

Chapter 11 Lost His Beloved

The sun sank below the horizon, painting the sky with a dazzling pink-purple glow.

A black Bugatti Veyron raced on the highway like a raging dragon, pushing its speed to its peak. In this moment, the hands gripping the steering wheel trembled, but not because of the dizzying speed.

Xavier's eyes were bloodshot, filled with anguish.

Just half an hour ago, he received the devastating news that Grace and her child were on the ill-fated plane that crashed, resulting in the loss of all people aboard.

No one survived! How could this be true?

Just the night before, that woman was standing before him vividly, satirizing him and blackmailing him. Just several nights before, they were on the same bed. And the warmth of her body seemed to still linger on his fingertips. He could still seem to smell her scent. How could she suddenly disappear from the world?

Xavier trembled uncontrollably. At the moment he heard the news, his phone slipped from his grasp, and he drove towards the crash site in a state of madness.

The sky seemed to weep in sympathy, mourning the tragic event. The drizzling rain, the police cordon surrounding the accident scene, and the constant flow of patrol cars all carried a weighty atmosphere of sorrow.

The plane had turned into a charred skeleton after plummeting from a thousand feet above, leaving no possibility for them to survive.

Thirteen lives, snuffed out in an instant...

As the Bugatti Veyron screeched to a halt, its brakes piercing the air, numerous onlookers turned their gaze. Xavier opened the car door and rushed out, disheveled and desperate. He was totally

in a mess.

He staggered as he desperately rushed beyond the police cordon. The peripheral officers promptly intercepted him, encircling him in an instant.

"Let go of me!" Xavier yelled madly. His voice, hoarse and distorted, bore no resemblance to the tones of a normal person. Deep within his eyes lay fear and helplessness.

A plane crash is no trivial matter. Considering him to be a relative of one of the victims, a government official responsible for on-site management gestured subtly to the police, signaling them to let him through.

Suddenly having unhindered access to the site, Xavier paused momentarily, yet his steps grew heavier.

One step, two steps, three steps...

Could it be true? How could Grace simply leave him alone in the world? He would never accept it.

His Armani shoes mercilessly trod upon the furrowed field. Xavier's gaze drifted around the scene—half of the fuselage embedded in the earth, still smoldering with billowing smoke, the fire yet to be fully extinguished.

It dawned on him something all of a sudden, and he cried out in frenzy, "Hurry up, save them! Save them!"

Before those around him could react, he lunged forward, digging into the soil with his hands, desperately hoping to dig out the fuselage. At this moment, all he desired was to unearth her.

Grace, don't think you can leave me in this way! I'll never let you go. NEVER!

His hands were scalded red from the scorching metal fuselage. Some attempted to intervene, but he forcefully shrugged them off.

Ultimately, nobody dared approach him further. They understood his grief with the thought that this man, who had gone

mad, had surely lost his beloved.

It wasn't until he had dug for half an hour, and the nearby police had arranged the bodies, that someone approached him with sympathy and gently patted his shoulder.

"Sir, we have found all the victims. Over there."

Xavier's gaze followed his finger, and fell upon the row of bodies neatly laid out on the edge of the field—thirteen in total, with the youngest one appearing to be a baby.

He shed no tears, yet his heart continued to tear apart, bleeding hard.