

The Three Little Guardian Angels
Chapter 1265

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"She wants to know if her body is ready to get pregnant."

The nurse felt strange too.

"She seems to be very eager to get pregnant, but it's difficult for her to conceive a child because of severe anemia and inflammation."

Maisie pursed her lips tightly.

"The nurse claims that Pearl constantly has bruises on her wrist and suspects that Pearl is being abused, but she couldn't wait to get pregnant.."

Maisie had a feeling that it was not that simple, but these things had nothing to do with her, and she did not need to bother herself with these issues.

She could not help but fall into reminiscence.

'Back then, Pearl was an arrogant and domineering lady.

She's the daughter of the La Perla Group and was very pampered and spoiled. She was an extremely lofty person who was fawned upon by everyone around her.

'In addition to being arrogant and condescending, she was also a little simple-minded. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been easily tricked by Willow into framing me.

'Speaking of which, what she gets today is what she deserves. She made a choice back then, so she must bear the consequences"

Standing in the corridor, Maisie looked out the window.

She thought carefully about all the details of how things happened back then and arrived at the conclusion that Pearl was just an impulsive pitiful woman.

"Zee."

Barbara came over.

"Where did you go after you answered the phone? I've been looking for you."

Maisie smiled.

"I ran into an acquaintance just now."

"Who was that?"

Maisie lowered her gaze.

"The daughter of the La Perla Group."

"Isn't she the lady who canceled the engagement with the Hannigans' son?"

Barbara was stunned, and she crossed her arms.

"Are you that familiar with her?"

Maisie replied with a faint smile, "I'm rather familiar with her, but she probably doesn't want to get anywhere close to me."

At the apartment...

Pearl was sitting on the couch, the television was not turned on, and the dim light enveloped her.

The environment was so dark that her expression was not very visible at the moment.

Her hands trembled involuntarily upon hearing the sound of the door knob twisting. Tanner stood at the entryway to change his shoes, and the black coat on his body looked cold and wet.

He took off the coat, draped it over his upper arm, and walked toward Pearl.

"Did you go to the hospital?"

Her voice sounded hoarse.

"Yes."

Tanner placed the coat on the back of the chair.

"How's the result? Pearl did not answer."

"You're not pregnant, again?"

Tanner pinched her chin and leaned closer to her.

"It seems that even God doesn't want to let you off this time around."

Pearl stopped breathing for a short moment.

"I'll try harder..."

"How?"

Tanner grabbed her by her neck and forced her to look directly at him.

"How much harder can you try with this body of yours?"

He glared at the person in front of him and sneered.

"You seem to be very eager to get pregnant. Do you really think I'll let you go after you've given birth to a child?"

Pearl was astounded, and her eyes turned bloodshot.

"Then what else do you want? You told me that as long as I can repay you with a child, the child that you and Sandy lost—"

"Don't you ever mention Sandy again! You have no right to do so!"

Tanner strangled her.

She snorted and gasped as a strong sense of suffocation rushed to her head.

His eyes looked cold.

"Pearl Santiago, your atonement demands more than just a child. So, don't you ever think that I'll let you go after you've given birth to the child. That's impossible."

Pearl no longer felt like resisting, so the suffocation that engulfed her mind also blurred her consciousness gradually.

Tanner noticed something and returned to his senses subconsciously. He let go of his hand, and she was able to catch her breath

instantly as she lay on the arm of the couch and coughed.

Tanner stretched out his hand to caress her cheek, but she avoided it.

"Wouldn't it be better if you just strangled me to death?"

Tanner was dumbfounded for a split second and realized that he really should not be soft-hearted.

He grabbed Pearl by her hair, dragged her back to the room, rudely threw her onto the bed, and tied her hands to the head of the bed with ropes, as always.

Since he was going to get all over her again, Pearl's gaze looked blank.

She felt like a doll that could be manipulated and damaged by anyone.

As for Tanner, he liked to torture her body and mind through this process—he wanted to crush her self-esteem and see her beg

for mercy.

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