

Ex-Wife 1981

Chapter 1981

"Demon?" Quinton sneered maliciously. "We're childhood sweethearts, and we grew up together. Is that how you see me?"

"I know that I've wronged you, but I was punished too. What else do you want from me?" Joanne looked at Quinton with a pale and teary face. Quinton had recovered his looks, and the scar on his face was gone. He looked more handsome and mature than before, but Joanne knew how scheming he really was. Any woman who got close to him would get addicted to him. Joanne had once been deeply in love with him, but now, all she felt was terror. She just wanted to run away. "Let me go, please. Let me live. I knew I shouldn't have met your sister. I trusted her, but she betrayed me. Your sister is just as scheming and cunning as you!" Joanne's fear turned into anger as she thought about it.

"Shut up!" Quinton's eyes flashed, and he strangled her. "You can criticize me, but not my sister. I'll break your neck if you keep it up!"

"Go ahead! I can't wait to leave this miserable world!" Joanne screamed at Quinton hysterically. Her past tortured her constantly, and just when she started to live a steady life, it was going to be taken from her. She felt that it was better to die in pain than live in pain.

"Do you think I won't do it?" Quinton growled, his gaze fierce. Although he had become calmer lately, he was still the ruthless Night Demon. He was capable of doing terrible things if he lost it.

"Of course you would! You never hesitate to hurt me." Flushed, Joanne glared at him hatefully.

"There's nothing you wouldn't do. You even killed your own child! My biggest regret is being kind to you when you first came to my house... I treated you like a brother, but in return, you killed my family, locked me up, and killed our child! You're a real demon. It's a pity Stefan didn't kill you. If he did, everyone would finally be at ease!" Joanne had no desire to live, and she knew she couldn't survive since he had found her. She tried her best to provoke him.

"Is that what you think?" Quinton's old emotions and trauma returned, and he almost wanted to kill her and himself. "Fine, we'll go to hell together!" After all, the trauma he had faced all these years was because of Joanne. If they did together, they would be in hell together, and maybe their ill-fated relationship would turn into a perfect romance in their next life.

'Do it then! I've been waiting for this day for a long time!" Joanne looked at him with a melancholic smile. She was not afraid of death; In fact, she was looking forward to it. If she could die with him, it would be perfect, because she would only allow herself to forgive him when she died.

Chapter 1983

"How brave!" Quinton let go of the man and sized Gina up. "If that's the case, why don't you come and take his place? I'll punish you instead for bullying Joanne."

'Mister, what... what are you trying to do? Let's talk it out!" Gina retreated a few steps, looking at him in horror. He was handsome and dangerous... She was afraid of him, but also wanted to know more about him. "I'm Ms. Garcia's colleague and friend. I don't see her as my enemy," Gina said quickly, seeing how Quinton was defending Joanne.

Quinton, however, could tell she was lying because she didn't sound sincere at all. He figured she was the reason why these people were attacking Joanne, and his lip curled in disgust. "Friend?" Quinton turned to Joanne. "Tell me... Is she really your friend?"

Joanne smoothed her messy hair and glared at him coldly. "It's none of your business. Get out and stop making a scene; you're disrupting classes."

Quinton turned back and spread his hands, a wicked grin on his face. "See? She didn't say you're her friend. I'm guessing you're the one who backstabbed her... There's no way these people would know about her background otherwise."

"No, I didn't do that! The parents found out on their own. Ms. Garcia is the class teacher, so they just want to know her qualifications and background. I'm Ms. Garcia's friend... Please believe me!" Gina stammered, looking pale.

"There's only one way to prove you're her friend," Quinton said slowly as he took out his butterfly knife and rested the blade on Gina's cheek. "Hey, do you think you'd look good with a scar on your face?"

"No, please don't!" Gina's legs felt like jelly, and her body trembled as she fought back tears. She didn't dare move, afraid the knife would cut her skin.

"What are you afraid of? Aren't you curious how she got so many scars? I could give you some too to enjoy." A dangerous smile curved Quinton's lips. He looked like a predator toying with its prey.

"No, I... I'm not curious about her scars. I'll never look at her scars again. Please let me go!" Gina cried and begged Quinton. If she knew that Joanne had such a crazy man supporting her, she would have never provoked her in the first place.

"Didn't you say she's your friend? If you don't want a scar on your face, beg her. If she agrees to let you go, I'll do it," Quinton murmured, a playful smirk on his handsome face.

"... .." Gina swallowed, and reluctantly begged Joanne, "Ms. Garcia, I'm sorry. Please... help me!"

Chapter 1984

Joanne knew Quinton was an utter maniac. He was reckless and impulsive, and he would go to extremes if he wanted to. She didn't like Gina, but she didn't want to see Quinton ruin her face. She took a deep breath and said to Quinton, "This is between you and me, so don't get others involved. Let her go!"

Quinton turned around, satisfied that she finally gave in. "So, you guys are friends..." Quinton didn't believe it, but he just wanted to make use of this opportunity. "I won't let go of your friend with just that."

"What do you want?" Joanne hissed through gritted teeth, glaring at him furiously.

"Come with me," Quinton ordered coldly.

"Why should I?" Joanne wanted nothing to do with him. She would break down if she was around him, so there was no way she would go anywhere with him.

"If you don't, your friend's face will be ruined," Quinton reminded, pressing the blade into Gina's skin a little more. Terrified, Gina trembled and begged Joanne, "Please help me, Ms. Garcia. I'll listen to everything you say, and I won't try to take your post as the class teacher. Please help me..."

Joanne ignored Gina and looked at Quinton emotionlessly. "Go ahead. She's not my friend. I won't get involved with you again for an insignificant person like her." Then, she turned to leave. Even if she couldn't work there anymore, she wouldn't risk going with Quinton. She had gone to hell once because of him, and she would never do it again.

"Wow, my dear sister is all grown up! She's no longer a saint who will suffer for others. I'm glad to see it..." Quinton faked a smile, pressing the blade in deeper.

Gina wailed desperately, "No! Let go of me! If you ruin my face, you might as well kill me. I'm begging you..." The parents were terrified as they fled the scene, not wanting to be Quinton's next target.

Joanne walked away slowly, but the guilt was overwhelming her. She knew she wasn't obligated to turn around, especially since Gina had goaded the parents into attacking her. She should be happy that Gina was being punished... but Joanne was not a cruel person. She stopped walking away.

Chapter 1985

"Enough!" Joanne's eyes filled with tears as she said to Quinton reluctantly, "Let her go. I'll go with you."

"You're being stupid again, Quinton scoffed. "This woman harmed you. If you were smart, you'd let me ruin her face so she would never bully you again... but you want to save her. You're even willingly putting yourself in danger for her. After all these years, how can you still be so stupid? His expression was complicated as he spoke, and it was hard to tell if he was disappointed in her or just teasing

Joanne's hatred for Quinton burned in her, and she couldn't fathom how someone so cruel existed. "Cut the crap! Didn't you want to take revenge on me? Hurry up and do it! Also, I don't care about what you do to her; she's a stranger to me."

"Yeah, she's right!" Cina's voice was shaky as she blurted out, "I was only hired this year, so didn't have much to do with Joanne. We're not even close. If you ruin my face, it won't affect her at all..."

After a brief pause, Quinton shoved Gina away. "Get lost!"

Cina immediately ran off, following the other parents. Finally, only Joanne was left with Quinton.

Quinton smiled in satisfaction, looking like a hunter who had just trapped his prey. "Welcome back to hell, my little bird. I told you-you can never escape me."

"Is that so?" Joanne looked at Quinton and smiled bitterly. "Yeah, I guess I can't escape from you. I stupidly thought I could lead a normal life like everyone else. I teach the Cienna language here, and I taught the kids to work with alphabets and words. I taught them how to write essays and told them about moral values. It was like teaching my past self. I wanted to live again... I thought I could."

Quinton's face grew colder. "Why are you telling me this?" He hoped he would be able to control her again, but it sounded like was getting further from him when she spoke about her new life.

"Of course you wouldn't know. You're just an emotionless robot who doesn't even know how to live." Joanne walked up to Quinton and touched his face sympathetically. "You know what? I pity you more than I hate you. We grew up in the same family, so I know why you're like this. You never felt love, so you don't know how to love. You've never lived a normal life before, so you can't

understand what I'm saying. Taking out your anger on me is the only way you feel alive, isn't it? How pathetic." Joanne had grown up with Quinton, so no one knew him more than she did. She knew he refused to let her go because he wanted to feel significant, like he was a normal human being with emotions. It was pathetic.

"Shut up!" Quinton snarled, enraged. "You think you're that important to me? You think you know me so well?"

Chapter 1986

"Yeah, I guess I overestimated myself. I don't know you well." Joanne gazed at the man she both loved and hated. "If I knew you well, I would have left you ages ago. I wouldn't have had to suffer, and that pitiful child wouldn't have had to die. I also could have been a mother, but it's impossible now..."

That child should have never been born. If you gave birth to the baby, it would have been torture for you. I saved you from that, so why do you hate me this much?" Quinton's gaze was icy, and there was no regret in his tone. If he did have any regrets, it would be that he didn't get rid of the child in a way where Joanna wouldn't have found out about it.

"Yeah, you're right. You're never wrong. Even now, you feel that you're just doing the best for me." Joanne closed her eyes, tears flowing down her cheeks. She no longer wanted to talk about it because there was no right or wrong. She felt that abortion was murder, and now, she could never have children. It was a punishment for being such a terrible mother. Besides, Quinton was born a heartless man, so it was normal for him to abort a fetus that had not even formed yet. He would never feel guilty about it.

"Of course, I want the best for you. You just wanted to give birth to that thing. Do you know what your life would be like if you did?" Quinton clenched his fists, stopping himself from saying more. "I don't care if you hate or resent me; the most rational thing I did was abort that thing for you. If we went back in time, I would do the same."

"Demon! You're an inhumane demon!" Joanne snarled viciously, full of hate for him. She took her hand off his cheek and slapped him hard. This is for the baby! I'm also glad it didn't have to suffer being born into such a crazy family... It didn't have a cruel man as its father!"

Joanne's slap was hard because it was filled with her years of anger and resentment, and Quinton's face tilted with the impact. However, his expression didn't change as he said coldly, "Yeah, it should die. I killed it and helped relieve its pain. If it knew what a disgusting father it had, it would hate me for making you give birth to it."

"Shut up.." Joanne covered her ears. "Stop talking. I don't want to hear it... I don't want to lose the last bit of feelings I have."

"It's fine, just hate me. I'd be uncomfortable if you don't." Quinton stared at Joanne, then grabbed her wrist. "I didn't want to keep in touch with you, but my sister said you're my key. If that's the case, you'd better return to my world... I want you to tell me where the exit is." Then, he dragged her to his car.

"Let go of me!" Joanne struggled vigorously. She would never go back to him. It sent chills down her spine when she recalled her past; She never wanted to experience that again. She'd rather die than get trapped again. Before he could react, she leaned down and bit the back of his hand hard.

"Ouch!" Quinton instinctively let go of Joanne, and Joanne staggered back. There were deep teeth marks on his hand, and it was bleeding. It was clear that Joanne had bitten him forcefully.

Chapter 1987

"How fierce, Joanne. Do you really hate me that much?" Quinton shook his hand, wanting to grab Joanne again.

"Yes! I won't stop even if I die!" Joanne spat, and with a determined gleam in her eyes, smashed her head on the wall behind him.

Quinton's eyes widened as Joanne's body slid down the wall limply, blood gushing from her head. "Joanne!" Quinton rushed forward and carried Joanne. She was light and soft in his arms, and his heart clenched. "Joanne, do you think you can leave me by doing this? You're too naive! Even if you die, your soul will still have to stay in my arms!" He roared as he carried her into the car. Initially, he wanted to rush her to the closest hospital, but after a brief hesitation, he reversed the car and called Renee. "Call Owen and ask him to wait in Everheart Manor now. Be quick!"

What's the matter, Quinton? You-

Quinton hung up before Renee could finish, and speedily drove towards Everheart Manor. They had set up a clinic in Everheart Manor when Renee had been poisoned, and Owen was their family doctor. He could rush there with just a call. Quinton knew he was being selfish, but he was scared he would lose control of Joanne if he sent her to a public hospital. He was extremely possessive of her, and if he brought her to Everheart Manor, she wouldn't be able to escape him. Also, he hoped that she could see another side to him; He kept his warm and humane side in Everheart Manor...

Half an hour later, Quinton arrived at Everheart Manor. He camed Joanne out of the car.

"Oh, gosh! What happened? Why is Joanne in this condition? When Renee saw Joanne covered in blood, her heart almost stopped beating. She had encouraged Quinton to get in touch with Joanne so they could reconcile and talk about the past, but she never expected something like this to happen.

"Stop asking. Is Owen here?" Anxious, Quinton carried Joanne and walked to the clinic quickly. "She can't hold on for long. Ask Owen to come now!

"I'm here!" Owen yelled from his convertible sports car as he drove into Everheart Manor.

Chapter 1988

"What happened? Why did you call me?" Owen had been at a place he had wanted to fish at for a long time, but just as he sat down to fish, Renee had called him. "I don't care! You'll have to compensate me if this isn't a life-and-death situation. You all owe me a deep-sea grouper!"

"Sure, you got it. Just stop talking and save her!" Renee urged Owen as they rushed toward the clinic.

Quinton hugged Joanne tightly in the clinic, refusing to let go of her. He looked heartbroken. Hold on, Joanne. You've got to survive. Do you think this will be over if you're dead? If you're dead, I won't let you rest in peace. I'll find a way to bring your soul back. You can never leave me... Never!"

Owen walked in with Renee, and he got goosebumps when he heard Quinton say that. "Umm ..Is your brother always this dramatic?" Owen felt like he was in an asylum. "He's usually quite reserved and indifferent, but he's suddenly talking so much. It's strange."

Renee's eyes grew wide in alarm and she hurriedly covered Owen's mouth. "Dr. Wagner, don't say things like that. My brother is the infamous Night Derron, and the woman he's holding is very special to him. If you provoke him, he'll kill you. Even I won't be able to save you then." Although Quinton's abnormal actions made others uncomfortable, Renee accepted him. She was aware of his crazy past with Joanne, so it was quite normal to see him like this.

At that moment, Quinton was worried sick about Joanne, and he didn't hear what Owen said. He turned around, and his eyes were teary as he ordered Owen fiercely, "You must save her!"

Owen's heart skipped a beat, and he swallowed nervously. "Don't worry, it's just a light physical injury. She won't die. I can treat her, but you have to let go of her and let me go to the operating table. Is that okay?"Belongs to © n0velDrama.Org.

Quinton hesitated briefly, then gently placed the unconscious Joanne on the operating table. "Okay, just wait outside. I don't think it's anything serious." Owen walked over and inspected Joanne, then disinfected the wound and tried to stop the bleeding.

"Let's go, Quinton. You need to trust Owen. He cured your face and detoxified me, so I'm sure it'll be fine." Renee dragged Quinton out of the clinic, and they sat in the corridor to wait. The atmosphere was silent and gloomy. "Quinton, don't worry. Joanne is a strong woman. She won't get hurt so easily!" Renee felt sorry for Quinton and gently patted his shoulder to comfort him.

"Yeah, you're right." Although Quinton's eyes were teary, his gaze was cold and complicated." I didn't expect her to be leading such a good life. She became an elementary school teacher. She's so bright and dazzling. A rat like me who lives in the dark isn't suitable for her.""

Chapter 1989

What kind of logic is that?" Renee looked bewildered. "How did you bump into Joanne? Did you go to her school to meet her? What did you do to her? How did she get like this in such a short time?"

"I tortured her, of course!" Quinton scoffed righteously. "I couldn't stand her shining so brightly while I was stuck in such a gloomy and cold place. I just wanted to pull her into my world, but she refused. She would rather die than submit to me, so she tried to kill herself. She wanted to use such a ridiculous method to torture me... How foolish! It doesn't affect me at all."

"No way.. You actually did go to her school?" Renee smacked her forehead, feeling regretful. She had underestimated his insanity and troubled Joanne. She had assumed that he would slowly open his heart when she told him about Joanne's current life, and he would forget about the past and make peace with Joanne. She had hoped they would lead a normal and wonderful life together, but unexpectedly, Quinton didn't want Joanne to lead a good life, and it had led her to try to end her life. How sinful! "I don't understand... What do you want? What kind of ending do you want for you and Joanne?" Renee demanded angrily.

"I never thought of that.' Coldness shone in Quinton's eyes. "We hate each other. If we're together, nothing can come out of it except misery and suffering." When he recalled the things that happened

in the school, he realized that everything had been out of his control. At first, he had only wanted to see how she was living, but when he saw her getting bullied, it brought out his cruel side. Then, Joanne's fear, and hatred for him made it worse, and things had spiralled out of control. He wanted them to have a connection somehow, if not one of them would be warm and bright in the sun while the other would be a demon who lived in the dark. They would never have anything to do with each other.

You care about her, and you don't hate her either, but you still don't know how to get along with her. That was why you pretended to be a bad guy to provoke her and make her hate you. You didn't mean what you said-you're just afraid to face your feelings." After studying Quinton's expressions, Renee tried to put herself in his shoes and figure out his thoughts.

"I'm afraid?" Quinton's facade fell as he flexed his fingers. 'Maybe I am really scared!'"

Chapter 1990

After over half an hour, Owen exited the clinic calmly.

"How is Joanne?" Renee asked as she hurried forward.

"She's fine. She just lost a lot of blood, so I gave her a blood transfusion and some supplements. I'm guessing she'll wake up in around half an hour, Owen said nonchalantly. Simple physical injuries like these were easy to treat compared to the complex illnesses he had treated before.

"That's great." Renee heaved a sigh of relief and looked at Quinton happily. "Did you hear that, Quinton? There's no need to worry. You can talk to her when she wakes up."

"Hmm." Quinton just grunted, then stood up and walked to his room, his tall figure looking somewhat lonely.

Owen watched Quinton leave, then asked Renee carefully, "What's your brother's relationship with that woman?"

"Umm..." Renee thought about it, but didn't know how to describe their relationship. "I guess they're considered siblings,"

"They don't look like siblings." Owen shook his head and said directly. "That woman is your brother's misfortune."

"What?" Renee looked confused. "Are you serious? It's very much the opposite. You don't know what my crazy brother did to her. She hates him a lot." Renee sometimes wondered if matchmaking them was the right thing to do since Joanne hated Quinton that much. Their reunion could either be a reward or tragedy.

"On the surface, it looks like your brother is suppressing her, but she's actually the one controlling your brother." As a doctor, Owen was used to seeing death and separation, and could easily see the good and bad in people. At a glance, he could tell that Joanne was controlling the situation instead. Joanne was Quinton's reason to live-if she passed away that day, Quinton might not survive either.

"You're right." Renee nodded in agreement. "Joanne does have a great impact on him. He's usually calm and indifferent, but he always gets agitated when he talks about Joanne. He secretly went to meet her, and I don't know what happened that they ended up in this situation. I don't know if I did

the right thing by telling him Joanne's address..." Renee's guilt grew when she recalled Joanne's bloody figure. How would she ever make it up to her?

"Don't worry-they would have met eventually even if you didn't do anything." Owen approached Renee and whispered, "I'll tell you a secret. That woman kept calling your brother's name when she was unconscious, so she definitely feels very strongly about him. If not, she wouldn't still think about him when she was dying."

"Really?" Renee's eyes lit up hopefully. "So, is it possible between the two of them? Maybe they do care about each other but haven't resolved their trauma yet."

"I'm not sure about that," Owen added objectively, "But when I said she feels strongly about him, it isn't necessarily a positive thing. What if it's hatred she feels for him? She might be full of hatred for your brother even when she's dying."

Renee stared at Owen, at a loss for words. He didn't need to remind her of it.