

His child lived, mine didn't 21

His child lived, mine didn't 21

Chapter 11

Davion also slowly straightened his body.

He squinted his eyes slightly, and after recognizing the person, he suddenly raised his eyebrows and sneered.

“Oh, it was you, Kylan.”

Kylan Farrell did not respond and did not glance at the other people in the room.

He walked straight up to Davion.

I kicked over the tea table and then reached out to grab Davion by the collar.

No one expected that such a thin-looking man could have such great strength. Despite being half-drunk, Davion was forcefully pulled up by him and pressed hard against the wall.

“What, do you want to fight?”

Davion laughed sarcastically and maliciously.

Just as his words were about to fall, Kylan swung his fist and smashed it into his face.

“Davion, I said it five years ago.”

“If you treated her badly, I wouldn't let you off.”

Davion turned his face to the side, and crimson blood gushed out from his nose.

He casually raised his hand and wiped it off, then he retaliated with a heavy punch.

The room quickly became a mess.

The wine bottle shattered, and the tables and chairs toppled over.

Davion, who was heavily drunk, quickly lost the upper hand and was kicked down to the ground by Kylan.

Both of them were badly injured, and Davion's face was completely disfigured.

A bloody gash was cut on the back of Kylan's hand, and blood kept dripping.

"Who the fuck do you think you are? It's between me and my wife, what business is it of yours?"

Davion leaned against the sofa, supporting one leg, and laughed coldly repeatedly.

"What, did you hear that we had a disagreement and couldn't wait to come and undermine us?"

"Unfortunately, Kylan, five years ago Marisa chose me instead of you, and five years later it remains the same!"

Kylan slowly clenched his blood-dripping hand.

The wound on the back of the hand cracked even deeper, looking terrifying.

But he was completely unaware of the pain.

It's just like there is a thorn stuck in my heart, and the thorn keeps getting deeper.

It burrowed into his flesh, making him restless day and night.

"Brother, I have **a** good heart to advise you, stop thinking about someone **else's** wife."

Davion laughed wickedly, "We have been married for three years and have slept together countless times."

He deliberately stared at Kylan's face.

I savored the pain on his face, indulging in the exhilarating sensation.

All reason was completely gone.

He only wanted to make Kylan suffer, to break her down. “Her first love, first kiss, first night, all were given to me. What do you have to compete with **me**, Kylan?”

“Everyone knew how much Marisa loved me.”

“It is precisely because she loved me that there was **no** room **for** a grain of sand in her eyes.”

Chapter 11

Dream—Read Romance Stat

Betrave

15624

“The more she quarreled with me, the more it proved that she cared about me.”

“So, what was the point of you coming all the way here?”

“Do you think you could take advantage of the situation and win over the beauty?”

“Stop daydreaming, Kylan. Marisa never had you in her eyes, and she would never love you.”

Davion leaned on the sofa and struggled to stand up.

No matter how embarrassed he was, he stood in front of Kylan, who was a former loser, at this moment.

He still remained high above.

“I would not divorce my wife.”

“Give up on this hope, you will never have a chance in this lifetime.”

“Davion.”

Kylan looked at him, and there seemed to be a layer of frost in the depths of his eyes.

It was extremely cold, but it was also utterly extreme. “If only I could have seen five years ago that you would turn out to be such a scumbag.” “Even if she hated me and resented me, I would still snatch her away.”

“Why did you compete with me?”

“Or, should I say, you were always a masochist who enjoyed eating leftovers from others.”

Kylan suddenly raised his hand and heavily slammed his blood-stained hand on his jaw.

He looked at Davion, his eyes filled with blood red.

“I waited to see your retribution.”

His child lived, mine didn't 22

His child lived, mine didn't 22

Chapter 12

Davion never believed in karma, to be honest.

But when he finally arrived at the small town covered in yellow sand after a long journey

.

But I could only watch helplessly as Kylan found Marisa first from the desert.

In that moment, he suddenly understood that his retribution had arrived.

Came swiftly and caught off guard.

He was unprepared and completely defenseless.

The yellow sand was swirling, obscuring the sky. He didn't know if Marisa had seen him.

He just watched helplessly as Kylan carefully supported her injured self and got onto the desert off-road vehicle.

When she got in the car, she was too weak and powerless.

It was Kylan who lifted her up.

He still followed the car to the hospital.

Her teacher stepped in and stopped him.

But Kylan was made to go to the examination room.

The wind stopped, and the swirling yellow sand also stopped.

He spat out a mouthful of sand and lit a cigarette.

One after another, they kept coming and couldn't stop.

He asked her mentor anxiously, "Has she been with you here all along?"

"Yes, she worked hard and was very resilient."

"She was not in good health..."

Davion forced down the bitterness in his throat and asked, "Has she been struggling a lot lately?" The teacher raised her chin slightly and looked at him calmly, "No, she has been very happy."

Davion's eyes were terrifyingly red.

Maybe it was blown by the wind and sand.

"Teacher, do I still have a chance?"

"Will she forgive me?"

"I really regretted it; I knew I was wrong..."

He was like a helpless and bewildered child.

That tall person, holding onto the teacher's sleeve, almost shed tears.

"I didn't know, but I respected all of Marisa's choices."

"Teacher, can you help me, please?"

The teacher shook his head and pushed away his hand.

"Marisa was my proudest student, I knew her very well, and her temporairment was also very similar to mine."

"No **one** could help you in this matter."

But teacher, our ten years of relationship..."

"So what?" The teacher smiled indifferently yet contemptuously, "I was married to my ex-husband for fifteen years."

"He even knelt down and begged me, but a dirty man is just dirty, no different from garbage." "Davion, we women are not garbage bins."

"If you truly cherish the bond you had for ten years, then set her free,"

Chapter 12

Dreame—**Read Romance Stories** Betrayed by her mate she ran

16.41%

44 FREE

Installed

then found out the

Open

The day when the divorce procedures were completed.

When I came out of the courthouse, Davion called out to me.

“Honey...”

He looked dazed, and his whole being seemed devoid of vitality.

Those once passionate yet reckless eyes have long lost their sparkle.

“Call me by my name.”

“Marisa.”

Davion walked up to me and stood still.

He looked at me earnestly, a faint glimmer of light rising in his dim eyes. “Can we still be friends?”

“Just like ten years ago, it all starts with being friends...”

I shook my head and said, “No, it’s not allowed.”

“But Marisa...”

abruptly interrupted him, “Davion, I said five years ago that the word ‘forgiveness’ does not exist in my life’s dictionary.” “I once gave in.”

“So, five years later, I also received my retribution.”

“Then let’s not be friends, let’s start as strangers, okay?”

“You only give me one more chance, just this one time, I swear...”

“Davion, don’t you know me yet?”

“In your eyes, Marisa, who appeared to be unremarkable, was actually a stubborn person.”

Davion suddenly looked at me and said, “Did you hear everything that night?”

I nodded lightly, “Yes, I heard it all.”

The last glimmer in his eyes shattered like ice cracks.