

## **The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 51**

The blade didn't pierce my body as I expected because someone stepped in and took the hit for me. It was my dad, he squeezed out a smile, "Hannah, don't be afraid."

My head spun. I was terrified, my heart pounding. Three or four cops appeared behind Lily, grabbed her, disarmed her, and dragged her away. She continued to curse at me as she went, but my mind was too chaotic to process it. All I could think about was calling an ambulance. I had to save my dad.

I fumbled for my phone, my hand shaking. I finally managed to dial 911. While we waited for the ambulance, the blood wouldn't stop flowing from my dad's stomach. I pressed my hand over it again and again, but it wouldn't stop. What was I going to do? For the first time, I felt so helpless. I was beside myself with worry, and I cried.

But there was a bad feeling in my gut, a feeling that grew stronger and stronger. It was like my heart had been frozen in the freezer and was slowly thawing. I sobbed, "Dad, hold on, the ambulance will be here soon."

He didn't say anything, but his eyes were filled with a look of longing, like he was saying goodbye. I was terrified, but I didn't want to cry too loud and worry him, so I just whimpered, "Don't leave me and Mom, please."

He was still wearing that red sweater I bought him. It was probably old because he wore it so much. The blood mixed with the red sweater, making it hard to see what was going on underneath.

Dad's breathing grew weaker, but his expression became calmer. He reached up, touched my face, and fell into a reverie.

"Dad had a dream. I dreamed that you were murdered by Lily, and Mom and I cried until we were blind. Then, I went to the church every day to pray, to pray that you would come back to life. I would even trade my life for yours. Lately, my heart has been uneasy. I've had a feeling that this isn't a dream, but that it actually happened."

Dad and I both knew it wasn't a dream. His reaction to my strangeness made him even more sure that something was wrong. He finished with a calm smile. "Hannah, welcome back. But there's a cycle to everything, birth and death. We must follow the law of conservation. So, live a good life. Take care of yourself, and take care of Mom."

I sobbed uncontrollably. My dad, who was supposed to be on a trip, why was he here now? Everything suddenly made sense.

## **The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 52**

After Dad passed away, Mom didn't blame me. She told me that Dad had told her he had no regrets. In my previous life, I was killed, and he couldn't do anything. This time, he saved his daughter with his own hands. He was happy.

The day after my dad passed, I went to the church. The prayer room was full of prayer ribbons hanging on the walls. I saw Dad's prayer right away. It said, "God, please resurrect my daughter, I'm willing to trade my life for hers."

Hundreds of identical prayers, it was chilling. I knelt on the floor, crying uncontrollably. I always thought that I was able to be reborn because of my resentment. It wasn't true. My second life was bought with my father's endless pleas. A father's love, so heavy, so profound. Now, that weight made me feel unbearably guilty.

When I visited the cemetery, I burned the newspaper with Lily's story. Murderers/ should pay for their crimes. Lily was eventually sentenced to death, even though she was diagnosed with schizophrenia, but she was lucid when she killed me. Her target was clear – it was me. According to the law, those with intermittent mental illness should be held criminally liable if they commit a crime while in a lucid state.

John became a pariah. That was thanks to the reporters who were there. They dug up everything about John's mental abuse of Lily, and they also exposed his prostitution and other things. His pet store closed down, and he was sentenced to ten years for prostitution.

Everything had come to an end, and the evil people had been punished. But I wasn't as happy as I thought I would be, because I had lost the most important person in my life.

I knelt before my dad's grave and knocked my head on the ground a few times. I hated my helplessness. I was reborn, and the so-called revenge I got was by trading my father's life. But I had to move on. I still had Mom to take care of.

In the next life, Dad, let me protect you and Mom BOOKS Chapter11

But just after a few days of attending, Patrick became infatuated with one of his teachers, who was also his wife in his previous life.

Upon first meeting her, Patrick immediately grabbed her by the leg.

"Honey, I was wrong about you before. From now on, I'll only treat you well."

The young teacher was terrified by his behavior and took a month off.

Patrick was also suspended from class for a month due to his inappropriate actions.

He wouldn't give up and kept harassing her at her apartment building with flowers in hand.

When she didn't show up, he would yell through the window, "Honey, I love you!"

Finally, Patrick was driven away by security for disturbing the peace.

Patrick then lost interest in his studies, deeming academic performance irrelevant, and dropped out of school after just a few months.

Many years later, when Blake and I held our wedding, Yaritza flew back from abroad, accompanied by her boyfriend with a charming London accent.

They were very affectionate, and Yaritza, now more mature and sophisticated than during high school, had a refined air about her.

"Averie, you have such clear goals at a young age. If I had been like you, I would have avoided a lot of detours."

Yaritza had endured quite a bit of hardship after failing to go to university arriving in Paris.

Whenever she faced difficulties, she would call me for support.

I always told her, "You have to learn to take responsibility for your own life."

Today, she has become the chief designer at the Miu Miu brand.

The wedding was held in a historic church

At the wedding, Dustin brought me before the priest.

The priest looked at Blake and me, asking me, "Will you love, honor, and cherish

Blake, and be faithful to him as long as you both shall live?"

"I will."

Blake and I exchanged smiles.

After eight years of being together, we had finally reached this moment.

Not everyone's youth was about skipping classes and romance. A mundane youth was also worth celebrating, and countless test papers and mistakes had led to who

I was today.

My true love had always been waiting for me in the bright future.

## **The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 53**

The school hunk, Patrick Carroll, was now dating the school belle, Yaritza Hurley.

Patrick was the top-ranked academic genius who always held the number one spot, while Yaritza was the stunning beauty who could rival Helen of Troy.

When their official relationship announcement hit, it sent the entire school into an uproar.

While the whole class buzzed with excitement, I just sat quietly in my seat, immersed in study.

Curious classmates soon gathered around me, asking, “Averie, come on, be honest!

When did your brother start dating Yaritza?!”

Patrick was my brother, at least in name.

When I was six years old, my parents’ company went bankrupt, forcing them to take the desperate route of jumping to their deaths.

Patrick’s father, Dustin Carroll, who had been my father’s business partner for many years, took me in. Since then, I have been living with their family as their daughter, Averie Carroll, in name only.

“I don’t know.”

I responded coldly, my face indifferent.

In my previous life, Dustin asked me whether Patrick was dating a girl, and I remained silent.

Dustin took the hint, quickly contacted Yaritza’s family, and sent Yaritza abroad, putting an abrupt end to their relationship.

From that moment on, Patrick held a grudge against me. On that same day, he sent some thugs to hit me and even conspired to make me miss the most important exam for me.

I could still remember that day vividly, sitting there covered in blood as I looked at him. He sneered arrogantly, his eyes filled with hatred.

“Averie, I hope you’ll know what you should never tell my dad.”

Recalling that scene from my previous life, I felt my breath grow rapidly, and a deep, endless hatred welled up in my chest.

I failed to go to university and couldn't speak, so I had to make a living washing dishes, relying only on hard labor.

Patrick, on the other hand, managed to fulfill his dream of getting into Harvard University. Riding the wave of the internet boom, he soared to great heights in his career.

Years later, he married a girl from high school who had secretly admired him.

During a media interview, he bluntly stated that his greatest regret in life was losing his first love. This comment left his wife blushing with embarrassment.

Now that given a second chance, I was determined to seize it tightly. I would not allow myself to suffer the same fate as in my previous life.

I would go to Harvard University.

And I would live a life without regrets.

“Averie, keep your mouth shut, or you'll know what to face.”

During the break between classes, Patrick leaned over from the desk in front of me and whispered in a threatening tone.

We were both students in the elite class in the top school, but while he had earned his place through his own abilities, I had only made it there thanks to Dustin's help.

Some classmates even whispered behind my back, “She doesn't as smart as Patrick. Must be because they're not actually related by blood.”

Patrick was the undefeated number one in our grade.

However, since our rebirth, he had not been the same studious person he was in our past lives. Back then, he had focused entirely on dating and studying.

But now, his exam papers were left blank, he could not be bothered to take notes, and he hardly paid attention during class. When it came to exams, he just scribbled answers randomly.

Patrick spent his time in class texting Yaritza, or browsing pages and other apps, searching for topics like “How to comfort an angry girlfriend” and “How to take care of your girlfriend during her period.”

In the past, he would keep asking teachers the moment the class ended, but now, as soon as the bell rang, he would dash off to the bottom-ranked class to find Yaritza.

His weekends, once packed with various hobby classes, were now completely spent with her.

It seemed that he had become obsessed with his appearance to match Yaritza.

Despite the packed schedule of high school, he got up half an hour earlier every day just to style his hair. He sprayed cologne on his uniform inside and out and made sure his sneakers were spotless.

Patrick even asked Yaritza for a small mirror. Every time the class was about to end, he would check his reflection from every angle, ensuring he presented the most perfect version of himself to his precious girlfriend.

## **The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 54**

The Carroll family was not excessively wealthy, but still with a few million dollars in assets to their name.

Naturally, Patrick spared no expense when it came to Yaritza.

He would take her on shopping sprees for the latest bags of the Miu Miu brand, buying up entire collections of merchandise from her favorite anime in one go.

For her birthday, he gifted her a big diamond ring.

In an upscale sky-high restaurant with live music, Patrick dropped to one knee, his eyes filled with fiery sincerity. “Yaritza, will you marry me? We may not be old enough to get a marriage license yet, but trust me, you’ll be my wife one day!”

Yaritza, overwhelmed with emotion, replied tearfully, “I... I would like to!”

As the crowd around them cheered wildly, they kissed each other passionately.

Later that night, Yaritza posted on her social media: [Being loved feels like having a fortress to lean on, and he is my fortress.]

The accompanying picture showed a large bed in a hotel room. A muscular arm wrapped around the delicate shoulder of a girl, both of them partially covered by a white duvet.

The meaning behind the image was obvious.

The comments section was filled with playful banter from their friends.

[Having a wonderful night again, bro.]

[Bring your wife out for drinks sometime.]

[Don't forget to take measures.]

I spent a few minutes browsing through this nonsense before putting down my phone and resuming my math exercises.

In my previous life, my grades were not that outstanding, but they were enough to get me into a good university.

Now, given how much time had passed, I had forgotten quite a bit, and relearning everything was proving to be challenging.

So, aside from the essential breaks for eating and sleeping, I devoted almost all my time to studying. I woke up half an hour earlier each day to memorize my notes and reviewed key concepts before bed every night.

Gradually, I made noticeable progress.

The next morning, I went downstairs to have breakfast and found Dustin sitting on the couch, his expression serious.

When he saw me, his face softened a little. "Averie, please be honest with me. Is Patrick dating someone?"

"I don't know, Dustin."

In my previous life, it was because I could not bear to lie to Dustin that I remained silent, which led to Patrick's retaliation.

This time, I was smarter.

If Patrick wanted to make a mess of his life, so be it.

"Dad, what are you talking about? In such an important period of my life, how could I possibly have time for a relationship?"

I did not even notice Patrick had come back. He glanced at me, sending me a warning look.

"Then explain to me where you were last night."

Dustin asked sharply.

It was no wonder he was upset. Patrick had always been well-behaved and had never stayed out all night before.

"Dad, I was at a tutoring session. I got so caught up in solving math problems that I ended up pulling an all-nighter."

“Alright, but don’t let it happen again.”

Dustin, ever trusting, still chose to believe his son.

After breakfast, as we were heading upstairs, Patrick stopped me.

“Averie, since we’ve both been given another chance at life, I won’t make things difficult for you. As long as you keep your mouth shut until the SAT exam, I’ll let you take the test without any trouble. When my company is established, I’ll even offer you a position.”

I could barely keep from laughing.

My dear brother, do you still think naively you will start your own company, marry Yaritza, and live a happy life just like in your past life? I thought.

Suppressing my amusement, I kept a serious face and replied, “Alright, I won’t tell anyone about your relationship.”

“Glad you know your place.”

## **The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 55**

“Hey, sweetheart. Stomachache? I’ll come over right now.”

It was likely Yaritza calling, and Patrick rushed downstairs hurriedly.

Watching his retreating figure, I could not help but laugh in my mind.

I hope Yaritza is really everything you think she is!

Patrick and Yaritza’s relationship was anything but discreet. They flaunted their love openly, completely ignoring the judgment of others.

At first, the teachers turned a blind eye to Patrick’s behavior, trusting that he would stay focused on his goals and not let trivial distractions affect his studies.

After all, he had always been a top student.

However, as his antics grew more outrageous, such as skipping classes and turning in blank exams, the teachers could no longer remain silent. They finally called Dustin.

The moment Dustin arrived at the office, he slapped Patrick hard across the face.

“You ungrateful brat! How dare you skip school to date?!”



Dustin was furious. Since childhood, Patrick had always been showered with praise from relatives and friends.

Dustin had always believed that his son would follow the successful path he had laid out for him, never imagining that one day he would be called to the school over something as foolish as his son's love life.

Patrick pressed his tongue against the side of his face, which was now swollen from the slap, and let out a reckless laugh. "Dad, you just don't get it. Yaritza is the most important person in the world to me, and nothing else even comes close!"

To the Patrick of the past, the one who would go on to become a successful CEO of a Fortune 500 company, Yaritza was indeed his greatest obsession, the one he had never had.

But what if he lost everything?

Without a second thought, Patrick pulled Yaritza into his arms and kissed her passionately right in front of the teachers and his father.

"You're a disgrace! A total disgrace!"

Dustin's eyes turned red with rage, his trembling finger pointing at Patrick.

Seemingly unsatisfied with how much damage had been done, Yaritza even leaned into the kiss, reciprocating with equal intensity.

When they finally pulled apart, she stood straight, walking over to Dustin.

"Dustin, I love your son. I believe that love can conquer all, and nothing can break apart two people who are meant to be together. And to be honest, we've already...

taken things to the next level."

That was the final straw. Dustin, completely annoyed by Yaritza's bold admission, shoved aside the teachers, trying to hold Patrick back and punching him in a blind rage.

"You idiot! Do you even understand what it means to take responsibility for your life and the lives of others?!"

Patrick remained where he stood, refusing to fight back. Even with bruises forming on his body, he stayed resolute.

"I love Yaritza, and I won't let anyone separate us!"

I had only come to the office to drop off some homework and had not intended to get involved in this ridiculous scene. Just as I was about to slip away quietly, Patrick suddenly grabbed me.

“It was you, wasn’t it? You’re jealous of Yaritza, and you can’t stand seeing us being together!”

His grip on the front of my uniform tightened, becoming so intense that I could hardly breathe.

My face flushed, partly from the lack of oxygen and partly because he had exposed my long-hidden feelings so publicly.

## **The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 56**

I liked Patrick, and that was my biggest secret.

Before Yaritza appeared, he was the brother I adored and looked up to the most.

He would help me with my homework patiently and travel miles just to buy my favorite little cakes.

On the anniversaries of my parents’ deaths, he would always be by my side, sharing my grief.

He once said, “You will never be alone. No matter when or where, I will always be there for you.”

Over time, my feelings for Patrick shifted from simple reliance to a deeper affection.

But that was in the past. My feelings for him disappeared the moment he sent people to destroy me.

I never imagined he would find out about my feelings, nor did I expect him to reveal them publicly.

All at once, emotions of shame and humiliation welled up inside me.

I shoved him away and yelled, “Yes, but now I’ve seen you for what you really are!”

He sneered, “Doesn’t matter. I love Yaritza.

The farce ended with Dustin being rushed to the hospital after suffering a heart attack.

Ironically, as Dustin was being carried away on a stretcher, Patrick and Yaritza ran to the school’s broadcasting station.

Speaking into the microphone, Patrick proclaimed with deep affection, “I love Yaritza. In my heart, she will be my only wife. No one can separate us! Not my dad, not the teachers!”

Yaritza, moved by his words, was in tears.

“We are in love. We will prove to everyone, with time, that we’ll end up in marriage. And we hope you will all attend our wedding one day!”

Their juvenile proclamation not only became fodder for their classmates to mimic

but also caused the principal, who was drinking water at the time, to choke and cough violently. Both were suspended from school for two weeks as punishment.

Patrick, furious at Dustin, thought his father didn’t support his love.

During his two-week suspension, he refused to visit Dustin in the hospital even once.

I took on the responsibility of looking after Dustin. I was deeply grateful to this middle-aged man, who, despite his stern exterior, had a soft heart.

If it weren’t for Dustin raising me, I might have become a homeless orphan by now.

Thus, I took time off from school and stayed at the hospital to care for Dustin.

When he was awake, I would bring him meals, monitor his heart rate, and read the newspaper to him.

When he was asleep, I would concentrate on my lessons.

Dustin looked at me with a pleased expression. “Averie, thank you. I know how hard you study, and you still took time off to care for me... But my ungrateful son...”

“Dustin, all I want is for you to be healthy.”

I replied sincerely.

## **The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 57**

In my previous life, Dustin was angered to death by Patrick.

It was because he learned Patrick would often skip class to fly overseas to see Yaritza after she was sent abroad for school. On her birthday, Patrick even gave her a luxury car worth almost a million dollars.

The total assets of the Carroll family barely amounted to a few million.

Dustin called him a good-for-nothing spendthrift, and ultimately, after all the stress and anger, he died from a heart attack.

When Patrick learned of Dustin's sudden death, he didn't feel he had done anything wrong. Instead, he believed it was the consequence of his father trying to stand in the way of his love.

In this life, I hoped Dustin would stay healthy and happy.

Only if he lived healthily would he be able to see what kind of person the son he raised had really become.

I owed Dustin a lot for raising me.

In this second chance at life, while my studies were important, more crucial was ensuring that Dustin stayed away from danger.

A few days later, Patrick finally came to the hospital.

When he saw me, his expression was full of disdain. "So, you're taking advantage of the situation, right? But you can forget it. My dad's assets will all go to me! No of the situation, right? But you can f matter what happens, I'm still his son!"

I ignored him and continued working on my homework.

Not satisfied, he pressed on, "What's the point of trying so hard? You'll just end up working for me in the future anyway. Typical poor person thinking. You're just so narrow minded!"

With a loud crash, a cup flew through the air and struck Patrick squarely on the back.

"Leave your sister alone and let her study. She's not like you!"

Dustin struggled to sit up in bed, his face full of anger.

"Dad, I came here to see you. Why are you being so harsh with me?" Patrick retorted.

"Came to visit me? Then where were you these past few days?" Dustin snapped.

"Dad, I know I was wrong. Can you forgive me?"

Patrick softened his tone, moving to sit beside the bed. "After all, I'm your son. How could I not care about you?"

"Then break up with that girl and focus on your studies."

"No way!"

Just hearing the word "breakup" made Patrick flare up in anger. "I love Yaritza."

“Let me tell you the truth,” he continued. “I came here today to ask why you cut off my credit card. Do you have any idea how hard Yaritza has had it while staying with me these days? She’s your future daughter-in-law, the mother of your future grandchild!”

## **The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 58**

Dustin never skimped on money for Patrick and me. Every month, we each received an allowance of 20 thousand dollars.

In the past, Patrick only focused on his studies. He neither went out to have fun nor spent money on luxury items, so he saved quite a bit.

However, in the past few months, while dating Yaritza, he had spent it all in their extravagant ways.

Dustin found out from Patrick’s friends that he had been spending a lot of money on Yaritza, so he cut off Patrick’s card.

Just a few days later, Patrick came demanding money.

His father was in the hospital because of him, yet the first thing he did upon arriving was ask for money.

“Get out of here! From now on, I won’t give you a single cent!”

Another cup flew at Patrick, which he narrowly dodged.

His eyes turned red with rage, and he pointed at me, shouting, “You’re not giving me money because you’re saving it for this bastard! Dustin Carroll, you’re my father, yet you’re siding with her!”

It was the first time Patrick had called his father by his full name, so Dustin clutched his chest in anger. Moments later, he collapsed on the bed, unconscious.

I rushed to press the emergency button and ran out to call for the doctors and nurses.

When I returned with the medical staff, the money and cards from Dustin’s wallet were already gone.

When Dustin’s condition stabilized, I returned to school.

Though I had been absent for over two weeks, I still placed second in the class on the monthly exams.

The teachers were surprised by my progress and praised my diligence frequently during lessons.

The top one was Blake Hodge, who was also my deskmate.

He had always held second place in class, but with Patrick's downfall, Blake became the number one.

Because of this, Patrick went up to him and sneered, "Remember, this top spot is one I gave up on. I won't waste my time on useless tasks like this."

Patrick was confident that with the memories of his past life, he would get a full grade in the exam, so he treated everyday exams and lessons with disdain.

Blake simply smiled, "Is it so? We'll see who comes out on top at that time."

Patrick was too arrogant, convinced no one was smarter than him.

In reality, Blake was the real genius.

He had always ranked below Patrick, simply because he didn't like the way the teachers used first place to judge students.

In my past life, Blake became the top science student in the city with the highest score. He turned down offers from prestigious universities in the country and went abroad to study at the top university in the world.

That afternoon, I took the bus to the hospital as usual after school.

Just as I stepped out of the school gate, Patrick blocked my way in his sports car.

Since taking Dustin's money and cards, he had threatened and bribed the driver to give him the car. Now, he spent his days driving Yaritza around, living a carefree life.

"Averie, get in the car. We'll go to the hospital together!"

"You two go ahead. I'll take the bus."

I glanced at Yaritza, who was in the passenger seat with her legs propped up, drying her nail polish. I thought to myself that Dustin would probably get angry again when he saw them.

"You either get in yourself or I'll make you," Patrick said, narrowing his eyes.

I looked up at the sky. The sun had not yet set, so I figured nothing too bad would happen. I opened the door and got in.

As Patrick drove, he frequently kissed Yaritza or touched her thigh.

Whenever he got bored, he would turn his attention to me in the back seat to amuse himself.

“What’s the point of working so hard? When I have my own company, she’ll just be sucking up to me,” he mocked.

Yaritza laughed loudly, “You don’t get it. Studying is her only way out. After all, she’s so plain and ugly.”

“True enough. No one can compare to my beautiful baby!” Patrick replied.

I ignored them and kept my eyes on the view outside the window.

-I–had a good memory, and soon I realized the car had deviated from the route.

This was not the way to the hospital!

“Where are you taking me?” I asked.

“You’ll know when we get there.”

## **The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 59**

Patrick dragged me out of the car by my arm. We were in front of an abandoned, half-finished building and a group of men stood not far away.

Patrick shoved me to the ground. “Here’s the little sister I mentioned. Not bad, right?”

The leader’s eyes lit up when he saw me.

“Good job this time,” he said.

“Brent, then I’ll leave Yaritza’s situation to you,” Patrick said in an unusually flattering tone.

“Don’t worry about it.”

From their conversation, I gathered that during the time Dustin had been in the hospital, Patrick brought Yaritza home to live with him.

The two were young and impulsive, and with Dustin hospitalized, they had been living together.

Unfortunately, they hadn’t been careful, and Yaritza was pregnant.

Patrick refused to let her abort the baby, insisting it was their child and should be

born.

However, with the SAT exam coming up, he came up with a plan to manipulate the physical exams and sought out a man called Brent Walter, who was in charge of the exam process.

As payment, Patrick offered me up to Brent, knowing what he liked,

“Brent, we’ll get going now. Enjoy your time.”

Patrick said, and the others followed him out.

However, before they could leave, a shout rang out, “Freeze!” The police had arrived!

I met Patrick’s shocked gaze and smirked, “I called the police before I even got into the car.”

To prevent the suffering from my past life, I have been wearing a tracking device and automatic alarm system every day since my rebirth.

When it came to Patrick, I couldn’t afford to be careless.

I watched as Patrick and the others were forced into the patrol car. Before getting in, he glared at me with murderous eyes and snarled, “Averie, when I get out, you’ll be the first one I kill.”

“Fine. I’ll be waiting for it.”

I would be waiting for the day when you lost everything.

Yaritza, used to being spoiled, never imagined a day like this would come. As she was about to be taken away, she began crying in panic. “Honey, what do we do? I’m so scared.”

“Don’t be afraid. I’ll protect you, no matter what,” Patrick reassured her, ignoring the fact that he couldn’t even protect himself.

The officers were speechless about the scene.

After all, even in this situation, all Patrick should think of was protecting himself first.

“What’s your name? What’s your relationship with Patrick?”

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Was Also Reborn

BOOKS Chapter7



The officials asked me at the police station,

“My name is Averie Carroll, and I’m living in Patrick’s family as his sister, but only

Family vacation packages

in name.”

I answered before recounting the events of the day.

“All right. Given your situation, Patrick will be detained for one month as he is considered a person with limited civil capacity.”

“Of course, you can write a bail request if you want.”

“No need,” I said, shaking my head. “Let him stay in there for a month.”

In the end, Patrick was detained for a month. Not wanting Yaritza to suffer with him, he insisted she was uninvolved in the kidnapping.

As for the others, they were punished just like Patrick.

When I left the police station with Yaritza, she suddenly called out to me, “Patrick was detained because of you. Are you happy now?”

“No.”

Of course, I wasn’t happy enough. Patrick’s punishment had only just begun.

I turned back to face her and said, “You’d better think about your future and the child you’re carrying. Are you sure you want to tie your entire life to a man like him?”

## **The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 60**

In my past life, after their relationship was exposed, Dustin contacted Yaritza’s family quickly and sent her abroad to study art with a substantial sum of money.

Years later, Yaritza became a designer and found her true love, settling abroad.

Her marriage had long been a sore spot for Patrick, which was why he was so eager to propose to her as soon as he was reborn.

I had no ill will towards Yaritza, and my reminders were sincere.

But she didn't buy it. "I know you have a crush on Patrick, and you want to break us up so you can take my place, right? Averie, I've never met anyone more despicable than you!"

Since she didn't want my advice, I wouldn't waste more breath on her and left by hailing a cab.

During the month Patrick was detained, I had quite a happy time.

I went back and forth between school, the hospital, and home, and my life was fulfilling.

Additionally, since I was seated next to Blake, I would ask him any questions I had, and he would explain things patiently. Consequently, I made great progress in my grades.

After the most recent monthly exam results came out, the teacher praised me in front of everyone, saying, "As long as Averie keeps performing steadily, getting into the top university shouldn't be a problem."

At that moment, Blake turned to me and asked, "Averie, which one are you aiming for?"

"Stanford University," I replied.

That had been my dream in my past life.

"Okay," he said, a mysterious smile tugging at his lips.

When I tried to ask what he meant by it, he said it was nothing.

Patrick was released three days before the SAT exam.

He called me, "Averie, I originally planned to let you attend the exam. But since you've annoyed me, you have to pay for it."

I knew Patrick wasn't joking. Moreover, given the current condition, I couldn't afford any risks.

I packed my exam supplies, moved out of the Carroll's house, and found a hotel near the exam venue. I also prepared a lot of water, snacks, and toiletries.

To be safe, I planned to stay in the hotel room until the exam, relying solely on takeout for meals.

Fortunately, Blake and I were taking the exam in the same classroom nearby and had booked rooms at the same hotel.

This eased my anxiety a bit. If anything did happen, at least there was someone who could call for help.

"Averie, stay calm," Blake said.

He noticed my anxiety, but he didn't know I was afraid of being captured like in my past life.

After spending two safe days at the hotel, I thought everything would be fine until the exam. Unfortunately, an unexpected event occurred.

The day before the exams, I ordered something light for a meal.

minutes before opening the door. Seeing no one through the peephole, I opened it.

When the delivery arrived, I asked him to leave it at the door and waited five

To my surprise, I was met with a pair of eyes gleaming with malicious intent.

Before I could react, a wet towel soaked with a strange-smelling substance was pressed over my mouth.

When I came to, barely managing to support my weak body from the floor, I saw Patrick and the same group of people from before standing before me.

"Brent, she's the one who reported us last time, causing us to be locked up for so

o reported us last time, causing us to be locked long! I've removed the tracker from her. Please do whatever you want with her!"

Patrick spat.

Since Brent was imprisoned, Yaritza had not been able to avoid the physical exam, and her qualification for the exam was canceled due to her pregnancy.

Patrick now wanted nothing more than to kill me.