

Chapter 1112 Revenge

Shayla maintained her icy demeanor as she observed Garrett's discomfort, showing no signs of softening.

Advancing, Shayla said, "Garrett, are you aware of your wrongdoings now? It's too late for remorse! You restrained me in that room, allowing my brother to witness my humiliation at your hands. Why did it take you so long to acknowledge your wrongdoing? Why didn't you recognize your error when the Glyn family slaughtered my kin? I will exact vengeance on behalf of the Alvarado family, starting with you!"

Upon concluding her words, Shayla brandished her knife.

In one swift motion, she severed Garrett's penis with her first strike!

Blood spurted forth as Garrett emitted a desperate scream, his brow drenched in sweat and his visage contorted in agony.

Thus, the organ that had been a part of him for over two decades had been abruptly severed!

Garrett's entire body convulsed violently as Shayla's blow had inflicted excruciating agony upon him.

At that moment, Garrett acknowledged that survival in Shayla's grasp was futile. Hence, he abandoned any

hope of pleading for mercy.

He erupted into maniacal laughter, hurling insults at Shayla. "You slut! I should have had you killed! Have no fear. Even if you end my life, I won't be alone! Your brother, Britton, will surely join me in the depths of hell for company!"

Unmoved by Garrett's curses, Shayla proceeded without hesitation.

Shayla considered her younger brother, Britton, as her unwavering boundary. It was a line no one should breach.

Shayla's countenance was a mix of hatred towards Garrett and satisfaction in exacting revenge. Her knife repeatedly struck down.

The keen blade sliced through Garrett's thigh.

Soon, Garrett's thighs were mangled, drenched in blood, devoid of intact flesh.

Garrett endured excruciating torture from Shayla's merciless revenge. However, he refused to remain silent, persistently provoking Shayla.

He continued his curses until he succumbed to excessive blood loss. Eventually, he was dead.

Even after Garrett's demise, Shayla's relentless pursuit of vengeance did not cease.

Only after several minutes did Shayla's hand finally

slow its relentless strikes.

Overwhelmed by emotions, Shayla discarded the knife, sank to the ground, and broke into uncontrollable sobs.

Seeing Shayla like this, Liam's heart was filled with sympathy. He approached and embraced her tenderly, offering comfort with a gentle voice. "It's okay."

Shayla found solace in Liam's embrace, tears silently streaming down her face. Her voice was full of gratitude. "Thank you, Liam!"

Liam was taken aback by Shayla's words. Then, realization dawned upon him. He smiled gently and replied, "You should thank yourself for your courage earlier. Also, without you, I wouldn't have saved Julie."

He emphasized mutual support as friends.

Shayla lapsed into silence, tears glistening in her eyes.

After a while, Shayla requested a container from Liam.

Amidst Liam's and Laura's perplexed expressions, Shayla retrieved a portion of flesh from Garrett's body and stored it in the container.

Observing the scene, Liam couldn't help but feel a tinge of concern.

He was concerned about the impact of Garrett's fate on Shayla's mental well-being. He couldn't refrain from asking, "Shayla, what are you doing?"

Shayla lifted her gaze, her eyes rimmed with redness yet possessing an unusual firmness. Her voice carried an icy resolve. "I'll make Cillian, that shameless man, taste his son's flesh! I'll seek vengeance against the Glyn family for their atrocities against my family and my brother!"

Liam nodded in understanding. As he prepared to strategize with Shayla and Laura, he noticed Shayla suddenly closing her eyes and passing out.