

Love Hate 18

Chapter 18

In the corridor outside the emergency room at the hospital, Christopher was standing there with a gloomy expression. The ominous aura around him made it difficult for anyone to approach him.

The principal stood aside fearfully. He did not expect another incident to happen again during Christopher's visit this time. "Mr. Lewis, this is an accident. I've sent someone to investigate this, and I promise to give you a proper explanation!"

Christopher responded with a cold snort, which sent chills running down the principal's spine, and the principal dared not say another word.

Some moments later, several bodyguards who were donning black suits and wearing sunglasses came to them. "Mr. Lewis, we've got a result. The aggressor is a twenty one-year-old male with an intellectual disability. He's the son of a cafeteria helper at Hegbert College of Art, and he's usually helping around in the cafeteria. His actions today were out of nowhere, and he didn't know a thing when we questioned him. Given his disability, it seems impossible to put him behind bars."

"Get him admitted to asylum then! He's mentally ill and has a tendency to attack people. It would be dangerous to keep him in the college!" Christopher roared in a deep voice. His intimidating voice echoed throughout the corridor.

"Yes, sir!" the bodyguards replied and then left the hospital.

The principal looked conflicted and seemed to have something to say.

Christopher glanced at him and sneered. "What's the matter? Are you not satisfied with my instructions?"

The principal hurriedly said, "No... Of course not. It's just that he may be clumsy and foolish at normal times, but he's far from being a psycho. It was out of character for him to have attacked someone today. A sane man will go crazy for being locked up in an asylum, and I can't imagine what will happen to him..."

Christopher scoffed, "Should I lock you inside instead?"

The principal broke out in a cold sweat. "N-No. You made the right decision. So let's settle this your way."

He had never expected that Christopher, who was known to be friendly and kind, would have such a terrifying side. Unfortunately, there was nothing else the principal

could do to help the aggressor out of this situation. After all, the latter had caused harm to someone.

After some time, the door to the emergency room was finally opened. The doctor was the same doctor who had handled Margaret when she fainted last time. He walked up to Christopher. "I told you that the patient is not in great health. She had lost too much blood today, which worsened her anemia. The patient has to get plenty of rest back home. Also, her wound is a little deep. Although we have stitched it up, leaving a scar is inevitable. She's not in a critical condition now, and she will be transferred to the

normal ward later. We will observe her in the hospital for the next couple of days before discharging her.”

Christopher was finally at ease upon hearing that. “Thank you, doctor.”

- The principal noticed something from this. Although Margaret was injured because of him, it was strange for Christopher to show this much concern. Then, the principal recalled the previous incident, and he believed there must be something going on between these two.

He tentatively asked, “Mr. Lewis, should I try to contact Margaret’s parents? I feel terrible to keep you involved when it should have been our responsibility.”

Christopher did not say a thing. After the nurses pushed Margaret out of the emergency room, he followed them to the ward.

The principal remained in the corridor as he made a phone call back to campus. “Help me check the emergency contact for Margaret Sullivan... Yes... What? You don’t have it? All right. Thanks.”

After hanging up the phone, the principal stood by the door to the ward and said cautiously, “Mr. Lewis, it appears that Margaret did not leave her parents’ contact numbers for the record. I also heard that she’s an orphan, and it’s most likely that she doesn’t have other family members. We can take care of her medical bills this time. Mr. Lewis, you’ve done a lot. Thank you for that.”

Christopher was quiet for a couple of seconds before saying, “Put my name.”

The principal was dumbfounded. “What did you say?”

“Put my name on her guardian’s contact details,” said Christopher with a calm expression. He did not bother the principal, who stood petrified by the door