

The Man Who Burned Me Alive in My Past Life Was Also Reborn Chapter 71

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.

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 **n*

“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 or***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 **n donation.

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

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.

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“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!"

My mother-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 paperst

"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 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.

Dorsori Tursel Security! Help! They're trying to kidnap me!"

Several nurses rushed over

Recognizing Lucas, they hesitated awkwardly.

Locas forced a smile.

It's fine. My wife is just a little emotional. Don't worry about it."

I 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 Building hear

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 organs."

“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!”

As the nurse approached with the syringe, I desperately struggled and screamed, but no one came to help.

“Stop! Let her go!”

Suddenly, a voice boomed across the room, freezing everyone in place.

Paid Checkpoint

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My brother, Ryan, had arrived with the medical team.

While the security guards and nurses were still in shock, I shoved them off and ran straight to my brother.

“Ryan, help Cody!”

He gave me a reassuring pat on the shoulder, his expression darkening as he turned to Lucas.

“You’re helping an outsider hurt your own wife? Are you even human?”

“Where’s the report proving Cody’s brain death? Show me!”

I was trembling all over, my back drenched in cold sweat.

If Ryan hadn’t arrived just in time, they would’ve sedated me.

I would’ve been forced to sign the papers, and Cody would’ve been gone forever.

Nancy composed herself and glared at my brother with arrogance.

“Who are you?”

“This is an ICU. Security, remove anyone who isn’t an immediate family member.”

Ryan wasn't fazed at all and shot her a cold smile.

"I'm Cody's uncle. Immediate family."

"And I have questions about your diagnosis, so show us the report!"

Lucas and Nancy exchanged nervous glances.

"How come I've never heard about this uncle?" Lucas sneered.

"Lola always said she didn't have any family."

My mother-in-law turned to me, suspicious.

I blinked back tears and held onto my brother's arm.

"I was young and stupid back then. I let this monster cut me off from my family... But now I know I was wrong."

Ryan wiped my tears away.

"It's alright. First, let's get Cody transferred. We'll deal with the divorce later."

Lucas scoffed, his tone mocking.

"Only Cody's biological parents have the right to make decisions about his treatment."

"I don't care if you're the uncle. Even if her whole family shows up, it won't change a thing."

My mother-in-law jumped in, backing him up. "That's right! This is a family matter, and it's none of your business!"

Ryan got angry. Before he could say anything more, Nancy stepped forward, cutting him off.

"Listen, transferring a patient doesn't just require the parents' consent. The attending physician has to approve it, too."

"And as Cody's doctor, I don't think he's fit to be transferred. I won't allow it."

I glared at Nancy, fury building inside me.

"I'll sign a liability waiver. My medical team will handle the transfer. Whatever happens will be on us, it has nothing to do with your hospital!"

As the tension escalated, the hospital director, Jacky finally arrived.

Ryan leaned in and whispered, “Don’t worry, I spoke with him before we came.. He’ll be on our side.”

I breathed a sigh of relief, hoping Jacky would bring some justice to the situation.

Clearing his throat, Jacky began, his tone slow and measured.

“I’ve been briefed on the situation. So, Lola doesn’t agree with Dr. Nancy’s diagnosis and has decided not to sign the donation forms. She also wants to transfer her son, correct?”

Nancy nodded hesitantly, fear creeping into her eyes.

Jacky continued, “Then bring out the brain death report so Lola and her family can review it. That will clear everything up.”

Lucas and Nancy froze, their faces going pale.

Nancy fumbled for an excuse. “Well, due to time constraints, and the fact that our team worked overnight to save the patient, the report... isn’t quite ready yet.”

I couldn’t help but laugh bitterly.

“Not ready? Or you just haven’t finished faking it?”

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Nancy bit her lip, her eyes welling with fake tears.

“I don’t understand... We already had the family’s consent. The whole team has been working non-stop, and the reporters are anxiously waiting for the good news.”

“And now, just because one family member refuses to accept reality, we’re being forced into this corner?”

A few junior doctors and nurses couldn’t hold back their anger anymore.

“Yeah, we all saw how hard Dr. Nancy worked! It’s so unfair!”

“All her effort wasted because of some unreasonable relative. This is outrageous!”

“She’s the one who agreed to sign! There are so many families desperately waiting for organs, and now their hopes are being crushed!”

Lucas stepped forward, standing firmly behind Nancy.

“I have no doubts about Dr. Nancy’s diagnosis.”

“Lola, you’ve made a scene long enough. Bringing your family in to pressure the hospital? That’s too much.”

My tongue tasted bitter, and the weight of everyone’s accusations and scorn weighed me down, making it hard to breathe.

Ryan squeezed my trembling hand and firmly demanded, “Since Jacky asked for the report, we’ll wait for it.”

A nurse was dispatched to rete

In the midst of the commotion, a group of reporters who had been waiting in the office earlier came over, quietly raising their cameras.

But I noticed something strange. Jacky, without showing any outward signs, subtly moved closer to Nancy and gave her a knowing nod.

Confused, I nudged Ryan and whispered what I had seen.

He caught on quickly, instructing a quiet, unassuming young man from the transfer team to do something.

There was no time to say anything more.

The nurse returned, carrying the brain death report.

Jacky skimmed through it, confidently handing it over to me and Ryan.

“The report is complete. All data is accurate, and the diagnosis is correct.”

It didn’t take long for the transfer team to confirm this.

Ryan’s face paled in shock, and I let out a cry.

“That’s impossible! The diagnosis can’t be correct!”

Lucas, who had been tense moments before, suddenly relaxed, letting out a cruel laugh.

“See, Lola? This proves you’ve been causing unnecessary trouble. Now apologize to Nancy and let your brother and his people leave.”

My mother-in-law clapped her hands together, cheering.

“Her whole family is just as troublesome as she is! They’re all troublemakers! Get them out of here!”

Nancy pretended to be upset, tears in her eyes.

The onlookers turned their frustration toward me.

The reporters looked furious, muttering among themselves.

“This is medical harassment! Poor Dr. Nancy. She’s so wronged.”

“They came in like a pack of wolves, bullying one innocent doctor. I can’t stand it!”

“Someone needs to kick them out so Nancy can get back to work!”

The crowd’s anger surrounded me like a thick fog, chilling me to the bone.

Jacky, clearly on Nancy’s side, waved his hand to signal the security guards.

Ryan, visibly anxious, leaned in and whispered something in my ear.

I felt a spark of hope ignite inside me.

From the corner of my eye, I saw the young man from the transfer team sneaking back from Nancy’s office. He gave me a subtle nod.

With renewed confidence, I shouted at Lucas, “You want to back me into a corner, Lucas? Fine, I’ll give you what you want!”

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As soon as I finished speaking, a video started playing on the large screen outside the ICU.

Nancy’s voice filled the room, her tone soft and playful.

“Are you sure? You’re so heartless... It’s, making me a little scared.”

Everyone turned toward the screen in shock.

It was footage from Nancy’s private office, showing her sitting on Lucas’s lap. Her arms wrapped around his neck.

She wiggled her hips flirtatiously as she continued,

“Alright, alright, stop it. If you keep teasing me like this, how are you going to handle the consequences?”

Lucas gazed at her with lust in his eyes.

“I have to be heartless with Cody. Otherwise, how are we going to save our daughter, Ciara?”

“Keeping him in the ICU costs tens of thousands a day. Who knows if he’ll even survive?”

“I’d rather spend that money on Ciara than waste it on Cody and my nagging wife.”

“This is a rare opportunity. You better act fast!”

Nancy’s eyes sparkled with excitement, and she broke into a wide grin.

“Finally, Ciara will be saved. Alright, I’ll handle the brain death report. No problem.”

“You just convince Lola to sign the donation papers. Without her signature, none of this will work. You need to make it happen!”

Lucas squeezed Nancy’s waist and smirked

“She’s a mess right now. She’ll agree to anything I say. Don’t worry.”

The video ended there.

The room was dead silent.

Nancy stood frozen in place. Her face was bright red, her body trembling.

Lucas’s face turned pale. He couldn’t say a word.

The reporters quickly turned their cameras from me to Nancy and Lucas.

“Dr. Jacky, what’s your opinion on this footage?”

“Dr. Nancy, how do you explain colluding with the patient’s family to falsify a diagnosis report?”

Dr. Jacky, sweating bullets, stammered, “We’ll need to conduct a thorough investigation before making any official statements...”

As he spoke, he tried to retreat, motioning for security to block the crowd, but I noticed him sneak a glare at Ryan before making his escape.

Ryan whispered to me, “Looks like my tech guy did a good job. If we hadn’t gotten the footage in time, they would’ve destroyed it tonight.”

I nodded gratefully, then stepped forward and slapped both Lucas and Nancy across the face.

“Once Cody recovers, I’ll deal with you two properly.”

“Divorcé, lawsuits, prison time... You won’t escape any of it.”

With that, Ryan signaled his team, and they immediately started preparing for the transfer.

One of the nurses, who had been the loudest in criticizing me earlier, now came over, eyes filled with regret.

“I’m so sorry. I was wrong to judge you. I’ll make extra copies of Cody’s medical records for you. Please, save him.”

I smiled forgivingly and accepted the files.

Everything was moving smoothly.

Nancy and Lucas, too ashamed to stay, disappeared without a word.

Two hours later, Cody was safely transferred to the best hospital in the state. His condition steadily improved, and I finally allowed myself to relax.

When my parents arrived, we all hugged and cried together.

Ryan stayed silent for a moment, then pulled out a USB drive.

“Lola, there’s more to that footage than what you’ve seen.”

I’ll hire the best lawyers for your divorce and the medical malpractice suit, but he rest... it’s up to you.”

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As I held the USB in my hand, memories from my previous life flashed through my mind.

I remembered the time I had stumbled upon Lucas and Nancy at the amusement park, their daughter Ciara with them.

Ciara, who was about Cody’s age, sat in the back seat of Lucas’s car, holding a melting ice cream cone.

Nancy sat in the passenger seat, playfully hitting Lucas's chest, causing Ciara to giggle as the ice cream dripped everywhere.

Lucas, who had always been so fussy about cleanliness, didn't mind at all.

In fact, the three of them laughed together, as if they were a happy family.

Family vacation packages

I remembered the time Cody had been hungry during a traffic jam, and I had handed him a chocolate bar.

Some crumbs had fallen in the car, and Lucas had exploded in anger, kicking us out of the car in the middle of traffic.

I stood there with Cody in my arms, stuck between the rushing cars, as Lucas drove off.

Cody had cried, begging for forgiveness.

"Daddy, please don't leave me and Mommy! I'll be good. I'll never make a mess in your car again!"

Thinking of this, I smiled bitterly.

It was my blind love and devotion that had given Lucas the chance to hurt our son.

But now, I was realized that I was wrong.

My resolve hardened.

"Don't worry, Ryan. This isn't over. I'll make sure they pay for everything they've done."

For the next three days and nights, I stayed outside the ICU, praying.

Finally, we received the news that Cody's condition had improved enough for him to be moved to a regular ward.

I could finally breathe again.

Looking at Cody's face, which now had a bit of color, I gently kissed his forehead.

"Ryan, could you and Mom and Dad help take care of Cody for a few days? I need to go back and pack up our things."

Ryan looked concerned. "Are you sure? I could send someone with you."

I shook my head.

“Don’t worry, Ryan, I won’t p

“I just need you to do me a few favors and be ready.”

A few hours later, I returned home.

The first thing I did was toss the divorce papers onto the table.

Neither Lucas nor his mother were home.

I grabbed a suitcase and began packing up Cody’s things and mine.

We didn’t have much.

After all these years of living with Lucas, Cody and I had lived a life of scrimping and saving.

But I carefully packed all the little crafts Cody had made, wrapping them securely.

Just as I finished, I heard the door open.

Lucas walked in, his eyes immediately falling on the divorce papers.

“Lola, fine, let’s get divorced. I won’t fight you for custody of Cody.”

“But you have to promise me that you won’t press charges against Nancy. If you agree to that, I’ll leave with nothing.”

I looked up at him, disgusted.

“Leave with nothing? How much of this house did you actually earn, Lucas?”

“With all the evidence we’ve got, do you really think custody will be up for debate?”

Realizing I had seen through his lies, Lucas dropped the act. He stormed over and slapped me hard across the face.

“You’ve got some nerve! After everything I’ve done for you two freeloaders, this is how you repay me?”

The blow was vicious, and I tasted blood in my my mouth.

“What are you talking about? Freeloader?”

“I’m done talking. You want to avoid pressing charges against Nancy? Fine.”

“Meet me at the Sach hotel tonight, room 701, at eight. We’ll discuss terms.”

With that, I grabbed my suitcase and walked out the door.

Lucas, tonight’s going to be a night you won’t forget.

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That evening, Lucas showed up at the hotel right on time.

As he reached the seventh floor, he saw me waiting by the elevator.

He glanced around nervously, but the only other person nearby was a hotel staff member.

“Lola, what are you trying to pull? You’re not planning on seducing me, are you?”

I chuckled at his arrogance.

“Seducing you? Maybe, but not by me.”

We reached room 701. I nodded at the staff member, who swiped a key card.

With a soft click, the door swung open.

There was a moment of stunned silence, followed by a shocked voice.

“Who’s there?”

Lucas froze.

It was Nancy’s voice.

He pushed past me to step into the room.

Nancy, wrapped in nothing but a towel, quickly tried to block the door.

“Lucas! What are you doing here? I’m just getting out of the shower.”

Lucas peered inside, frowning.

“What are you doing here? Why are you in this hotel?”

I leaned against the doorframe casually.

“Need me to explain what’s going on, Lucas?”

Nancy shot me a vicious look and tried to shut the door.

“I had a meeting here today, and I came up to freshen up afterward... Wait outside while I get dressed.”

Before she could slam the door, I swiftly blocked it and pulled out my phone.

“Let’s not pretend anymore. I’ll let the footage speak for itself.”

I played a recording from the hospital’s surveillance cameras.

This time, it wasn’t Lucas and Nancy in the frame, but Nancy and Jacky, in a private meeting in his office.

“Sweetheart, you’re so amazing. With you in charge, I’ll definitely win the competition for department head,” Nancy cooed.

Nancy was draped across Jacky’s lap, tracing circles on his chest.

“Oh, stop it! You’re just as incredible as ever,” Jacky responded with a sleazy grin.

“You’ve given so much for this, too. How long have you been stringing along Lucas now?”

Nancy gave him a playful slap.

“Oh, please. You know I’m only with him because you won’t leave your wife. A girl’s gotta secure her future somehow.”

“Besides, Lucas is a total deadbeat. He won’t even splurge on a decent hotel room.

The conversation got even more disgusting after that.

Lucas’s face turned pale as he watched. His whole body trembled.

He had been played for a fool.

I closed the video and sneered.

“Well, Lucas, enjoying the show? How does it feel to be someone’s backup plan?”

Lucas’s disbelief turned to rage as he turned to Nancy.

“Nancy, tell me this isn’t true. Tell me it’s all lies.”

Nancy's eyes darted around, trying to find a way out.

But the proof was undeniable.

Before she could say anything, I shoved her aside and barged into the room, where Jacky was hastily trying to pull up his pants.

"Wait, wait! I can explain! You're violating my privacy..." he stammered as he desperately tried to cover himself.

Lucas's anger reached a breaking point.

With a roar, he shoved Nancy to the floor and lunged at Jacky, raining punches on him.

"Stop! Stop hitting me!" Jacky cried.

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Lucas's hands trembled as he clutched the DNA results, his voice breaking into a low growl.

"Nancy! You... you lied to me! All this time, Ciara wasn't mine?!"

"You tricked me into this! You let me believe I was her father, and it was all a lie!"

Na's face went ghostly pale. She tried to explain, her voice shaking.

"Lucas, listen! It's not what you think! Jacky forced me... I had no choice! You're the only one I love. You have to believe me!"

But Lucas had had enough.

Blinded by rage, he jumped into his car and slammed his foot on the gas.

The tires screeched as he sped toward Nancy, who stood frozen in terror.

"Lucas, no! Stop!"

She barely had time to scream before the car hit her, sending her flying into the air and crashing down with a sickening thud.

Blood splattered everywhere.

Lucas, still consumed by fury, didn't stop there. He reversed the car, then sped forward again, driving over Nancy's body.

Her arms twitched grotesquely as her body bled out, but Lucas kept shouting, “Die! You b***h! You lied to me, and now you’ll pay for it!”

Even as Nancy’s broken form lay motionless beneath the car, Lucas kept screaming, slamming the car back and forth over her lifeless body.

I turned away from the gruesome sight, my face emotionless.

“Call the police,” I told the driver quietly.

That night, Lucas was arrested after trying to flee the scene.

The next morning, I signed the final divorce papers and left the city, never intending to return.

At the hospital, Cody had finally woken up, his soft voice calling for me.

As I held him in my arms, tears streamed down my face.

Cody, trying to comfort me, reached up to wipe my tears.

“Mom, who was that man? The one who yelled a lot?”

I smiled through my tears and glanced at Ryan.

“That was your uncle. And look, out in the hall, your grandparents are here, too.”

“Remember how you said you wished you had grandparents like the other kids? Well, you do! And they love you very, very much.”

Cody’s face lit up with a big smile.

“Really? That’s awesome! I’ll be a good boy so they’ll like me!”

My parents came in, along with Ryan, all of them reaching out to hold Cody’s hand.

“We’ll be waiting for you to get better!”

For the first time in this life, I felt the weight lift off my chest. I had saved Cody.

As for Lucas, his fate was sealed.

A few weeks later, I read about his trial in the criminal news.

After fleeing the scene, Lucas had gone to the hospital to find Jacky. In a fit of madness, he had bludgeoned him to death with a metal chair.

Jacky's daughter, Ciara, had been in the same hospital, but Lucas couldn't bring himself to harm her the end, after hours of wandering the hospital halls, he had jumped from a window to his death.

I closed the news article without a flicker of emotion.

From that moment on, Cody and I would start a new life together, surrounded by family and free from the ghosts of the past.

Family vacation packages