

Chapter 15 Let her go

After hanging up, Robert called his assistant again.

"Keep a close eye on Dave, and tell me as soon as you have news of Madam."

He knew that Dave was lying.

"Julia, wait for me to find you. We will start over, and this time I will not let you suffer."

...

One week later.

Robert finally received a message from his assistant, and he hurried to the address the assistant sent him.

It was pouring rain and there was no one.

He purposely dressed himself up a bit, looking at himself in the mirror and thinking he still got it. He believed once Julia saw him, she would definitely regret being with Dave that little trophy boy.

When he finds Julia, he must beat up Dave hard, so as to cool himself down.

And he'll do it in front of Julia, see if she still dares to find another man.

Finally, he arrived at the place. Robert for the first time felt so eager to see a person, and then he got out of the car.

It was beautiful, full of red maples.

Dave, that gigolo, was quite good at picking places.

He took a deep breath and walked up the hill, only to see someone coming and going with candles and daisies.

He was inexplicably a little uneasy in his heart and couldn't help but quicken his pace.

When he walked to a flat area and looked at the tomb in front of him, his pupils shrank.

A tombstone was erected in front of his eyes.

Not far away Dave was standing in front of a tombstone, holding a large bouquet of white roses, placing it under the tombstone.

Robert sprinted towards him, and after his eyes caught the grey photo on the grave, the strings in his heart completely snapped.

The umbrella in his hand fell directly to the ground, and the rain drenched his entire body.

He looked at the woman in the photo, her smile was so beautiful, yet the bottom of her eyes was barren.

Julia--

No, she was not Julia.

Robert mentally told himself over and over again like a

mantra.

Dave found Robert coming over and frowned: "Why are you here?"

Robert ignored him, walked up, and looked at the words on the tombstone--

Julia. Born on August 10, 1997. Died on December 5, 2019.

December 5, the very day he sent her the invitation.

His heart was close to collapsing.

His fingertips gently stroked the photo as he picked up his phone, and dialed his assistant: "Arrange for someone to come over immediately, I want to dig the grave!"

He didn't believe it; he would never believe that Julia would die!

On the side, Dave looked at Robert incredulously, his eyes were scarlet.

"How can you say something like that?"

Robert paid no attention to him, he stroked Julia's picture over and over again.

The assistant soon arrived with someone.

Robert's whole body was drenched, he looked at the tombstone expressionlessly, his thin lips slightly parted.

"Dig!"

He had to see it himself.

He will never rest until he sees Julia.

The assistant did not dare to go against the CEO's wishes and call for action.

Dave was stopped by two bodyguards, watching Robert do such a beastly thing.

"Robert, remember what you have done, you will definitely get your comeuppance."

Robert's face remained unchanged, but his heart trembled.

Seeing Julia's tomb to be excavated, Dave closed his eyes.

At this moment, not far away came a voice in anger: "Bastard, what are you doing?"

The assistant knew that the CEO was going to dig Julia's grave and called his grandfather before he came, and Charles came and stopped them.

"You want Julia to have no peace even after her death, don't you?" Charles looked at Robert and questioned.

Robert was in a trance, and his original spirited look suddenly became depressed. He was drenched in rain and looked at the smiling woman in the photo.

He muttered, "She's not dead, how could she be?"

Chapter 16 He thought she would never leave

Charles arranged for someone to restore the cemetery and took everyone away.

Dave also left.

Robert knelt on one knee in front of Julia's grave, stroking her photo over and over again and calling her in a broken voice: "Julia..."

He hadn't called her name much often, and he didn't expect it to be at this time and in this location.

He had a lump in his throat and wanted to say a lot of things to her, but nothing came out of his mouth.

He wanted to say that he knew everything, he wanted to say that he shouldn't have wronged her, and he wanted to say that he really knew that he was wrong.

But there was no one left to listen.

His girl was lost by him forever...

Perhaps it is really only when she is leaving that you know who is really hiding in your heart.

He always thought he didn't love Julia, but when he learned that she had died, he turned the world over to find her, and at that moment he understood.

Someone has been hidden in his heart for a long time, but he did not realize it.

He always thought she would never leave, but now that she left, she is gone forever.

"Why didn't you tell me you were sick?" He looked at the picture, his eyes reddened, tears sliding down his face.

He remembered the other day, her mouthful of blood, and her frail appearance when he gave her his wedding invitation.

Why didn't he believe her?

Why didn't he find out that she was seriously ill?

Why didn't he take her to the hospital, and why didn't he even ask her?

"Julia, you're lying to me, right? You won. I am fooled. Will you come back? I promise to be a loving husband who will hold your hands, hug you, and love you."

"It's not just three months, it's my lifetime."

There was no response from the empty silence all around.

The rain slowly got lighter, the sky was darker, and the man's body seemed to become fragile for an instant.

...

Six months later.

Eagles Villa.

Everything remains the same, except that there are more photos at home.

The photos, from childhood to adulthood, are of the same person.

Robert came back drunk, opened the door, saw the photos, and his eyes were scarlet.

"Julia, I'm back."

There was no response.

"I know, I'll drink less and listen to you," Robert said to himself.

He sat on the sofa where Julia used to wait for him, his throat tightened and he whispered, "Actually, I just wanted to come early to stay with you."

"But I'm afraid you don't like me and you don't want me."

"What should I do, Julia?"

He leaned back on the couch, half-asleep.

He so wanted Julia to appear in his dreams, but in the past six months, she never did.

She must have hated him so much that she wouldn't even appear in his dreams.

...

Ace is now almost in a put-upon state, leaving aged Charles at the helm.

Outside people think Robert is crazy, yeah, if not crazy, who

would leave a big company behind?

First, you demolish your ex-wife's company, and then you rebuild it?

As it turns out, it is easy to tear down and hard to build up, and the key is to restore it to the original exactly the same.

Even an infant knows it is impossible.

The outside world thinks that he is certainly trying to reunite with his ex-wife, but his ex-wife has been dead for half a year.

A few days later, Charles can no longer stand the outside world's criticism, he rushed to Eagles villa, looking at Robert lying on the sofa like a puddle of mud, furious and frustrated.

"Do you know what the outside world is saying about you? Forcing your ex-wife to die and marrying a divorced woman."

"Once your ex-wife dies, you start to miss your ex-wife and they all say that you are the scum of the scum, digging your own grave."

Robert held Julia's photo: "Well, they are right, let them continue."

"You're really pissing me off!"

Charles felt his heart almost burst; how come he ended up like this?

"By the way, Julia's sister, Natalie Preston, is getting married, and this is the invitation. You, as her brother-in-law, should

go."

Robert's eyes lit up when he heard the word, Julia.