

It's Too Late To Get A Divorce by Coreal White Chapter 18

Chapter 18

Hearing someone open the door, she quickly wore a mask and headed to the floor above to continue cleaning.

Holding on until 3:00 p.m., Alita had lost count of how many floors she had cleaned. Perhaps it was her toughness from childhood that kept her going, reminding herself that difficulties would pass if she just held on a bit longer.

At 4:00 p.m., Jaydon finished a meeting and checked the computer but couldn't find Alita. He thought she probably couldn't endure it and went elsewhere to rest.

After work, thinking she might have gone home, Jaydon pushed back his plans and drove home. He thought confronting her was more interesting than dining or sleeping with another woman.

However, when he arrived home, she wasn't there.

At 10:00 p.m., he stood by the window, looking outside. 'Does she think I might give her a hard time, so she's afraid to come back?' he thought. 'No way. Alita is no coward. She's the toughest woman I've ever seen and won't be afraid of me. Fear isn't in her dictionary. After hesitating, he decided to drive to the company.

Going up floor by floor in the scorching heat, without air conditioning in the bathroom, it was stuffy and

unpleasant. He hadn't even reached the third floor when he was drenched in sweat. Taking off his jacket,

loosening his tie, and rolling up his sleeves, he continued upward. In the end, he had a taste of his own medicine.

By around the 20th floor, his hair was drenched in sweat, and his clothes clung to his body uncomfortably. Seeing the safety exit ajar, he hastened inside, finding a figure in a blue cleaning uniform collapsed in the

stairwell. *w.w.nôvêl(w)or.m.côm*

"Alita." His heart raced. He hurried to her and gently patted her face, but she didn't wake up. "Alita," he called again, voice gentle and filled with pain.

At the hospital, nurses passing by occasionally stole glances at the handsome man sitting outside the emergency room. His white shirt collar was wide open, giving him a mix of classiness and wildness. His eyes were icy, devoid

of warmth, yet strangely captivating. *w(w)w.mô(v)êl(w)or@m.côm*

The emergency room door opened. Jaydon immediately stood up, looking at the doctor. "How is she?"

"Heatstroke. It's not too serious, but if not addressed promptly, it can be fatal. Just be more cautious next time.

She's fine now and will be transferred to a ward soon."

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"Okay, thank you." Jaydon politely thanked the doctor, feeling relieved.

In the hospital room, only the oxygen tank made a soft sound. Alita lay on the bed with an IV drip, pale and fragile.

Jaydon sat on the edge of the bed, slowly raising his arm. He wanted to touch the bruise on her face but hesitated for a moment before pulling his hand back.

In her s *Ww.Nôvêl(w)or@m.côm*

sleep, Alita furrowed her brows, her face filled with sorrow. She murmured, "Dad, don't go. Take me with you, please. Dad, please don't leave me alone in this world..." *Ww@.N@ (v)elwôr.m.côm*

She repeated those words, tears keeping streaming down. It seemed like a really sad dream..

Jaydon looked at her in astonishment and had a lump in his throat, unsure of what to do.

They were like a symbiotic entity. When one got stronger, so did the other. When one felt lost, the other did as

well.

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