

Ex Wife 1349

Chapter 1349

The slim figure standing beside the pond was none other than Joanne.

"Jo... Joanne?" Quinton whispered in disbelief, rubbing his eyes to make sure he wasn't hallucinating.

Past memories engulfed him, and the image of her wild eyes as she held a knife over him flashed in his mind.

"Quinton, we'll go to hell together!" Joanne whispered viciously as she held his neck tightly.

Quinton had somehow survived, and had managed to swim to a small island nearby.

He had been badly injured, and had been nursed back to health by the locals.

After that, he had lost contact with Joanne, and eventually received news that she had passed away.

His resentment and bitterness grew, making him more paranoid and twisted after years of despair.

However, this recent near-death experience had changed him.

The second he saw Joanne, it was not hatred that overwhelmed him, but love.

Unfortunately, the woman just stared at the pond as if she had not heard Quinton.

"Jo..." Quinton approached her and tried to call out to her again, but suddenly, a man appeared.

The man ran over and held the woman's shoulders dotingly.

"Why are you here? Let's head back, okay? You just had surgery, and this cold wind isn't good for you."

"I'm sorry for making you worry, bro.

It's just boring in the ward.

It's alright, let's go back." She turned and brushed past Quinton, leaving with the man.

"It wasn't her." Quinton sighed sadly, looking lost.

He must have been hallucinating.

That woman looked like Joanne, but there was no way it could be her.

Joanne was long dead, and he was the reason behind it.

His heart ached painfully in his chest, and he clenched his fists and turned around to leave.

However, unbeknownst to him, it had indeed been Joanne.

She had come down for a stroll after she recovered.

Fear overcame her when she noticed him, and she struggled to maintain her composure.

Quinton was her brother who had grown up with her, but he was also her enemy who ruined her family and killed her child.

Hatred bloomed in her, and she wanted to rush over to him and kill him, but she knew that she could never succeed given his power.

It was already a blessing if he did not kill her.

Joanne gritted her teeth, deep in thought as she hid in a corner.

At that moment, Renee was looking for Quinton.

When she saw him by the pond, she hurried over to him, holding a pile of reports and IDs.

"Quinton, there you are! Everything's done, so let's head home." "Thank you." Quinton turned to Renee and forced a gentle smile onto his face.