

< 9 Chapter 9

9 Chapter 9

Jasper rushed me to the local clinic without a second thought. He only seemed to relax after the doctor confirmed I had no signs of decompression sickness. 1

As I watched his tense shoulders finally drop, I offered my sincere gratitude, "I can't thank you enough for what you did today, Jasper."

"It's my job to keep everyone safe," he replied simply, with a small nod. "It's almost evening. I'll give you a ride back so you can get some rest."

I followed Jasper back to my villa. After a quick cup of tea, I collapsed into bed and fell asleep.

The incident seemed to have made Jasper more protective. In the days that followed, he kept a watchful eye on my dives, as if determined to prevent any other close calls. The rest of my chartered trips passed without incident.

As my last scheduled dive ended and everyone prepared to leave, Jasper unexpectedly called out to me.

"If you want to book more dives, contact me directly—I can give you a better rate."

I was taken aback by this offer from the usually reserved Jasper. Caught off guard, I nodded and added his number to my phone.

Just as I was about to turn away, he stopped me again. "Are you free this weekend? I'd like to buy you dinner."

His invitation was a complete surprise. I never imagined Jasper would ask me out. I was about to politely decline when I saw Xavier lurking at the end of the lane, watching us. I changed my mind.

"Alright, just send me the details, and I'll meet you there."

A flicker of genuine happiness lit up Jasper's eyes as he nodded and walked away.

The moment Jasper was out of sight, Xavier materialized, blocking my path.

"Who is he? Why did you agree to go to dinner with him?"

I had assumed Xavier would have given up after

our last confrontation, but he had clearly been stalking me, waiting for me to return. Seeing me talk to Jasper had ignited his possessiveness, and he now confronted me, his voice harsh and demanding.

I frowned and answered coolly, "That's none of your business."

"How is it not my business? You're still my wife! You are not allowed to be with other men!" he snarled.

For the first time, Xavier shouted at me, his eyes blazing with a fury that seemed to threaten violence. His sudden rage was terrifying, causing me to take an involuntary step back.

Realizing he had lost control, Xavier quickly composed himself, a look of guilt flashing across his face.

"I'm sorry, I'm not myself. But I can't stand the thought of you with someone else."

He then handed me a folder, his voice earnest as he explained, "This is from a top specialist. Your kidney was damaged in the crash. The surgery was necessary. I was saving you! The plan for

Jennifer was... a separate issue. I swear, I was going to find another way."

I glanced at the report. It looked official, bearing the letterhead of a prestigious medical group, making it unlikely to be a simple forgery.

This new lie caught me off guard—I hadn't anticipated he would try to rewrite the entire narrative. Xavier hadn't just deceived me; he was trying to gaslight me into believing his version of reality.

"Miranda, you are the most important person in my world. I would never, ever intentionally harm you," he continued, his voice thick with emotion. "Jennifer was a mistake, a moment of weakness. I've cut her off completely. She will never bother us again. Please, come home. I can't live without you."

As he spoke, he reached for my hand, but I snatched it back and widened the space between us.

"You know the saying, 'The truth will out.' You betrayed me, and I will never forgive you for that. Whether you sign the divorce papers is your choice, but our life together is over. Stay

away from me."

With that, I turned and walked away, leaving him standing alone in the narrow lane.

Comment 0



Leave the first comment for this chapter



2

Vote



1

Send Gift

Swipe left to continue >