I swung open the door, descended from the car and Kammed in sur behind me as the veture reversed and drove awax

Turning to face Lily with a teasing smile. I shifted my gaze fromaber face to the plastic bag she held in her band. Do you

ow up here with food every day? I couldn't help bar inquire, curious about her unexpected gesture. After all the news of

a yen made headlines, so how could she have knows?

I was station enter, and they sand you've been released she explained with a smile. Niting the plastic bag You restored someting fox ducken and wine

BookSnap

Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ?

Chapter 83

RYAN

The following morning, I took it upon myself to prepare breakfast and carry it up to the guestroom where Lily had spent the night. Pausing outside the door, I knocked gently before pushing it open. Lily glanced up from her phone, hastily tucking it beneath her pillow with a guilty expression.

Raising an eyebrow at her suspicious behavior, I couldn't help but chuckle. "Please don't tell me you're watching porn in my house," I quipped, a playful smirk tugging at the corners of my lips. Not that I would object to it, though.

Rolling her eyes in mock exasperation, Lily retorted, "What? Can't a lady indulge in a little excitement every now and then?"

I knew she was merely teasing, and I couldn't resist playing along. Setting the tray down carefully on the bed, I lifted the cover from the plate. "I made breakfast," I announced with a grin, hoping to distract her from any lingering embarrassment.

Left momentarily speechless, Lily glanced down at the plate before meeting my gaze with a hint of concern. "You should be resting," she insisted softly.

"I am resting," I countered, my voice gentle as I reached out to brush a stray strand of hair from her face. "You are my resting place, Lily"

A faint blush colored her cheeks, swiftly hidden by the fall of her hair as she busied herself with the toasted bread. "You should spend time with the boys," she suggested, changing the subject. "They've missed you."

"I'll see them later"

Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ? Views, Released on July 24, 2024

Chapter 84

LILY

Ryan is upset. I **can** see it in the way, he clenched and unclenched his fingers round the steering. I let him be, looking out the window and lost in thought. I wanted to tell him of my plans, but a lot of things have happened and I kept procrastinating until this moment.

No one **said** anything until he pulled over at his parking lot. He got down and slammed the door behind him. I watched him walk briskly **into** the house. I guess he isn't in the mood for any gentleman's behavior. I opened the door and got down.

Walking into the living room, I found him by the bar, pouring himself a drink. I cleared my throat. "It's not what you think."

He paused with the glass close to his mouth. "**And** what the fuck do you think is going through my mind?" he spat, closing the space between us. "what the fuck Lily? You are really dating that bastard."

Sighing, I closed the space between us, taking the glass from him and taking a swing. He watched me take a drink from his glass. "I wanted to keep him occupied while you searched around for who he is working with"

He arched his brow. "**and** you told you to do that?!"

Now he is getting me upset. "Do I need your permission to make decisions in my life?" I asked him. "I did what was best for everyone."

"What is best for everyone is you staying the fuck away from him" he yelled.

“Stop yelling at me and let’s talk like civilized adults,” I yelled back. Sighing. I pulled my hair out of my face and licked my lips. “I wanted to feel less stupid,” I muttered, finally opening up I felt stupid that he deceived me so easily, I wanted to return the favor.”

He watched me for a moment before closing the distance between us. “Don’t feel stupid Lily, because you are far more smarter than most ladies I know.”

Snorting. I rolled my eyes. “I know you are saying that **just** to make me feel better.”

“I am not. Reaching out, he pulled me into a hug, **kissing** my temple. “I understand that you want to get back at him. Lily. but your safety matters more to me.”

Pulling my head back, I forced a smile. “I will be fine.”

His grey eyes danced around my face as his fingers gently massaged my waist. “I am not going to change your mind, am I?”

I shook my head. “If you want me to stay away from him, then you have to hasten up with whatever it is that you are doing so we can put him behind bars

Blinking up, he muttered words under his breath. “So **what** does fake dating him entail?” Sparked by an idea in my head, I grinned, and he rolled his eyes. “**Please** Lily, don’t make me die of jealousy.”

Flipping my shoulder, I try to wriggle out of his hold. “That’s on **you Ryan**, not me

Nodding, he pulled me even closer, his breath fanning my cheek “NO SEX.” He forced out the words, the thought alone causing him anger. “I can’t assure you **that** he will live to see the next day if he touches you in that manner.”

For whatever **crazy** reason, I decided to poke the bear. Standing on my tiptoe, I brought us even more closer. “You don’t own me, Ryan,” I whispered, licking my lips to keep his **gaze** on my lips.

His eyes darkened at my words. “I may not own your mind Lily, but I **own** your fucking body.”

1/2

自家是70%

wed

Chapter 84

I tightened my legs, feeling a tingle I hadn't felt in a long time. "my body is mine and mine alone, I decide who I share it with." Exhaling a heavy breath, I wiled myself to get a bit of common sense by pulling away from him.

We are both caught in the moment and I am sure we both do not want to do something that we will regret in the future. I tried pulling away but he tightened his hold. "Let me go, Ryan," whispered huskily, sounding breathless by the proximity of

him

"Like hell, I am going to let you walk away after teasing me like this." He led my hand which was in his hold to the bulge in his pants. "What are you going to do about this?"

I inhaled sharply, unable to come up with an instant response because, at that moment, my brain failed me.

Ryan's eyes moved down to my lips which I licked out of reflex. He groaned deeply. "Walk away Lily," he whispered, his lips brushing slightly against mine, teasing me and leaving me yearning for more. "Walk away now if you do not want this or I will not be held responsible for my next action."

My legs remained planted on the ground.

That was all it took to make him slam his lips on mine. He kissed me slowly before pulling away slightly. "this isn't considered cheating right?" he asked and I frowned. "Fuck that question, you aren't even dating him

Out of the blue, he scooped me up and carried me up the stairs to his room, banging the door behind him.

"Undress." He ordered in a cold hard tone that sent shivers down my spine.

Blocking off the voice that kept asking me if I had lost my mind I reached for the zipper and unzipped it, allowing the dress to pool at my feet.

Ryan inhaled sharply, his **gaze** on my bra that concealed my breast. "Lose it, Lily, I want to see you bare."

With trembling fingers, I undid the hook of my bra, allowing it to fall off, followed by my panties.

Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ? Views, Released on July 24, 2024

Chapter 85

RYAN

1

wanted to desperately bury myself in her, but another side of me, that side that cherishes her and every damn ground she walks on wants to cherish this moment and imprint it in my mind

I devoured her with my eyes, taking in her milky skin and long hair which cascaded down her body. Her long slender legs. round ass, curvy hips, and the damn sexy stretch marks from where my baby grew.

I didn't know I had a fetish for stretch marks until I saw her standing in front of me, owning one. Taking a step towards her. I allowed my gaze to wander to her round perky breast, not too full but a handful my handful with her rosy nipples calling out to me to be sucked and nibbled.

Her breath rose and fell with each breath **as** she stared at me with nothing but desire. It did not pain me that she did not look at me like she used to in the past, but at least I was getting a reaction.

Circling her, I stopped behind her and pressed my body against hers, my erection digging into her, making sure she felt the angry steel-hard erection against her soft ass.

Leaning down a bit, I pressed a kiss to her neck, inhaling her intoxicating scent. "You want me, Lily?" I murmured

She whimpered at the pure desire in my **voice**. I didn't even bother hiding it. I want Lily Urch and nothing is ever going to

change that.

asked you a question, Lily," I whispered against her flesh and she nodded. "Use your words."

"Yes," she mumbled breathlessly, her voice hardening my already aching cock.

"That was easy." I licked the space between her ear and neck. "Do you know what it really means to want me back Lily?"

She remained mute.

"It means **you** are mine. Your mouth." I ran my thumb over her lower lips, "is mine." She opened her **mouth** and licked the finger rubbing against her lips

I almost lost my grip on my restraint **but** I reminded myself to savor. It was a privilege and I am going to take my time appreciating it.

“Your breast.” I pulled away from her lips, trailing it down to her breast, cupped it, and squeezed a bit before pinching her nipple. “Your breasts are mine.”

My hands moved down to her ass and I squeezed making sure to adjust my position to accommodate my **hands**. “Your ass is

mine.

Reaching down further, I parted her thighs, sliding my finger past her slippery fold. “Your pussy is mine and they are mine to look at.” One of my hands traveled back up to her upper body “if you let that bastard or any other male touch you,” I enclosed my hand around her throat, “then you will be the reason I’ll end up in jail again. Do you understand?”

Her sex clenched around my finger. “Yes.”

I wanted to hear her moan my name, “say it Lily, who do you belong to!”

“Ryan” She moaned. “I belong to Ryan Williams.”

“That’s fucking right.” I slipped my fingers out of her pussy and thrust them into her mouth. When she sucked, I hummed in approval. “Do you taste that Lily? **I make** you wet..mine, not anyone else.”

1/2

70%

14:53 Wed, Jul 24

Chapter 85

She moaned again, more eager than the last. Releasing my hold on her, I leaned closer to her. “From now on Lily, I own you. Body, mind and soul.” She hummed in response. “Get in your knees.” She **sank** on the floor and I stared into her beautiful eyes.

Fisting her hair, I tugged it back until her gaze met mine, “If it gets too much, tap my thigh.”

She licked her lips before nodding. Tugging her hair harder, I ordered. “Open your mouth. As she obeyed, I slipped off pants and boxer briefs, freeing my throbbing cock. I slipped the head of my cock into her waiting mouth, slowly pushing deeper until I was **buried** all the way down her throat.

my

The warmth of her mouth made me throw my head backward and utter a **throaty** cuss. “That’s it,” I **groaned**, “fuck Lily”

The vibration from her moan traveled all the way up my spine and I started thrusting faster and faster, my rugged breath filling the room as flesh slapped against flesh.

I felt myself cumming, and I knew I was cumming in the wrong place. Pulling out immediately, I grabbed her hand **and** pulled her up to her feet. “Get on the bed, I ordered, my voice thick with arousal. “Get on your fours.”

She did as instructed and I removed the pants pooled at my feet and came up behind her, spreading her thighs with my hands. “I don’t have a condom.” I forced myself to say.

It’s not like 4 go around keeping them in my room, waiting for any lady to come **around**.

“I had my shot this month.”

Fuck yes!

Gripping her throat, I slammed into **her and** I must confess, she felt like something indescribable. Wanting to see her **face**, needing to look into her eyes, I flipped her over and fastened my thrust, slamming into her with an intensity that best described the moment.

1

I wasn’t going to take long to come and she wasn’t going to either. I can feel it. It seems as though we both waited for this for a very long time.

Her pleasure gaze and throaty siglas urged me to go faster and deeper until she came, a body-shattering wave of pleasure overcoming her as she convulsed.

Watching that all was all it took for me to feel myself cum. I quickly pulled out of her and came all over her stomach. When our breathing slowed, I kissed her forehead before coming down from her thigh. I laid beside, her and pulled her close to me, burying my nose in her neck and falling asleep with the scent of her body.

Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by **Adminh**, ? Views, Released on July 24, 2024

Chapter 86

LILY

The gentle touch of sunlight streaming through the window roused me from slumber. Turning to my left, I beheld Ryan, still deep in sleep, his hand resting lightly on my waist.

I couldn't help but admire **his** handsome features. How could one person be **so** stunning? His nose, perfectly contoured, and those long, enviable lashes stirred a hint of envy within me.

Reaching out to gently trace my fingers along his **face**, I was interrupted by the ringing of my phone beside me. With a sigh, I reluctantly rolled out of bed and **reached** for my purse where my phone had been resting since the previous day.

Ryan certainly wore me out yesterday, I **mused**, a faint smile tugging at my lips. His stamina was something I had almost forgotten, but he made sure to remind me.

As I retrieved my phone from my purse, stifling a yawn, I answered Becky's call. However, instead of her voice, what assailed my ears were the piercing cries of **Noah**, echoing relentlessly through the phone.

My frown deepened, a surge of panic **coursing** through me. "Why is he crying? What's wrong?" I blurted out, startling Ryan

awake

"I don't know what's gotten into him, Becky replied, her voice fraught with concern. "He woke up this morning screaming his lungs out. He's been calling for you, and I think he misses you

Damn. I'm heading home, I declared, swiftly ending the call, my mind racing with worry. Leaning into Ryan, I felt his presence behind me.

"I need to go back," I murmured, feeling his lips press against my neck. "Noah's been crying since morning"

His concern evident, Ryan pulled away slightly. "Is everything alright?"

Shaking my head, I straightened up and retrieved my dress from the floor. "I have to go," I insisted

"I'll come with you," Ryan offered, already moving towards the shower. Pausing, he flashed a playful grin. "Want **to** join me?"

Chuckling, I shook my head. "We won't be coming out anytime soon. Agreeing to what I said, he winked and walked into the bathroom, intentionally leaving the door open.

While he bathed, I wore my **cloth** and fixed my hair. Few minutes later, he walked out of the closet which he must have entered through the co-joining door in the bathroom.

He grabbed phone from the pocket of his pants which **was** lying on the floor then moved the dirty clothes on the floor to the hamper. "Are you ready?" he asked and I nodded.

Ryan outstretched his hand which I accepted and followed him out of the house.

It took us a while to get to the house due to the distance. Pulling over, we walked into Becky,

house together.

The boys tore their attention away from the television the moment they heard the front door swing open. Spotting Ryan, they bounded to their feet, racing towards him with unrestrained excitement.

Smiling at the heartwarming scene, I stepped back, granting them a moment alone, and wandered further into the house. **Taking** a seat beside Becky. I was met with a scrutinizing gaze that quickly shifted to Ryan.

With a scoff, I shrugged off my jacket. "What's on your mind?" I asked, feigning nonchalance.

1/3

Chapter 86

Leaning in closer, Becky lowered her voice to a whisper. "Did you and Ryan... you know?" Her words caught me off causing me to nearly choke on my own saliva. Her eyes widened in realization. "You did."

Flushed with embarrassment, I glanced at Ryan, only to find him watching me with a knowing smile. "Can we not do this right now?" I requested, my lips drawn into a tight line, eliciting a chuckle from Becky.

Ryan approached us, Noah cradled in his arms. "Hi, Becky," he greeted, his tone warm

"Hello" Becky responded politely, though her smile had vanished a subtle indication of lingering tension stemming Ryan's past actions towards me. "Can I get you something? Wine Tea?"

Ryan

declined with a shake of his head. "Ti good, thanks" His gaze shifted to me, a faint smile playing on his lips, an couldn't **shake** the feeling that he was privy to the conversation had just shared with Becky

“I was thinking of taking the boys to the cinema,” he suggested, as eyes lingering on me. “Would you like to join us?”

Considering the events of the morning. I weighed my options. I needed to shower, catch up with Becky, and strategize to handle Jake in light of recent developments. “I think I’ll pass,” replied, meeting Ryan’s gaze with a tilt of my head. “guys have fun without me.”

“Are you sure?” he asked, attempting to coax me. And I nodded in response. He said goodbye to Becky and I helped him the boys into the car

The moment I walked back into the living room. Becky dangled her brows at me. “I want you to tell me everything? Chuckling, I plopped down on the **sofa**. “So we ran into Jake and he found out that I am dating Jake again and he lost it. We home, got into an argument and one thing led to the other.”

Becky’s eyes widened with amusement. “I am going to ignore the part where you said you got back together with Jake and focus on the part where you had make-up sex with Ryan.” Licking her lips excitedly, she leaned forward. “So how was it?”

I struggled to suppress a grin but failed miserably, the euphoria of the recent encounter with Ryan evident in my demeanor. “It was great,” I admitted, unable to contain my satisfaction.

Becky clapped her hands excitedly, her enthusiasm contagious. “**So**, spill the beans. What’s the deal with you two? Are you officially back together?” she probed eagerly.

Frowning at her forwardness, I rose from the sofa. “I think you’re jumping the gun a bit,” I replied cautiously, stifling a **yawn** as I glanced towards the kitchen. “Did your staff prepare any food?”

She scoffed at my deflection. “What? Ryan didn’t whip up a post-marathon meal for you?” she teased, struggling to suppress her laughter.

“What the hell, Becky?” I shook my head in exasperation, swiftly retreating to the kitchen in search of sustenance.

Later that evening, Becky **came into my** room with an invitation. “Want to join me for some retail therapy? I’m in the mood for some shopping.”

“Sure, I agreed, rolling off the bed. “I could use a change of scenery.”

Becky excused herself to inform the nanny of her departure, while I waited by her car. A few minutes later, she joined me, and together, we set off for the mall.

It took us a good two **hours** to gather everything Becky needed for the house. As we loaded the groceries into the trunk, she suddenly realized

she'd forgotten to pick up diapers for her baby Instructing me to finish loading while she dashed back

III

Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by **Adminh**, ? Views, Released on July 24, 2024

Chapter 87

RYAN

After watching movies with the boys, I decided to take them home so we could spend more time together and also give Li

some time to herself.

Of all things to cook, we chose to bake a cake; a very bad decision I must tell you because I know for a fact that it is going to turn out bad and the fact that the boys are looking forward to it takes me to feel even more bad for not knowing how to **bake**

While they circled the kitchen island, standing on the stool and munching on the bowl of fruit salad placed on the island right in front of them.

While they kept themselves busy with the fruit, I browsed for cake shops **that** were willing to deliver iced cakes ASAP so I could swap the atrocity placed in the oven for cake.

I place a million dollars on the fact that that thing inside that oven isn't going to bake.

While I was scrolling **through**, my phone rang and I frowned a bit when I saw my father's name on the screen. My father does not call for leisure; whenever I see his call, I know that something is definitely wrong.

Swiping the receive button, I placed the phone on my ear, turning to face the boys so **my** attention would equally be on them in case of a home accident. "What do you want Dad?"

Should I even be worried about this?" he asked cryptically and frowned, failing to understand his words.

"What are you talking about Dad?"

"I am talking about **your** ex-wife." He snapped. "I shouldn't even be worried about her right now but judging from the fact **that** she is the mother of my grandchildren, I **think** I owe her this

Frowning, I walked over and balanced Noah properly on the stool. "Are you going to explain what you mean by that?" I asked through gritted teeth, trying not to snap at him in front of the kids for beating around the bush.

"Lily pushed Stephanie." He revealed and my frown only deepened.

How is that even possible? Lily isn't a violent person. "What are you talking about?"

"Where are you?" he asked instead of answering my question. Think you should be at the hospital **because** Stephanie lost the baby."

Okay... now this is getting serious. "Lily pushed Stephanie and Stephanie lost the baby. I **think** you should explain yourself properly"

He **took** a deep breath, a very deep one before explaining. "There is a video of Lily shoulder-bumping Stephanie **which** led to her fall and due to the impact of the fall, she lost her baby, and her uterus is damaged badly, Ryan."

How did **this** happen? I only left her for a few hours. "How is Stephanie?" I asked, knowing that if what Dad said was the truth, then she wouldn't be letting Lily off the hook that easily.

"How do you think she is?" he retorted, clearly upset with what happened. "I have always known **that** woman will be nothing but trouble.

"Don't be quick to judge until you hear both sides explanation for what happened.

of the story," advised him, knowing that Lily would have a very good.

"what could she **possibly** have to **say**? He bit **out**, "Well, whatever her excuse or explanation might be. I hope the judge **will**

Chapter 87

listen to her and sympathize with her, or else she is done for

D

Tensing instantly, my jaw clenched "what is **that** supposed to mean I very much understand what he just said, but I do **vehemently** that I misunderstood him.

h means Stephanie is planning on suing her for aggravated assault and I forbid you from getting involved." He cursed at someone in the background, clearly frustrated with the

situation of things too: “you just came out of a murder and stoler design mess, do not get yourself involved in this too.

“I believe you know me far too much to actually believe that I wol do that” How can’t I get involved when it clearly invol

Liber

“Ryan” he snapped. “For once in your life, listen to me. You have appeared in the face of the public in a negative light fai too much, do not get involved in this, it will never end up in your favor no matter whose side you take. Let both ladies handle this th eir own **way.**”

“That’s not going to happen.” there is no need to paint the truth for him.

“Can’t you see what I am **seeing?**” he snapped. “If you support Lily, you are going to be accused of never caring about **Stephanie** and the baby which you never did just because you now **have** the attention of your ex–wife, and if **you** take **Stephanie’s** side, you are going to be accused of taking the side of the woman you have clearly and publicly broken up with and not your ex–wife who went through childbirth without your help

“Not helping Lily isn’t an option.” I deadpanned, brouking no room for argument. “the kids are here with me, take them back home then head over to the hospital.” Without waiting for his response, I disconnected the call. Are you **taking** us home?” Liam asked. Clearly, he **was** paying attention to my phone call.

1 am

going!

Smiling apologetically at him, I walked over to the island and Irned on it. “Daddy has to rush to work, but I promise you, we will bake again next weekend.” And this time we will get it right.

Kissing their temples, I rushed upstairs, grabbed my car keys, and carefully locked the boys in their baby seats before heading back to Becky’s place. *****

When I arrived at her place, I already met Lily pacing the living room. She rushed towards me the moment she saw me wa through the door. I told the nanny to take the boys upstairs before giving her my attention

“Is she okay?” she asked in a rush. “Have you spoken to Stephane Her security won’t let me go to the hospital with her and wasn’t even allowed up her ward.”

It's really true. Something did happen to Stephanie and Lily has something to do with it. "What happened Lily?" I asked, needing to hear her side of the story.

Tears rolled down her cheeks. "she cornered me at the parking lot of the store we went to grab some groceries. Yes, we exchanged words, but I was never aggressive towards her. I was only leading for my door when I accidentally shoulder-bumped her and she fell on her stomach and then held onto her stomach as she cried."

Her shaky finger reached for me and I pulled her into a hug. "Please tell me her baby is fine." She choked out, "I would never **live** with myself if something should happen to the baby"

Exhaling. I patted her back gently. "This isn't your fault Lily, it was just an accident. She needs to have that mindset to be able to **convince** the prosecution, if it gets to that that it was nothing but an accident."

Lily pulled **back**. "You've heard from her, right? **How** is the baby!"

I shook my head, unable to lie to her at the moment or let her live in her fantasy. She needs to know the situation of things. "Steph lost the **baby**, and her uterus was affected a bit by it."

She gasped and covered her mouth as more tears rolled down. "should have been more careful" She mumbled and I

14:54 Wed. Jul 24

Chapter 87

quickly grabbed her shoulder and shook her.

3+ 70%

"That baby was mine too Lily and I am greatly affected that it is no more, but this was an accident," I stressed, my eyes hard with conviction, hoping to influence her thoughts. "Repeat after me Lily, it was an accident."

She continued to watch me with wide eyes. "Say it!" I yelled, snapping her out of her truce.

"It was an accident." She repeated and I nodded in agreement.

"you need to put your thoughts together Lily." I pleaded, my gaze moving briefly to Becky who was watching our exchange in silence. "Steph is planning on suing you for aggravated assault, and if you are found guilty Lily, I will make sure you don't go to jail, but I ca

n't make any promise for your license as a medical doctor. You will lose it, Lily, which is why we must make sure that you aren't found guilty at all costs."

Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ? Views, Released on July 24, 2024

Chapter 88

RYAN

After managing to calm Lily down, I couldn't shake the feeling that she was more concerned about Stephanie than the jeopardy her career faced. Given Stephanie's tenacity, I knew she wouldn't let this matter rest easily.

Sliding into my car, I **dialed** Angelo's number, and he answered promptly. "There's been an incident between Lily and Stephanie at the central mall parking lot. I need you to obtain the CCTV footage for the entire day, no matter the cost. Secure a copy for me and ensure the original is deleted, I instructed **briskly**.

"Is everything alright?" Angelo inquired, his tone laced with concern as he attempted to grasp the gravity of the situation.

"Just follow my instructions, Angelo," I replied tersely before ending the call.

My plan at the moment is to make my way to the hospital, hopeful that conversation with Stephanie would help resolve the escalating conflict before it spiraled out of control.

As I reached to start the car, a gentle tap on the window startled me. Turning, I saw Becky standing there, her expression serious. Opening the door, I stepped out, concern etched on my face. "Is everything alright?" I asked. Lily already fell asleep before I left, so everything should be fine with her.

Becky met my gaze with intensity. "How serious is the trouble she's in?" she asked bluntly, her tone brooking no evasion. "And do you have what it takes to resolve it? Before I could respond, she raised a hand, silencing me with a firm gesture. "Give it to me straight, Ryan. I'm not Lily, and I'm not fragile. Don't sugarcoat the truth for **my sake**

"We will know how deep of a trouble she is in when I see the footage from the parking lot," I replied, "but even if she is in trouble, I am not letting Lily go to jail. I have been in **jail**, and I know how fucked up it is in there and I am not letting my woman go through that **shit**

"And her license?" she asked, still not convinced that I will be able to get Lily out of this unscathed. "You are dealing with family of lawyers that clearly hates Lily. They will do everything to see her go through pain. Will you be able to **save** her license?"

“I swear it, nothing is going to happen to Lily and her career.”

She exhaled with relief. “I am sorry to say **this** Ryan, but this is all your fault. If you had really stayed away from Lily, she won’t have Stephanie trying to confront her at any point and she wouldn’t be in this mess.”

As Becky’s words sank in, I couldn’t help but acknowledge the **truth** in her assessment. “I shouldn’t have divorced her, I muttered ruefully, the weight of regret heavy in my chest.

Becky’s nod of agreement only served to amplify my remorse. “Yes, you shouldn’t have,” she affirmed softly, her forced smile belying the gravity of the situation. “I’ll trust you on more time, Ryan. Let’s hope you don’t let me down again.” With **that**, she turned on her heel and walked **away**, leaving me to grapple with my own thoughts.

Watching her vanish into the elevator, I lingered for a moment before finally returning to my **car**.

From Becky’s house, I made a detour to the flower shop, selecting a delicate bloom for Stephanie as a token of goodwill. With the flower in hand, I proceeded directly to the **hospital**.

Parking the car, I took a deep breath **to** steady my **nerves** before stepping inside. Making my way to the front desk, I inquired after Stephanie’s whereabouts. They didn’t have to **ask** for my name because they already know who I **am and** know I am in the visitor’s list. Thanking her for the information, I turned and headed towards Stephanie’s ward, my footsteps echoing

|||

+70%a

Chapter 88

Stepping into the elevator, I punched the button for Stephanie’s ward. As the elevator ascended, I couldn’t help but notice my **father’s** security detail stationed in the hallway, their respectful nods serving as a silent acknowledgement of my

prestige.

Passing them by, I made my way to Stephanie’s room, my footsteps echoing in the quiet corridor. Pausing at the door, I rapped twice before entering, finding Stephanie seated upright, her gaze fixed on me with scrutiny as I crossed the threshold,

“Hey, I greeted solily, offering a tentative smile, unsure of how to approach a woman who had just suffered such a profound loss. Extending the bouquet of flowers towards her, I explained, brought these for you.”

Her eyes **flicked** from me to the flowers, her expression unreadable. I never imagined it would take me ending up in the hospital for you to bring me flowers,” she remarked dryly.

Setting the bouquet on the bedside table, I took a seat beside her on the bed, my concern evident in the furrow of my brow. “How are you feeling?” I inquired gently, hoping to offer some semblance of comfort.

“I feel like I need a hug,” she murmured, her voice choked with emotion. “It feels so surreal that there isn’t any baby growing

in me anymore.

Without hesitation, I wrapped my arms around her, offering what little solace I could in the face of her profound loss. “I’m sorry, Steph,” I whispered, my heart aching for her. “If I could, I would bring the baby back and take away this pain from

you

Her tears soaked through my shirt **as** she buried her face against my chest, and I held her close, allowing her to release her grief in the safety of my embrace. I gently stroked her back, offering silent reassurance as she let her emotions run their

After a few minutes, Stephanie’s tears subsided, and she pulled back, wiping her cheeks with a trembling hand. “I’m sorry I ruined your shirt,” she apologized, her voice barely above a whisper.

“It’s fine.” I reassured her, though my concern lay far beyond the state of my clothing.

“I’m going to sue her, Ryan,” she declared, her gaze fixed on her anger as she spoke. “She’s going to face legal consequences for making me **lose** my child.”

Taking a deep breath, I met her gaze with a solemn expression. What really happened?” I asked, eager to understand the events **that** had led to this tragic outcome.

“She pushed me, and I fell, resulting in the loss of my baby **and** damage to my uterus as they tried to **remove** the rest, she recounted bitterly, her gaze narrowing as she awaited my response. “Did you come here because you genuinely don’t know what happened, or are you here to make excuses for her and take her side?” she spat, her tone laced with resentment.

Taking a moment to collect my thoughts, I licked my lips, acutely aware of the delicate nature of our **conversation**. “Steph, I’m not here to make excuses for anyone,” I began carefully, my voice measured. “But if Lily did push you, there must have been some interaction between you two that led to that moment

Her **scoff** echoed in the room, disbelief etched on her features. “Seriously, Ryan?” she exclaimed, her voice tinged with incredulity. “I’ve just lost our baby, and that’s all you have to say? Brushing a stray strand of hair from her face, she continued, her tone laced with anger. “Well, news flash, I did nothing to her, and screw you for even suggesting otherwise.”

“She’s genuinely remorseful, I insisted, meeting Stephanie’s gaze with earnestness. “And her primary concern is the loss of your baby, not the prospect of being sued. That should give you some insight into how deeply she regrets what happened” Stephanie’s expression darkened as she processed my words. “Are you implying **that** I shouldn’t sue her?” she demanded, her voice dripping with skepticism. “Because if that’s the case, I swear I’ll kick you out of this room right now.”

“There are alternatives to litigation,” I reasoned, hoping to defuse the tension. “You both could sit down and **have at** conversation, find a way to resolve this without escalating it further.

+69%

14:54 Wed, Jul 24 D

Chapter 88

Nodding slowly, Stephanie’s lips tightened into a thin line. “I have a condition,” she declared. Leaning in, I awaited her condition.

“I want Lily to give me one of her babies, Stephanie announced her words chilling me to the bone. “And I want her to watch. **as** I take the life away from him. That way, we’ll be even.”

Has she fucking lost her mind?! “Steph, you can’t seriously mean that,” I protested, my voice tinged with disbelief.

Her response was swift and cutting. “The same way you can’t seriously expect me not to sue that woman,” she shot back, her tone biting with resentment. “Just because you never cared about that baby doesn’t mean I didn’t,” she spat. “I was looking forward to holding that baby in my arms, and that woman robbed me of that joy.”

pressed on. “Do

Before I could interject with a defense of Lily, Stephanie you even realize that my chances of bearing children are now **low**?" she demanded, her voice laced with anguish.

I sighed heavily, unable to meet her gaze.

"**You** know the truth, and yet you still expect me to drop the case Stephanie retorted, her tone laced with incredulity and disappointment. "Get out."

"Steph, please," I pleaded, reaching out to her.

"Get out of this place before I call security on you!" she exclaimed, her voice trembling with emotion.

Recognizing that further discussion would only escalate the situation, I reluctantly acquiesced to her demand. Standing up, I made my way to the **door** and exited the ward, closing the door softly behind me.

Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by **Adminh**, ? Views, Released on July 24, 2024

Chapter 89

RYAN

Things were exactly as I expected them to go well except for the part where she demanded for one of the boys. I can't blame her for wanting to survive, she is just hurt by the turn of events and when she is better and calmer, I will **talk** to her with hopes that that will change her mind.

Falling over on my driveway, I got out of the car and handed the key to one of my securities to park the car properly. I dragged my feet into the house, wondering how today ended up like this.

The day began on a high note, with the comforting aroma of Lily's presence enveloping me as I woke up, to be greeted by her standing naked in my bedroom. It continued smoothly with quality time spent with the boys. Yet, now I find myself grappling with the urgent task of preventing Lily from facing imprisonment and the revocation of her license.

Upon entering my bedroom, I made a beeline for the bar, seizing a bottle of scotch and **drinking** its contents straight **from**

the bottle.

My gaze drifted aimlessly around the vacant living room, my mind consumed by thoughts of how to save Lily from her predicament. If Angelo manages to procure the requested video and ensures the original copy is deleted, there might be a chance to save the situation and rescue Lily

In court, if you do not have a shred of evidence, you do not have a case.

I was about to move my gaze back to the scotch bottle when my eyes caught something on the white sofa.

Getting off my stool, I walked over to the sofa and picked up a silver bracelet that I **was** certain belonged to Lily because I had seen her wearing it a few times. It might have snapped off her wrist when I carried her to the bedroom.

Picking it up, I pocketed it, just in time for the front door to open. Angelo walked in, looking worried and stressed out as he always looks when things aren't going our way. "What is going on?" I asked him as I took another swig from my **glass** returning to the bar.

"The CCTV footage has been taken by another individual who then proceeded to pay a significant sum to ensure the original recording was erased, Angelo disclosed, causing me to freeze with the glass hovering near my lips. I was equally taken aback, sir," he added in a subdued tone.

Setting the **glass** down slowly, I regarded him with a perplexed expression. "Could you elaborate further?" I prompted.

"Somebody beat us to it, Angelo clarified. "I had a talk with the management, offering a generous payment for the video, only to discover that it had already been deleted. When I inquired about the deletion, they informed me that another party had not only paid for a copy but also requested the deletion of the original footage."

My mind raced, narrowing down the potential culprits to just two individuals: my father and Stephanie. "Did you manage to obtain a name?" I inquired..

"I did ask, but they refused to tell me anything about it or mention names. Angelo responded, prompting a skeptical arch of my brow.

It's likely that whoever orchestrated the deletion of the video coerced the management into silence regarding their identity."

Snatching my phone from the nearby tabletop, I punched in my father's number, enduring several rings before he finally

"I'll only entertain this conversation if you promise to steer clear of this **case**," he interjected preemptively.

Brushing **aside** his familiar refrain, I replied coolly, "That's not why I'm calling. Did you have a hunch in the CCTV footage

1/8

III

Chapter 89

deletion at the ventral mall,

There was a pregnant pause before my father responded, "What are **you** talking about?"

His denial struck me as genuine; my father was not one to shirk responsibility, especially not with **me**. Till speak to you Later. I muttered, ending the call

Attempting to reach Stephanie next, I dialed her number, only to be met with silence as she failed to answer.

Kissing from my seat, I swiftly snatched my jacket and made a beeline for the door, only to be pursued by Angelo, who dashed after me in a frantic bid to prevent me from leaving him behind.

"Where are you off to?" he exclaimed, sliding into the passenger seat just as I **was** about to start the car.

"To the hospital." I replied tersely, my focus squarely on the task at hand as I ignited the engine and pulled out of the driveway.

Wide-eyed. Angelo observed my actions with a mixture of concern and confusion: "You suspect she took it?" he asked, and when I didn't respond. he interpreted my silence as affirmation.

"Please, sir, enlighten me on the situation so that I can assist you effectively," he implored.

Casting him a brief glance, I exhaled audibly before relenting. "Lily inadvertently caused Stephanie to fall, resulting in the loss of her unborn child and significant damage to her uterus. Stephanie is now threatening legal action against Lily for aggravated assault, which could jeopardize Lily's professional license, I explained

Angelo's whistle cut through as he folded his arms, fixating on the view outside the windshield. This situation is a mess, sir," he muttered, stating the obvious as if I needed reminding.

“If you don’t have anything constructive to say, it’s best to keep quiet,” I snapped, my patience wearing thin, and to my relief, he complied, opting to maintain silence for the remainder of the journey to the hospital.

As I parked the car and stormed **into** the elevator. I braced myself for what awaited me on Stephanie’s ward. My father’s security detail made no attempt to stop me, though I hadn’t expected them to.

Upon reaching Stephanie’s room and flinging open the door, I came to a sudden halt as I took in the sight of my mother conversing with Stephanie’s parents.

The irony **wasn’t** lost on me as I observed my mother’s sudden presence, considering she hadn’t bothered to visit when I was released from jail. Before I could utter a word, her furious stride carried her over to me, and with a resounding slap, she struck my cheek.

My head jerked to the side from the force of the blow, and I felt the heat of anger coursing through me. Slowly, I turned my gaze back towards her, my hand clenching into a fist at my side. If you weren’t my mother, I would have retaliated in kind. I warned through gritted teeth as her hand raised for another strike.

Reacting on instinct, I intercepted her hand mid-air, holding it firmly in place. “Don’t degrade yourself by disrespecting me.” I admonished, pushing her hand away with a forceful shove.

“I’m disappointed in you, Ryan,” she spat, her words dripping with disdain

“And you think I’m not disappointed in you as well?” I retorted, my frustration boiling over. She was nothing more **than** an embodiment of parental failure, and she knew it. A mother who prioritizes wealth and luxury over her own children **doesn’t** deserve the title of “mother” **at all**.

“You’re defending the cause of someone else’s suffering?” she spat, advancing towards me with a fiery glare, her fist clenched in anger. “A woman’s future is in ruins, and yet **you** seek to justify the source of her agony?”

Her words grated on my nerves; this **wasn’t** about her, and I saw no reason for her presence here. Ignoring her tirade, I

2/3

69%

Chapter 89

brushed past her directing my attention towards Stephanie.
“It was you, wasn’t it?” I demanded, cutting straight to the chase.

Stephanie met my gaze with a steely expression. “Accusing me of what?” she countered, her tone betraying no hint of

“The CCTV footage, I **pressed**, my tone sharp with accusation, you were the one who took it, weren’t you?”

I

With a derisive scoff, Stephanie nodded defiantly. “Yes, I did. And what of it?” she retorted, her demeanor unapologetic **and**

brazen

Why go to the lengths of having them erase the original if you simply wanted your own?” I shot back, my voice dripping with disdain. “There’s only one explanation: you intend to tamper with that video, don’t you?” I accused, the truth dawning with grim clarity. She should have ought to erase any incriminating evidence that might implicate her.

Stephanie sat upright, her **eyes** ablaze with indignation. “Your suspicions hit the mark, she admitted coolly. “I fully intend to manipulate that footage to ensure she pays the price for her actions.

“We will pursue legal action,” Mr. Waper declared firmly, his wife nodding in solemn agreement beside him. “While you may be our esteemed client and this case may have connections to you, Stephanie is our daughter, and she deserves justice.”

I’m in full agreement with them, my mother interjected from behind, her voice carrying a note of conviction. “That monster needs to be behind bars, and then you can bring my grandkids to stay with **us**.”

Stephanie’s retort was swift. “You do realize her license is on the line here, right?” she challenged, her words laden with implications

Squeezing the bridge of my nose in frustration, I searched desperately for **a** solution, but my mind came up empty. “What do you want, Stephanie?” I **asked**, my tone tinged with resignation. At this point, I was willing to entertain any option that would persuade her **to** drop the case.

Her response was unexpected yet unmistakable. “The only way I’ll consider dropping this,” she declared, a devious smile creeping across her lips, “is if we get married. Her gaze bore into mine with unwavering intensity. “Do the right thing, Ryan Marry me, and that’s the only way Lily will walk away from this unscathed.”

#

Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ? Views, Released on July 24, 2024

Chapter 90

REAN

"It's clem that you've lost your damn mind, exclaimed, my fredation boiling ever as I surv eyed the room, dismayed by the silent agreement of the other ocupants "Have you com pletely lost touch with reality? My gaze here into Stephanie's, saching for any trace of re ason amidst the madness.

un

She shrugged stifferently, her demeanos seitlingly calm. "Who would want in marry a w oman with diminished chances of bearing children?" she retouted colilly.

The callousness of her statement struck a nerve, and I felt a mirge of anger the within m e. Some men wouldn't care about vw by things I Lily **had** been in Stephanie's position, I would lu ne loved her unconditionally, regardless of her inability to

Tim genuinely sorry **that** this has happencil to you, Stephanie, lidmitted, my voice tinged with empathy. "But attempting to mansalate me into marriage through hlas kinail will onl y lead to a lifetime of mise for you. I cannot and will not love you, Mier the circumstance s

"Let that be my concern, Stephanie replied stoically, her resolve unyielding. You have fr om today until I'm discharged to consider me proposal. If I don't hear from you by then, I'll p roceed with legal action against her"

Her ultimatum felt like a slap in the face, and I struggled to contain my anger. "You're re sorting to blackmail? 1 retorted increstulously, my tone laced with contempt. "You're hoping to provoke a response from me, aren't you?" With a humorless chuckle, I shook my head in disbelief. "Well, congrat ulations, you'll get one." With that, I turned on my heel and stormed out of the room, **sla mming** the door behind me.

Angelo offers to take the wheel, knowing that driving in such state of agitation wasn't ad visable. I tossed him the key and settled into the passenger seal

“Where to?” Angelo inquired as he started the engine, his eyes focused on the road ahead.

“Home,” I murmured, my mind swirling with conflicting thoughts and emotions. Angelo wordlessly obeyed, navigating the car out of the parking **space** and onto the familiar route home.

Silence enveloped us during the journey, allowing me to sink deeper into contemplation. I had made a promise to Lily, vowed to protect her from the repercussions of Stephanie’s accusations. But the ultimatum Stephanie had just thrown at me threatened to ruin everything.

As the car came to a stop in my driveway, I reached for the door handle, ready to call it a day. However, Angelo’s words halted me in my tracks, “I think it’s safe to say you’re in a dilemma,” he remarked solemnly, his gaze meeting mine. “**And** the only person who can help you out of this is your father”

Angelo’s suggestion **caught** me off guard, my incredulity evident in my response. “Have you lost your mind?” I snapped, frustration bubbling to the surface. Why should I have to rely on my father to solve my problems? “Don’t even think **about** breathing a word of this to him, or you’ll regret it.”

He responded with a theatrical gesture of zipping his lips shut, signaling his understanding. “So what’s the plan?” he inquired, his gaze steady **as** he awaited my response.

I couldn’t help but scoff at his sudden willingness to engage in conversation. “I thought you weren’t talking?” I quipped, raising an eyebrow in mock amusement.

Angelo shook his head, his expression serious. “That was my way of letting you know I won’t say anything to your father, unless you want me to,” he clarified. “So, what’s the plan?” he pressed once more, his tone earnest.

Sighing **heavily**, I leaned back in my **seat**, my mind still grappling with the weight of the situation. I don’t have one yet,” I admitted, frustration creeping into my voice. “**But** hopefully, I’ll **concoct** up with something after a good night’s sleep.” **As** I reached for the door handle, Angelo stopped me once again, his expression serious.

|||

Chapter 90

“I think you should talk to your father, Ryan,” Angelo persisted, undeterred by my earlier dismissal of the idea. Sensing my growing frustration, he raised his **hands** in a placating gesture. Don’t kill me yet,” he joked, attempting to lighten the mood. “Just hear me **out** first.”

With a deep breath, I reluctantly acquiesced, allowing him to make his case.

“Your mother was present in that room.” Angelo pointed out, his **voice** solemn. “And I have every reason to believe that she’s **taking** their side. She’s **likely** going to discuss this with your father, and I honestly think you should beat her to it

His words **gave** me pause, and I considered his argument carefully. While my father wasn’t one to blindly follow my mother’s directives, her influence was undeniable. If she presented her **version** of events before I **had** a chance to speak with him, it could sway his opinion.

However, I remained skeptical. “My father isn’t the type to **make** decisions just because my mother told him to, I countered, **shaking** my head. “If he’s not in support of it, it doesn’t matter who brings it up to him. He’ll make **his own** decision.”

“Are you sure about that?”

Without uttering a word in response to Angelo, I pushed open the door and made my way to my bedroom, my steps heavy with exhaustion. Collapsing onto the bed, I sank into the soft mattress and quickly succumbed to sleep.

The shrill ringing of my phone shattered the silence of the room, jolting me awake. Blinking blearily, I reached for my phone and answered the call, placing it on speaker.

“When were you intending on calling me?” my father’s voice boomed through the room, his tone laced with anger **and** frustration.

It took a moment for his words to register, and I glanced down at my phone screen to confirm the caller’s identity. “Call you over what?” I replied groggily, still half-asleep. “Last 1 checked, you’re fine.”

“Don’t you dare try to play smart with me,” he shot back, his voice steely with **resolve**. “How many times have I told you to reach out to me anytime you’re **faced** with such serious and confusing situations, especially ones that directly or indirectly affect the company?”

I inwardly cursed my mother for likely informing my father about the situation. “Are you going to tell me exactly why you woke me up from sleep, or I’m disconnecting this call, I retorted, my irritation obvious.

“Stephanie’s ultimatum,” my father replied, his tone **grave**. “What are you planning on doing about that?”

With a tired sigh, I pushed myself off the bed, feeling the weight of exhaustion settling over me. **Should** that be your problem?” I asked flatly, already weary of the conversation

"It's going to affect your future, which is essentially the future of the company too, so yes, it **is** my business, he reasoned, his

voice firm.

I clenched my jaw, struggling to contain my frustration. "For once, I think your mother is on the right boat," he added, **his** tone taking on a contemplative note.

His words caught me off guard, and I frowned at my phone screen, perplexed by his cryptic remark. "What is that supposed to **mean?**" I demanded, seeking clarification

"Someone has to take responsibility for what happened to Stephanie and her child, **and** the right person to **take that** responsibility should be Lily, my father asserted, his voice unwavering. "But since you insist on protecting a woman you shouldn't even be protecting, you might as well take responsibility and marrying Stephanie seems like the right thing to do."

His words hit me like a punch to the gut, and I felt a surge of disbelief and anger rising within me. I've never been as disappointed in you as I am in this moment, I shot back, struggling to keep my voice steady. "How could you even consider