


Chapter 2 Pure Hatred

Neil's loud and mournful cry echoed throughout the entire villa. The Griffins became extremely annoyed by it.

"When will that brat stop crying?" Tracy Griffin rolled her eyes impatiently. "He's such a worthless trash, just like his dead mother. So fucking annoying."

Melanie frowned. "Mom, don't you remember? Neil is Lyla's son. What does he have to do with that despicable woman?" 

Tracy's eyes widened as she quickly covered her mouth in realization and looked around. Fortunately, no one else was there. "When will Ramon come to pick you and that brat up?"

"He's on his way already, but Neil doesn't want to go with us," Melanie replied.

Tracy said through gritted teeth, "Well, he won't stop crying. I think you should drag him out and give him a beating so he can know his place."

"Hell no. If someone sees me beating up a child, who knows what they'll say about us? Even though Ramon doesn't like Ximena, Neil is still his son."

Despite Melanie's dislike for Neil, she understood that he was Ramon's only son and her family was relying on him to win the favor of the Mitchell family. If she wanted to be with Ramon, she still needed to use Neil as leverage.

She could spare him for now. If he didn't behave himself at the birthday banquet, she would have to deal with him later.

While Melanie and Tracy were talking, Neil had managed to climb out of the upstairs bedroom window...

All of a sudden, everyone in the villa heard a loud sound. They instantly became startled when they heard the noise.

"What was that sound?" Melanie anxiously asked.

As if to answer her question, the guards outside began screaming, saying,

"Neil fell off the building!"

Melanie's face instantly turned pale. "What? Neil fell off the building?!"

As soon as she sprinted outside, the first thing that caught her attention was a boy lying in a pool of his own blood. It was Neil.

"Ramon is coming to pick him up! What do I do?!" Melanie shouted in a panic.

By that point, two glaring headlights were shining in the distance as the Mitchell family's convoy drove towards the Griffin family's villa.

The Griffins looked at Neil—who was lying in his own pool of blood. They were frightened. None of them knew what to do.

Melanie could feel cold sweat drip from her forehead as her hands trembled. Despite feeling that way, she mustered the courage to run over and stop the convoy by going right in front of it.

"Ramon, something happened! Neil fell from the window!"

In that instant, the convoy came to a halt, and everyone looked panic-stricken.

Tears immediately welled up in Melanie's eyes as soon as she saw Ramon.

"I don't know how it happened. Neil insisted on locking himself in his room; I didn't expect him to be so careless and fall from the window. I'm so sorry, Ramon. This is all my fault. I didn't take good care of him and—"

"Where is he?" Ramon interrupted—not even giving Melanie another chance to speak. The tone of his voice was laced with pure anger.

Hands still trembling, Melanie pointed over at Neil, who was covered in blood, motionless.

Ramon's eyes went bloodshot as he grabbed Melanie by the collar and shouted, "If anything happens to him, you'll pay for it!"

Melanie's eyes went wide in shock. She was so frightened that tears began streaming down her face.

Ignoring everything else, Ramon hurriedly rushed Neil to the hospital.

The hospital director spared no time in letting Ramon take his son inside the hospital. Neil was badly injured and he needed immediate surgery.

Fortunately, many doctors were on duty tonight. However, due to the influence of the Mitchell family, the director decided to have a renowned doctor, whom he had spent a lot of money to hire from abroad, perform the surgery on Neil personally.

"Dr. Griffin, your patient today is a three-year-old boy. He's Mr. Mitchell's only son, so you have to be extra careful during the surgery. It has to be successful no matter what," the director demanded. "Or else, his death will bring huge trouble to the hospital."

Ximena nonchalantly tied her hair up before looking at the X-ray results. "Of course, I'll do my best to save every patient, whoever they are. But wait... Mr. Mitchell? Which one?"

"Ramon Mitchell, the most powerful man in Fairedge. You must have heard of the Mitchell family, right?"

She instinctively clenched her fists. Even though she was wearing a mask, a look of astonishment was evident on her face. She didn't expect that she would have to encounter Ramon shortly after working in this hospital. But the most important thing is—how could he have a son?

"Ramon has a son?" Ximena asked in surprise.

"Yes, a young boy. He's currently three years old." The director nodded. "Didn't I tell you about the child's situation just now?"

"Ramon's ex-wife has already passed away. Where did this child come from?" Ximena raised an eyebrow. "If the boy was his ex-wife's, he should be four years old by now."

"The boy is Lyla Griffin's son. Not long after Ramon's ex-wife passed away four years ago, Lyla regained her consciousness. A year later, she gave birth to a son—Neil Mitchell. The boy has just turned three this year."

Ximena felt a sharp pain in her chest when she heard that. The gleam in her eyes vanished the instant she realized that the boy was Lyla's son.

She put down the surgical gown in her hand and looked at the director. "Sir, I'm sorry, but I can't perform this surgery."

The director's eyes widened. "Why? You promised just now! Why can't you?"

"I just came back from abroad and I don't feel well right now. You can have Dr. Young perform this surgery," Ximena replied, trying to calm herself down.

She wasn't a lenient person. She could perform surgeries on any other people, but Lyla's kid wasn't one of them.

After that, Ximena turned around and left. The director immediately chased after her.

Meanwhile, Ramon anxiously waited outside the operating room for the doctor to arrive. Since the doctor was late, his anger had reached a breaking point.

When Ramon heard that the lead surgeon wanted to back out, he couldn't contain his anger anymore and ordered the bodyguards to follow him and confront her.

Tension hung in the air as Ximena stood still in the quiet corridor.

She could feel someone's cold gaze behind her—stabbing her like a sharp blade. She suspected that if she were to leave now, the man behind her wouldn't hesitate to teach her a lesson.

But so what?

Four years ago, she had called Ramon so many times, but he had refused to come and see her one last time. And now, despite that, he wanted her to save his son?

How ridiculous!

Seething with rage, Ximena's body trembled slightly. As soon as she turned around, her eyes met Ramon's fierce gaze. He was just like before—lofty and insensitive. She forgot how much she had loved this man back then. At that moment, all she felt for him was pure hatred.

"Mr. Mitchell, I'm not feeling well today, so I can't perform surgery on your son. Don't worry; Dr. Young is an experienced surgeon. I'll go and find him now," she declared icily.

Upon hearing her voice, Ramon's heart skipped a beat.

A hint of surprise was evident in his eyes as he slowly walked toward the woman in front of him—keeping his gaze on her.

She was currently wearing a mask that almost covered her entire face. Despite the smell of disinfectant permeating the air, Ramon could smell a vague, familiar scent coming from her.

"What if I insist that you perform this surgery today?" Ramon demanded.

"What will you do?"

As soon as he said that, his bodyguards immediately surrounded Ximena.

Ximena's breathing became rapid as she frowned and clenched her fists.

"I will not perform this surgery no matter what you say. You can kill me, but it won't make a difference."