

His child lived, mine didn't 23

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Chapter 13

"But Marisa... You took away the most beloved pearl necklace and our wedding ring..."

"You still couldn't let go of our relationship..."

He was like a drowning man, desperately wanting to grasp the last straw of salvation.

But I shattered his final illusion.

"I burned them all in the jewelry workshop."

"Davion, you could go into the sewer and search for that so-called old flame."

I stopped talking to him and turned around to continue walking away.

But Davion quickly caught up. "Are you going to be with Kylan?"

"But all men in the world are the same, Marisa. He just didn't get you."

"Once obtained, he would also make the same mistakes as the old me did..."

"So what?"

looked at him with a faint gaze and said, "Having experienced a terrible ex like you, what else can't I afford to lose?"

"Are you going to marry him?"

"I would consider marriage carefully, but I am still young and can easily balance my beloved career and the man I love."

"Do you like him?"

I looked at him and smiled, "Is it related to you?"

When

I was standing at the roadside waiting for the traffic lights, I saw the car parked by the road.

In the early spring weather, Kylan was wearing a black windbreaker and leaning against the car.

New shoots of a pale yellow color emerged from the withered branches.

There was still a chill in the wind.

He stood there quietly, but occasionally looked in my direction.

Until the moment I saw it.

He stood up straight in an instant, and the sun broke through the clouds.

A faint, bright halo fell upon his **eyes**.

“Marisa.”

He walked towards me with big steps.

When the traffic light turned green.

The solid crowd began to flow incessantly. It turned into dancing notes on the zebra crossing.

I, however, stood still and did not move.

She just had a smile on her lips, slightly tilting her head as she looked at him.

Watching him stride towards me with long legs, like the most timeless movie **scene**.

“Marisa.”

He finally walked up to me, lowered his head and looked at me.

Seemed very nervous, breathing was irregular.

It seemed as if the wind was too cold, freezing his ears slightly red.

I looked up at him and vaguely remembered the rebellious and unruly young boy from many years ago.

The countless encounters on the way to and from school in the past were not just coincidences.

Chapter 13

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Chapter 13

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Chapter 13

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Turned out countless times when we accidentally crossed paths and our gazes collided, it was not just a coincidence.

I couldn't help but think about the time when I was wholeheartedly in love with Davion.

What was Kylan's mood as an onlooker?

When I rejected him and decided to be with Davion, he gave me one last look, one final smile, and concealed so much sadness.

Love, however, never had any logic to speak of.

Young Kylan and Davion were two completely different types.

Back then, when I was more melancholic and sensitive, I preferred Davion, who could always make girls happy.

It seemed like a natural progression as well.

I have no regrets about everything that had happened.

I just decided to move forward.

“Have you been waiting for a long time?” I asked him with a smile.

“Not long after, just right.”

His hand, which was hanging by his side, slowly lifted up a bit.

It seemed like he wanted to hold my hand, but then he hesitated.

“Kylan.”

I called his name and lightly tapped my feet.

“The wind in Blackdale in spring was really cold.”

“Are you feeling cold?” “Yes, I am. It’s so cold that my hands have become numb.”

I stretched out my hand to show him, and the fingertips were slightly reddened from the cold.

Kylan didn’t speak, he just gently held my hand.

He rubbed my icy fingertips until they gradually regained warmth.

He naturally held my hand and put it into his coat pocket.

The traffic light turned green again.

The crowd flowed vividly once again.

Kylan pulled me along, also blending in.

Spring has come, and the spring atmosphere is getting stronger.

It was the season of love.

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Chapter 14 Davion’s Side **Story**

Marisa still married Kylan.

At the time of getting married, many former classmates, friends, and teachers were present.

Even more than when he married her back then.

The wedding was not as grand and extravagant as it was back then. However, it was incredibly warm and happy.

The entire wedding process, Davion saw it on a friend's social media platform.

The people around him advised him to be more open-minded and stop paying attention.

The couple was deeply in love, just like honey mixed with oil.

Why did he have to torture himself?

But Davion couldn't control himself.

He was like a shadowy thief, hiding in the darkness and lurking.

I don't know if he wanted to find a trace of a crack.

Still wanting to sprinkle another handful of salt on the lingering wound to self-torture.

I couldn't fall asleep the whole night.

Flipping through their every photo and every video, I looked at them over and over again.

Marisa was still very beautiful.

The past few years have been filled with constant traveling and the hardships of working day and night, often having to sleep outdoors.

She was not worn out by her experiences. On the contrary, she appeared more vibrant and healthier than when she was Mrs. Koch before.

It is said that in recent years, Kylan and she have been spending less time together.

It is common for several months or half a year to go by without any contact.

Davion had also secretly thought that Kylan was a man, being a man himself, and he knew best about the flaws of men.

He **just** didn't believe that Kylan could really remain pure and have no complaints at all.

He even made people secretly keep an eye on Kylan.

To catch him in the act, bring it up to Marisa.

But several years passed, and Kylan remained just as he was in the beginning, never taking a wrong step.

Kylan proposed to Marisa several times, but she **rejected** him every time.

Davion knew and was secretly overjoyed.

Unfortunately, the good times did not last long.

Although Marisa didn't nod **to** get married, **she** stayed at Kylan's house every time she returned to Blackdale.

He was really looking forward **to** Marisa's return at first.

Because he could catch **a** glimpse **of her** from afar and alleviate his lovesickness. But later **on**, what he feared the most was Marisa's return.

Because he used to dream about the scene **of** Marisa and Kylan in bed.

Davion thought, perhaps he would never forget it until his death.

When Marisa first moved to Kylan's house.

They **didn't go** out for three days.

Three days later, **they** went to the supermarket together.

How radiant Kylan was.

And Marisa, what kind of bud with dew was she?

Chapter **14** Davtoris Side Story

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He sat in the car, looking at it self-destructively. In that moment, his heart was filled with thoughts of death.

In the second year after Marisa married Kylan, she became pregnant.

That same year, he was harshly retaliated against by Danica when he returned home after a night of drinking.

These years have been spent in a state of neither human nor ghost, with all my anger poured onto Danica.

Danica was initially afraid of him, tightly suppressing her fear.

Later, it was an emotional breakdown, so I decided to go all out and break up with him.

But he didn't die, it was just a coincidence. As Marisa's baby grew day by day.

He, however, was sentenced to "death" by the doctor.

Unable to leave the wheelchair for the rest of his life.

Also completely lost the ability to reproduce.

Davion thought, "Kylan, that jerk, really hit the nail on the head."

He betrayed his beloved wife.

personally kicked away the only child I had in my life.

And now, he has forever lost his greatest love.

It was no longer possible to have children.

It was indeed retribution.

And the remaining half of life, which was hopeless and long.

He had to live in the retribution he had **sown** with his own hands.

Forever and ever.

Chapter 14 Davior's Sade Story