

## It's Too Late To Get A Divorce by Coreal White Chapter 52

Chapter 52

Alita pursed her lips, trying to keep her voice steady. "The doctor advises you to speak as little as possible. It's for the best." She couldn't stand to hear the way Jaydon spoke to Samuel. It was too much, so she had to intervene, but she had forgotten that Jaydon wasn't one to be easily swayed.

Jaydon stared at Alita, his expression grave. 'Is she siding with Samuel?' he wondered, irritation seeping in.

"It's time for rest, and I should head out. We'll meet at home once you're out of here," Samuel said, rising to leave as if unaware of the tension in the room.

"Sure, we'll catch up at home," Alita responded, getting to her feet.

Take care, Jaydon. I'm off," Samuel said to Jaydon with a warm smile, exiting the hospital room.

As the door closed behind Samuel, Alita's face fell. "Jaydon, why talk to Samuel like that? Do you despise him for his birth, something he couldn't choose?"

"Shut it," Jaydon snapped, his intense gaze fixed on her. "Are you defending him now?" *Ww.no@e1wor(m).com*

"So what if I am? Your hostility seems baseless to me," Alita retorted, unfazed *Ww.m@Velewor(r)M.com*

"You might see it as baseless, but that doesn't mean I lack reasons. You still don't get it, Alita. What is truly fatal is trust." Jaydon's face darkened.

Trust?" she inquired.

"Exactly. Trust no one but yourself. Believing in others is how you start to lose. You're still too green, Alita." He sneered.

Alita inhaled deeply, countering his cynicism. "I can't agree. A life without any trust, filled with suspicion, is more tiring than having nothing at all. At least you would be unburdened."

Jaydon's scoff was deeper, icier. "Those who tire easily have no business ruling the world."

Realizing the enormity of Jaydon's ambition, Alita was at a loss for words. She glanced at the table and spotted a phone. "This is Samuel's phone. He forgot it. I'll get it to him. Without another word, she hurried out.

'Don't bother. He'll come back for it, Jaydon called after Alita, but she was already out of sight. His piercing gaze sharpened, reflecting suspicion. 'Could Samuel, always so careful, really forget his phone? What's he really after?' he thought.

Alita had been running for a while, assuming Samuel was already downstairs. As she was about to enter the elevator, the doors parted, and Samuel was right there, nearly bumping into her.

"Watch out, you're wounded," Samuel said quickly, catching her

"How did you know I'm injured?" Alita asked, startled.

Samuel steadied her with a gentle smile. "Annabel told me. She noticed when you both arrived at the hospital." *w@w.NOvelwor(m).com*

"Got it!" Alita nodded, then laughed lightly. "For a moment, I thought you had some special powers, knowing about my injury all the way from Ocrailia" *Ww.n@velw(o)RM.COM*