

The First Heir 88

Chapter 88

A divorce?

The way Wynn uttered those words... She seemed so calm.

Philip's heart thudded. Silently, he rested his hands on his knees. He could not stop them from shaking slightly.

At that moment, he could only feel a buzzing in his brain. The word 'divorce' would not stop repeating in his ears.

He forgot to breathe, and he forgot to respond.

Wynn was too disappointed in him.

"Philip, I really can't hold on any longer. I don't want to go on like this. I don't want to live in constant fear, worrying about the next day every single day, worrying about Mila's condition every day. I gave you a year, and you said you would give me an answer. Yet, you have let me down so much now."

Wynn cried out helplessly, tears dripping from her eyes.

The Philip she once loved deeply had become deplorable and dispirited.

He had become repulsive, disgusting, and despicable to her.

Philip raised his gaze, his eyes red as he asked, "Wynn, can you forgive me this time? I'll change, I'll try my best."

want

would always place Wynn and

a future, a future that

weeping beauty as she asked, "A future? Philip, don't you think you've said this many times already? But where is the future? You're always lying to yourself, always unwilling to get off your high horse. How many times have I begged

for Philip. However, what Philip did tonight caused

just too

if Philip was in wretched poverty and delivered food for a living,

and his

Embarrassing!

It was too embarrassing.

else would he

had told her at Arc de Triumph

believe me! When the

became overwhelmed with her emotions and pulled on the wound on her abdomen. Cold sweat pooled on her forehead from the pain. "Get out of here, I don't want to see you

angrily to the ward door, determination

had no choice. He was worried that

get out first, but

up and walked out