

The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 41

In the following days, my situation continued to escalate online.

Streamers posted videos and statements, fiercely condemning me. The comment sections were flooded with insults, tearing me apart.

To avoid further trouble, I stayed inside, waiting.,

Waiting for Richard to uncover the truth.

Finally, one night, explosive news spread like wildfire.

“The city’s richest man, Richard, has turned himself in after killing his wife and brother. He is now in prison!”

As soon as the news broke, it went viral.

At the same time, the Williams Group’s official account released a pre-recorded video from Richard.

The video was concise, revealing the truth.

Richard stated that I had been falsely accused and that Jessica had maliciously fabricated everything.

He revealed that Jessica and his brother had been involved even before their marriage. In fact, the child Jessica was carrying was his brother’s.

Unable to accept this betrayal, Richard took their lives with his own hands.

At the end of the video, Richard bowed deeply, sincerely apologizing and clearing my name.

11:08

The video caused an immediate uproar.

Bloggers who had previously attacked me either deleted their posts or issued new apologies.

In the comments section, those who had previously insulted me began to apologize, with many expressing sympathy and suggesting I start an account so they could offer their support.

Even James, who had separated from me and filed for divorce, showed up at my door.

When I opened it, James stood there, remorseful, apologizing profusely: “Mary, I know the truth now. I’m sorry for how I misjudged you.”

His apology was sincere, but it didn’t move me at all.

I looked at him calmly and said: “Don’t you think your apology is a bit too late?”

“James, we’ve been married for years. Don’t you know who I am?”

“We’ve shared a life together. How could you believe such terrible things about me based on the accusations of others?”

No matter how much Richard and others misunderstood or slandered me, I didn’t care.

Because they didn’t matter to me, and their opinions couldn’t hurt me.

But James’s attitude was different. It cut me deeply.

I never imagined that the husband I loved would be so quick to judge me based on hearsay.

He didn’t even think to defend me. Instead, he publicly shattered my heart.

11:08

The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life, Was Also Reborn

54.30%

seeing my reaction, James’s eyes filled with sorrow. He looked at me and

explained. “Mary, I’m sorry. I was blinded by anger and couldn’t think straight. I never meant to hurt you.”

As he spoke, James took out the wedding ring he had thrown away and nervously handed it to me: “I spent two days looking for this ring and finally found it.”

“Mary, I know I wronged you. I’ve torn up the divorce papers. Let’s start over. Let me spend the rest of my life making it up to you.”

James’s words were sincere, almost pleading.

He looked at me, hoping I would take the ring.

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But I shook my head, smiling coldly, and said: “It’s too late.”

“James, you said I trampled on your love. But didn’t you do the same?”

“If someone had spoken badly about you in front of me, I would’ve defended you immediately.”

“Because I love you and know you, I would’ve believed in you unconditionally.”

“But you?”

“When I was most helpless, when I needed you the most, you chose to publicly trample on my character and my heart.”

“You drove a dagger into my heart.”

“From the moment you pushed me away, we were over.”

“Our marriage, like this ring, was discarded by you.”

“Leave, James. I don’t want to see you again.”

The Man Who Burned Me Alive hoMy PastAife. Was Also Reborn

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With that, I closed the door, not wanting to say another word.

But James wouldn’t give up. Every day, he stood outside my building, relentlessly begging for my forgiveness.

But trust is a rare luxury. Once lost, it can never be reclaimed.

When I was at my lowest, James chose to turn against me.

That means he no longer deserves to stand by my side.

After sending James the divorce papers, I changed all my contact details.

I moved to a city where no one knew me and started over.

This time, I would leave the past behind and embrace a life that truly belonged to me.

The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 42

I've been given a second chance at life, reborn to exactly three days before I was murdered.

I woke up with a jolt, the memory of my past life flashing before my eyes. It was the day Lily killed me. I could see her clearly, her face contorted with rage, plunging the kitchen knife into my chest over and over. Her mouth was moving, spewing a torrent of curses: "You bitch! John told me you were flirting with him.

You deserve to die!"

Until my dying breath, I couldn't believe that the person I'd poured my heart and soul into would end up taking my life with her own hand.

My mind snapped back to the present. I swung my legs out of bed and padded over to the fridge to grab a bottle of water. A few gulps later, I felt much better. Then I settled onto the couch and started piecing together useful information from my previous life.

Lily's family was dirt poor. Her parents worked at a greasy spoon diner, and she had a younger brother. They were so broke, they had to borrow a ton of money just to send her to school. Even her tuition was scraped together bit by bit. Her folks would always tell her, "Study hard, you're our only hope!"

But unfortunately, Lily was totally boy-crazy. She'd scrimp and save, even skip meals, just to blow her parents' hard-earned money on her boyfriend. And me, being a softie, I'd help her out whenever I could, slipping her some cash or buying her groceries.

I was an only child, and while my family wasn't rolling in dough, we were comfortably well-off. I figured I could afford to lend a hand when she was in a bind, but I never imagined my kindness would land me in a living nightmare.

After my death, my parents were devastated. The shock turned their hair white

11:08

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50:20

overnight, and they cried themselves nearly blind. They passed away soon after, heartbroken and lost without me. Then, Lily and her scumbag boyfriend took over my house, leaving my family shattered while they walked away scot-free.

Thinking about all this filled me with a burning rage. Reborn into this life, I swore I would make those two monsters pay for what they did and protect my family at all costs.

As I was lost in thought, I heard a click from the door. My heart pounded in my chest as I knew it was Lily. After college, my parents bought me this two-bedroom apartment. I was afraid of living alone, and out of sympathy for Lily, I let her

move in with me.

Lily came in carrying a backpack, wearing ripped stockings. Even though I was mentally prepared, my water glass still trembled when I saw her. For a moment, I felt the knife from my previous life stabbing me again and again. I told myself, “Calm down, Hannah. It’s okay.”

Lily strolled in, a pizza box dangling from her hand. She glanced at me and said flatly, “Just waking up?”

I nodded, trying my best to appear as normal as possible. But to avoid giving myself away, I quickly shifted my gaze to the pizza in her hand.

Lily followed my gaze and, while slipping off her shoes, explained with a chirpy smile, “John bought me this pizza. It was 12 bucks! So expensive! I only ate a couple of slices and brought the rest back. Want some?”

I gave her a knowing look. She busts her butt at that pet store every day, and John doesn’t pay her a dime. But a single pizza, and she’s head over heels. What a

clueless woman.

Lily might be clueless, but in my past life, I was even worse. She’s so stubborn,

there’s no reasoning with her. And yet, I actually tried to save her? What was I

thinking?

The pizza itself looked disgusting – a few greasy pepperoni slices floating on a

soggy crust. Even so, she instinctively pulled the box back, as if afraid I might actually take her up on the offer.

She's afraid I'll actually eat it! The thought made me scoff inwardly. I let her live in my house rent-free, never asked her to pay for utilities, and yet she can't even spare me some leftover pizza? The memory fueled my anger. How blind was I in my past life not to see what a freeloading ingrate she was?

My hands clenched into fists. I couldn't stand to look at her anymore. I stood up abruptly and headed back to my room. "No thanks," I said coldly. "I think I'll get some more sleep."

The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 43

Back in my room, I immediately started packing. I tossed a few essentials into my if I wanted to survive, the first thing I needed to do was get away from suitcase

Lily.

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I only had three days until my murder in my past life. There was no way I could make Lily move out of my apartment in such a short time. If she wouldn't leave, then I had to. There was absolutely no way I was going to sleep under the same

roof as the woman who killed me.

I decided to head back to my parents' place to lay low for a while and figure things out. Within minutes, my suitcase was packed, and I was rolling it out the door. It was a small carry-on, easy to handle, which was perfect since I didn't want to spend another second with Lily.

She was sprawled on the couch, watching TV and munching on the leftover pizza. When she heard me, she turned, her mouth full of food. Ugh, disgusting. I couldn't

bear to look at her, so I quickly averted my eyes and started putting on my shoes.

"My dad's sick," I blurted out. "I need to go home." As I rushed towards the door, I apologized profusely to my father in my mind. I'm so sorry, Dad. I have to lie to stay alive, to keep us all alive. Forgive me.

Without waiting for Lily to respond, I slammed the door shut. Good riddance. The farther away from you, the better.

I hauled my suitcase into the elevator and practically sprinted out of the

apartment complex. My heels clicked against the pavement, echoing the frantic

beat of my heart.

My hair whipped around my face in the wind, but I didn't care. I just kept running.

Once I was outside the complex, I finally slowed down, making sure Lily wasn't following me. I glanced back at the building where I had lived for three years. It

was on the 12th floor, with great sunlight and a convenient location. I had grown accustomed to it, and honestly, I felt a pang of regret leaving. But then I remembered how I had died in that very apartment, and my heart clenched.

I need to sell this place immediately, I thought.

Just then, a taxi pulled up. I hailed it, jumped in, and as I was closing the door, I, caught a glimpse of Lily's figure in the window, watching me. I froze, my heart pounding. I looked back, but the window was empty.

I let out a shaky breath, telling myself it must have been my nerves playing tricks on me. Then, without looking back again, I told the driver my parents' address and we sped away.

The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 44

My parents lived in the next town over. It was close, just over an hour by car, but I was lazy and didn't visit often. In my past life, I always thought I had plenty of

time, that there would be countless opportunities to see them in the future. I never imagined I'd only live to be 26.

Not only did I rarely visit, but I also failed to take care of them. I was truly an ungrateful daughter.

As I knocked on their door, guilt washed over me, and my eyes welled up.

The moment the door opened, I rushed into my parents' arms, tears streaming down my face. They were stunned, probably not expecting my sudden arrival.

Back then, I simply thought they were surprised, but I had no idea there was more to it.

I carried my suitcase inside and set it aside. It had been so long since I'd seen them. My heart swelled with emotion as I looked at them. Their hair was still dark, and their faces had only a few wrinkles. Thank goodness, they're alive.

I hugged them tightly, refusing to let go.

They finally recognized me. My dad, wearing the red sweater I'd bought him for the Christmas, took my hand and led me inside, his voice filled with concern. "Honey, who hurt you? Tell me, and I'll get revenge for you."

"What's going on?" My mom wrung her hands, her voice laced with worry. My unexpected return without any warning had them convinced something terrible had happened.

Their voices, so real and familiar, felt like a dream. My heart leaped with joy. They were here, alive and well. Thank God.

Tears flowed freely down my cheeks, soaking my clothes.

I savored the warmth of their embrace, reluctant to let go. But I knew I couldn't stay like this forever. Some things were better left unsaid. I couldn't burden them with my worries. So, I took a deep breath and shook my head. "It's nothing. I just missed you guys so much."

I forced a smile, hoping to lighten the tense atmosphere.

Relieved that nothing was seriously wrong, my mom released me and playfully pinched my cheek. "You're such a baby, even at your age."

Seeing me laugh, my dad chuckled as well. "No matter how old she is, she'll always be my little girl."

My mom, her hands still dusted with flour, hurried back to the kitchen. "Maybe it's a mother's intuition. I had a feeling you were coming, so I whipped up your favorite-some homemade apple pie. Come on in and grab a slice while it's still warm!"

"Okay, I'm coming!" I took off my coat, hung it on the rack, and turned to see my parents bustling around the kitchen. Mom was carrying a plate piled high with a generous slice of golden-crust pie, while Dad followed close behind with a tall glass of cold milk.

Watching them, my heart ached with guilt and happiness. In my past life, my poor judgment had cost me my life and brought so much pain to my parents. This time, I vowed to cherish every moment with them and build a happy life together.

The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 45

Dinner was over by 6 pm, and I immediately grabbed my phone to watch the live stream on TikTok.

It was on this very day, in my past life, that Lily had joined a live stream with a relationship advice influencer, pouring her heart out about her issues with her boyfriend. I had chimed in with

some comments, which led her to suspect I was having an affair with her boyfriend. I tried to explain, but she wouldn't listen. Instead, she went straight to John to confront him.

Because I had felt bad for Lily, I had given John a few hard times in the past. To get back at me, he lied and told Lily that and said I was trying to seduce him.

Lily, blinded by her love for John, couldn't bring herself to blame him, so she directed all her anger at me. Two days later, while I was sleeping, she took a knife and murdered me in cold blood.

Best gifts for your loved ones

This time, I wasn't there, so I was curious to see how things would unfold.

The live stream had already started. Since it was a call-in, the viewers could only hear Lily's voice, not see her face. She spoke nervously, her voice barely above a whisper.

"I graduated with a bachelor's degree," she began, "and after that, I started working at my boyfriend's pet store, cleaning up cat poop, dog poop, and stuff like that."

The male influencer in the video asked nonchalantly, "How much does he pay you a month?"

I scoffed inwardly. She's lucky he doesn't make her pay him!

As if on cue, Lily mumbled, "I don't get paid." Her voice was so low it was clear she felt ashamed.

The influencer, who had been leaning back in his chair, suddenly sat up straight, his eyes glued to the screen. "You work for free? Just for food?"

His face was a mixture of shock and disbelief. It was obvious he hadn't encountered such a naive person in a long time.

"Well, for food... I guess I still need to ask my boyfriend for money," Lily stammered, her voice trailing off.

I glanced at Lily's profile picture. It was a kitten. Cute and cuddly, but cross it, and it'll show its claws. I had to admit, the picture was a fitting representation of Lily's personality.

She seemed docile and harmless on the surface, but when pushed, she could be ruthless.

Thinking about this, a cold sweat broke out on my forehead. I wiped the sweat off with the back of my hand and continued staring at the video.

"Then what's the point of even being there?" the influencer asked, his face etched, with confusion.

“Well... well... well, I’m dating my boyfriend. And he’s really good to me. He just ordered me a pizza earlier, a \$20 pizza! And he also bought me a coffee, which was really good.”

The comment section exploded with people calling her out for being impressed.

easily

“What did your boyfriend eat?” the influencer asked, a knowing look on his face, digging deeper. Lily was silent for a few seconds before whispering, “He went out for steak with his friends.”

It was clear that John was out having a good time without her, while she slaved

away at his store for free. He had bought her a pizza to appease her, and she still thought he was treating her well.

The influencer let out a dry laugh, probably encountering such a pure example of a love-struck fool for the first time. He muttered sarcastically, “Right, okay.”

“So, what else?” he prompted, encouraging her to continue.

“I want to get a job, but my boyfriend won’t let me.”

She sounded like a victim, but I knew the truth was that she enjoyed being controlled.

It was the same in my past life. She would complain to me about not getting paid at the pet store, but then she’d brag, “My boyfriend bought me flowers today! He spent \$9.99! He said he doesn’t want me to work because it’s too hard, and he loves me so much!”

Back then, I thought she was delusional. Her boyfriend didn’t care about her working hard; he just didn’t want to lose his free labor. He manipulated her, and she fell for it hook, line, and sinker.

I had tried countless times to talk some sense into her, telling her to wake up and see that he was no good.

But she wouldn’t listen.

Now, reborn into this life, I finally understood. Deep down, Lily knew that her situation was messed up, but she didn’t want to admit it.

She saw the truth, but she refused to wake up.

As the saying goes, you can’t wake someone who is pretending to be asleep. This time, I chose to let go of my savior complex and respect her choices, no matter how self-destructive they seemed.

“Is he your dad or something? Why are you being so good to him?” the influencer’s voice suddenly rose, as if trying to shake her awake.

“No,” she whispered.

“If he tells you not to go, you don’t go? Don’t you have legs? Is he keeping you on a leash like a pet, tied up outside the store?”

Yes! Tell her! I cheered silently.

The influencer’s words might have been harsh, but he was right. Nobody was forcing her to stay; she simply didn’t want to leave.

“I think I might be a little boy-crazy,” Lily mumbled.

I had to stifle a laugh. A little? you’re the definition of boy-crazy.

The influencer chuckled, probably thinking the same thing.

He rested his chin on his hand and asked, “What is it about your boyfriend that’s so attractive to you?”

The implication was clear: what did this guy have that could make Lily so obsessed with him?

The influencer was laughing, but I couldn’t find the humor in the situation.

In my past life, I had been there when he asked that question.

Lily had frozen, so I had answered for her,

“Because he’s handsome, has a great body, and has a six-pack,” I had said.

In reality, John wasn’t handsome at all. He was 5’6”, chubby, and short. Maybe love really was blind. The “handsome” and “great body” part was what Lily had told me. As for the six-pack, I had made that up.

But Lily had latched onto that joke. She had turned to me with suspicion in her eyes. “How do you know he has a six-pack?”

I had been genuinely confused. Does he actually have one?

Seeing my hesitation, she had pressed further. “Tell me, how do you know? Did you sleep with him?”

At that moment, Lily must have felt like Sherlock Holmes, her eyes burning with accusation.

I hadn't taken it seriously. I had laughed it off, saying, "I was just kidding. I don't know if he actually has abs."

Lily had ended the live stream, declaring that she didn't believe me. She had stormed out of the room to confront John.

I had naively thought that because we were such good friends, everything would be fine once she calmed down. I never imagined that when she returned two days later, it would be to end my life.

Now, reborn and watching the screen intently, I wanted to see what Lily would say without my intervention.

She thought for a few seconds and then said with a smile, "He's handsome, has a great body, and has a six-pack."

My heart skipped a beat. Her answer was identical to mine from my past life. There was no way it was a coincidence.

Then I remembered the glimpse I had caught of Lily standing by the window as I left the apartment. Suddenly, it all clicked.

Could Lily have been reborn too?

The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 46

If Lily had also been reborn, then she would definitely try to kill me again in two days. In my past life, after my death, she had even visited my parents, which meant she knew their address. Not only was I in danger, but my parents were now exposed as well.

Panic seized me. I immediately booked a month-long guided tour for my parents on my phone, with a departure date of tomorrow. The moment they heard about the trip, they started packing excitedly, their chatter filling the living room.

My mind was racing, and I desperately needed some quiet. I slammed my bedroom door shut, blocking out the noise. I flipped off the light, crawled into bed, and forced myself to calm down.

I needed to find a way out of this mess. Instead of waiting passively, I had to take the initiative.

Lily's weakness was her boyfriend, John.

And John was no saint. After my death in my past life, he had advised Lily to visit my grieving parents every day. My parents, heartbroken and blinded by their grief, had eventually signed a transfer agreement, allowing Lily to take possession of our house.

The memory fueled my rage. I clenched my fists, my body trembling with anger. You vile scum! You'll pay for what you did! Reborn into this life, I would make sure both Lily and John suffered the consequences of their actions.

The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 47

After watching my parents' plane take off, I finally dialed John's number.

It was 9 am, the pet store's opening time and also its busiest hour. It was time to clean up the mess, scrub the floors, and deal with the aftermath of the animals' overnight escapades.

John, being the lazy bum he was, always tried to avoid work, so he usually snuck out at this time, leaving Lily to handle the dirty work all by herself.

"Hello?" John answered quickly, his voice thick with sleep.

I could hear the telltale sounds of him smoking through the phone, which further confirmed my suspicions.

I burst into tears. "John, my dad suddenly got sick, and I don't know what to do. Can you come over and help me?"

One of the reasons I had always urged Lily to break up with him was that John always looked at me with a creepy glint in his eyes. Once, when Lily was in the restroom, he had even tried to touch me inappropriately. It had disgusted me beyond words.

"John, I... I... I don't know what to do," I sobbed, playing the damsel in distress to perfection.

"Hannah, where are you? I'll come over right away." John extinguished the smoke and headed for the door.

I smirked inwardly. I knew he'd fall for it. John was not only lazy but also a restless philanderer. He had badmouthed Lily to me on several occasions, complaining about her family's poor background and her lack of attractiveness. He'd said that I, with my good looks and decent family, was a much better match for him.

Back then, I just wanted him to crawl back into whatever hole he came from. But Lily was stubborn and refused to listen. Now that I think about it, they deserve each other.

"Hello? Hannah?" John called out when I didn't respond immediately.

"John, I'll send you my location. And, um, could you please not tell Lily? You know how jealous she gets. I don't want her to misunderstand."

I heard John chuckle. “Sure, don’t worry, I’m on my way.”

Yeah, right. I knew he wouldn’t tell Lily even if I didn’t ask. He wouldn’t pass up such a perfect opportunity to cheat.

After hanging up, I found another number in my phone and sent a text message.

Everything was set. I glanced at the time, it’s 9:30 am. In two and a half hours, everyone should be here.

Lily, in my past life, you accused me of trying to seduce John. Well, this time, I’ll make your wish come true.

When John arrived, he found me “drunk,” my cheeks flushed, pretending to be tipsy. As soon as I saw him, I threw myself into his arms.

His body immediately heated up.

He hugged me tightly, smelling my hair in a lecherous way. “Don’t worry, don’t worry, I’m here now.”

The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 48

I broke free from his embrace, holding his hand, and I started to cry pitifully. I’d watched a lot of TV dramas, so I could act convincingly.

“John, you know I don’t have any male friends, and now that my dad is so sick, I really don’t know what to do.”

John wiped my tears lovingly. “Oh, don’t cry, you have me, don’t worry.”

I nodded, pouting, “Yeah, you’re the only one I have.”

John felt very flattered. He felt like a savior, and his face was filled with a look of enjoyment. I continued to chatter about my family, like how if my dad passed away, I might have to sell the house in my hometown and bring Mom to live with me, and about Mom’s retirement salary and the money Dad left for me. I was subtly trying to tempt him, letting him know I had some assets.

Family vacation packages

After hearing me talk, John smiled even brighter. He was definitely thinking about how to get me quickly, and at the same time, he was also scheming about how to be with me while also making Lily work for him.

If he could control two women at the same time, that would be both exciting and a testament to his charm.

Looking at his lecherous and smug smile, I knew he already thought of me as his prize.

So, while he was still dizzy, I quickly grabbed two beers from the table, one for him, one for me. I coaxed him, “John, come on, have a drink with me, I’m not feeling good.”

I said it in a sweet, pleading voice. If John was just a little more rational, he’d think about my attitude toward him in the past and how different it was today. Even a fool could see there was something fishy.

But he was so full of himself, believing he was charming. After all, how else could he attract Lily, someone who wasn’t asking for anything and was practically throwing herself at him for free?

John smiled, glanced at the bed behind me, and then at the beer in his hand. He got even more excited and grabbed the beer, gulping it down in one go.

Even if I had poisoned him instead of giving him sleeping pills, I don’t think he’d hesitate.

These narcissistic men think all the women in the world will fall for them.

After drinking, John started getting restless. His big hand started to roam around on my leg. I pushed him away, but he shook his head and then fell onto the bed, passing out instantly.

I stripped him naked, looked at his slightly protruding beer belly, and couldn’t help but laugh. This guy, with his eight-pack abs, he really was a perfect match for Lily.

Then I took off my shirt and got into bed, took a picture of myself and John, and sent it to Lily. With Lily’s love-struck brain, even if she was reborn ten times, she wouldn’t be able to control herself when she saw this!

When I was done, I wiped my hands with a wet wipe and looked at John, sleeping soundly like a pig, and I smirked. Lily, even if you don’t die, I’ll drive you crazy.

The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 49

Lily had schizophrenia, which I only learned after I died. When I was with her, I noticed she’d sometimes talk to herself. At the time, I didn’t think anything of it. I just thought it was normal since she always communicated with animals, so talking to herself seemed fine. Now, looking back, I just blame myself for being so careless.

This time, I told myself I had to be extra careful. I carefully analyzed the reason for Lily's mental illness. Firstly, because of her childhood environment, she had been insecure and didn't like to talk. She had bottled up her emotions for so long that it eventually became a heart disease. Later, she got together with John, and he constantly put her down mentally. She felt even more worthless, and John was the only person she could depend on. That's why she didn't go out to work, because she didn't dare to.

The more she did this, the more she placed all her hope and emotions on John. So when she found out he was cheating, her beliefs crumbled, as if her entire city had been destroyed, and she lost everything. That's why she killed me without a second thought.

Lily was lucky, though. Because she was a mental patient, when the case was solved a year later and they found out she was the murderer, she got away with it because she was a mental patient.

Thinking about it, I was so angry, I gritted my teeth. I put on my clothes, grabbed my bag, threw my dirty clothes everywhere in a haphazard way, set up the camera, closed the bedroom door slightly, and went to the next room.

As soon as I walked in, I leaned against the door, sighing in relief, feeling a mix of anxiety and excitement about the revenge I was about to get. The bad karma they planted in my previous life, I was going to return it to them tenfold.

The thought sent a wave of relief through me, and a smile broke out on my face. I felt like my plan was foolproof, but little did I know that someone was watching my every move from a distance.

The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 50

Lily arrived quickly. She kicked the door open, the sound echoing through the apartment. She rushed in, the sight that greeted her was an array of scattered clothes. Underwear, bras, pants, everything was strewn across the floor, each

piece hinting at the sordid scene that had transpired. Lily's hand shook with rage,

especially when she saw John sprawled naked on the bed. She lost control, and the knife in her hand slashed down, hitting the bed frame.

The commotion woke John from his drunken stupor. He was still a bit confused, and he rubbed his eyes. Then, he froze, his eyes widening. He saw the kitchen knife in Lily's hand, and his gaze followed the blade to her angry, doughy face.

His heart skipped a beat, but he quickly regained his composure. He was used to controlling Lily, and he was sure he could talk his way out of this. He reached for the sheet, pulled himself up, and his head cleared.

He looked at his naked body, the scattered clothes on the floor, and quickly understood that I had set him up. But he wasn't worried. He believed that a few sweet words were all it would take to get Lily to believe him. To him, she was just a well-behaved, silent dog.

I watched the video on my phone and sneered. John, John, you're a fool. It's the silent dogs that bite the hardest.

Sure enough, Lily saw that he wasn't saying anything, and she got even angrier. She brought the knife down, this time slashing it against John's arm. The blade sank deep into his flesh, and blood erupted like a river.

Lily's action caught John off guard. He quickly covered his wound, but the blood wouldn't stop. He was afraid Lily would hack at him again, so he yelled a curse and kicked her.

Lily fell to the floor, and the knife flew out of her hand. Her eyes were bloodshot, and her mind was clearly slipping. She scrambled to her feet and bit down on John's arm with all her might.

"John, you dare betray me, you sc**g!"

"You dumb broad, what are you talking about? Which one of your eyes saw me sleeping with someone else?!"

John was enraged. He grabbed Lily's hair and started punching her in the face. Lily wouldn't back down. They fought like rabid animals.

I checked my watch, calculating the time, and a smile spread across my face. The audience should be arriving soon.

Sure enough, a second later, the cops burst in with a whole crew, including reporters. Seeing Lily and John, half-dressed, this was a juicy story they couldn't miss.

Click, click, click, the cameras flashed, even the underwear on the floor was captured with crystal clear detail. John had never encountered such a scene before, so he jumped on the bed, pulled the sheet over himself, trying to hide.

Lily's parents were right behind them. They immediately pulled Lily aside. No matter how you looked at it, their daughter was at a disadvantage.

Lily's father slapped her in the face. "I raised you for this? To be screwing around with other men? If you wanted to sell yourself, you should've said something earlier! Why did I waste my time sending you to school? I should have just sold you to someone in the village as a wife."

Lily's mother rushed over, her face streaked with tears and snot. She berated her daughter for being unfilial. "No wonder you never get any money. You've spent it all on man. You idiot!"

Lily's parents continued to scold her, but she didn't say a word. She was quietly scanning the room, her eyes finally locking onto the kitchen knife under the couch. I smirked. I knew the time was right. I put on my jacket, opened the door, and waited for the final act.

Lily grabbed the knife in a flash and bolted out the door. She ran straight towards me. I knew she wouldn't let me go.

She was going to try to kill me today, because only then would she stay on the same path as before. If I lived, everything would change.

"Hannah, you're the real culprit! I'm going to kill you today!" Lily swung the knife at me. I'd been waiting for this moment. The fact that she said this meant she was lucid at the moment, so I didn't dodge. I wanted to make sure she was convicted of attempted murder. She was attacking me in front of the cops and all those people.

I wanted to see if she could escape justice this time.