

Levi Garrison: The Return of the God of War [The Protector] Chapter 1067

Emma was now on her way to Oakland City.

She was brought before Tyrone Garrison.

It had been twenty years since the last time they met.

Now that they met each other again, Tyrone observed that the woman had changed drastically since he last saw her.

Tyrone still looked elegant and polished as ever. He still had that commanding vibe, albeit it had become more mature and made him seem even more impressive.

Tyrone had lived a perfect life from all perspectives.

Besides, he was currently poised to become the next patriarch of the Garrison family. When that happened, he would become the most respected man on earth.

On the other hand, age had significantly altered Emma's beauty. The wrinkles that crept across her entire forehead made her seem older than she really was. She was so skinny that she looked like a walking skeleton.

She was once as beautiful as a flower. Now, she simply looked like an old hag.

The two of them were a glaring contrast to each other when they stood together.

Nobody would have thought they used to be a couple...

When she saw Tyrone again, a complicated mix of emotions welled up within Emma.

However, when Tyrone gazed down at her, his eyes were only full of mockery and contempt.

He mocked himself for falling for this woman in his younger years; he had been too naïve in the past.

At the same time, Tyrone was also laughing at Emma. How could she have ever thought of marrying me, much less marrying into the prestigious Garrison clan?

Oh, how stupid I was! How could I have been in love with this woman all those years ago? I nearly missed out on my future with Olivia!

Yes, I was too young and foolish. Oh, just look at Emma now!

She's no match for me at all.

Not even a little bit!

Compared to his present wife, Olivia, Emma was practically nothing. The difference between the two women was simply too great.

With a little exaggeration, Tyrone would even say that looking at the present Emma made him feel like throwing up.

If he were a bird soaring high up in the sky, she would be a filthy bug crawling on the ground!

Did this loser of a woman think she's suitable to be my wife?

Dream on!

She will never become my wife!

Tyrone would only regard her with contempt.

However, he had forgotten that he had a role to play in Emma's current predicament.

Emma used to be a rose, too.

For Tyrone's sake, she had gambled with her life and ruined her future in the process.

Without him in the picture, Emma would still be as beautiful as she had been back then.

"Wow, I didn't think we would ever meet again! You're quite a lucky person, do you know that?"

Tyrone felt that any opportunity for Emma to meet him was a boon for her.

He wasn't entirely wrong. Someone as lowly as Emma didn't have the right to meet him.

"Yes, we meet again," Emma whispered.

Tyrone continued, "However, I must remind you not to harbor any hopes on me. There's no way things will ever work out between the two of us, for as long as we live. I'll tell you the truth. The difference in our status is simply too big, and the gap is only getting wider! You and I aren't compatible at all."

Tyrone rambled on, "Think about it yourself. Do you think you can hold a candle to Olivia? I don't think so! I must have been blind in the past."

Tyrone was afraid that Emma still desired some sort of romantic relationship with him so he had to dispel those thoughts immediately.

Hearing this, Emma bowed her head.

The last ember of hope in her heart was extinguished.

The difference between her status and that of Tyrone was simply enormous.

"Not only that, but your son is nothing compared to Olivia's son," Tyrone mocked. "Her son is of unparalleled talent and he's the best and fiercest warrior in practically every aspect!"

Tyrone struck Emma emotionlessly with such harsh words. "As for your son, I must admit that he has made some small achievements on his own. To normal people, he is worthy of some respect. But to the Garrison clan of Oakland City, his achievements are nothing! What are his achievements as compared to those of Olivia's son?"

Emma wouldn't stand for it. He could insult her all he liked, but insulting her son was taboo for her.

Emma's eyes widened as she stared at Tyrone. "That might not be so! Damien was brought up in an environment that was simply too perfect. In a less ideal environment, my son might easily beat him."