

Chapter 1131

Xyla took a deep breath. "Aren't you happy?" "I am." Yorrick gnashed his teeth and smiled. "But should I say you're a genius or an idiot?"

Xyla swallowed her saliva with difficulty and scoffed. "You men are really a pain in the *ss to coax."

"That's not the case." Yorrick picked up the bathrobe lying on the floor and draped it on her shoulders. "It's just that you're not doing so willingly."

Xyla did not speak

She propped her arms against the dressing table to give her wobbly legs a break. "Then can I go out now?"

Yorrick adjusted his suit, lifted his gaze, and glanced at her.

Yorrick finally took her out at the end of the day. He reserved a whole theater for watching a musical drama, so apart from the bodyguards, they were the only two spectators in the enormous theater.

Xyla was not very interested in this musical drama. Thus, she covered her palm with her palm throughout the whole show and kept on yawning as she was feeling extremely drowsy.

"We can go back now if you're sleepy." Yorrick was still staring at the stage.

Xyla felt he was doing it on purpose, so she kept her spirit up. "No, I'm not."

The corners of Yorrick's lips twitched as they were raised slightly, forming a faint curve, but they soon returned to normal. The musical drama was 2 hours long, but she only lasted for an hour and a half before she could not hold on any longer and came up with an excuse saying that she was hungry.

Yorrick asked one of the bodyguards to make a reservation at a restaurant

Xyla followed Yorrick, saw her endorsement on the luxury advertising poster in a shopping mall out of the blue, and stood in front of the poster for a few minutes.

'I used to be a carefree international supermodel, but what am I now?

I'm just a pet canary held captive for admiration purposes!

Yorrick took her into his arms with one hand, and before she returned to her senses, he had already put a mask on her face, revealing only a pair of captivating eyes.

The bright white light of the shopping mall enveloped the two of them. He tucked her long hair behind her ears, and his actions looked extremely affectionate. They looked like an inseparable couple in the eyes of others.

Torrack put a cap on her head and only grabbed her by the hand and brought her out of the mall when he ensured no one could recognize her. Xyla's gaze was fixed on Yorrick's hand wrapped around her palm, and their reflections reflected on the windows of the shop lots along the way made them look like a match made in heaven.

Yorrick reserved all the tables of the restaurant that they went to too. The waiters were not surprised when they saw that Yorrick had brought a woman to the restaurant, but what was strange was that all the women who had come to this restaurant with Yorrick before this had always shown their faces to the public with pride. This lady was the only one who showed up with her face covered.

This aroused the curiosity of many people.

“Yorrick.”

A voice came from the restaurant entrance, and the expressions of those waiters changed slightly.

‘That’s the daughter of the Nixes, and rumor has it that she’s Mr. Hathaway’s fiancée!’

‘Sh*t is about to get real now. How exciting!’

Mandy’s gaze landed on the woman sitting right next to Yorrick, who had wrapped almost every inch of her face up, and she sashayed up to them in high heels.

She had the same curvy figure that any woman would be proud of, and apart from her height, she was comparable to any world-renowned models and celebrities. Xyla had not seen her face the last time, but she got the chance to do so this time around. She was indeed a very enchanting-looking Caucasian.

Yorrick casually unbuttoned his suit. “Is there something that I can help you with?”

“It’s nothing. I’m here to have a meal with a friend, and I just so happened to bump into you.” She stopped in front of Yorrick, and her gaze landed on Xyla, whose face was tightly covered. “Yorrick, no matter what, I’m still your fiancée. Aren’t you going to introduce this woman to me?”

He paused for a split second and lifted his gaze to look at Mandy, whose intention was still unknown to him. “I thought you already knew about her, Ms. Nix?”

Yorrick wrapped his arm around Xyla’s waist and was about to lead her into the restaurant, but Mandy stopped them while reaching out for Xyla’s mask.

BYorrick intercepted her action before her fingertips could come into contact with the mask. His expression looked extremely indifferent. “What do you think you’re doing?”

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Mandy’s heart skipped a beat, and her smile stiffened. “I’m curious, so I only want to take a look at this young lady’s appearance.”

Yorrick flung her hand away and warned her with a domineering glare, “Don’t you ever think that I have no idea about what you and my mother have come up with.”

Mandy’s expression changed slightly, but she quickly looked away so that he would not notice anything strange. “Yorrick, you’ve misunderstood me.”

Mandy seemed to have seen someone, and a hint of smugness flashed across her eyes. She then raised her hand and waved. “Sherrie.”

Yorrick turned his head and looked over. And when he saw the woman's face, which gradually became clearer as she walked past a street light while approaching them, he froze in place and loosened his arm that was embracing Xyla's waist.

"Sharon..."

Xyla turned to look at him and then glanced at the woman whose facial features looked extremely delicate and beautiful. Her facial features seem to have been artificially shaped as they were too good to be real, and they made her appearance look highly aggressive.

Mandy's face dimmed slightly upon seeing Yorrick's reaction.

'Although this Sharon lookalike has undergone a series of plastic surgeries to look like this, it's evident that Yorrick still can't forget about that woman after all.

'But that's not a big deal. This woman is with me. So as long as she sticks to the plan

Her gaze shifted back onto Xyla.

'This lookalike will be completely useless to me after we've driven this b*tch away from Yorrick.'

Sherrie gave off a faint smile. "Sorry, Mandy, I'm late." Mandy walked toward Sherrie and wrapped her arms around hers. "Don't worry. I've just arrived too. Oh yeah, by the way, this is my fiance, Mr. Hathaway."

Sherrie glanced at Yorrick, nodded politely, and gave off a smile. Yorrick's gaze landed on her face, and he stared at her for a moment before he became silent. Mandy took a glance at Yorrick. "I know you can't forget about Sharon, but she's not Sharon. Her name is Sherrie Ainsley, and I was shocked when I first met her as well. There's actually someone that resembles Sharon to such an uncanny extent."

Yorrick still did not utter a single word.

Mandy's eyes were beaming with pride as Sherrie, Sharon's lookalike was the only thing that was occupying his eyes and mind. She walked up to Yorrick and took the initiative to hold his arm. "Yorrick, do you want to eat with us?"

"With the almost perfect imitation" by my side, I don't believe he will reject my invitation.'

Yorrick's eyes moved a little as he returned to his senses. He turned around and said to the bodyguard behind him, "Send her back to the hotel.

The bodyguard nodded.

Mandy left with Yorrick and looked back at Xyla with a provocative smirk on her face.

Xyla, who was left on the spot, lowered her gaze as something was going through her mind.

Xyla was sitting in the rear seat while they were on their way back to the hotel. She stared at the dark sky outside the car window, feeling a sense of emptiness in her heart as if something had been hollowed out.

The bodyguard who was driving looked at her through the rearview mirror. "Ms. Mayweather, please don't misunderstand Mr. Hathaway. That woman is just a lookalike. Mr. Hathaway is certainly not a man that would get confused by her facade." "Why are you telling me about this?" Xyla frowned in doubt as she supported her forehead with her hand and propped her elbow against the car window. "I don't really have the right to care about the women that Mr. Hathaway had been with in the past."

The bodyguard pouted and kept quiet. Still, Xyla's curiosity had been piqued. "Is that woman named Sharon one of Mr. Hathaway's exes?"

"Yorrick called the woman "Sharon" when he saw her. It's obvious that they were once together in the past."

The bodyguard replied, "Ms. Jinks was Mr. Hathaway's childhood sweetheart, and he cherished Ms. Jinks very much. The two of them had a relationship, which is a past that Mr. Hathaway never wants to bring up again because Ms. Jinks died at the age of 20

"Died?" Xyla was stunned.

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The bodyguard nodded. "Ms. Jinks died in a car accident. It's because of Ms. Jinks's death that Mr. Hathaway is..."

The bodyguard did not complete his sentence, but Xyla already knew what he was going to say.

"Yorrick has become a playboy who's constantly wandering in between women only because of the death of his beloved first love. No wonder... That's why he would react in such a way when he saw the woman who resembles Sharon just now.

"But isn't this the best outcome that I can hope for? I'll definitely be spared as long as Yorrick falls in love with that woman named Sherrie because of her appearance. I'll be able to leave him for good if that's the case, won't I?"

Xyla lowered her gaze.

'But that's strange, why don't ... Why am I not as delighted and looking forward to it as I imagined?'

The bodyguard hurriedly turned the steering wheel, and a car hit them directly out of the blue!

At this moment, in the restaurant...

Yorrick did not even pick up the silverware and food served in front of him.

Mandy was chatting and laughing with Sherrie. She peeped at Yorrick's expression from time to time and realized that he seemed quite absent-minded. Thus, she let off a faint smile. "Yorrick, what's the matter with you?"

Sherrie also stared at him.

Yorrick met her gaze. He looked exceptionally calm as there was no trace of turbulence in his eyes. "I didn't expect you and my mother to turn to this method."

Mandy's hands holding the steak Knife and fork tightened, but the smile on her face did not disappear. "Yorrick, I don't know what you're talking-" "Sharon is dead." Yorrick changed his sitting position, and his expression looked chilly. "Are you two trying to test me by bringing a woman that resembles her to me?"

Sherrie's face slightly paled. After all, Mrs. Hathaway was the one who had made her change her appearance into what she

looked like now. She knew exactly what was the purpose of her new look.

Mandy looked at him. "Yorrick, you've misunderstood us. I know clearly that you can't get your mind off Sharon, so I only want you to walk out of the pain,"

Yorrick scoffed. He leaned back, interlocked his fingers, and placed his arms on the back of the chair's headrest." So, you've found me a substitute. I didn't expect such generosity from the fiancée that my mother has found for me."

The smile on Mandy's face disappeared this time around. Yorrick received a call all of a sudden and picked it up. The other party said something to him, and his expression changed slightly. He then stood up abruptly and left without looking back after finishing the call.

"Yorrick!" Mandy caught up to him and grabbed him. "Are you leaving already? Are you going to leave... Leave us behind?" Yorrick turned to look at her—the sheer coldness glinting at the bottom of his eyes froze Mandy in place.

Mandy was astonished by his glare. She let go of him but did not want to let this opportunity slip. "Yorrick! I know that you've never treated any woman around you seriously apart from Sharon. If a woman is all you want, I can introduce Sherrie to you, so just don't go."

"You wish to introduce her to me as a substitute? What makes you think that she's worthy of Sharon's name!?" Yorrick pushed Mandy away ruthlessly.

Mandy lost her balance and fell to the floor.

Sherrie came over to help her up, and her expression changed. "Mr. Hathaway," "You, sh*t up!" Yorrick strode forward and pinched her cheek with a gloomy expression. "You're thinking about approaching me just because you and Sharon share the same appearance? You aren't worthy of her name. An imitation will forever be an imitation. There's no way you'll ever be able to replace the real thing!"

He pushed Sherrie away and glanced at her face, which looked extremely similar to that of Sharon's. However, there was not even a hint of approval or acceptance in his eyes.

Yorrick turned around and left the scene.

Mandy froze on the floor, and her shoulders trembled involuntarily.

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“How could it be... Didn’t Mrs. Hathaway say this plan is foolproof? Yorrick loves Sharon so much that it’s impossible for him not to crumble when facing someone that looks so similar to her!”

At the hospital...

“Aaaah!”

When the doctor took out the broken glass that had punctured Xyla’s shoulder, she screamed in pain while lying in bed. Although they had given her a sedative, she could still feel scorching pain when the shard was removed.

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“There are another two fragments that I have to remove, so please bear with me, miss.” The doctor discarded the bloodstained shard into a stainless steel tray and moved on with the procedure while the nurse standing next to the bed held her down.

Xyla’s face was pallid, her lips and teeth chattered, and her forehead was soaked with sweat.

After the last piece was taken out, the nurse cleaned her wounds and applied local anesthetic again before attending to her stitches.

Xyla turned her face away. Although she could not feel the pain that she felt when the doctor was pulling the fragments out when the nurse was stitching the wound up, the sting that she felt from time to time still made her hiss.

Yorrick broke into the ward. He did not even have the time to put on his jacket, and his tie looked crooked. His white shirt was soaked in sweat and was sticking to his athletic body, making his well-built muscles subtly visible.

He covered his face with his palm and took a deep breath as if he was trying to suppress his inner emotions. He then walked to the bedside after calming down.

The nurse was applying gauze to the wound. Xyla’s back was facing the door of the ward. Her blouse was half undone, exposing her left shoulder and arm. She was so focused that she was only paying attention to the nurse who was patching her up, and she did not notice Yorrick’s existence at all.

When the nurse was ready to leave, Xyla saw the person standing behind her through the reflection in the windowpane. She was

astounded and looked back at Yorrick. “Why are you here?”

Yorrick walked up to her, pinched her chin, and turned her face to his right. There was a very shallow scratch on her right cheek. He gently caressed it with the pulp of his finger. “Where else did you get hurt?”

Xyla was stunned, but she immediately recovered from the trance and pushed his hand away. “Nowhere else, I’m fine.”

She then tried to insert her arm back into the sleeve slowly, but her movement still affected the cut on her shoulder, and she hissed out of pain.

Yorrick grasped her wrist. "There's no need to put it back on now. You should just lie back."

Xyla was dumbfounded again. But before she had the time to button her blouse, Yorrick had already held her by the waist, made her lie down, and pulled up the blanket to cover her.

She looked confused as she stared at Yorrick. "The driver's injuries are even worse than mine."

He responded nonchalantly, "He won't die."

"But I won't die either." Xyla looked away. "I'm not handicapped. I can still take care of myself."

Yorrick leaned over to approach her. Her expression stiffened subconsciously as she had no idea what she should look at or do at that moment. His warm lips landed on her forehead in the next second, making her gasp instantly.

Yorrick stroked her cheek with his palm. "You should get some rest."

Xyla stared at him for a few seconds, turned her head away slightly, and closed her eyes to get some sleep. Probably because she was severely frightened by the accident, she fell asleep almost immediately. Yorrick held her palm and glanced at the woman sleeping in the bed who had just encountered a car accident, and pieces of memory fragments flashed across his mind. It was a rainy night, and the incident took place in a tunnel.

The sirens of police cars were blaring, and silhouettes of all sorts of people swayed back and forth right in front of Yorrick's eyes.

He dashed out of the car and sprinted in the icy rain. "Sharon!"

"Mr. Hathaway!" A bodyguard hugged him while holding an umbrella over him.

Yorrick could not hear what the bodyguard said to him or any of the surrounding sounds. He only saw the police retrieve a broken cell phone, insert it into a sealed bag, and hand it to him. The couple's pendant found hanging on the phone's case was custom made by him.

Looking over the dark crowd, he saw the girl carried out of the car that had been destroyed beyond recognition.

"Yorrick Hathaway, you're not strong and capable enough. You can't even protect the woman you love, so don't even try to escape my control."

Yorrick opened his eyes and suddenly woke up as if he had just had a nightmare. He covered his forehead with his palm and

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rubbed his temples with his thumb and middle finger.

Seeing that there was no one on the bed, Yorrick sat up abruptly. The panic that he had on his face was something that even he had never seen before, and his coat slipped to the floor when he was turning his body around, looking for Xyla.

He picked up his coat, took a glance at it, and his tense expression loosened slightly as he placed his coat on the bed and then walked out of the ward.

He heard Xyla's voice when he came to the bodyguard's ward. "Hey there, this is all thanks to your excellent driving skills. Otherwise, I would've died in a foreign land. You're truly my savior."

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The bodyguard was a little embarrassed." Ms. Mayweather, please don't say that. Actually-" He was about to respond to Xyla's appreciation when he saw Yorrick appearing at the door and stopped halfway. "Mr. Hathaway?"

Xyla turned to look at him. "Hey, you've woken up?"

Yorrick frowned. "Why aren't you resting? And what are you doing, running around the hospital?" "I'm only mildly injured. My legs and feet are fine, so why do I need to rest?" Xyla rubbed her shoulder and continued. "Your bodyguard is suffering from worse injuries when compared to me. He's the one who needs more rest."

Yorrick took a deep breath. "Then why are you here disturbing his rest?"

She choked on her words. "I-I'm only here to thank him. We would have died already if it weren't for his exceptional driving skills." "Mr. Hathaway..." The bodyguard took a glance at Yorrick. It seemed like he had something to tell him, but it was something he could say to him and to him alone.

Yorrick naturally understood the meaning behind that. He helped Xyla up and stroked her slightly messy hair with his fingers. "Go back to your room to rest first. Don't run around anymore."

Xyla was astounded for a moment.

'It seems that he's been acting very strangely and inexplicably since last night.' Xyla glanced at the two of them, turned around, and left the ward.

The bodyguard ensured that Xyla had left before he said, "Last night's accident doesn't look like an accident. I'm guessing that Ms. Mayweather might have become a target."

It was fortunate that he had not been distracted last night. Given the speed the car that had run into them was going, the car was planning to knock them over. Even though he had prevented the possibility of being overturned, the rear of the car had been hit.

When the car had tilted and lost balance, he did not lose control over the steering wheel and drove them into the greenery at the side of the road. That was the reason why Xyla had been wounded in the shoulder by the broken glass.

Yorrick's face dimmed as the accident made him think of Sharon again.

'Neither of the incidents happen accidentally.

Xyla sat in her ward and sent a message to Mindy, who still thought that she was traveling in East Winston.

She was about to reply to Mindy's message when a woman appeared outside the ward.

The woman came in luxurious clothes, had an elegant temperament, and her profound facial features made her look a little like Yorrick. However, her appearance looked stern, and she exuded an intimidating aura that would give others an impression she was difficult to get along with.

Xyla subconsciously asked, "And you are?" Yuna asked the bodyguard to leave her and replied with a smile, 'It's nice to get to meet you finally. I'm Yorrick's mother.' Xyla paused for a split second and gave off a smile. "Oh, so you're Mrs. Hathaway. It's nice to meet you too. Mr. Hathaway is next door, talking to his bodyguard."

"I'm here for you." Yuna answered deliberately.

Xyla's smile turned a little more restrained. She noticed that Yorrick's mother did not like her, and it seemed that his mother had known about the relationship that she shared with Yorrick

Yuna went straight to the point without beating around the bush. "Ms. Mayweather. I believe that you're a smart woman. You should also know that my son is already engaged with another woman. Yorrick is the future heir of the Hathaways, so his wife must be a woman whose family matches the Hathaways in terms of power, status, and wealth. With that being said, you're not a suitable candidate." Xyla was startled for a short moment and then laughed out loud. "Mrs. Hathaway, you've really misunderstood. I'm not the one who's pestering Mr. Hathaway."

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She stood up slowly and looked at Yuna in her eyes. "First of all, I would like to clarify that Mr. Hathaway is the person who's pestering me. Mr. Hathaway has confiscated all my documents, which leads to me not being able to go back to Zlokova now. So, Mrs. Hathaway, if you can persuade your son into returning my documents to me. I promise you that I'll leave Yaramoor immediately."

"What did you just say?" Yuna's eyes dimmed. It was obvious that she did not believe a word Xyla said. "My son is pestering you? Are you kidding me?" "You must think it's hilarious too, don't

you? Then please ask your son to return my documents to me. I really want to return home," Xyla said as she rubbed her temples. 'So many troubles have come up ever since I arrived in Yaramoor. I've long wanted to escape this sh*thole!'

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Yuna stared at Xyla as if trying to learn something from her expression.

Yorrick pushed the bodyguards who were standing outside apart and entered with a stoic expression. "Why are you here?"

Yuna looked back at him. "You know why. Yorrick."

Yorrick sniggered. "So you admit that you've done something."

Yuna's eyes flashed with anger. "I have to remove all obstacles for you. If you don't let her go, I won't let her have an easy life either."

Xyla was somewhat shocked.

What did they mean by 'done something'? Was the accident the other night not an accident?

Yoirick looked at her coldly.

After a moment he walked to Xyla, put his arm around her shoulders, and led her away.

Yuna yelled, "Yorrick Hathaway! This is your last chance."

Yorrick stopped in his tracks-the hand around Xyla's shoulder tightened while he looked back at his mother with red eyes filled with anger. "Go ahead and try."

Yuna's expression froze. Seeing how Yorrick was going against her for a woman, she looked more and more embarrassed. Her son shouldn't try to escape her control. She wouldn't allow it!

Yorrick brought Xyla to the garage and helped her get into the back seat, then asked the driver to send her to the hotel so she could rest.

Right when he was closing the door, he suddenly looked at Xyla, cupped her face, and kissed her. Xyla's pupils shrunk, and she blinked rapidly.

He lingered for a moment before moving away from her lips and pushing her hair behind her head to reveal her entire face. He kept his hand on her face. "I left your passport at the front desk. You can leave if you want."

"You..." Xyla was surprised that he was going to let her go so soon.

"Why? Are you not ready to leave?" His muscles tensed, and he breathed heavily while he got closer to her face. "Don't you want to leave? I'm letting you go now. I don't want to see you in Yaramoor anymore. Get out of here once you have collected your passport."

He pushed Xyla into the car, slammed the door, and turned away.

The driver slowly drove away.

Yorrick covered his face with his hand and composed himself, then picked up his phone to make a phone call.

Tristan received the call from Yorrick." How can I help you. Mr. Hathaway?" He picked up his teacup and pressed it to his lips.

He paused after listening to what Yorrick had to say and slowly sipped his tea." Alright, I'll arrange for it." When Xyla arrived at the hotel, her passport was indeed at the front desk. She picked it up, returned to her room, walked to the huge window, and looked at this city that she was somewhat familiar with.

Yorrick finally allowed her to go home, so she was supposed to be happy. The glass revealed that a few people approached her through the reflection, causing her to turn around in shock.

Just when she was struggling to get free from the hand covering her mouth, something was injected into her back, and she started dozing off.

Once she fainted, the man threw the syringe aside and kicked it under the couch. He then pushed her into the cleaner's cart and let the person in the cleaner's uniform outside push her away.

When Xyla woke up, she realized that she was in a dimly lit room with just one window secured by metal bars.

She felt pain from the spot the drug had been injected, while the wound on her shoulder seemed to have reopened and blood was sipping through.

Where was this?

Xyla slowly got up and felt around her pocket, only to find she didn't have her phone. She put pressure on her shoulder while walking to the window, which was 6 feet from the ground. She couldn't see what was outside.

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Footsteps could be heard from outside the door.

She held her breath, and when she turned around, two men opened the door, and a woman walked in. It was Yorrick's fiancée, Mandy.

Mandy smiled. "I'm sorry for bringing you over this way."

"Bring?" Xyla laughed. "This is pretty much kidnapping."

"So what if it is?" Mandy didn't care. "In Yaramoor, even the police would not dare to offend the Nix. Are you going to call them?"

Xyla's face dropped, and she took a deep breath. "What do you want?"

Mandy crossed her arms and walked toward her. "I've been in love with Yorrick since a long time ago when he was... in love with

Sharon."

She walked to the side and calmly said, "Even if Yorrick doesn't love me, it doesn't matter because I'm going to marry him. After Sharon's death, his heart died along with her. Since he cannot accept me, he shouldn't accept other women either."

Xyla looked at her curiously. "Why are you telling me this?"

Mandy looked back at her coldly. "Yorrick was just having fun with you, so I chose to ignore it. There are many women around him, so I don't care as long as he isn't serious about it."

She walked closer to Xyla and grabbed her chin. "But I noticed that it's different with you.

Xyla pushed her hand away, holding back the pain, and gnashed her teeth. "Ms. Nix, he forced me to be his lover, and I'm just one of the many lovers he had. I was even detained in Yaramoor. Is that what you mean by different?"

Mandy was surprised, but she suddenly burst out laughing.

Xyla could feel that the gauze was wet, her face turning pale. "Ms. Nix, I wouldn't fight you for Mr. Hathaway, and I don't want to have anything more to do with him. So could you be nice and let me go?"

"No way I'm going to let you leave!" Mandy screamed Xyla was stunned when she saw Mandy put out her hand and grab her neck." Yorrick would never force any woman because he didn't care. He forced you because he has feelings for you!"

Xyla felt the hand around her throat tighten and frowned. She pushed her hand away, ignoring the splitting of her wound." What does that have to do with me?"

Mandy slapped her, and Xyla's head turned to the side. She was shocked.

"All the women that Yorrick falls for should die, no matter if it's you or Sharon." Mandy grabbed her hair and forced her to look at her. "Did you know how Sharon died? A car accident."

Xyla's pupils shrank as she immediately remembered Yorrick's conversation with his mother. She held her breath. "Did the accident have anything to do with his mother?"

He told you?" The shock in Mandy's eyes subsided quickly, and it was replaced with a snigger. "Mrs. Hathaway loves her son, so she will do anything for him. She won't stand for the son she brought up to marry a woman who has nothing to offer. Anyone who even dreams of marrying into the Hathaways will be eliminated."

Mandy was lucky because she was a Nix, and Yuna loved her since they were on the same page.

Xyla smiled palely. "Would you be happy marrying a man who doesn't love you?"

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Mandy's smile faded. "A marriage shouldn't just be about love. I'm content just being his wife. I don't care if he doesn't love me, as long as I love him. We're made for each other. Only I am good enough for him!"

She pushed Xyla, and the latter hit the wall. Mandy suddenly stomped on her wounded shoulder with all her might.

Xyla hissed but fought back the pain when blood came out and dyed her collar red.

"Hurts, doesn't it?" Mandy leaned down and looked at her, smiling eerily. "Too bad this isn't enough. I'm going to give you a day you'll remember for the rest of your life."

She raised her hand, and four men entered. Xyla's expression froze, and she was pale

as a paper.

Mandy grabbed her by her arm, pushed her toward the men, and looked down at her." Yorrick doesn't like it when other men touch his toy. If I destroy you, Yorrick will give up."

At the St. Donnor Estate...

Yorrick poured a glass of wine, the red liquid slowly going into the glass. He held the stem of the glass and swirled it around, looking up at the bodyguards around him." Are you trying to detain me?"

Yuna walked down the stairs. "Yorrick, I'm doing this for your own good. You shouldn't have anything to do with that woman."

Yorrick slowly drank the wine and chuckled. "We've ended things."

Yuna paused, looking stoic. "Really? Just letting her go doesn't mean you won't find her again.

His smile faded, and he looked at his mother from the corner of his eyes. "So?"

Yuna smiled and walked to the couch." Yorrick, you're a good boy that I nurtured. You shouldn't be this way because of a useless woman."

"You made me this way." Yorrick put down the glass with no emotions.

Yuna looked at him. "You still blame me for Sharon."

Yorrick looked stoic.

At that moment, he received a text on his phone. The veins on the back of his hands popped up upon reading it. "You did something to her."

"Yorrick, you're the only child we have. You need to carry the-

Crash!

Looking at the glass that was shattered all over the floor, Yuna paused with hatred in her eyes. "Are you defying me?" Yorrick stood up, removed his suit and tie, threw them to the floor, and slowly rolled up his sleeve. "If this is what you want, I'll destroy the family that you wish to see." Yuna turned pale. "W-What are you saying?"

Yorrick took out a gun and held it in his hand. "The son that you want is just a puppet you can control, a puppet who doesn't have a mind of his own and will just do what you tell him. If that's the reason you gave me life, then I don't want it. You can take it back

"Yorrick-" Yuna frantically stood up, "Put down the gun."

Yorrick pointed it to his temple, and the bodyguards around him panicked. "Sir!"

He growled, "Nobody move!"

Yuna's eyes turned red. "Are you crazy?"

Yorrick, y-you want to die for that woman?" He chuckled. "I wouldn't die for anyone. I'll do it so I can escape you."

Yuna froze on the spot, and the blood from her face slowly faded.

Chapter 1139

"You're my mother who gave birth to me and brought me up, so I can't do anything to you. As for my life, all I can do is return it to you."

Yorrick's eyes were stale. "Mom, out of 37 years of my life. I lived 25 of them under your control. I've never hated you because you genuinely love me, but I can't handle your love anymore. Sharon was innocent. It was my fault. I shouldn't have fallen for her.

"Xyla is innocent. It was my fault for getting close to her. But what did you do? If I destroy myself, will you stop?"

"Yorrick... put the gun down. Listen, son, you're my life. I can't live without you-" Yuna shook her head violently. She had never felt suffocated like this. Her son was

holding a gun to his own head and threatening her with his own life.

Yorrick was quiet. He cocked the gun and was going to pull the trigger.

"No!" Yuna's heart almost jumped out of her throat. "I'll let you go, alright? I'll let you go!" she screamed.

Yorrick put down the gun, picked up his suit and rushed out after pushing the men aside.

Yuna fell onto the couch and took deep breaths while her hand was shaking. She only had one child and could not imagine her life without him.

Yorrick sped down the freeway, his jaw clenched while he accelerated.

The car reached a dilapidated house in the outskirts, somewhere very quiet. A metal door stood closed, and there was only a window with metal bars on the outside.

Two cars were parked outside. He recognized one of the cars with a 97 on the license plate as Mandy's car.

He rushed out of his car with the gun in hand. Two men walked out, and he raised it but realized that the two men fired at him simultaneously.

Two gunshots shocked the men inside, and they ran out. Yorrick covered the first man's head with his suit and kicked him in the chest.

Yorrick's eyes were fiery A man rushed toward him with a knife in hand. He evaded it but the knife grazed him. He bent the man's arm, and the knife fell to the ground.

Another man rushed toward him with a bat that swung only an inch away from Yorrick's head. He bent backward and smoothly drew the gun and fired. He had an air gun that wouldn't kill a person, but it would hurt them a lot.

A few men took turns attacking him, but they weren't fast enough for him. Soon, all of them were on the ground.

Yorrick kicked open the door and walked into the house. His chest heaved when he saw what was inside, while his face twisted and his eyes were bloodshot.

There was blood on the floor along with Xyla's torn-up clothes. The gun he was holding the gun with shook violently while he stood on the spot.

He slowly walked toward another door that was barely closed. He raised his hand but didn't have the courage to open the door-his eyes were dead. He felt as if his soul had left his body, and he was numb.

He finally pushed the door open. The naked body of a woman who had drowned in the pool was still. She had multiple stab wounds, and blood dyed the water red like ink.

Yorrick stopped breathing, and his heart was thumping against his chest when he almost lost his footing. Suddenly, he felt a blow from behind.

Yorrick collapsed on the floor, his eyes fixed on the pool as they slowly blurred.

He suddenly remembered the cold, rainy night when he saw Sharon's body, and that broke his heart into pieces. His heart, which had finally been healed, was shattered once again.

Chapter 1140

It was all his fault.

Yorrick didn't manage to protect the woman he loved.

Yuna grabbed the doctor by his shoulders and asked, "Doctor, isn't my son conscious already? It's been a week, and he's still acting that way. What happened to him?"

The doctor took a look at Yorrick, who was like a zombie and was helpless. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Hathaway. We've done all we could, but I'm afraid that he has had a psychological breakdown.

Psychological...

Yuna let go of him. "How did this happen?"

"It was all because of you." Madam Hathaway walked in with a cane and gave Yuna a slap across her face.

Yuna's face turned, and she froze on the spot. Nolan and Maisie stood outside the door. They had come with Madam Hathaway.

Yuna slowly turned toward her. "But,"

"I let you handle the family affairs because I trusted you. I haven't even left Yaramoor for a long time, yet you have managed to mess up the family already." Madam Hathaway knocked her cane on the floor angrily.

Yuna shook. "I'm sorry,"

"You're sorry? It's too late now that Yorrick is in this state." Madam Hathaway looked up with tears in her eyes. "Yuna, I know you started with good intentions, but you were too selfish with Yorrick. You didn't give him a chance to breathe. Controlling him isn't the way to show love. You need to learn to let go. He's a 37-year-old man and not a 3-year-old child anymore."

Yuna pressed her lips together as a tear rolled down her cheek, and she started crying.

"You didn't want to let Yorrick end up with Sharon and created that accident. Do you know that your actions pushed your son into hell?" Every word Madam Hathaway uttered stabbed into her heart.

She took a few steps back and sat on the floor. "I know my mistake now, I... I won't control him anymore. I won't limit him."

Madam Hathaway took a deep breath and looked at Yorrick, who was sitting in front of the window, unmoving. His strong and athletic body looked frail under the lights.

Maisie tugged at Nolan's shirt, and he looked at her.

She whispered, "Come with me."

Nolan looked into the room and followed Maisie to the balcony. "What's going on, Zee?"

She pressed her lips together. "I want to go to the hotel Xyla stayed at."

Nolan frowned. "Why?"

Maisie looked down. "I need to bring her papers back."

Nolan rubbed his temples. "I'll go with you." "Maybe not." Maisie tidied up his suit. "Stay here and spend time with Yorrick. He needs someone by his side now." "His life or death has nothing to do with me." Nolan squinted and approached her. *

You just want to leave me."

"No way. I'll tell you when I'm back." Maisie ran her finger over his lips, then turned around with a smile and left.

After Maisie left the hotel, she made a call. "Where are you?"

The person said something while she hailed a cab. "Alright, I'll be right there."

The rain started falling over the entire city.

Yorrick stood in front of the window in the empty room while the rain fell on his face. He closed his eyes and let it happen.

Nolan stood by the door with his arms crossed. "Do you plan to live the rest of your life like this?"

