

The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 61

“Break one of her hands.”

Brent said, his cigarette dangling from his mouth. He gestured to his subordinates to drag me towards a nearby meat grinder.

I noticed the running meat grinder with its sharp gears turning relentlessly, looking like a terrifying monster.

Two of his men then dragged me to the grinder and grabbed one of my hands, preparing to put it into the machine.

Seeing my fingertips just an inch away from the sharp gears, I felt a surge of scare.

It was my right hand.

It was the first time since my rebirth that I felt this disappointed in myself. After all my efforts, I was still unable to escape the fate of my past life...

“Brent Walter, do you still want that promotion or not?!”

Addressed by his full name, Brent’s face turned red with anger. Upon recognizing the newcomer, he immediately shrank back, like a turtle.

“Mr. Hodge.”

I looked towards the newcomer as well and was shocked.

Blake?

With the setting sun outside the window, it felt like my new life was just beginning.

I later received a call from Dustin after the exam. His tone sounded dejected.

“Averie, Patrick is...”

It turned out that after Blake called the police, Brent panicked and blamed everything on Patrick.

In his rage, he fed one of Patrick’s hands into the meat grinder.

By the time the police arrived, Patrick had lost too much blood and was unconscious. Even with immediate medical attention, the severed hand was beyond saving.

I heard that Patrick broke down in his hospital room, smashing everything and crying hysterically. Yaritza, who came to see him, was driven away.

As the main female character in the incident, Yaritza later came to see me.

“Averie, what should I do?”

“What can you do? Abort the baby and leave him,” I replied.

“How can I do that? Patrick will go crazy. Besides, he loves me so deeply. How can I leave him now?”

Looking at her pretty face, I couldn’t help but smile, “Think about it. If you hadn’t been in a relationship with him, how would you have ended up like this...”

At just seventeen years old, she was facing the deprivation of an important exam opportunity and carrying a child. Maybe she would even wander through life with Patrick, enduring mockery and contempt from others in the future.

I never believed Patrick loved Yaritza. If he did, he wouldn’t neglect her future.

His feelings for Yaritza were merely possessiveness from his youth, fulfilling his pathological desires.

Patrick was just a big child, whether with Dustin or with Yaritza.

“Your life shouldn’t be bound by men and children, and you shouldn’t be submissive because of their small favors. Your life is in your own hands.”

After that day, I didn’t hear from Yaritza for a long time.

When she called me again, it was just before she left for abroad. “Averie, you were right. My life is in my own hands, so I’ve decided to go abroad to pursue my design dreams. As for Patrick, we had an amicable breakup.”

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Weeks later, the exam results were coming out.

Dustin stayed up with me all night checking.

“Averie, how about your score?” Dustin said anxiously.

“Take it easy. I’m confident about it.”

I finally got a high score and soon received a call from Stanford University.

“Hello, this is the admissions office of Stanford University.”

In the following days, I got offers from several universities.

In the end, after weighing my options, I chose Stanford University.

At the new student welcome ceremony, I saw a familiar face. “Blake, weren’t you going abroad to study?”

I still remembered he went abroad in my past life.

At that time, he got both fame and fortune, and upon returning, he was promoted directly to a top executive position in a Fortune 500 company.

It was a pity, though, that Blake never married, which disappointed many ladies.

who admired him.

“Plans changed.”

He replied with a confusing answer.

After that, Blake and I, being friends and in the same department, often spent time together.

On my birthday, he reserved a sky restaurant, dressed in a white suit and holding flowers, and came to me.

When I returned to the Carroll’s house for the first time after starting university,

Dustin drove me back personally, with Patrick sitting in the back seat.

Seeing me, Patrick snorted coldly, “That means nothing. Just wait, even if I don’t go to university, I’ll start my own company and surpass you easily.”

Dustin just took Patrick’s words as nonsense.

“Averie, he’s been daydreaming for a long time. Just ignore it.”

Since losing his right hand and breaking up with Yaritza, Patrick had become obsessed with starting a business, arguing for it every day.

However, due to his high school education and disability, he faced numerous setbacks. He couldn't understand why his past success couldn't be replicated.

His arrogance made him believe that with his previous life's memories, he could easily succeed without effort.

He thought he could ace the university entrance exam without studying and ride the wave of the internet industry without being grounded.

To that, I could only say he deserved what was coming.

I spent a few days at home, and for some reason, Patrick suddenly told Dustin that he wanted to repeat his senior year.

Dustin, furious, scolded him harshly but, unable to change his mind, had to ask a friend to contact a special education school.

After a few days, Patrick came back and bragged, "High school knowledge is so easy. Just wait, as long as I learn to write next time!"

"Well, I wish you luck," I replied.

easy. Just wait, as long as I learn to write with my left hand, I'll be the top scorer next time!"

"Well, I wish you luck," I replied.

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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."

Lendured quite a bit of hardship after failing to go to university and 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 64

My son's body was covered in tubes and machines. His pale face had a sickly red tint.

I rubbed my eyes.

I had returned to this familiar scene.

Seeing the heartbreaking sight from my past life again, I trembled as I reached out for my son's warm hand.

A lump formed in my throat.

Tears rolled down my cheeks.

"I missed you so much, so much... I'm so sorry..."

My husband, Lucas, gently patted my shoulder.

"Don't disturb him anymore. Let's go. Time's up."

A nurse urged us out, and I forced my weak legs to move as Lucas and I left the ICU.

We sat down in a cramped office.

He shoved a pen into my hand.

"You've seen it yourself. His o***ns are failing, and there's no coming back. Every second he's alive is pure suffering."

"Sign this o****n donation form, and let him find peace."

Hearing his casual tone, my anger flared up so fiercely that it dried my tears.

I slammed the pen down on the desk and shoved his hand off my shoulder.

"I'm not signing! My son can still be saved!"

Lucas was stunned for a moment.

"We just agreed, didn't we? You've seen the diagnosis yourself. This is the best hospital in the whole city. What more do you need to believe?"

Believe?

I stared into Lucas's seemingly innocent and surprised eyes.

I could see the cruelty behind them.

The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 65

In my past life, I trusted him too much.

Our son, Cody, was hospitalized with kidney inflammation at the best hospital in the city.

What I didn't know was that the doctor Lucas found for him, Nancy, was his first lover from years ago.

Kidney inflammation wasn't usually fatal.

But the night I left the hospital, Cody's condition suddenly worsened, and he ended up in the ER.

By the time I rushed back to the hospital, Nancy announced that Cody's o***ns had failed.

Before I could even process the shock, Lucas was already dragging me to sign the o***n donation forms.

"Cody was always so kind," Lucas said. "Now his life can save others. I know he'd want that."

I was crying so hard, I could barely breathe.

Half forcing, half coaxing, Lucas made me sign my name on that agreement.

What I didn't know was that as soon as they took Cody off life support, his heart was rushed to Nancy's daughter, who had been born with a heart defect.

For months, I couldn't recover from the pain of losing my son.

Meanwhile, Lucas quickly got back to his normal life.

One day, by chance, I spotted Lucas at an amusement park in a neighboring city.

A little girl I didn't recognize was sitting on his shoulders, and Nancy was cozied up next to him, arm in arm.

I followed them, demanding answers, but they pushed me off a building instead.

As I lay in a pool of blood, I clutched Cody's hair locket.

I had wanted to die so many times before. At that moment, staring at their smug

faces.

pure hatred burned away my weakness.

Being reborn in this moment was a blessing from above.

It was time to avenge my son!

I wished I could slap Lucas right then and there.

“I’m transferring Cody to another hospital for a second opinion! There’s no way I’m signing that paper!”

Seeing the anger in my eyes, Lucas frowned.

“Lola, stop making a scene.”

“I stayed here all night while you went home. I saw the whole resuscitation process.”

“I know you’re in pain, but this is the reality. Can’t you control your emotions for a minute?”
cold laugh.

“Control my emotions? You want a mother, standing over her dying child, to keep her emotions in check?”

“I went home last night because your mother claimed she was having heart problems and needed me to take care of her!”

Lucas’s face darkened.

“Don’t blame my mom or me. It’s just bad luck for Cody.”

“And what’s with this sudden change of heart? You agreed to sign the papers earlier. Don’t you think you’re being irrational?”

Seeing how indifferent he was, I didn’t even want to argue anymore.

The only thing that mattered now was transferring Cody and getting a proper diagnosis and treatment.

The Lucas I saw in front of me wasn’t the same man who used to splash around barefoot in the tiny apartment with our son.

I pushed the office door open hard and headed straight back to the ICU.

As I dialed a familiar number on my phone, my hand shook slightly.

Lucas and I had been married for seven years. For all that time, I'd been cut off from my family.

My parents and brother had begged me not to marry him, but I had stubbornly turned my back on my wealthy family to struggle alongside Lucas in a different city.

Now, the only people who could help me were the ones who had never abandoned me.

When my dad picked up, I could barely get the words out through my sobs.

"Dad, please... save my son. He needs to be transferred to the best hospital in the state..."

My parents didn't hold a grudge. They immediately contacted the top medical team in the state.

After hanging up, I glanced at the clock on the wall.

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The transfer team would arrive in two hours.

Just then, Lucas came rushing over.

"Lola, what are you doing here!?"

"Stop causing trouble and come sign the papers."

"You already agreed. The whole medical team is waiting."

I ignored him and stared at the ICU door.

Seeing that I wasn't responding, Lucas grew impatient.

"Come on, don't just stand there! Don't disappoint the doctors!"

I turned to look at him.

"Cody is still in the ICU, and you're already thinking about harvesting his o***ns?"

Lucas's face paled with panic.

"What are you talking about? He's our son! Do you think I'm some kind of jerk?"

"His o****ns have failed. His brain is dead. He'll never wake up again. He's just a shell of a person now!"

“Donating his o***ns is meaningful. Cody used to watch TV and say he wanted to make his life count. Isn't this fulfilling his wish?”

Hearing this, rage boiled inside me.

Months ago, Lucas had made us watch a documentary about o**n donation.

Cody, being the sweet boy he was, had cried through the whole thing.

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I never realized that my son's kindness and my trust were part of Lucas's scheme.

With all the strength I could muster, I slapped him hard across the face.

“Get out! I'm not going anywhere, and no one is touching my son! I'm transferring him!”

Lucas stumbled backward, holding his face, looking completely humiliated. He couldn't help but shout.

“You're so obsessed with your feelings, you're keeping Cody alive just to suffer! What's the point of that?”

“His muscles will waste away, bedsores will form. His whole body will rot while he's still alive!”

“Why make him go through that kind of agony when you could let him pass peacefully?”

I glared at this man, who had once been my husband.

All his self-righteous words were just a cover for his carefully planned cruelty.

As we stood there, a figure came running up, grabbing Lucas.

The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 67

“Lucas! Are you okay?”

It was my mother-in-law.

She looked at Lucas's already swelling face, then turned to me angrily.

"Lola! How could you hit Lucas like that? You're acting like a total shrew!"

"Cody's condition is hopeless. This isn't Lucas's fault, so stop taking it out on him!"

"And what's wrong with signing the donation papers? The boy's dead anyway. Do you plan to keep his body at home forever?"

The more she spoke, the more outrageous her words became.

I was seething. With my eyes burning red, I slapped Lucas again, this time on the other cheek.

Two hard slaps in a row.

Lucas stood there, dazed.

Even my mother-in-law hadn't expected this. She screamed and rushed to check on him, wailing in shock.

I looked at my reddened hand coldly.

"Hurt, doesn't it? Of course it does. A parent feels the pain of their child."

"Get out of here! Say one more word, and I'll throw my thermos at you!" her-in-law's eyes bulged in fury as she trembled.

"You shrew! You're a complete shrew!"

The scene was chaotic. Lucas suppressed his rage and turned to me.

"Lola, you've slapped me, yelled at me. Are you done yet?"

"Come with me and sign the papers!"

"There's nothing more to talk about. You already nodded your head in the doctor's office earlier, and you can't go back on your word now!"

With that, he snatched the phone from my hand and tried to drag me away by the arms.

My mother-in-law helped him, pushing me towards the door.

I gritted my teeth and struggled with all my strength.

Realizing I couldn't win against the two of them, I screamed at the top of my lungs.

“Doctor! Nurse! Security! Help! They’re trying to kidnap me!”

Several nurses rushed over.

Recognizing Lucas, they hesitated awkwardly.

Lucas forced a smile.

“It’s fine. My wife is just a little emotional. Don’t worry about it.”

wasn’t giving up and continued to shout.

“They laid hands on me first!”

“If you don’t stop them, I’ll keep yelling until every patient’s family member in the uding hears!”

The nurses exchanged uncertain glances, but eventually stepped forward to separate us.

Reluctantly, Lucas let go of my arm.

Finally, I felt a small sense of relief and glanced at the clock again.

Only an hour left until the transfer team arrived.

Just one more hour, and I could take Cody away from this place forever!

“Lucas, what’s going on? Why aren’t you coming over here?”

A sweet, familiar voice called out. It was Nancy.

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She cast a loving glance at Lucas, then noticed his swollen face and quickly stepped forward to check on him.

The moment Lucas saw her, his anger melted into tenderness.

“It’s nothing. Lola didn’t want to sign the papers, so we argued a bit.”

Nancy looked up at my disheveled appearance and spoke gently.

“Lola, your son is brain dead. You already agreed to donate his o**ns.”

“The hospital is incredibly grateful for your generosity.”

“I understand that this is a hard thing to accept. It’s not easy to get past the emotional hurdle.”

“But don’t worry. While your son may be gone, his life will continue in a new way...”

I cut off her sanctimonious speech.

“You’re lying! My son isn’t brain dead, and your diagnosis is fake!”

“There’s no way I’m signing anything. I’m transferring him right now!”

Nancy shook her head, putting on a show of false humility.

“Lola, I know you’re grieving, but please don’t make baseless accusations.”

“I stayed up all night trying to save your son.”

“I haven’t slept, and I still have to treat other patients. But now you’re accusing me of being incompetent!”

“The entire team prepared so much for this donation.”

“Even the media is here waiting. How do you expect me to explain this to them?”

Hearing this, the surrounding patients and nurses started whispering among themselves.

“Nancy is one of the best doctors in the hospital. How could she possibly misdiagnose something like this?”

“I think she’s just too emotional. She’s causing a scene.”

“Yeah, poor Nancy. She worked so hard and now she’s being blamed. Isn’t this just medical drama?”

Seeing the crowd turn against me, Lucas smirked in satisfaction.

“Lola, you’re too worked up. Let’s go back to the office and talk, alright?”

He reached out to grab me again, but I backed away, wary.

“Don’t touch me!”

Nancy signaled to the nurses.

Out of nowhere, security guards appeared, shoving me against the wall.

Nancy instructed the nurses.

“She’s too emotional. Administer a sedative immediately!”

Lucas quickly chimed in.

“As her husband, I consent!”

The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 69

My son’s body was covered in tubes and machines. His pale face had a sickly red tint.

I rubbed my eyes.

I had returned to this familiar scene.

Seeing the heartbreaking sight from my past life again,

I trembled as I reached out for my son’s warm hand.

A lump formed in my throat.

Tears rolled down my cheeks.

“I missed you so much, so much... I’m so sorry...”

My husband, Lucas, gently patted my shoulder.

“Don’t disturb him anymore. Let’s go. Time’s up.”

A nurse urged us out, and I forced my weak legs to move as Lucas and I left the ICU.

We sat down in a cramped office.

He shoved a pen into my hand.

“You’ve seen it yourself. His o***ans are failing, and there’s no coming back. Every second he’s alive is pure suffering.”

“Sign this o***an donation form, and let him find peace.”

Hearing his casual tone, my anger flared up so fiercely that it dried my tears.

I slammed the pen down on the desk and shoved his hand off my shoulder.

“I’m not signing! My son can still be saved!”

Lucas was stunned for a moment.

“We just agreed, didn’t we? You’ve seen the diagnosis yourself. This is the best hospital in the whole city. What more do you need to believe?”

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“Control my emotions? You want a mother, standing over her dying child, to keep her emotions in check?”

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