

## Lost Our Pup After Domestic Abuse Chapter 07

The scene was utter chaos. The frenzied Jonah soon overpowered Gerald, knocking him to the floor, with blood splattering everywhere.

“Gerald, you scum,” he shouted, “I treated you like a brother!”

Gerald’s parents tried to intervene, but they too were struck by Jonah, ending up bloodied and screaming.

In the midst of the terrified crowd, Jonah, blinded by rage, suddenly grabbed the cake knife and aimed it at a very sensitive area on Gerald.

With a heart-wrenching scream, the entire room fell silent.

The knife came down, blood sprayed out and Gerald clutched that area in agony, his face twisted beyond recognition.

Screams echoed all around me, but I had never felt so calm.

This was the fate Gerald deserved. He had been castrated by his best friend!

“Jonah, stop!” Things had spiraled completely out of control. Even I hadn’t expected Jonah to react so violently.

Jonah’s mother, Sandra, paid no attention to the fact that she was dressed in nothing but a thin nightgown. She leapt off the bed, rushing to stand between Jonah and Gerald.

She spread her arms wide, using all her strength to scream, “Don’t hurt Gerald!”

“Jonah, I ... I did it willingly. I’m sorry. Calm down. We had already agreed that once Gerald and Clara got divorced, we would get married immediately.” Her words only fueled Jonah’s rage.

Gerald’s parents also stepped forward. “Jonah, this has nothing to do with Gerald,” they said. “Gerald is usually so well-behaved. Your mother must have been the one to seduce our Gerald. If you want to blame someone, blame your mother!”

I sneered coldly, enjoying the sight of these two families tearing each other apart. Even now, Gerald’s parents were still defending him.

“Sandra, have you no shame?” Gerald’s mother shouted. “Do you know how old you are? In a couple of years, you’ll be nearing menopause and yet here you are seducing my son?” Gerald’s mother had found an outlet for her rage, piling all the blame on Sandra.

Humiliated and furious, Sandra started to protest, but her eyes fell on Gerald lying in a pool of blood. Only then did she realize exactly where her son Jonah had aimed the knife.

“Huh, like mother, like son. Your whole family is vile,” said Jonah, driven to madness by the sight. With the knife still in his hand, he swung it around wildly.

In the ensuing chaos, Gerald’s mother’s arm was slashed, blood pouring from the wound. Their relatives screamed and scattered, the room devolving into a wild, frenzied mess.

I stood in a corner, thoroughly satisfied, recording everything on my phone.

When everyone finally retreated to the living room, Jonah regained a shred of composure. Breathing heavily, he glared at Sandra and said, “Mom, if you still consider me your son, you’ll call the police and tell them Gerald raped you. Otherwise, from today on, don’t expect me to acknowledge you. I won’t stand for this disgrace.”

Tears streamed down Sandra’s face as she hesitated.

In the end, her resentful eyes turned toward me. “This is all your fault, you wretch,” she spat. “If it weren’t for you, how could they come to the hotel?”