

## Chapter 5 | Already Died Once

In the silence of the office room, Ramon's voice sounded especially sinister.

At this moment, he was sitting domineeringly on the office chair. A wicked smile spread across his lips, adding a terrifying tint to his handsome face.

He looked like a fierce beast surveying its prey. As his eyes slid over her, a bloodthirsty look overtook them.

Ximena was wearing an oversized white coat and a surgical mask, revealing only her eyes. She doubted that Ramon could recognize her while she was dressed like this. After taking a moment to compose herself, she asked, "Who are you looking for?"

"Do you insist on continuing this act of yours?" Ramon's voice turned chillingly cold.

As if to assure herself of her new identity, Ximena glanced at the business cards on the desk, which clearly read "Amena Griffin", the name she went by in the hospital.

"I don't know what you are talking about. Did you come to my office at this hour to check when your son will die?" She maintained a polite tone, but her eyes scrunched up with a mocking smile.

Ramon's eyes darkened. Getting up from the chair, he approached Ximena step by step until she was within arm's reach and glowered down at her. "Do you think that wearing a white coat and changing your name can fool me?"

He reached out and angrily ripped off her mask.

A familiar face appeared in front of his eyes, wiping away the last trace of doubt in his heart. He had triumphed in his guess, but it brought him no happiness.

"Just as I suspected," he spat, gnashing his teeth together.

"Yes, it's me. You must be disappointed that I didn't die on the operating table four years ago, right?"

Since there was no point in keeping up the pretense anymore, Ximena picked up the crumpled business card on the desk and threw it into the trash bin with a light smile.

"Even if you survived, you should have just disappeared! What gave you the nerve to come back?" Ramon was fuming from head to toe.

As Ximena tried to retreat, she accidentally bumped her back into the edge of the desk, sending a wave of pain up her spine. She bit the inside of her cheek to keep from crying out and looked up defiantly at the man in front of her. As he came closer, she tried to push him away with both hands.

"Why can't I come back? Why? Should I go and die just because your beloved Lyla doesn't like me?" A humorless smirk played on Ximena's lips. "Unfortunately for you, I happen to be a lucky survivor."

"How dare you mention Lyla!" Ximena's words touched a nerve. In Ramon's eyes, Ximena was the one person who would never have the right to talk about Lyla.

Fury rose within him to the surface, ready to devour the woman before him.

"What? Is your newly married wife so precious that I can't even mention her? I heard she has been living a good life all these years, and she even gave birth to an adorable son for you. I bet she's upset that Neil's battling death in the ICU, right?" Ximena's eyes were filled with fury.

But in Ramon's eyes, Ximena was the culprit who had caused Lyla to remain in a coma to this day. And she still felt no remorse.

She couldn't even admit that she was in the wrong. This was the thing that he could never forgive.

Everyone in the world knew that it was because of her that Lyla had ended up in such a condition, and yet she could still laugh?

"Living a good life?" Ramon grasped Ximena's wrist and squeezed with enough force to nearly crushed her bones. "If you are the one who got injured back then, would you still be laughing today?"

"Too bad I didn't have Lyla's good fortune," Ximena chuckled lightly.

Bang!

In that split second, Ramon saw red and completely lost his mind.

He slammed Ximena hard onto the floor. Her knees and her palms, which she spread out to stop her fall, took most of the impact, but a stab of pain shot through her waist. Blood trickled out around her, staining the floor red. She only let out a muffled groan as she landed, but her face had gone deathly pale.

After all these years... Ramon still hated her this much?

Was that why he treated Neil like that?

Since he couldn't take out all his hatred on her, he was taking it out on an innocent child instead?

What a truly heartless man.

"Anyway, Lyla probably won't wake up in this lifetime. Someone like her deserves to rot in a hospital room and die. You might as well find a new wife like you did back then."


Even though she was bent over on the floor, Ximena continued to mock Lyla. Her eyes glistened with tears as she silently endured the piercing pain.

"Do you really think I won't kill you?" Ramon crouched down and grabbed her jaw firmly.

"Did you forget that I already died once?" Ximena burst into hysterical laughter.

The words resurfaced a dark memory in Ramon's mind that plunged him into sorrow.

He had rushed to the hospital four years ago, but by the time he arrived, Ximena was already gone. There were only several bloodstained consent forms left on the floor.

Shaking himself back to reality, Ramon focused his eyes on the familiar face in front of him. The two of them had shared a bed for two years, and he always knew what she was thinking. He even knew how much Ximena loved him. Back then, he had thought that he could forgive her for anything. But he had never imagined that she could be such a cruel person. What she had done to Lyla was unforgivable! 

But no matter how much he despised her, he couldn't bring himself to harm her.

"Get out!"



It was all Ramon could say to Ximena now.

"This is my office. You're the one who should leave," Ximena retorted, without so much as a hint of fear in her eyes.

"I must have been blind to marry you back then." Ramon rose to his feet and turned to leave.

Ximena was stunned. What did he mean by that? Wasn't she the one who had been blind? If she hadn't insisted on marrying this man back then, she wouldn't have ended up with such a miserable fate.

"Well, I must have been blind to fall for a man that even a demon would be afraid of. I was stupid to marry you," Ximena countered.

These words were grating enough to make Ramon stop in his tracks.

"If you have any conscience left, give Neil back to me," Ximena said seriously.

It was the first time since entering this room that Ramon felt amused. "Keep dreaming."

"Neil is my son, everyone knows it. You shouldn't have left me alive back then. Now that I know about Neil's existence, I will never let him think of Lyla as his mother! Anyway, you've already achieved your goal. What's the point of keeping Neil by your side? You don't love him."

"It's none of your concern," Ramon replied coolly. He had no intention of returning the boy to her. How could such an evil woman be trusted to raise a child? She didn't deserve it.

"Ramon! If you care about Neil, give him back to me!" Ximena cried out, her composure finally crumbling.

"You'll never get Neil in this lifetime." With that, Ramon left the room, slamming the door shut behind him.

The loud bang reverberated throughout the corridor, catching the attention of passers-by.

The hospital staff nearby noticed a man walking away from Ximena's office with a cold look in his eyes.

Wasn't that Ramon Mitchell? What was he doing in Dr. Griffin's office?

The worried staff rushed into the office room.

To their shock, they saw Ximena collapsing on the floor, bleeding.

Lachlan Young asked in a hurry, "Dr. Griffin, what happened? Did Mr. Mitchell do something to you? Did he hurt you?"

"I'm fine," Ximena said as she struggled to her feet.

"But you're bleeding. What the hell is that guy's problem? His son's surgery was clearly successful, so why did he come and make a scene? He's crazy!" Lachlan said angrily.

The rest of the staff was infuriated as well. They couldn't believe how arrogant the Mitchell family was. But at the same time, they also thought that Dr. Griffin must have done something out of line. Since she had moved here from abroad, she probably didn't know how things worked here, or who held the power in this city.