

It's Too Late To Get A Divorce by Coreal White Chapter 30

Chapter 30

Alita's heart skipped a beat when she saw the ring. She'd seen it before in Korila, worn by the magician who

kissed her. 'But how come it's here?' she wondered.

She looked up, and under the moonlight, the guy was in a silver suit and a silver mask, holding a glass of champagne. The only difference this time was that he didn't have a tall hat, and his black hair revealed he was

Eskanese.

"You." Alita stood up and pointed at him. Though the ring and height seemed similar, she couldn't be sure.

"We met again." The masked guy smiled slightly.

"It's really you!" Alita remembered the last time he hugged her and kissed her. Instinctively, she cautiously took two steps back, glanced at the club over there, and asked,, "Are you here to do some magic?"

She tried to look chill and, at the same time, looked for an escape route.

"Yeah." The masked guy approached as she stepped back, smiling charmingly. "I'm here for a magic show. Wanna watch? It's specially prepared for the charity event."

'Charity event? What a coincidence. I remember Jaydon being there too. Who is this guy? Why do I keep running

into him?" Alita thought. 'No matter who he is, he's a dangerous guy.'

"It's getting late; I should go." Alita decisively ended the talk and turned to leave.

"Wait a minute." The masked guy caught up, grabbing her arm. [www.WW.nOvε\(1\)WεⓄm.cO\(m\)](#)

Alita gasped in pain. It was the same spot, and the wound split open again. Her face instantly turned pale. "Let go of me."

"Are you okay? I just gently pulled you; you're not that fragile, are you?" The masked guy let go feeling something was off. 'Was she injured?' he wondered.

Without saying much, Alita turned and continued heading away.

The masked guy caught up, blocking her way. "What's wrong with you?"

Alita covered her wound and walked to one side, but the guy still blocked her. No matter what, he didn't let her

pass.

"Sir, what do you want? I'm going home now. Please let me through, okay?" she said weakly. [www.nOvêℓwⓄrM.c\(Ⓞ\)M](#)

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"Unless you tell me what happened to you," said the masked guy.

"I'm fine, and even if I'm not, it's none of your business. Let me go, or I'll call the police." Alita's tone grew firm.

The masked guy looked at her for a while, showing no sign of letting go, and continued asking, "What happened to you?"

"None of your business," Alita said coldly. She held back her anger and quickly passed by him, accidentally brushing her arm against his sleeve. She quickly fled.

The masked guy frowned. Watching her back, he narrowed his beautiful eyes.

Looking down, he saw the blood on his sleeve. He was shocked, and his breathing quickened. His trembling fingers touched the blood as pain filled his eyes in an instant.

Alita ran far away, and seeing he didn't catch up, she finally stopped, stood on the side of the road, and hailed a

taxi.

A red taxi approached slowly from the left. She opened the door and got in, and behind her, a black sports car silently approached. The moment she got in, the person in the sports car saw her face and quickly drove away. "How come she's here?" the person thought.

Back home, Alita quickly went upstairs. Her shirt was soaked, and when she pushed open the door, she saw Jaydon sitting on the sofa, looking at her. [wwwW.mⓄvℓwⓄrmm.cO\(m\)](#)

"Where were you?" he coldly asked.

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