

President 1181

Chapter 1181

Anyway, Natalie had a nasty hunch that she would die soon. It was said that the dying people's hunches about that tended to pay off.

Sherman and Kingsley arrived at Santabaca. They hadn't come back for a long time, but they still had a feeling of familiarity with Santabaca. They were delighted.

Kingsley carried Cody in his arms along the way. When they were on the plane, Cody lay in Kingsley's arms all the time and was covered with Kingsley's suit.

Along the way, Kingsley was very eye-catching. Sherman couldn't help but sigh slightly. When a man carried a baby in his

arms, he would be treated differently!

Kingsley caught many women's eyes.

These women felt jealous of Sherman and were fascinated by Kingsley.

When the baby's one-month birthday party was held in Lanechett, they didn't invite their relatives to Santabaca. Now that they had come back, they would feast their relatives in Santabaca.

Kingsley said, "Let's go to reserve tables. We will pass the center of the city."

Sherman thought about it and agreed. It was a good idea. Otherwise, they would need to turn back and it would be troublesome.

Kingsley chose the hotel. Of course, it was a high-end hotel. What was more, the manager of the hotel insisted, "Mr. Wright, our hotel can sponsor your party."

Kingsley refused with a smile politely.

However, the manager was very enthusiastic and insistent.

Kingsley said, "If it were a commercial activity, I would agree, but the party is for my son. It's meaningful."

Hearing that, the manager gave up. Then he said, "I'm confident of holding the party successfully. Mr. Wright, please rest at ease.

Kingsley said, "My wife will choose the dishes. I entirely agree with her as long as she is satisfied." He looked at Sherman gently and affectionately.

The manager understood Kingsley's meaning immediately and smiled. He asked a waiter to take the menu for Sherman.

There was no need for Sherman to choose. She looked through the menu and was reluctant to consider other hotels. She chose to hold the party here.

Then they went to their apartment. The cleaners cleaned their apartment on schedule, so it was clean. As soon as they arrived, Sherman lay on the bed and was reluctant to move at all.

However, Cody didn't want to go to bed and babbled. Kingsley was energetic. After he drove Sherman and Cody to the apartment, he went to his company in Santabaca.

Sherman felt sleepy, but Cody didn't. She closed her eyes and carried him in her arms. She patted him gently as she crooned a lullaby.

When Kingsley returned, he saw the scene. Sherman and Cody slept soundly together.

Originally, he didn't feel sleepy. He had bought Sherman's favorite soup for her. However, when he saw the scene, he felt sleepy suddenly. He took off his suits, went to the bed, hugged them and closed his eyes.

Sherman woke up at dusk. It was dark outside. She glanced at Kingsley and Cody. Then she went to the kitchen.

She tried her best not to make any noises, but the sensitive Kingsley was still woken b y the noises. Cody also woke up. He opened his eyes, sucked his fingers and spit bubbles.

Kingsley said to Cody, "Let's see what your Mom is cooking " Then Kingsley carried Cody in his arms and headed for the kitchen.

Sherman cooked some dishes and warmed up the soup. These dishes smelled good. When she turned around and saw Kingsley who stood at the door, she was shocked. She patted her chest and said, "Why do you stand here silently? You scare me!" Kingsley said, "Are you so timid?"

Chapter 1182

Sherman said, "It's not because I'm timid. It's because you scare me." Suddenly, she opened her eyes wide, raised her hand to pat her forehead and said, "Look at what your son has done!"

Kingsley arched his eyebrows and didn't understand her meaning. Then he felt that his socks got wet by some warm liquid. He looked down. Cody's urine flowed down his straight and smooth pants and wet his socks.

Sherman shook her head and put the cutlery down on the table. Then she went t o help Cody change clothes. Kingsley also went to change his clothes.

After that, the dishes were a little cold.

Sherman patted Cody's bottom gently and said, "You're so troublesome."

She felt that they were like a normal family. It was mundane but warm.

When they ate dinner, Cody was reluctant t o lie on the bed. They had no other choice but to carry him in their arms. Sherman ate first. Then she took Cody out of Kingsley's hands and let Kingsley eat.

Cody's one-month birthday party was coming. The hotel was packed. It was really kicking.

Most of the guests were Sherman's relatives. They liked her very much. Unexpectedly, she met such an outstanding husband in her second marriage. She was so lucky.

Sherman's parents said that Kingsley was the richest man in Lanechett. The hotel was so luxurious! He was rich indeed!

Anyway, everyone had a different destiny. Compared to Sherman, Billy worked hard every day. He tried not to think about Sherman. He paralyzed himself with heavy work. He went to work, ate and went to bed mechanically day after day.

Sarah also had got a divorce. Moriah arranged blind dates for Sarah. Moriah had a daughter and a son. They all had got a divorce. It brought shame on the Day family.

Luke left Lanechett to Santabaca. When he arrived at the hotel, fireworks were set off. The atmosphere was joyful.

'Are they so happy? Kingsley acts as if he is afraid that someone doesn't know that he has a son. He has just held the party for his son in Lanechett, and he can't wait to hold the party again in Santabaca.'

'He is too complacent...' 'Does he forget the death of Merlin and Zora?'

'He must have forgotten them. He only cares about the bitch in his heart!'

'Alright, I don't need to show any mercy to Kingsley! He even allows the media to slander the dead Merlin like that. I won't let him off!'

Luke felt annoyed and restless. He loosened his tie, stood in front of the hotel and sneered.

The dishes were various and abundant. All the guests were satisfied with that and smiled all the time.

The party ended in the afternoon. Sherman felt tired. She wore a pair of heels. What was worse, she had a cold recently and felt unwell. She managed to hold on the whole day.

Kingsley asked her to return to the apartment first. He would stay here to see guests off. However, she refused. He arched his eyebrows and asked the driver to drive her home.

Sherman said, "Then leave Cody to me. I will take care of him."

Kingsley said, "You're tired and have a cold. The carer is here and will take care of Cody. You can leave now." He asked the driver to drive her home.

When Sherman got into the car and left, Luke saw the scene and followed her.

Many of their relatives attended the party. Kingsley had prepared a lot of gifts for them. Although the hotel helped him all the time, it was impolite for him to leave now.

Kingsley also had arranged cars to drive guests home. He stood in front of the hotel door and saw guests off.

Sherman massaged her forehead in the car all the time. She had a bad cold and felt unwell. Her phone rang. It was from her stepmother. Her stepmother said on the phone, "Your father and I are interested in a business, but we don't have money.

Please lend us some."

Chapter 1183

"I don't have any money." She refused flatly. She would give nothing to her stepmother, let alone money.

"If you don't lend money to me, I'll ask your husband for it later." Then her stepmother hung up directly.

Sherman was irritated. She called Kingsley and said to him in a very serious tone. She asked him not to lend any money to her stepmother. Otherwise, she would get angry with him.

Kingsley smiled and asked her to go to rest. 'She is sick but her temper is still so quick.'

I'm serious! Don't think I'm joking. I'm not

joking at all. You can't lend her any money.

I warn you very solemnly!"

Kingsley promised her that he would not lend money to her stepmother.

When she arrived downstairs, Sherman pushed the car door open and walked out. At the same time, a black car stopped not far away.

She took out the key and began to climb the stairs. Walking to the corner, suddenly she felt a sharp pain in her neck. Then she felt dizzy and fell onto the ground, with her body becoming limp.

Luke carried her in time. Then he took her into the car, started the car, and left, avoiding surveillance.

As he had stayed in Santabaca for a long time, he knew where there was surveillance. He drove out of the city at a

very fast speed.

On the top of the hill, there was a long-abandoned cottage. Because it was on the hill, it was very hidden. Few people came here at ordinary times.

Sherman hadn't been in a coma for a long time. After more than half an hour, she slowly woke up. She found herself in a strange room and a strange environment.

Her hands and feet were even tied with ropes so she was unable to move. And there was still a cloth in her mouth, so she was also unable to speak.

She was thinking about what had happened. Why was she brought to such a place? Who was the kidnapper?

It was impossible that Natalie was the kidnapper, as she had already been in prison. Billy was also impossible to be the

kidnapper. Sherman still knew Billy well, as he was not such a crazy person. So, who was the kidnapper?

She was thinking about how many enemies she had in Santabaca.

She didn't panic. She was very calm. Why was she kidnapped?

Sherman had been thinking about this all the time. Since she couldn't figure out the reason, she looked around to see if there was anything that could help her escape.

But to her disappointment, except for the collapsed cement stones and bricks, there was nothing else...

She struggled to get rid of the ropes but it was only in vain. She was tied so tightly that she couldn't move at all...

She was tied up until night, which cramped her hands, feet and legs. She was even unable to move her feet and legs.

She was very thirsty and in pain. Since it was on the hill, the night wind was very biting, as if basins of ice water poured on her body. And she curled up tightly in the icy wind.

'The kidnapper is always purposeful. There is no kidnapping for no reason. The kidnapper may want money or more probably other things. The person who kidnapped me will definitely show up.'

When she was thinking about this, a pair of leather shoes came into view, shining brightly. The man's suit pants were stretched without any wrinkles. Sherman had already known who the man was, even without looking at his face.

'Except Luke, who will kidnap me?'

The moment she raised her head, she confirmed the guess in her heart. It really was him!

To be honest, Luke was indeed miserable "You don't seem to be panicked at all. This makes me very unhappy." Luke said. She was so calm and detached that he did not have the slightest sense of accomplishment.

"I think, you didn't kidnap me here to make me please you." After knowing who the kidnapper was, Sherman became completely relaxed.

"Your answer is indeed right." Luke sat opposite her, holding a glass of water in his hand and sipping it.

"I probably know the reason why you brought me here. If it isn't due to Merlin,

then it is due to Zora." "Do you know Zora?" Luke grasped the glass more tightly and asked. He was a little emotional.

"Kingsley told me something about her. " Sherman slowly continued. "I know you are indignant about what someone suffered and I don't know whether the person is Merlin or Zora. But I guess you brought me here for Zora."

Luke raised his eyebrows, without uttering a word. But his emotions gradually changed, as he became gradually irritated.

"Speaking of this, I am a little curious about the relationship between you and Zora. It is rare that one remembers a person for such a long time. Generally, there are nothing more than three reasons. The first is that you love her. The second is that you hate her. And the last is that either you owe her a lot or she owes you a lot..."

While speaking, Sherman had been gazing at his face and observing his expression carefully.

She could feel very clearly that his emotions were changing, as his expression was slowly changing. He was more emotional and sensitive than before.

Especially when she came to the last reason, Luke almost suddenly lost his temper. Sherman guessed that something must have happened between him and Zora and those things were unusual...

"Have you ever had an affair with Zora?" Sherman deliberately asked.

"Shut up! How dare you insult her this way? Compared with you, she is so pure. None of you are comparable to her." He shouted coldly.

Sherman smiled and moved to make her numb legs more comfortable. "I heard that you loved her. Kingsley said that it was because of you that he and Zora knew each other. You knew Zora earlier than Kingsley. Why didn't you profess your love for her before Kingsley did so?"

"She regarded me as her best buddy. I

know her well. Buddies are buddies. We can't be lovers. If I don't profess my love for her, we could still be friends. But if I had done so, we would not have been friends any more. She was very rational and her word was her bond. I could only see her and Kingsley fall in love with each other. But how dared Kingsley treat her that way?

Both his parents found fault with her. Even Tonell also found fault with her. She was treated badly. She was not happy in the Wright family. I found that she lost too much weight. Kingsley thought he was capable so he broke off the relationship with the Wright family and took Zora to live in the poorest area. Some of the houses in that area were demolished. The rest were not demolished, but the conditions were very dilapidated. Most of the people living there were unemployed or idlers. When he took Zora to live there, didn't he think how dangerous it would be? Zora's death was caused by him alone!

If he had found a better place to live, Zora wouldn't have ended up that way! All the responsibilities are on him, all on him!" Luke yelled.

"I always thought you were a little crazy before, but now I realize that you are an affectionate man. It is not easy for a man to love a woman for so many years. To be honest, I admire you very much." Sherman spoke half in jest, half in earnest. "But if you let go of the past, it would be fine. I used to think that love was an indispensable thing in life. In the past, I loved my ex-husband very much and then married him. But what I encountered was that he had an affair with another woman and then we turned against each other.'

Chapter 1185

Luke drank water. People who had similar life experiences could always empathize with each other, such as him and Sherman at this time.

"Honestly speaking, I didn't expect that one day I would sit here and talk peacefully with you. We hated each other a lot before." She said.

"Are you fooling me with these good words and thus touching me to make me let you go?" Luke asked.

"There is no such need. I know you won't hurt me. Your purpose is nothing more than not wanting me to be with Kingsley."

Sherman now knew Luke's ideas

thoroughly.

"Have you thought that even if your goal is achieved, then what will happen? Kingsley may meet another beloved woman of his in the future. And then you continue to interfere in his love and repeat this process? You've suppressed the past things in your heart for more than ten years. Aren't you tired?"

If Luke wanted to hit and hurt her, he could do so during the time that she was in a coma.

Tired? No one had ever asked him before. Luke's hands trembled slightly and then he said in a hoarse voice. "I am not qualified to feel tired. Thinking of Zora, I am not qualified to feel tired at all. I have to take half responsibility for her death. If I hadn't sent the photos of Kingsley working hard at the construction site to Cathy, Cathy would not have taken the money to find Zora and Zora would not have been shadowed by someone. And she would not have died. All the responsibility lies with me! It's all my fault! I killed my beloved woman. She is my beloved woman!"

Sherman had never known there was such an inside story. "It has been more than ten years since Zora died, and you have been depressed for more than ten years. It is naturally impossible for you to say that you are not tired! You attribute Zora's death to yourself and you have been suppressing your pain and guilt. So, you cannot allow Kingsley to feel happy. Obviously, you have suppressed your emotions for too long. Do you believe in fate?"

Luke felt confused and became silent.

"I believe in fate, though maybe many people don't believe in it. But I believe in fate. Every man's life has been arranged by God. It is Zora's destined catastrophe so she cannot avoid it! As you have

said, if Kingsley had taken her to a better place, then she would not have died. Or if Cathy hadn't revealed her wealth when she went there, Zora would not have died. Or if Cathy had disdained to go to such a poor area, Zora would not have died.

It can also be assumed that if Kingsley had got off work earlier that day, then... So, sometimes the catastrophe cannot be escaped. Even without you and without Kingsley, she still can't escape the catastrophe that she has to encounter. It has been so many years. Please let her go and let yourself go..."

Let her go. Let himself go. In the past ten years, he could not forget how Zora died. Such a tragic scene always emerged in his mind. He could not make himself happy, nor did he allow Kingsley to feel happy.

This had become his stubborn conviction.

Luke's eyes blinked and his emotions changed. His pain and guilt had been suppressed in his heart long but he had never poured them out, as there was no one to talk to. He had never thought that he poured his pain and guilt out to the woman whom he disliked the most.

"Actually, I know that you don't hate me and I can even feel that you like me a little bit. What you hate is only Kingsley's love for me, and the joy and relaxation I make Kingsley feel. Kingsley's happy feelings are what you hate the most, aren't you?" She pointed out Luke's ideas directly.

Hearing this, Luke felt she was cheeky. " Why do you think I like you?"

"My intuition." Chuckling slightly, she took the opportunity to ask, "Could you lend me your phone? I want to call Kingsley."

"Do you think I am a fool?"

"Don't worry. I just call to tell him that I cannot go home tonight and ask him not to worry about me. Otherwise, he will go to the police station and then you may plunge into trouble. You are his only good friend. I don't want you to break off your relationship. And one night is enough for us to settle the problem between us. There will be no police and no one coming. It's up to you to kill me or do something to me. What do you think of it?" She made a good suggestion.

Luke sneered. "You think I'm silly, don't you?"

"Well, maybe you don't trust me but I trust you very much. It is an unspeakable sense of trust. Even enemies have a kind of compassion for each other, right?"

Still sneering, Luke took out his own phone, threw it to Sherman and untied her.

After being untied, Sherman thanked him sincerely. Then she called Kingsley and lied to him.

But hearing Sherman's words, Kingsley was obviously unhappy. "So you leave our baby and me to stay in the apartment?" "It's just one night! If our baby is hungry,

you can reconstitute powdered milk for him." She advised.

"I can't stand your sudden parting..." He was still unhappy. This mature man who had been used to restraining his feelings complained slightly at this time.

"It is not parting! I just stay with my friend for the last night before her wedding. And I'll go back tomorrow and I love you."

Kingsley, on the other end of the phone, narrowed his eyes slightly. "You are deliberately using your tenderness to let me soften towards you."

"Then are you softened? Does my tenderness work?"

"I compromise. But you must come back as soon as possible tomorrow morning.

Otherwise, I'll go over and pick you up directly..." His final words were tinged with irresistible toughness.

"Okay, let me kiss our baby through the phone..." She made the sound of a kiss loudly. "Also, give you a kiss!"

Afterwards, she hung up, sat in the corner, and said, "If you can't find a solution, then you may consider harming me. Kingsley and I cannot be separated. Even if you forcefully separate us, our relationship cannot be set off completely."

It was very quiet in the dilapidated cottage. Sherman squatted in the corner, scribbling with her hands on the ground

Luke held his head with both hands and his empathy that had just emerged disappeared in an instant.

There was a cold wind rustling beside his ears. In such coldness, he once again recalled Zora.

The blood, the bright red blood stained her body red. Her worn clothes, the disgusting smell emanating from her body, and her unclosed and slightly protruding eyes after her death, all of which seemed to be accusing Luke of his crime and behavior and accusing him of causing her to die miserably...

Chapter 1187

It ran through his mind like a string of spells, and gradually and slowly, it swallowed his sense little by little. It left him an incredible madness. It was indeed like a spell. The more he thought of Zora, the more severe his pain got. Zora's bloodied face became more vivid in his mind.

He was going crazy. He was driven mad. He clutched his head with both hands. His breathing became short! His throat was dry!

Zora was his most beloved woman. But eventually, he had gotten her killed and she died that horribly.

His head hurt! He could not bear it! A splitting, indescribable pain churned in his

head. He could never forget that.

How horribly Zora died! He could not tolerate any happiness in his future life, and neither could he stand Kingsley living a happy life. They should both engrave Zora in their heart and wallow in deep pain and remorse. They should never move forward! Living in pain was their only salvation!

However, Kingsley fell in love with another woman, and he started a new life with her!

That woman didn't disgust Luke. He even felt a slight fondness for her, but he hated that Kingsley and she lived happily together!

Didn't Kingsley love that woman the most?

And what if that woman died?

Losing his most beloved woman, Kingsley must be completely wrenched. Moreover, that woman was the mother of his son. If she died, the pain must last the rest of his life and be engraved in his

heart. He lost his wife, and his son lost his mother. From then on, he would sink into infinite pain and struggle. There was no slightest of joy in his life ever! What the f*ck!

He was thrilled by these thoughts! How exciting they were! This crazy, twisted, yet thrilling feeling was consuming him little by little. Finally, he managed to get up and got deprived of his rationality.

He moved his feet forward, approaching Sherman step by step. His face was distorted, and his eyes were scarlet as if he was being manipulated by someone like a puppet or a robot.

Sherman clearly sensed that the man walking towards her was no longer the previous Luke. She thought he could get out of the evil thoughts. But now it seemed..

Luke had gone mad. A moment ago, she could see Luke's determination was shaken, and it was obvious. But at the moment, he was seized by craziness.

She glanced around from the corners of her eyes, looking for an opportunity to get out. But suddenly, she felt a wave of heat. The air was hot like something was burning

And there was the smell of smoke, accompanied by a crackling sound. Could it be a fire?

She looked out through the window of the cottage and found that behind the cottage, flames were burning. The fire was approaching the cottage inch by inch. The cottage was built of wood. If the fire spread over, it would burn in no second.

No! She had to get out as soon as possible! Otherwise, even if Luke didn't kill her, she would definitely die in the burning flames!

This thought startled Sherman, and her body shuddered. Immediately, she ran towards the door of the cottage. But how could Luke let her escape? He lunged straight at her.

Sherman used all her strength to stop him from getting on her, but he quickly pulled a knife out of his pocket. He unfolded the knife. The tip of the knife was sharp.

Her heart was pounding violently. At that moment, she was in a dilemma. In front of her, there was Luke holding a knife, and behind her, the flames were approaching, and she was trapped in the middle. No!

Even if she had to fight to the last ounce of strength, she had to hold on!

Her son was still waiting for her. Cody was so little. He needed his mom. And there was Kingsley. She missed them. She really missed them...

She gritted her teeth and pushed with all her strength against Luke. Once a person was cornered into a dead end, her potential would explode.

However, she was no match for the man after all. With another force, Luke reached the sharp tip of the knife closer to her neck. It cut through her skin and immediately, blood seeped out, and the tip of the knife was still prating...

The pain was severe and sharp. Luke almost lost all his consciousness, but Sherman didn't.

Chapter 1188

Sherman did not dare to struggle. If she struggled a bit, the tip of the knife would go deeper an inch. She gritted her teeth and held on.

The flames lightened up Sherman's cheeks. She felt her face burning.

No, she couldn't stay still like this, waiting for the flames to consume her...

She bit her lip hard and took a deep breath, she seized an opportunity, and all of a sudden, she lifted her knee and threw it upward with a heavy thrust!

Right on the spot, she hit the spot between Luke's thighs. A severe pain hit Luke, and his face became contorted, his tall body fell

to the ground and curled into a ball, and his hands covered his manhood.

She used all her strength in that blow!

Sherman gulped for air. She stood up with her hands braced on the ground with difficulty. The searing heat from the flames blazed over. The smoke filled the cottage. She covered her mouth and nose with one hand and quickly ran for the door.

Just as her left foot reached out of the door and her right foot was about to step out, she heard a low growl from pain, "Ah!"

Subconsciously, Sherman looked back. She saw a thick column of wood fall down and land right on Luke's legs. It weighed firmly on his legs.

Luke was stuck between the wood and the stone. He could not move.

Behind him, it was the wild flames. Some flames had already jumped out of the window and were burning beside Luke.

It was only at this moment that Luke noticed the flames. He gritted his teeth and tried hard to get out, but he couldn't move his body. The flames were closing in. The only person in the cottage who could help him was Sherman, whom he tried to kill. Perhaps he would die in the fire and be buried into ashes!

If he couldn't get out and die here, it was alright that his guilt for Zora would dissipate, Luke thought. He didn't have to live such a miserable life and suffer in the world anymore.

If Sherman didn't care about him, she could run out of the cottage, while Luke would inevitably...

She struggled with whether to help Luke. Her mind was fighting herself. She was in a dilemma. Standing at the door hovering, she hesitated. It was a difficult decision.

After a few moments, she took a deep breath and rushed into the cottage. She took Luke's arms and dragged him hard. "If you don't want to die here, stomp the rock under your feet."

The scarlet in Luke's eyes dissipated. He stared at Sherman, whose face was red from the fire. He was stunned and amazed. He had mixed feelings. He was dumbfounded like a statue.

Why had Sherman risked her life to come back to save him?

The pain between his thighs made it difficult for him to stomp backward. The pain was unbearable.

Sherman used all her strength and pulled hard on his arm. She shouted, "One, two, one, two, stomp!"

Beads of sweat rolled down her forehead. Gradually, her breathing became heavy and difficult. The unbridled flames were like a monster with a gaping mouth, trying to devour everything.

The cottage was burning. If they didn't get out in time,...

"One, two, three, stomp!" Sherman yelled again. Finally, Luke moved out of the narrow gap.

Both of them were panting. After using up all their strength, they were both weak and limp.

The fire was closing in. Sherman looked at Luke on the ground and yelled fiercely, "If you don't want to die, get up and move! We have to get out of here as soon as possible!"

Chapter 1189

Luke couldn't run fast because he was injured. After they ran out of the cottage, Sherman realized how big the fire was in the woods. The entire woods were burning.

It was night. The wind was strong, causing the fire to spread rapidly.

Sherman stood still, looked around, and said, "Before we continue to run, we need to find the right direction! We can't run following the direction of the wind."

The wind would blow the fire more and more wildly, while running against the wind, they might be able to escape.

Luke was also looking around. Then he spoke, "Let's run that way."

The flames were getting closer. The blazing fires were frightening. They turned around and ran in the opposite direction of the wind.

The woods had been deserted for a long time. Branches and grasses were all around. It was difficult for them to move fast.

Fortunately, Sherman was wearing a pair of sneakers and long pants. The two of them strived to run along, one after the other. There were dead trees around them. One dead tree was leaning on the branch of another tree.

Sherman ran past the tree. She didn't notice the fallen tree beside her. Suddenly, there was a loud crack above her head.

Instantly, she looked up, and the tree was falling down.

For a moment, she was dumbfounded. Her mind went blank. When she came back to her senses, she moved her left leg to step to the side, but it was too late.

It was like all in no second. Luke, who was behind Sherman, rushed over and pushed her aside. Sherman escaped, but the tree slammed directly onto Luke's leg.

Luke couldn't run away in time. He was struck solidly to the ground. His legs were almost crushed. His face was pale and looked awful.

Back to her senses, Sherman hurriedly steadied her feet and ran over to pull Luke's arm, but it was of little use. She couldn't pull Luke out. She hastily got up and ran over to Luke's legs. She began to push the trunk with both hands, "Hang on!"

She pushed and dragged as hard as she

could. Fortunately, the tree was not too heavy. Finally, she pushed the tree away.

But Luke couldn't stand up. Being hit vertically by a fallen tree could be fatal. He couldn't feel his legs. He couldn't move.

The flames spread into the woods anyway. Luke said, "Run! Leave me alone! I asked for it myself."

Sherman sneered, "You really asked for it yourself!"

However, she didn't run away. She bent down and took Luke's arm to help him up. The two of them slowly moved forward.

"Go! When the fire comes close, none of us could survive!" Luke tried to break away from Sherman's hold. He really could not walk on. Until this moment, he fully acknowledged how weak a man was in the face of death. There was nothing he could d

o.

Instead of letting go of him, Sherman walked over and squatted in front of him, "Come on! I'll carry you!"

Luke shook his head and was about to collapse onto the ground. Sherman pulled his arm over her shoulder. She yelled, "If you want to make it easy for me, get on my back!"

Luke was heavy, and Sherman's legs were hobbling. She gritted her teeth and held on. She moved forward difficultly.

"I never expected I would be running from death together with you. It's so ridiculous." Sherman strained to squeeze the words out of her teeth.

Luke tugged at his lips. He thought it was ridiculous, too.

Chapter 1190

Soon, the flames behind them blazed in. The heat of the fire hit them on the back. The trees sputtered and burned.

The trees around them were on fire. The two were surrounded by flames. Their cheeks were burning hot.

They could not move forward or backward. Sherman felt desperate.

Luke glanced around with his sharp eyes, and suddenly, his eyes sparkled. He cried, joy and excitement in his voice, his voice pitched, "Go sweep away those leaves."

Sherman didn't ask any questions. She did as he said. She quickly swept away the dead yellow leaves. In front of her was a

hole. It was narrow, and she couldn't see the bottom of it.

"Jump!" A hint of command was in Luke's tone, "Jump in the cave!"

Sherman walked over. Her shoes had already caught fire. She gritted her teeth and held on. She put her hands on Luke's back and pushed him down into the cave. Then, she closed her eyes and jumped into the cave, too.

Sherman fell heavily to the ground. Severe pain spread throughout her whole body. She passed out.

Luke took off his jacket and covered it over Sherman's body. The cave was about five or six meters high. They cowered in the corner. They were safe for now.

Luke leaned against the wall of the cave. He was silent.

Sherman was right that Luke was in deep remorse. The way Zora died was too horrific. He could never forget that. As time went on, it became a nightmare. And it drove Luke into the depth of sufferings.

On the open ground...

Luke looked at the man standing in front of him. Kingsley's face was dark and covered with thick ashes. Luke sat there still, as he could not stand.

Standing upright, Kingsley clenched his fists with a clacking sound. He had always been mild and nonchalant. He only ever got enraged when he was young. After the age of thirty, he had never gotten furious.

Kingsley strode forward, raised his fist, and swung it right into Luke's face.

Luke fell to the ground. Immediately, the corner of Luke's mouth was split. Blood flowed and slid through the corner of his lip.

Kingsley had learnt taekwondo before. His strength and punch were fire.

"You damn bastard! You should go to hell!" He lifted his foot and stomped on Luke's chest. Kingsley exploded with rage.

Lee, who was standing on the side, was stunned. He had never seen Kingsley so furious.

At that moment, Kingsley seemed like when he was twenty years old, brutal and vicious.

"I'll send you to hell today!" In no time, Kingsley raised his fist again and struck Luke with another punch. Luke was unable to dodge it at all.

Gloom and rage were in Kingsley's eyes. It was terrifying. Luke's body crumpled on the ground.

Kingsley's punches were fast, fierce, and accurate. Lee didn't dare to stop him. He shuddered, trembled, and stood there still. He didn't dare say a word.

Luke didn't fight back. He couldn't fight back. He took Kingsley's punches. Blood was tricking down the corners of his mouth.