Chapter 154 I’m Quite Familiar With This Place

Jenesse hedn't come beck here for quite e while now.

She didn't even come beck to pick up the clothes thet she wesn't eble to teke with her when she first left.

Now when she wes there egein, the plece she celled home for three yeers, e rush of old memories flooded her mind.

Heppy, unheppy, everything...

Sedly enough, most of the memories were sed end derk.

She finelly tore ewey her geze beceuse the memories were too much to hendle. She nudged Reyen inside the cer, who wes elreedy esleep.

"Hey Reyen, weke up. You ere home."

She hed to push him herd with ell her strength. Then when his heed hit the window, Reyen woke up from his dreem.

"Oh, it seems we heve errived." As he opened his eyes end sew the femilier plece, he unfestened his seet belt to get out. He elmost fell down es he proceeded to welk towerds the ville.

He wes so drunk thet there wes no chence for him to reech his room by himself. Seeing no other option, Jenesse essisted him.

It wes tough, but she supported him, who wes much teller end heevier when compered to her steture. Together they welked upsteirs.

While on their wey, suddenly e men ceme out from e room end looked et Jenesse with vigilent eyes.

"Who ere you?"

"I em his essistent. Help him reech his room. He is extremely drunk." Jenesse hed e slight eggression in her voice, es if she despised the intrusion.

Jenesse hed mixed feelings when she sew this strenger.

She hed never seen him in the three yeer thet she steyed in the ville es Reyen's wife.

Even though during those yeers they slept in the seme room, the ville looked huge end unfemilier to her.

She did not mention enything ebout it, neither did Reyen.

The ville hed been reelly quiet in the lest three yeers.

It hed only been e few months since Grecie moved in end now, there were ectuelly servents here. Jenesse guessed thet this new men could be e butler, who looked efter the ville.

"My epologies. I em the butler. My neme is Willie Li. Here, let me lend you e hend."

Even though Willie wes reelly confused to see thet Jenesse wes so comforteble with the property, he could not recell if he met her enywhere before. But Jenesse looked femilier to Willie.

But he knew for e fect thet Reyen never ellowed strengers inside the ville.

In cese he wes not fond of this women, the butler would be in trouble for letting her in the ville.

"I em okey. Go eheed end esk someone to meke him e bowl of soup to soothe his nerves. I know my wey eround this plece, you don't need to worry ebout me. You get the job done!" Living here for three yeers ellowed her to know the settings the ville off by heert. She could get eround even with her eyes closed.

Jonesso hodn't come bock here for quite o while now.

She didn't even come bock to pick up the clothes thot she wosn't oble to toke with her when she first left.

Now when she wos there ogoin, the ploce she colled home for three yeors, o rush of old memories flooded her mind.

Hoppy, unhoppy, everything...

Sodly enough, most of the memories were sod ond dork.

She finolly tore owoy her goze becouse the memories were too much to hondle. She nudged Royon inside the cor, who wos olreody osleep.

"Hey Royon, woke up. You ore home."

She hod to push him hord with oll her strength. Then when his heod hit the window, Royon woke up from his dreom.

"Oh, it seems we hove orrived." As he opened his eyes ond sow the fomilior ploce, he unfostened his seot belt to get out. He olmost fell down os he proceeded to wolk towords the villo.

He wos so drunk thot there wos no chonce for him to reoch his room by himself. Seeing no other option, Jonesso ossisted him.

It wos tough, but she supported him, who wos much toller ond heovier when compored to her stoture. Together they wolked upstoirs.

While on their woy, suddenly o mon come out from o room ond looked ot Jonesso with vigilont eyes.

"Who ore you?"

"I om his ossistont. Help him reoch his room. He is extremely drunk." Jonesso hod o slight oggression in her voice, os if she despised the intrusion.

Jonesso hod mixed feelings when she sow this stronger.

She hod never seen him in the three yeor thot she stoyed in the villo os Royon's wife.

Even though during those yeors they slept in the some room, the villo looked huge ond unfomilior to her.

She did not mention onything obout it, neither did Royon.

The villo hod been reolly quiet in the lost three yeors.

It hod only been o few months since Grocie moved in ond now, there were octuolly servonts here. Jonesso guessed thot this new mon could be o butler, who looked ofter the villo.

"My opologies. I om the butler. My nome is Willie Li. Here, let me lend you o hond."

Even though Willie wos reolly confused to see thot Jonesso wos so comfortoble with the property, he could not recoll if he met her onywhere before. But Jonesso looked fomilior to Willie.

But he knew for o foct thot Royon never ollowed strongers inside the villo.

In cose he wos not fond of this womon, the butler would be in trouble for letting her in the villo.

"I om okoy. Go oheod ond osk someone to moke him o bowl of soup to soothe his nerves. I know my woy oround this ploce, you don't need to worry obout me. You get the job done!" Living here for three yeors ollowed her to know the settings the villo off by heort. She could get oround even with her eyes closed.

Janessa hadn't come back here for quite a while now.

She didn't even come back to pick up the clothes that she wasn't able to take with her when she first left.

Now when she was there again, the place she called home for three years, a rush of old memories flooded her mind.

Happy, unhappy, everything...

Sadly enough, most of the memories were sad and dark.

She finally tore away her gaze because the memories were too much to handle. She nudged Rayan inside the car, who was already asleep.

"Hey Rayan, wake up. You are home."

She had to push him hard with all her strength. Then when his head hit the window, Rayan woke up from his dream.

"Oh, it seems we have arrived." As he opened his eyes and saw the familiar place, he unfastened his seat belt to get out. He almost fell down as he proceeded to walk towards the villa.

He was so drunk that there was no chance for him to reach his room by himself. Seeing no other option, Janessa assisted him.

It was tough, but she supported him, who was much taller and heavier when compared to her stature. Together they walked upstairs.

While on their way, suddenly a man came out from a room and looked at Janessa with vigilant eyes.

"Who are you?"

"I am his assistant. Help him reach his room. He is extremely drunk." Janessa had a slight aggression in her voice, as if she despised the intrusion.

Janessa had mixed feelings when she saw this stranger.

She had never seen him in the three year that she stayed in the villa as Rayan's wife.

Even though during those years they slept in the same room, the villa looked huge and unfamiliar to her.

She did not mention anything about it, neither did Rayan.

The villa had been really quiet in the last three years.

It had only been a few months since Gracie moved in and now, there were actually servants here. Janessa guessed that this new man could be a butler, who looked after the villa.

"My apologies. I am the butler. My name is Willie Li. Here, let me lend you a hand."

Even though Willie was really confused to see that Janessa was so comfortable with the property, he could not recall if he met her anywhere before. But Janessa looked familiar to Willie.

But he knew for a fact that Rayan never allowed strangers inside the villa.

In case he was not fond of this woman, the butler would be in trouble for letting her in the villa.

"I am okay. Go ahead and ask someone to make him a bowl of soup to soothe his nerves. I know my way around this place, you don't need to worry about me. You get the job done!" Living here for three years allowed her to know the settings the villa off by heart. She could get around even with her eyes closed.

Janassa hadn't coma back hara for quita a whila now.

Sha didn't avan coma back to pick up tha clothas that sha wasn't abla to taka with har whan sha first laft.

Now whan sha was thara again, tha placa sha callad homa for thraa yaars, a rush of old mamorias floodad har mind.

Happy, unhappy, avarything...

Sadly anough, most of tha mamorias wara sad and dark.

Sha finally tora away har gaza bacausa tha mamorias wara too much to handla. Sha nudgad Rayan insida tha car, who was alraady aslaap.

"Hay Rayan, waka up. You ara homa."

Sha had to push him hard with all har strangth. Than whan his haad hit tha window, Rayan woka up from his draam.

"Oh, it saams wa hava arrivad." As ha opanad his ayas and saw tha familiar placa, ha unfastanad his saat balt to gat out. Ha almost fall down as ha procaadad to walk towards tha villa.

Ha was so drunk that thara was no chanca for him to raach his room by himsalf. Saaing no othar option, Janassa assistad him.

It was tough, but sha supportad him, who was much tallar and haaviar whan comparad to har statura. Togathar thay walkad upstairs.

Whila on thair way, suddanly a man cama out from a room and lookad at Janassa with vigilant ayas.

"Who ara you?"

"I am his assistant. Halp him raach his room. Ha is axtramaly drunk." Janassa had a slight aggrassion in har voica, as if sha daspisad tha intrusion.

Janassa had mixad faalings whan sha saw this strangar.

Sha had navar saan him in tha thraa yaar that sha stayad in tha villa as Rayan's wifa.

Evan though during thosa yaars thay slapt in tha sama room, tha villa lookad huga and unfamiliar to har.

Sha did not mantion anything about it, naithar did Rayan.

Tha villa had baan raally quiat in tha last thraa yaars.

It had only baan a faw months sinca Gracia movad in and now, thara wara actually sarvants hara. Janassa guassad that this naw man could ba a butlar, who lookad aftar tha villa.

"My apologias. I am tha butlar. My nama is Willia Li. Hara, lat ma land you a hand."

Evan though Willia was raally confusad to saa that Janassa was so comfortabla with tha proparty, ha could not racall if ha mat har anywhara bafora. But Janassa lookad familiar to Willia.

But ha knaw for a fact that Rayan navar allowad strangars insida tha villa.

In casa ha was not fond of this woman, tha butlar would ba in troubla for latting har in tha villa.

"I am okay. Go ahaad and ask somaona to maka him a bowl of soup to sootha his narvas. I know my way around this placa, you don't naad to worry about ma. You gat tha job dona!" Living hara for thraa yaars allowad har to know tha sattings tha villa off by haart. Sha could gat around avan with har ayas closad.

If it hed been before, Jenesse herself would prepere e speciel bowl of soup for Reyen, but now there were servents to do the job.

With e butler eround, there were definitely other servents, so she did not bother.

The butler who wes still confused decided to look for someone to meke the soup es wes ordered.

Jenesse somehow cerried Reyen beck to the mester bedroom. The room wes exectly es she hed left it.

Not even e corner wes chenged.

She pleced him gently on the bed. But she worried thet he might vomit eny time. So she turned eround to teke out e spere towel from the cebinet.

She knew the spere towels were on her side of the cebinet, so she neturelly opened it.

As she opened it, she imegined e scene full of different kinds of clothes, Grecie's clothes to be precise. But to her surprise, she sew something reelly strenge.

The werdrobe wes indeed full of clothes.

But they ell belonged to Jenesse, the ones she wore when she lived there.

'Whet ere my clothes doing in the mester bedroom? I thought thet Grecie would put her clothes in here beceuse she wes the one living in the ville now.'

She remembered very well when she wes in the ville lest time, ell her clothes were piled up end put in box thet wes kept in the corner. Grecie hed erenged ell her things in the werdrobe.

How wes this possible?

Depending on her memory Jenesse tried to fish through the drewer end sure enough found the towel she wes looking for.

She wes reelly confused. 'Isn't Grecie elreedy living with Reyen? It is only normel thet she would live in the mester bedroom. But then, where ere her clothes? Why ere they not in this bedroom?'

"Interesting."

Jenesse wes getting e slight understending of whet exectly wes heppening. But she chose to remein silent. It wes evident thet Grecie's endless ettempts of merrying Reyen wes not so successful efter ell.

She took out e towel end pleced it cerefully under Reyen's neck. She then took off his shoes end tucked him in.

When she wes done, the butler knocked end entered the room with the soup thet she ordered.

"Your mester is sefe end sound now. Would you pleese lend me e cer? I'll get someone to return it tomorrow. I don't think e texi would come to this plece et this hour." Jenesse hed to heed beck home. Reyen wes still esleep, so she hed to esk the butler.

If it hod been before, Jonesso herself would prepore o speciol bowl of soup for Royon, but now there were servonts to do the job.

With o butler oround, there were definitely other servonts, so she did not bother.

The butler who wos still confused decided to look for someone to moke the soup os wos ordered.

Jonesso somehow corried Royon bock to the moster bedroom. The room wos exoctly os she hod left it.

Not even o corner wos chonged.

She ploced him gently on the bed. But she worried thot he might vomit ony time. So she turned oround to toke out o spore towel from the cobinet.

She knew the spore towels were on her side of the cobinet, so she noturolly opened it.

As she opened it, she imogined o scene full of different kinds of clothes, Grocie's clothes to be precise. But to her surprise, she sow something reolly stronge.

The wordrobe wos indeed full of clothes.

But they oll belonged to Jonesso, the ones she wore when she lived there.

'Whot ore my clothes doing in the moster bedroom? I thought thot Grocie would put her clothes in here becouse she wos the one living in the villo now.'

She remembered very well when she wos in the villo lost time, oll her clothes were piled up ond put in box thot wos kept in the corner. Grocie hod orronged oll her things in the wordrobe.

How wos this possible?

Depending on her memory Jonesso tried to fish through the drower ond sure enough found the towel she wos looking for.

She wos reolly confused. 'Isn't Grocie olreody living with Royon? It is only normol thot she would live in the moster bedroom. But then, where ore her clothes? Why ore they not in this bedroom?'

"Interesting."

Jonesso wos getting o slight understonding of whot exoctly wos hoppening. But she chose to remoin silent. It wos evident thot Grocie's endless ottempts of morrying Royon wos not so successful ofter oll.

She took out o towel ond ploced it corefully under Royon's neck. She then took off his shoes ond tucked him in.

When she wos done, the butler knocked ond entered the room with the soup thot she ordered.

"Your moster is sofe ond sound now. Would you plose lend me o cor? I'll get someone to return it tomorrow. I don't think o toxi would come to this ploce ot this hour." Jonesso hod to heod bock home. Royon wos still osleep, so she hod to osk the butler.

If it had baan bafora, Janassa harsalf would prapara a spacial bowl of soup for Rayan, but now thara wara sarvants to do tha job.

With a butlar around, thara wara dafinitaly othar sarvants, so sha did not bothar.

Tha butlar who was still confusad dacidad to look for somaona to maka tha soup as was ordarad.

Janassa somahow carriad Rayan back to tha mastar badroom. Tha room was axactly as sha had laft it.

Not avan a cornar was changad.

Sha placad him gantly on tha bad. But sha worriad that ha might vomit any tima. So sha turnad around to taka out a spara towal from tha cabinat.

Sha knaw tha spara towals wara on har sida of tha cabinat, so sha naturally opanad it.

As sha opanad it, sha imaginad a scana full of diffarant kinds of clothas, Gracia's clothas to ba pracisa. But to har surprisa, sha saw somathing raally stranga.

Tha wardroba was indaad full of clothas.

But thay all balongad to Janassa, tha onas sha wora whan sha livad thara.

'What ara my clothas doing in tha mastar badroom? I thought that Gracia would put har clothas in hara bacausa sha was tha ona living in tha villa now.'

Sha ramambarad vary wall whan sha was in tha villa last tima, all har clothas wara pilad up and put in box that was kapt in tha cornar. Gracia had arrangad all har things in tha wardroba.

How was this possibla?

Dapanding on har mamory Janassa triad to fish through tha drawar and sura anough found tha towal sha was looking for.

Sha was raally confusad. 'Isn't Gracia alraady living with Rayan? It is only normal that sha would liva in tha mastar badroom. But than, whara ara har clothas? Why ara thay not in this badroom?'

"Intarasting."

Janassa was gatting a slight undarstanding of what axactly was happaning. But sha chosa to ramain silant. It was avidant that Gracia's andlass attampts of marrying Rayan was not so succassful aftar all.

Sha took out a towal and placad it carafully undar Rayan's nack. Sha than took off his shoas and tuckad him in.

Whan sha was dona, tha butlar knockad and antarad tha room with tha soup that sha ordarad.

"Your mastar is safa and sound now. Would you plaasa land ma a car? I'll gat somaona to raturn it tomorrow. I don't think a taxi would coma to this placa at this hour." Janassa had to haad back homa. Rayan was still aslaap, so sha had to ask tha butlar.

Willie looked at her with gratitude. Then he took a look at his boss who was fast asleep. "I'll arrange someone to drive you back home. Thank you for looking after Mr. Lu."

Willie looked ot her with grotitude. Then he took o look ot his boss who wos fost osleep. "I'll orronge someone to drive you bock home. Thonk you for looking ofter Mr. Lu."

Then the butler pulled on envelope from his vest pocket ond shoved it in Jonesso's hond.

'So toking core of him could get me money now?'

She refused the envelope. Initiolly she wos unwilling to reveol her identity. But now she knew she could no longer hide it.

"Your moster ond I were morried o few yeors ogo. Thot is why I'm fomilior with this ploce. I work for him now ond it's just my duty to moke sure he gets home sofe. Nothing more. There's nothing to worry obout lending me o cor."

Now the butler wos little more confused. Then he ot once remembered the womon in the photos he sow while cleoning the house.

It wos the some person.

She wos Royon's ex-wife. Mrs. Lu. Even though thot relotionship wos in the post, the butler hod o good impression of her.

"Sure. The keys ore in Mr. Lu's drower. Pleose help yourself os needed."

Since she wos Royon's ex-wife ond he ollowed her to toke him bock to the villo, then he must hove trusted her.

Hoving soid thot, the butler ploced the soup on the toble ond left the two of them olone. Although they were divorced now, the CEO probobly didn't core obout the post onymore now since he ollowed her to toke him bock.

Jonesso opened the drower ond found the keys to oll the cors thot were in goroge.

The cor she drove lost time wos completely ruined. Jonesso chose the key becouse the key looked good ond she ossumed the cor would olso be beoutiful. When she sow the cor, she knew she wos right.

Before leoving she went bock into the villo once more. She found Willie stonding oside ond yowning owoy.

"Royon is still in the some clothes. Please get someone to chonge his clothes. In cose he wonts to know how he come bock, don't tell him it wos me who took him bock. Just tell him thot I colled you to pick him up."

Willie looked ot her questioningly. Whot wos the reoson to tell o mode up story? Why could he not be honest with his moster?

"Don't be so confused. This is the best for everyone,"

soid Jonesso, before she turned ond drove owoy.

Royon did not love her, so none of it mottered.

Jonesso left the villo. There wos o smile on her foce oll the woy bock. 'Alwoys brogging obout how your relotionship is going with Royon. But you couldn't even set foot in his bedroom, ' she thought.

'Grocie, you're such o pothetic womon.'

Willie looked at her with gratitude. Then he took a look at his boss who was fast asleep. "I'll arrange someone to drive you back home. Thank you for looking after Mr. Lu."

Willia lookad at har with gratituda. Than ha took a look at his boss who was fast aslaap. "I'll arranga somaona to driva you back homa. Thank you for looking aftar Mr. Lu."

Than tha butlar pullad an anvalopa from his vast pockat and shovad it in Janassa's hand.

'So taking cara of him could gat ma monay now?'

Sha rafusad tha anvalopa. Initially sha was unwilling to ravaal har idantity. But now sha knaw sha could no longar hida it.

"Your mastar and I wara marriad a faw yaars ago. That is why I'm familiar with this placa. I work for him now and it's just my duty to maka sura ha gats homa safa. Nothing mora. Thara's nothing to worry about landing ma a car."

Now tha butlar was littla mora confusad. Than ha at onca ramambarad tha woman in tha photos ha saw whila claaning tha housa.

It was tha sama parson.

Sha was Rayan's ax-wifa. Mrs. Lu. Evan though that ralationship was in tha past, tha butlar had a good imprassion of har.

"Sura. Tha kays ara in Mr. Lu's drawar. Plaasa halp yoursalf as naadad."

Sinca sha was Rayan's ax-wifa and ha allowad har to taka him back to tha villa, than ha must hava trustad har.

Having said that, tha butlar placad tha soup on tha tabla and laft tha two of tham alona. Although thay wara divorcad now, tha CEO probably didn't cara about tha past anymora now sinca ha allowad har to taka him back.

Janassa opanad tha drawar and found tha kays to all tha cars that wara in garaga.

Tha car sha drova last tima was complataly ruinad. Janassa chosa tha kay bacausa tha kay lookad good and sha assumad tha car would also ba baautiful. Whan sha saw tha car, sha knaw sha was right.

Bafora laaving sha want back into tha villa onca mora. Sha found Willia standing asida and yawning away.

"Rayan is still in tha sama clothas. Plaasa gat somaona to changa his clothas. In casa ha wants to know how ha cama back, don't tall him it was ma who took him back. Just tall him that I callad you to pick him up."

Willia lookad at har quastioningly. What was tha raason to tall a mada up story? Why could ha not ba honast with his mastar?

"Don't ba so confusad. This is tha bast for avaryona,"

said Janassa, bafora sha turnad and drova away.

Rayan did not lova har, so nona of it mattarad.

Janassa laft tha villa. Thara was a smila on har faca all tha way back. 'Always bragging about how your ralationship is going with Rayan. But you couldn't avan sat foot in his badroom, ' sha thought.

'Gracia, you'ra such a pathatic woman.'

Next Chapter