

Becoming Strangers Again Chapter 6-10

Chapter 6

Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by Adminh, ?

Chapter 6 LILY ONE MONTH LATER Having successfully relocated to Canada and diligently renewing my practice license, I find myself on the brink of full readiness, with just two pending tasks. Mrs. Georgina, in her kindness, extended an invitation for me to visit her home and discuss potential opportunities at her hospital while I await the completion of the remaining certification processes. The cab I hailed came to a halt outside the imposing gates of Mrs. Georgina's residence. Disembarking from the vehicle, I settled the fare with the driver and proceeded toward the entrance. The grandeur of her home triggered memories of Ryan's family house, a sharp contrast to the temporary abode of a hotel room where I currently reside. Let me clarify, the hotel suite isn't unpleasant by any means, but it lacks that comforting essence of home. It simply doesn't evoke the same sense of belonging. As I mused over these thoughts, one of Mrs. Georgina's security personnel approached me, his voice resonating through the narrow opening in the iron gate. "Are you Ms. Lily Bernard?" he inquired, his tone professional yet courteous. With a silent nod, I acknowledged his query, opting to provide my father's surname to avoid association with Ryan's family name. "I'll need to verify your identity, ma'am, he continued, his demeanor unwavering in its adherence to protocol. Retrieving my identification card from my purse, I handed it over for inspection. His gaze lingered on the ID momentarily before lifting to meet mine. This ID bears the name Lily Williams," he observed, his tone neutral yet probing. Accepting the ID back from him, I affirmed. That's my former husband's surname. I've undergone divorce proceedings and am in the process of reverting to my maiden name. Unfortunately, my updated identification hasn't been issued yet." promptly. Maintaining his steady gaze, he murmured into his communication device. After a brief pause, he signaled to the gate attendant, who initiated the process of granting me access. With a silent acknowledgment, I followed, stepping into the confines of the compound. The young man regarded me with a curious expression, his eyes filled with intrigue. "Are you walking down?" he asked, his tone tinged with confusion. Perplexed by his inquiry, I simply blinked in response. With a shake of his head, he gestured towards the waiting car. "Get in," he instructed, prompting me to comply. Our journey spanned over thirty minutes before we finally arrived at the main building. Stepping out, I made my way towards the entrance, while Eddie, the young man, skillfully reversed the car and retraced our path. Led into the living room, I settled in to await Mrs. Georgina's arrival. After a few minutes, the sound of approaching footsteps caught my attention. Rising to my feet, I turned to greet her. Mrs. Georgina approached with a warm smile. "Ms. Bernard," she greeted, extending her hand for a handshake, which I accepted graciously. "It's wonderful to meet you in person. Returning her smile shyly, I responded, "It's equally lovely to meet you, Ma'am." She shook her head gently. "Please, call me Georgina. A friend of Becky is certainly a friend of mine." Gesturing for me to

take a seat, she settled on the sofa nearest to mine. “Becky informed me about your divorce. I’m truly sorry to hear about it.” Mustering a smile, I endeavored to conceal the emotional weight of recent events. “I suppose it just wasn’t meant to be, I offered, attempting to downplay the complexities of the situation. Georgina regarded me with a mix of empathy and frustration, voicing her displeasure with the mistreatment of women by certain men. It’s disheartening how men can behave,” she grumbled, sighing as she crossed her legs, an embodiment of thoughtful contemplation. “And what about the baby! Does he know she inquired, her concern evident. Slightly taken aback, my eyes widened in surprise. “Becky shared that detail as well?” I admitted, appreciative of her support yet grappling with the intrusion into my private life. Georgina shook her head gently, her expression softening with understanding. “Becky didn’t disclose anything about the baby. I gleaned it from simply observing you, she clarified, her words carrying a sense of reassurance. As the maids graciously served us cold juice, she continued, “While I may not have experienced motherhood firsthand. I possess an intuitive sense when

it comes to discerning a woman’s condition “ Mesmerized, I watched Mrs. Georgina with unabashed admiration. At sixty years old, she exuded a timeless elegance that left me in awe. Clean my throat, I decided to shift the focus to the primary purpose of my visit. “Concerning my complete documents, they should be fully prepared 11:29 AM Chapter 6 within the next two weeks,” She nodded gracefully, her demeanor composed and understanding. “Rest assured, Lily, there’s no cause for concern,” she affirmed with reassuring smile, her gaze lingering as I tentatively took a sip of my drink, a subtle tension settling in the air. Unexpectedly, she dropped a bombshell, “I must say, Lily, I find myself quite fond of you, I like you,” she declared, her statement catching me off guard, causing me to choke momentarily on my drink. A whirlwind of thoughts raced through my mind, pondering the implications of her confession. Is she into women! Becky didn’t mention that.. besides, I thought she was married to a man before he died! Wide-eyed and utterly baffled. I could only manage a soft, disbelieving whisper, “What? Georgina’s laughter, light and melodic, filled the room, her amusement evident as she observed my bewildered reaction. “Oh, Lily, forgive me for the confusion. When I expressed my fondness for you, I meant it in a purely platonic sense, she clarified, her voice warm and reassuring as she took another sip of her juice, her composure unwavering. “My romantic interests lie elsewhere, I assure you. I am very much more interested and attracted to dick Blushing furiously with embarrassment, I stumbled over my words in an attempt to apologize, recognizing that I had inadvertently caused discomfort with my misinterpretation. I—I’m terribly sorry, I stammered, acutely aware of my unintentional blunder. “I didn’t mean to let my thoughts run wild.” Georgina waved away my apology with a graceful gesture, her poise unwavering even in the face of my embarrassment. “There’s no need for apologies, dear Lily, she reassured me, her tone gentle yet firm. Crossing her legs with elegant precision, she shifted gears, her expression morphing into one of earnest contemplation, “On a different note, I couldn’t help but hear about your connection to the Williams family in New York. I heard you were married to the Williams family in New York,” I nodded slowly, absorbing her revelation. “You’re familiar with them?” I inquired, intrigued by her connection to the Williams family. Georgina shrugged nonchalantly. “I’ve had a few unpleasant run-ins

with their mother, Sarah Williams,” she confessed, her tone tinged with a hint of contemplation as she idly traced her thumb along the rim of her glass. “But let’s focus on you, Lily. I want to help you” Her words caught me off guard. Wasn’t that the purpose of our meeting? Wasn’t she already extending her assistance by offering me a position at her hospital? “I’m determined to transform you into a woman whom Ryan Williams will deeply regret divorcing. Georgina continued, her gaze fixed firmly on me. “The Williams family values wealth and affluence, and I intend to mold you into that image. you absolutely certain you don’t have While I appreciated her efforts, I couldn’t shake the feeling that Georgina was taking this too personally. “Are you a personal connection to the Williams family?” I probed gently, sensing an underlying tension in her words. She let out a slow exhale, her expression thoughtful “As I mentioned, my encounters with them haven’t been pleasant,” she reiterated, her lips tightening slightly. I won’t stand by and watch them mistreat another woman.” Her mention of “another woman” piqued my curiosity. Did she have unresolved grievances with the Williams family? “Did they wrong you in some way! I ventured, cautiously probing the delicate topic. “Or perhaps you know someone who was hurt by them? Georgina’s sigh carried a heavy weight, laden with sorrow and unresolved grief. “It was my sister, she began, her voice tinged with a mix of pain and resignation. “Richard Williams drove my sister into depression, and she eventually took her own life. ir with A pang of sympathy shot through me, and I offered a heartfelt apology. “I’m so sorry to hear about your loss,” I murmured, my words echoing genuine compassion. A sad smile touched Georgina’s lips, imbued with a sense of acceptance and understanding. “Don’t apologize,” she responded softly, her gaze reflecting a mixture of emotions. “I can see that you’re not like them, and yet you’ve also fallen victim to their manipulation and mistreatment.” Intrigued by her story yet hesitant to delve deeper into her painful past, I treaded carefully. “If you’re comfortable sharing, what happened to your sister?” I inquired, mindful of the delicate nature of the topic. Her voice carried a weight of sorrow as she recounted the tragic events. “My sister married Richard, and they were expecting a child. But tragedy struck when she lost the baby in an accident, and due to complications, she was unable to conceive again. Richard assured her that everything would be alright, but he had impregnated another woman, Sarah, from a wealthy family,” she explained, her words laced with bitterness and sorrow. “Despite my siver’s struggles, Richard divorced her and married Sarah, with the full support of his family. Sarah eventually gave birth to Ryan “I’m s so sorry.” I muttered. you for She smiled at me. “Don’t be. I am just glad that you didn’t end up like my sister, and I’m going to make sure to make you richer than that binilso he left 11:29 AM

Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by **Adminh**, 776

Chapter 7 SIX MONTHS LATER Recently, everything in my life has been progressing smoothly. Just six months ago. I had the pleasure of establishing a meaningful relationship with Georgina. Our connection has flourished to the point where acquaintances who aren’t well-acquainted with her often mistake me for her own daughter. A few weeks back after I arrived in Canada, Georgina discovered that I was

still in the process of searching for a suitable home to provide a perfect environment to raise my baby. In her characteristic kindness, she generously proposed that I move in with her. Initially, I hesitated to accept her offer, politely declining. However, Georgina's persistence gradually wore down my resistance, and I eventually relented. The thought of continuing the search for the perfect apartment while juggling the demands of pregnancy and work felt overwhelmingly daunting. Thus, I made the decision to accept her offer, agreeing to live with her until my baby arrives. Following the birth, I intend to continue my search for accommodation. While savoring the newfound happiness and deepened connection with Georgina, an unforeseen tragedy struck. Following our usual post-work routine of heading home together, a deviation occurred. Instead of partaking in our customary sequence of retiring to our respective rooms, taking individual showers, and subsequently sharing a meal, Georgina insisted on engaging in a conversation. The somber tone with which she told me that we needed to talk made a dreaded feeling come over me. Seated together on the sofa, Georgina's countenance bore an unusual distance and sadness in her eyes. I couldn't shake the feeling that something unsettling was about to happen or be discussed. "Is everything okay?" I inquired. Taking her place beside me on the sofa, Georgina began with a reflective tone, "I have observed your dedication to your passion for it." to your work, Lily, and witnessed. Although accustomed to her words of encouragement and praise, an unfamiliar nuance in her acknowledgment raised my concern. "Did something happen?" I probed. She gazed at me in silence for a moment, her expression heavy with contemplation, before exhaling deeply. "Can you please listen to me without interrupting?" she implored gently. In reflex, I offered a quick apology, feeling a pang of guilt before nervously biting my lower lip. "As you already know, I don't have any children, and my relationship with my late husband's siblings and relatives is strained," she began, her voice carrying a weight of seriousness. "That's why I need you to be present on the day my will is read." I furrowed my brows in confusion. "Why are we discussing your will reading?" I blurted out, my anxiety rising at the unexpected turn of the conversation. Despite my instincts telling me to remain silent and let her speak, I couldn't shake off the sense of foreboding that gripped me. Relaxing slightly, Georgina offered a sad smile. "I intend to leave the hospital to you," she revealed, her words hitting me like a thunderbolt. My eyes widened in shock as her revelation sank in. "I've observed and evaluated your capabilities, and I believe you're the only one capable of managing the hospital effectively, preventing it from facing potential closure due to mismanagement in the coming months or years." "What are you talking about!" I interjected, still grappling with the confusion surrounding our conversation. Georgina continued, undeterred by my interruption. "I considered Becky, but she recently opened her own clinic

. Besides, she lacks the depth of understanding of this company's management that you possess, and—" Raising my hand, I halted her mid-sentence. "Hold on a minute" Georgina tilted her head, acknowledging my request. "Why are we having discussions about your will and me potentially taking over the hospital? I tried to suppress the lump that had formed in my throat, a wave of unease washing over me. "Are you, dying?" The question hung in the air, my hope clinging to the possibility that she would dismiss it with laughter, but she didn't. My fingers trembled as I pressed for clarity. "What's going

on, Georgina “I’ve been diagnosed with stage IV lung cancer, she disclosed, her smile strained as she attempted to soften the impact of her revelation. Tears strained down my cheeks uncontrollably. “Please don’t cry, she gently chided, concern evident in her voice, “it’s not good for the baby.” “How can you ask me not to cry when you’ve just told me you’re slowly dying?” I cried out, my words muffled by sobs that wracked my body. “Don’t make it out to be worse than it is,” she insisted, rising from her seat to comfort me, a role reversal that felt surreal “I start treatment the day after tomorrow.” Her words, though filled with hope, struggled to penetrate the heaviness that settled over us. “This is just so unfortunate. Why is it that bad things always seem to happen to good people?” I muttered softly, feeling the se 11:29 AM Chapter ? pressing down on me as tears continued to roll down my cheeks unabated Turning to face Georgina, I pulled her into a tight, comforting embrace, hoping to convey even a fraction of the support and strength she needed in that moment. “Everything is going to be fine, I insisted, though deep down, I couldn’t shake the knowledge that treatment for stage IV lung cancer isn’t about curing the disease but rather managing symptoms and improving quality of life. “You’re going to fight this, and I’m not going anywhere. I’ll be right by your side through it all As we parted from the embrace, Georgina’s hands gently cupped my tear-streaked cheeks, her touch both comforting and grounding. With a and sadness. “I’m truly grateful for your desire to stay close to me.” she began, her voice filled with warmth. “It speaks volumes about how much you care. However, I’d prefer if you stayed back and took care of the hospital business while I focus on the chemotherapy.” tender sweep of her million-dollar scarf, she wiped away my tears, her eyes reflecting a mix of appreciating and grounding. With a I sniffed back my tears. “Hospital business or not, I’m going to stay by your side until you fight this, I affirmed, the weight of my commitment sealing in the air between us For the first time since she shared the devastating news, I saw Georgina’s eyes well up with tears. I’m just grateful to have someone someone willing to stand by me not out of obligation, but out of genuine care,” she murmured, her voice trembling with emotion. like you, Seizing her hand, I lifted it gently and placed a tender kiss upon her palm. “You’re an incredible woman with a heart of gold. How could anyone not love and care for you!” I expressed, captivated by the purity of her soul. Her confession caught me off guard. “My husband’s family,” she revealed with a sad smile, the weight of the past hurts evident in her words. They said I would die sad and alone for not giving my husband children.” My expression twisted into a disapproving frown. “How dare they say something so cruel? I hissed, incredulous. “How is it your fault that you couldn’t have children?” Georgina blinked at me, a hint of amusement in her eyes. “Actually, it was my fault that I tone. “I was on contraceptives, and when I couldn’t continue due to health issues. I opted to have my womb removed.” I couldn’t have children,” she revealed in a surprisingly calm any Curiosity gnawed at me, tempting me to inquire about her decision, but I refrained, not wanting to appear judgmental in Taking a deep breath, Georgina leaned back, her gaze drifting to the portrait of her late husband on the wall. “He didn’t want a baby,” she continued, her voice tinged with a hint of sorrow, I turned to look at the image of the deceased man, pondering the complexities of their past and the choices that had shaped their lives. “He was certain that he didn’t want any children and that our future wouldn’t include them, she added. Is that what love really is about? Sacrificing your own desires to please the other person?” Memories of giving up my job and career aspirations for Ryan only to have him

disregard my sacrifices flooded my mind. "One thing was certain though, Georgina interjected, her voice tinged with reflection, he did love me with every fiber of his being until his last breath." I refrained from arguing the point, recognizing that it wasn't the crux of the matter at hand. "When is your next doctor's visit?" I inquired, already mentally preparing to clear my schedule at the hospital to accompany her. Whether she acknowledged it or not, she needed someone's support and love during this challenging time. "The day after tomorrow, Georgina replied. "However, I've called for a board meeting tomorrow. I'm appointing you as the acting president until either Lovecome this or it overcomes me Concerned, I asked, "Do you think they'll agree to me being the acting president of the hospital? Anxious about the potential challenges I might face. "They won't have a choice" she assured me, her confidence unwavering. "I am the highest shareholder, and my word is law. Cupping my cheek, she added, "Don't let them walk all over you 11.29 AM

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Posted by Adminh, ?

Chapter 8 LILY TWO MONTHS LATER When the announcement came, declaring me the acting president, a few of the board members seemed rather discontent about the decision. Nonetheless, I adhered closely to Georgina's counsel: maintaining a dignified stance and ensuring that nobody trampled over me. I convinced myself of the necessity to exert my utmost effort, driven by the belief that I needed to preserve the position for Georgina's eventual return. Yet, deep down, a small voice within me whispered the truth: I was merely deluding myself. The medical prognosis for Georgina was grim, the doctors had given her a mere two months to live. Astonishingly, she has managed to exceed that timeframe, but her current condition remains critical within the confines of the hospital walls. It's as though my life has become intertwined with the hospital's routine—I find myself sleeping and awakening within its sterile confines. Even my appointments with the obstetrician happen within the same hospital premises, making things a bit easier for me. As the hands of the clock struck six in the evening, signaling the end of the workday, I shut down my laptop, swiftly retrieved my purse and jacket, and briskly made my exit from the office building. Before heading to the hospital, a familiar craving stirred within me, prompting a brief pit stop at my favorite dining spot to procure dinner. After pulling into a parking space, I confidently strode towards the building's entrance, Upon reaching the elevator, I pressed the button and patiently awaited its arrival, Stepping inside, I selected the floor where Georgina was currently admitted, mentally preparing myself for the emotional rollercoaster that awaited me. Upon arriving at her designated floor, my heart skipped a beat as I caught sight of two burly figures stationed outside Georgina's room, their presence strikingly unusual with the usual hospital security. Surveying the scene, I couldn't shake off the unsettling feeling gnawing at my insides. Gathering my courage, I approached the imposing figures, my gaze fixed on the bald man who seemed to exude an aura of authority. "What's going on here? And who exactly are you!" A pregn

ant pause ensued as they met my inquiry with an unsettling silence, their eyes betraying so hint of explanation. Suppressing the rising tide of frustration, a surge of protective instinct washed over me, prompting me to exercise caution for the sake of my unborn child's well-being. Frustration clenched my fist, but I remained composed, attempting to walk past them into the room. Yet, they obstructed my path, extending their hands to block my entry I shot a disdainful glare at their obstructing hands, feeling my irritation surge. "What on earth is the meaning of this absolute nonsense?" Just as the door to Georgina's ward swung open, out stepped an older woman accompanied by a younger man. Her piercing gaze bore into me with a mix of disdain and contempt. "It means you are no longer granted access to Georgina's room," she declared, her tone dripping with finality. Victoria Georgina had painstakingly drilled into me the names of her husband's relatives, cautioning me about potential threats. Clutching the strap of my purse with increasing intensity, I met Victoria's steely gaze with a mask of stoicism. "Your crazy behavior doesn't come as a shock, but I never imagined you'd bring it to a hospital environment. "What?" Victoria scoffed, her incredulity written on her face. "Did you just insult me?" Her son, standing protectively by her side, took a menacing step forward. "Insult my mother again and you'll soon regret it." he spat, his voice dripping with malice. Shifting my attention from Victoria to her son, I addressed him with a calm yet firm demeanor. "It appears you've taken a wrong turn, bringing your mother to this particular ward. If memory serves me right, the psychiatric floor is typically situated on the last floor," I pointed out, my voice devoid of any discernible emotion The young man took a step towards me but his mother grabbed his arm, stopping him. "don't hit a pregnant woman, I raised you better than that." Feeling a headache growing, I sighed. "why exactly are you stopping me from entering Georgina's ward?" I had a long day at the hospital and I do not have the strength to banter with anyone. "Georgina is in a vulnerable state right now, and we do not want who isn't family around her to avoid manipulating her into doing things to my advantage I know what this is about. "Are you scared that she is going to hand the hospital over to and blood of Georgina and her husband. er to me?" I mean this isn't e even a family buuness, it is s, it is the arm certain that your name won't even be on the list because you are not family." She stated with a sly smile. "The manner with which you behave now will determine if we will let you continue working in the hospital after her demise." 11:29 AM Chapter & Scalling. I wondered why people tend to be selfish. "You call yourself family yet none of you showed up all these months." It was as if they were waiting for her to be on the brink of death before showing up. "I don't have time for this Victoria, step aside," She chuckled. Just leave. Lily, you do not have any reason to be here." She turned to the security men. "make sure she doesn't make it past this This is crazy. "what did you do with Georgina's security?" She blinked slowly at me. "I fired them." My eyes widened with shock. "What did you just say?" I blurted out and she shrugged aloolly, "what gave you the right to fire them?" "My brother hired them and I love the right to fire them since he is no longer alive to do that" Glaring at me one last time, she grabbed her son's hand and pulled him towards the elevator. She halted abruptly, her back still facing me. "Start looking for a new place. That house will be placed for sale after her funeral. "She is not even dead!" I yelled at her, "at least have some respect for her you old haggard bitch!" Her shoulders shook as she laughed. "That's it. As you are looking for a new place, equally look for a new job because I am going to have my son kick you out of that

hospital once he assumes his position” “Position of what?” does this dude even know what it takes to run an establishment! “What do you think? He is going to be the new president of course.” Throwing a sudden laughter again, she walked into the elevator with her son. Returning my attention to the bodyguards, I bounced my eyes from one to the other. “you aren’t going to really stop me from seeing her right?” They remained mute, ignoring me as though I wasn’t even standing there. I tried to take another step but they blocked my path again. My fingers tingled as the urge to slap them coursed through my veins. I was ready to attempt going in again when the slight pain I had been feeling in my back became sharper. I bent out of reflex, my hand grabbing theirs for help. “Are you okay Ma’am?” one of them asked but I was still engrossed in the pain, waiting for the wave to pass before answering them, but it didn’t stop any time soon. “Should we take you to the doctor?” As the pain subsided, I gradually stood erect and took a deep breath. “Just let me see her please.” “I am sorry ma’am, but we can’t do that. We are working under order and we can’t go against it.” I was about to respond when another pain hit me. Wincing. I placed my hand on my waist. Maybe I should go my doctor. I was about to take a step forward when wet liquid rolled down my legs. I stared down at the wet puddle on the floor with wide eyes “My water just broke.” I mumbled. Both men rushed to me and grabbed my arm. “Do you want to see the doctor here or should we take you to your doctor?” “My doctor works here, I informed them. They helped me into the elevator and to the second floor. The same night, I gave birth to my little boy, and that was the same night that I lost Georgina.

Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by **Adminh**, 717

Chapter 9 LILY When Georgina died, all of those who claimed that they are her family did not even bother to lay her to rest. I had to wait for Becky to come down co Canada before I requested the body for funeral, however, I was told that I was have to get permission from her family before her body is eleased to me. took Becky with me, went to Victoria’s house and knelt down before her, pleading that she let me have the body. She was clearly delighted to have ne kneeling before her, but at the end of the dy, she gave me a pass to take the body from the morgue. Although I was typically embarrassed to kneel before her, but I have to do what I have to do to give Georgina the respect she deserve. We laid Georgina to rest beside her husband, just as she had requested while she was still with us. Standing by her grave, I couldn’t help but ponder now our joyful moments had culminated in this somber occasion. Are you alright?” Becky’s concerned voice broke through my thoughts. Tearing my gaze away from the freshly turned earth. I managed a nod before turning and making my way back to the car. ONE WEEK LATER After dropping Becky off at the airport, I noticed a car parked outside the gates as I returned home. Instructing the security team to adhere strictly o my directives, I emphasized the importance of not granting access to anyone without my explicit consent, It wasn’t about asserting ownership of The property, but rather an acknowledgment of the complexities and greed within Georgina’s family. Stepping down from the car, I made my way toward the familiar figure of Mr. Kelvin, Georgina’s legal representative. “Mr. Kelvin?” I greeted him, a sense of curiosity mingled with concern in

my voice. "What brings you to this place? Is everything in order?" Mr. Kelvin met my gaze with a slightly quizzical expression. "Were you not informed?" he inquired, his tone laced with a hint of surprise. Perplexed, I raised an eyebrow. "Informed! I must admit, I seem to have missed something. What exactly should I have been informed about?" I asked, trying to make sense of the situation. The reading of Georgina's will," he explained patiently. "I had instructed the rest of the family to ensure you were notified. Did they not reach out to you?" A wave of realization washed over me, coupled with a touch of bitterness. "No one thought to inform me about any will reading." I replied with a sigh, feeling a pang of disappointment. Glancing at my wristwatch, I couldn't help but furrow my brow in frustration. "I should be attending to my sons needs right now. Can you tell me when exactly this reading was scheduled to take place?" Two hours ago. Mr. Kelvin reiterated, his gaze briefly meeting mine as he checked his watch. "I've rescheduled the meeting for five pm." His professional demeanor remained steadfast as he emphasized the importance of my attendance. Please ensure you're present. Mrs. Georgina expressly instructed me not to proceed with the will reading if you're not there." Absolutely, I'll be there, I affirmed, recognizing the gravity of the situation. tending my own vehicle and driving With a diplomatic smile, Mr. Kelvin bid farewell and made his way to his car

. I watched his departure before entering toward the family compound. Dressed entirely in mourning black, I took the time to pump sufficient breast milk for Liam, Ethan, and Noah, anticipating a lengthy gathering at the family house. With a keen awareness that not everyone within those walls harbored goodwill towards me, I saw no need for unnecessary niceties. Choosing black stilettos to complement my attire, I ensured every aspect of my appearance, even down to my once- ginger hair, now dyed black, resonated with the solemnity of the occasion. Parking my car in the garage, I stepped out and made my way into the house. The butler greeted me and directed me to where the rest of the family had gathered. Entering the home office, I was met with disapproving glances from everyone except the lawyer. Ignoring the tension in the air, I took a seat and crossed my legs with an air of nonchalance. "You're late," Victoria admonished, her tone sharp with disapproval. "Don't you understand the importance of punctuality and respect for your clients?" "I apologize." I responded, though the sentiment didn't truly resonate within me. "As a lactating mother. I have to prioritize my baby's needs and contend with traffic." "Is that supposed to excuse your tardiness?" Victoria interjected, her tone dripping with skepticism. "Do you think we don't have responsibilities as 11:30 AM Chapter 9 "Seeing as you are all here, ready to take someone's properties with no care in the world says as much." I fired back calmly. Before she could respond, Kelvin beat her to it. "Since everyone is present, let's commence with the reading. Kelvin interjected, effectively halting Victoria's impending remarks. He produced a large brown envelope, sealed with Georgina's unmistakable emblem. "Contained within is the untampered will of the late Mrs. Georgina Harrison" Passing the envelope to the person beside him, he instructed, "Please confirm that the seal remains intact and then pass it along for further verification" The will made its rounds until it reached Victoria's son, who clutched it tightly, his gaze fixed on me with unmistakable hostility. Suppressing a smile at his overtly dramatic display, I couldn't help but find his behavior rather amusing. Interrupting the tension, Kelvin cleared his

throat, his voice cutting through the silent room. "Please pass the will to her, she is a vital part of this process and deserves inclusion" As the will landed on the table before me, I reached out and picked it up, verifying that the seal remained intact before returning it to Kelvin. With practiced efficiency, he retrieved a pen from his pocket, swiftly tearing open the seal and withdrawing the contents. "1. Georgina Harrison of Canada, declare this to be my last will and testament, nullifying all previous documents, the words echoed through the room as Kelvin began reading aloud. "I hereby appoint Mr. Kelvin Sawman as my executor. He shall settle my debts and funeral expenses without delay" The tension in the room palpably heightened as the anticipation grew. "I bequeath the following specific items to the individuals soon to be named as beneficiaries" As Kelvin's voice continued, the air grew heavy with anticipation. "All properties acquired through my husband's and my efforts, including the hospital and estate, I bequeath to Ms. Lily Bernard." Gasps erupted, spreading like wildfire through the room, evolving into murmurs that crescendoed into curses directed squarely at me. "She's not even family!" the outburst reverberated through the room, punctuated by accusations questioning Georgina's decision. Victoria's directed at me was unmistakable. "How do we know she didn't manipulate her into changing her will when she was sick and her judgment clouded?" she insinuated, casting doubt on the integrity of Georgina's final wishes sneer I couldn't help but scoff in response. Then perhaps you should have been by her side when she was sick and dying to prevent me from whispering those words in her ear. The hypocrisy of everyone in the room, except for the lawyer, was glaringly evident to me. Kelvin, ever the voice of reason, cleared his throat, his tone commanding attention amidst the chaos. "Can we please keep the noise down?" he requested, patiently waiting for the tumult to subside before continuing. "To Lily's unborn child, I give the house in which she is currently residing. Despite Kelvin's attempt to restore order, murmurs persisted, but he remained undeterred, focused on fulfilling and chaos in the room. ulfilling Georgina's wishes despite the noise "To Genevieve, I bequeath the family company, with the stipulation that it remains within the family. To the rest of the family, I leave the estate, Kelvin declared, his voice carrying the weight of legal authority as he presented Georgina's words, complete with her signature. "These words are legally binding, and anyone who challenges them without due process will face the consequences of the law." With that, he returned the document to its envelope, sealing it once more and tucking it away. His departure signaled the conclusion of the reading, leaving a tense atmosphere lingering in his wake. As Kelvin exited the room, I saw no reason to linger. Rising from my se seat, I retrieved my purse, ready to leave. "This isn't over, Victoria's voice cut through the silence, her words dripping g with venom. "I won't let you have that hospital." Tilting my head, 1 regarded Victoria with an air of detachment. "It's already settled, Victoria. The hospital belongs to me, and there's nothing can do to change thuat With those final words, I grabbed my purse and exited the house, leaving behind the crazy family and their goddamn house.

ˆ *•.♥.•** The Content Is On BearNovels.

Becoming Strangers Again

Posted by **Adminh**, 763

Chapter 10 LILY FIVE YEARS LATER Becky recently welcomed another precious baby into the world, and I'm excited to fly down to New York to visit her and the newest member of family. What's even more special is that Becky has chosen me to be the baby's godmother, so naturally, I must be in New York to fulfill this important role. It's been five years since I last set foot in New York, and as I prepare for this trip, I find myself contemplating the possibility of running into Ryan my ex-husband. Unlike some divorced individuals who might dread such encounters, I approach the situation with a sense of acceptance. Whatever happens, I believe it's meant to be. However, I am determined to keep my sons away from him during our time in the city. When I learned that I was expecting triplets, the scan results revealed the joyful news. While I didn't anticipate that they would all be boys, their gender didn't matter to me. All I ever wished and prayed for were healthy babies, and I am immensely grateful that my prayers were answered. "Mummy" Ethan's sweet voice called out, interrupting my thoughts. Blinking slowly, I redirected my gaze to him and offered a warm smile. He pointed eagerly out the window and pleaded, "Can I have ice cream, please?" "Of course, sweetie, we'll get some later," I assured him, gently cupping his cheek and planting a noisy kiss on it. Meanwhile, Noah, who had been peacefully sleeping on my thigh, stirred slightly but quickly settled back into his slumber. Liam, the cheeky and occasionally impertinent one, playfully slapped his own head in an exaggerated manner. "Why does he always fall asleep whenever we're traveling?" he questioned, staring at Noah as if he had committed some preposterous act. Before I could respond, Ethan chimed in with his wisdom, beating me to the explanation. That's because he's tired," he said matter-of-factly, "when you're tired, you just fall asleep. The simplicity of his explanation drew a chuckle from me. Liam shot a sharp look at Ethan. "And you believe none of us are tired?" he retorted, crossing his tiny arms and fixing his gaze firmly on his brother. "Do you see any of us sleeping?" Their bickering was nothing new, it seemed to be a regular occurrence, a reflection of the stubbornness and hot-headedness they inherited from Ryan. Liam and Ethan were certainly cut from the same cloth in that regard. In contrast, Noah remained the calm and collected one, rarely engaging in arguments and preferring the simple pleasures of eating and sleeping over quarrels with his brothers. As they continued to argue, I found myself caught between exhaustion and the futility of trying to intervene. Their spirited debates could go on for ages, and trying to divert their attention away from the topic at hand seemed like a Herculean task. So, for now, I decided to

let them hash it out amongst themselves, hoping that perhaps they would tire themselves out before too long. Gently running my fingers through Noah's soft hair, I shifted my gaze to the window, immersing myself in the comforting familiarity of views unseen for years. Despite the potential discontent it might stir in Liam and Noah, I made a deliberate choice to abstain from any sightseeing adventures. The primary motivation was to avoid the possibility of running into Ryan or anyone with connections to him, shielding my sons from inadvertent encounters that could stir up unwelcome emotions. The car smoothly glided to a halt in front of Becky's residence, and as we disembarked, Ethan's eager footsteps carried him ahead towards the welcoming haven.

Meanwhile, Liam chose to stand steadfastly by my side, With the door swinging open, the air was filled with Becky's infectious joy. She greeted us – us with in a warm hug. Mindful of Noah's peaceful slumber on my shoulder, the embrace held a gentle restraint. Heckoning us inside, her staff assisted with an exuberant squeal, rushing forward to envelop me the suitcases. Becky's arms reached out to lift Liam, but he instinctively recoiled, evading her well-intentioned gesture. I couldn't help but chuckle at Becky's puzzled expression. "He really isn't one for all the fuss, I explained, offering a knowing smile. "You might have better luck with Noah and Ethan". "Ah, noted," Becky responded with a smile of understanding. "Come along, let me guide you to where he can rest Following Becky's lead, we made our way to the room designated for the three boys. As I settled onto the bed. Becky excused herself, tending to the needs of her own newborn Seated beside me, Liam emitted a low grumble, barely audible yet enough to capture my attention. I turned to him, prompting him to repeat himself. What did you say, sweetheart!" He met my eyes with a mischievous glint and chuckled, revealing his charming left dimple. "I said ours is better." Perplexed by Liam's assertion, I inched closer to his side, a warm smile playing on my lips as I attempted to decode his cryptic declaration. "Could you help me understand what you mean by "better?" Without a hint of jest, Liam delivered his verdict with deadpan seriousness. "Our house" Suppressing a burgeoning chuckle. I respected i 11:30 AM Chapter 10 of his attempt at a serious conversation, knowing his aversion to laughter during such moments. "David raved about the vastness of this place. leading me to believe it might surpass our own." Cupping his cheek tenderly, I aimed for a reassuring ki*s, yet he tactfully evaded the affectionate gesture. "Size isn't the measure of a home, Liam What truly matters is that, each day, you have a place to sleep and wake up surrounded by your family" His response, characterized by a playful crinkle of the nose, found him sprawled out on the bed. "Ours still holds the title for size, he declared, touch of playful defiance lingering in the air. "Perhaps a bath will help lighten the mood and resolve the house issue' with David, I proposed to Liam, knowing full well his unwavering stance, He nodded in agreement, bounding off the bed and eagerly taking my hand as we made our way to the bathroom. I swiftly gave him a bath, allowing him to change into his nightwear before setting off to find David, Becky's eldest child. After tending to Ethan in a similar fashion, I took a quick bath myself, leaving the door slightly ajar for Noah in case he stirred from his slumber. Satisfied that I was presentable enough to hold a newborn, I ventured in search of Becky and her bundle of joy. Entering the baby's room, I sanitized my hands before gently reaching for the precious infant. "She's absolutely beautiful," I cooed, admiring the delicate features of the newborn. "Aurora suits her perfectly." "I completely agree. Becky remarked, her gaze fixed adoringly on her newborn. "Mason and I feel incredibly blessed to have such a beautiful addition to our family. Amidst the shared moments of cooing and admiration for the newest member of the family, a staff member discreetly interrupted to announce that dinner was ready. Becky, with the grace of a new mother, attended to her baby's needs before joining the rest of the family for the evening meal. While Becky focused on the baby. I retreated to my room to handle some hospital-related calls. Tomorrow's surgery, initially my responsibility. had been entrusted to a skilled doctor from India. My call to verify his check-in at the reserved hotel room reassured me of the seamless arrangements. With the assurance that everything was in order, I descended the stairs, ready to reunite with the rest of the

family and share in the joy of a meal together. Upon entering the dining room, I was taken aback to find Mason already seated. "Hey," I greeted warmly, moving in for a hug. "When did you get back! You weren't here when I arrived." "Just a few minutes ago, Mason replied, pulling out a chair for David and then one for Liam and Ethan. "How was your flight here?" "Smooth," I answered, taking my seat. Although Noah didn't seem to enjoy it much, hence why he's still fast asleep. Mason chuckled in understanding as we engaged in light conversation over dinner, spanning topics from politics to business. The evening progressed smoothly until Liam broached a rather unexpected and sensitive question. "Mum," he began, a slight furrow creasing his brow. "Yes, love, what's on your mind?" I responded, attentive to his demeanor. Liam's question hung in the air, laden with a weightiness that belied his tender years. "How come David has a dad and I don't?"

