

Bye, My Ex-husband Chapter 7

At that moment, somebody grabbed his arm.

The light reflected off the watch on the man's hand, so dazzling that it hurt Janessa's eyes.

"Janessa's words might have sounded rather unpleasant, but in my opinion, she didn't say anything wrong.

We are in the same circle, and everyone knows what you are thinking.

Besides, she is my wife.

No one else has the right to admonish my wife."

After delivering those words, Rayan brushed aside Aydin's hand.

His expression was devoid of anger—instead, it was as coolly indifferent as his tone.

Aydin's face darkened as he tried his best to control his temper.

"Mr.

Lu, this is a family matter.

I hope that you wouldn't interfere.

I won't take those words seriously."

He played the part of the kind elder to the hilt, but his face was serious.

With a loaded sneer, Rayan turned around, stared at Janessa's face, and whispered, "I'd like to see how the company will crumble if you leave me."

– His voice was low and steady, and his dark eyes held hers captive.

A frown marred Janessa's smooth brow.

With a tense expression, she glanced at Rayan from the corner of her eyes.

"What do you mean?"

It was a harmless question, but her stiff tone and glaring eyes said otherwise.

Rayan sneered.

“You know exactly what I mean.”

They did not try to keep other people from listening to their exchange, so Aydin clearly heard every word.

His blank expression slipped a little, showing a mocking look he directed at Janessa.

In the past, Janessa’s mother forced her to marry Rayan in order for her to take a firm hold of the company.

Judging from the current situation, the two of them never got along.

Without the support of the Lu family, Janessa would be as easy to crush as an ant in his hand.

“What people fear the most is fate.

You can’t keep anything you are not supposed to have,”

Aydin revealed his thoughts out loud in a voice dripping with sarcasm.

With a snort, Janessa withdrew her gaze from Rayan’s face and glared at the older man.

She straightened her back, raised her hand, and deliberately placed it on the crook of Rayan’s arm.

“Aydin, you really know yourself.

Since it is destined to be mine, why are you trying so hard to compete with me for it.

Don’t you know that lovers’ quarrels seldom last long? You seem to be more concerned about it than us.”

She watched, chuckling, as Aydin’s face darkened.

Before he could say anything, she continued, “You have busied yourself with my mother’s affairs all day, and I’m sure she’d be able to see your efforts from heaven.

You know how kind my mother is—maybe she will visit you in person tonight.

You’d should go back early.”

Coupled with her pale face, her soft drawl was deliberately frightening.

A muscle in Aydin's face ticked in fury, and his beard trembled in his indignation.

*Janessa, let's make one thing clear, right here and now.

Do you still seriously consider me as your family elder?"

He couldn't recall when he had started to use the family elder speech as his usual tactic to guilt-trip people into abandoning their opinions or doing his bidding.

She had never liked talking to him even in the past.

Now, she didn't have to endure his presence.

Janessa heaved a sigh of relief and straightened her back.

"Should I give my respect to an elder who is scheming to destroy me? It's getting late, so please leave! I will not see you off."

With a cold glance, Janessa used a tissue to carefully wipe the chair that Aydin had sat on and ceremoniously perched her mother's urn on the vacated seat.

Then, she sat on the heir's seat beside the head of the table without looking at them.

Shaking with anger, Aydin pointed a threatening finger at Janessa, as if he were about to heap abuse at her head.

Rayan called his assistant and asked him to escort these people from the premises.

The noisy lounge instantly quieted down, and the tense atmosphere instantly relaxed.

Rayan strode forward to face Janessa.

He stared down at her derisively and declared, "I want you to remember what you said just now for the rest of your life.

The Lu family is not a place where you can come and go as you please."

A slight tremor ran down Janessa's whole body, and her grip on her teacup tightened without her volition.

Scathing contempt flashed in his eyes, and the corners of his mouth lifted in an unpleasant facsimile of a smile.

He only said a few words, but she couldn't tolerate them.

She was not the type to bear such abuse.

Rayan raised his hand, but Janessa suddenly staggered and fell into his arms.

There was no sign of the force that knocked her out.

Impatient, Rayan shook her slightly.

Suddenly, he noticed her condition—no blood, closed eyes, knitted brows, and dead weight.

It looked like she had no strength at all.

Cursing inwardly, he picked her up and walked her outside, hoping that the cold air would revive her.

As soon as he saw them, Gordon, who was waiting for them outside, rushed over and tried to pull Janessa into his arms.

“What did you do to her?”

The accusing tone made Rayan even angrier.

He gathered her even closer against his body and threw the other man a cold glare.

“Even if you don’t want to give up, she is still my wife.

It doesn’t matter whether she’s dead or alive—that has absolutely nothing to do with you.” “Rayan, only you can say such irresponsible words!”

Rayan paused for a moment and drawled out with disdain, “You lost once, three years ago.

You’re not going to win now.”

Despite the softness of his cold voice, the sharp tone of warning was unmistakable.

At those words, Gordon’s expression froze, and a flash of pain crossed his eyes.

He could only watch them leave with his hands clenched into fists at his sides.

Janessa leaned back against the backseat, an expression of pain on her face.

Cold sweat broke out on her forehead and plastered her long hair to her temples and neck.

She pressed her hand against her lower belly hard.

It felt as if there were a thousand hands pulling at her scalp.

Her body fell uncontrollably, and she could hear the cold wind whoosh past her ears.

In her confused haze, she could have sworn she heard someone call her name.

She tried to open her eyes, but a blinding light appeared before her.

She could make out a blurry figure leaning on her side, but she couldn't clearly see the person's face.

"Mom?"

she called out in a tentative voice.

"She is dead,"

replied a low, somber voice that seemed to echo from all directions.

The light in front of her instantly disappeared, leaving her in a thick, suffocating darkness.

A heart-wrenching ache surged up inside her, making it hard for her to breathe.

She was about to pass out from the pain when she was suddenly pulled to consciousness by a loud cry and a sob.