

Christina didn't know what work Charles needed to do in the C City. She hadn't seen him for a whole week since they met last time.

She had intended to go back to the A City, but Mrs. Dickens held her hands and tried to persuade her to stay a few more days with her hoarse sobbing voice. She couldn't reject her so she had stayed there for a whole week.

"I don't have too much luggage, so there's no need to see me off. I have called a taxi straight to the airport."

She picked her luggage up and came out of her room. She saw Betty holding a bowl of lily syrup. "There are three hours left. No hurry. Drink this first."

"Remember to check-in, or you'll miss the time again, just like yesterday."

Betty remembered that she had gone to the airport in vain yesterday and felt like laughing. "Your grandma can't bear to see you leave. She wants you to stay here."

Ever since Donald was ill and in hospital, Mrs. Dickens, who was in her eighties, seemed to have figured it out. Money was important, but reliable families who could be trusted were more significant.

She took the bowl of syrup and walked to the living room to drink. From time to time, she looked up at the decorations around the house.

It was her home in her childhood, and everything was familiar.

For a period of time, she hated the Dickens family very much. She hadn't intended to go into the house when she came back this time. But Betty seemed to let her and the Dickens family resolve their previous grudges. She had dragged her into the house. Her grandma had been saying that she had tidied up her room, just like before.

"You don't like living here, right?" Betty sat next to her and could tell what she was thinking.

"No."

She lowered her head and stiffly took the spoon to stir the syrup. But in fact, she felt their warmth and love.

Betty knew that she liked the syrup. "I'll get you another bowl."

"No, thanks. I'm full."

Betty looked at her with a serious expression. "If you go back to the A City and live alone, there will be no syrup at all." Then she persuaded, "Christina, actually, the C City is better for you."

"Are you still angry with your father?"

"No matter what has happened, no matter how estranged you and your father are, you are a family. But for your

father had been rescued in time, you would never see him."

As people grew up, they understood more clearly that nothing in this world counted except for life and death.

Christina subconsciously looked up at the stairs.

Her father, Donald, had been living on the second floor since he was discharged from the hospital. He could walk around now. His assistant would send the documents over for him to review. He would go downstairs to have meals together with the whole family. At least they had not quarreled with each other.

Seeing that she didn't say anything, Betty's eyes darkened and she said in a low voice, "Actually, it was not all his fault as for your mother's accident..."

"It's been so many years. Forget it."

She interrupted her. She didn't want to recall those old things.

"I have had a good time by living in the Dickens family for the past few days." She said calmly and naturally stretched out her arms. "That's true. It doesn't seem to be as awkward and oppressive as it used to be. It's probably because Connie didn't come back."

Betty also found it strange that Connie had not returned to the Dickens family for a long time.

"Your grandma has lost contact with her. It seems that she is busy with something."

Christina was not interested in Carrie and Connie. She got up and said, "I really have to go to the airport. Grandma went to the hospital to take a physical examination with the nanny, so I have to go out quickly..."

Betty stopped persuading her and took a single-shoulder bag for her. They walked side by side towards the door.

"Christina, where are you going? You can't leave!"

As soon as she opened the door, she heard an angry and sharp female voice.

She was stunned. Talk of the devil and he would appear.

Connie wore a white suit and a pair of black Gucci sunglasses, with long hair covering her shoulders. From afar, she looked like a big star.

However, her fringe was a little messy and she looked a little haggard with her exquisite makeup. She came out from a gray Audi and rushed forward to stop her from leaving.

Betty was a little surprised to see her anxiety.

"Connie, what are you doing..."

Betty said unhappily, but Connie took a big step forward irritably and gave her a shove. "Get out of here. Who do you think you are?"

Betty staggered back and Christina quickly held her. She looked up at the stepmother in front of her and said in a cold voice, "Don't let me go? Look at you."

"Connie, don't provoke me, or I'm not sure if you'll die."

She said these words out of anger, but Connie seemed to be crazy and scolded her angrily, "Christina, you asked Charles to scheme my downfall. I won't let you go."

Her face darkened. Suddenly, she reached out and grabbed her wrist to drag her into the house, which caused her wrist to bruise. Christina frowned and shook her hand in pain. "What are you talking about? I don't know..." But she couldn't shake off her hand.

Connie glared at her fiercely, with her bright yellow nails pinching her skin as if she had prepared to perish together. "I won't let you go!"

"Connie, let go of Christina!"

Betty hurriedly pushed her. Connie turned her head, and immediately grabbed blue-and-white porcelain on the cabinet at the foyer and slammed it.

"Bang."

Betty froze in fear and the blue-and-white porcelain shattered into pieces all over the floor.

Christina was also shocked. Looking at the fragments on the floor, she tried to use her left hand to move her fingers. She pinched her wrist with her sharp nails so it seemed to bleed.

She was so annoyed. She had never thought that Connie would be so powerful. Her knuckles turned white as if she was going to break her bones.

"Christina, don't think your karate is useful. I escaped from that smelly and dirty mountain. If I want to live, I must be cruel and vicious..."

Connie glared at her like a wild animal. She gritted her teeth and said word by word. It seemed that she had an irreconcilable hatred for her. Only by flaying and swallowing her alive could she vent her anger.

At this moment, Christina was really frightened by her malicious and cruel look.

In her life, she had not encountered a number of difficulties, so her ferocity really made her frightened.

"That's enough!"

The sound of footsteps came from the stairs. Donald held the handrail of the stairs and shouted, a little flustered.

"Connie, that's enough! Let her go!"

"Are you worried that your precious daughter will die in my hands?"

Connie looked up at him. There was an evil smile on her attractive face. Then she burst into laughter, crazily and ceaselessly.

Christina froze in a daze.

Looking warily at Connie beside her, who seemed to be crazy and whose laughter was so arrogant, but a little grievous, she had never heard such a sharp and piercing laughter, like roaring and screaming.

Upstairs, Donald's eyes were fixed on her ferocious features. Then he ran down the stairs.

"Didn't you say you almost died? How can you run like this at such an old age?" Connie looked at him and viciously cursed. The more anxious he was, the more indignant she became.

They were in the dining room of the Dickens family. They used to put a long knife on the communal table, which was usually used to cut bread. Betty had been standing at the back and watching for the proper moment for action. She noticed Connie's glancing at the knife and immediately rushed over to grab the knife. But Connie moved surprisingly fast.

Connie was as agile as a wild cat. She grabbed the hilt of the knife and waved her hand back. And the blade hit Betty's palm. Then blood dripped on the clean floor tiles.

"Dare you..."

Christina looked at this scene and immediately was about to punch her on the nose. However, she evaded the attack and the long knife in her right hand immediately rested on her fair neck.

When the long metal knife touched her skin, fear overtook her. If she struggled a little, her neck would bleed.

While Connie leaned closer to her ear and told her in a cold voice, "This knife is very blunt. I intend to rub off your blood vessels bit by bit with it... It will definitely hurt..."

Her face was a little pale. She was suppressed by Connie and had no chance to fight back.

"Connie, let her go immediately!"

Donald blushed and ran up to them, but he didn't dare to grab the knife. He was not in good health, panting heavily. "Connie, you swore to me that you would not hurt her again in the future!"



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"All right."

They confronted each other. The atmosphere was tense and solemn.

It seemed to take a long time for Connie to make a compromise. "If Christina releases Carrie, I'll let her go today."

Although Connie still put her long knife for cutting toast around Christina's neck, Christina was not too afraid. Listening to Connie and her father's conversation, which seemed to have a double meaning, she found that they hid something from her.

"Carrie deserved it when she was caught," Christina turned her face with difficulty and looked deeply at Connie, who was standing behind her, said stubbornly, "I won't plead for Carrie. You want me to release her? Dream on!"

"You dare!"

Connie looked into her clear eyes and gritted her teeth angrily. The blade pressed against her blood vessel and exerted force. Christina frowned in pain. Bright red blood slid across her fair neck, which was especially dazzling.

Betty's heart almost jumped out of her chest. She hurriedly persuaded, "Connie, we'll promise you anything you want. What happened to Carrie? You make it clear... You release Christina. Don't hurt her..."

But Christina seemed to be afraid of nothing. She spoke in a loud voice, "Connie, this knife is so blunt. It will take a lot of time to cut my blood vessels with it. A doctor will come in half an hour. You have to hurry up, or you will be in jail before my bleeding runs out..."

"Shut up!"

Christina originally wanted to anger Connie, but she didn't expect Donald, her cold father, to take the lead in scolding her. He was so angry that he was coughing anxiously.

Seeing that he looked terrible, Betty immediately walked over and patted him on the back worriedly.

Connie glanced at Donald subconsciously.

Her face was gloomy and angry. She knew that Donald had been sick recently, and a doctor would come to check on him at a fixed time every day. She held a metal knife and wished that it would kill Christina immediately.

"Release her... I'll promise to all your requests." Donald calmed down and gave Connie a promise in a hoarse voice.

Christina wanted to say something, but Connie had already pushed her away.

In fact, Connie held a knife against her just for a moment of anger and impulse. She had always been rational. With Donald's promise, she also found a way out. It would really be a stupid thing to hurt Christina.

Donald held a dining chair and sat down, adjusting his breathing.

Connie's face was gloomy. He clenched the knife tightly and slammed it angrily on the table, pulling out a chair and sitting opposite him.

Betty immediately ran to Christina and looked at the bloodstains on her neck. She became anxious and worried. "How's your neck? is it painful? I'll put a dressing on your wound now..."

Christina's neck was only slightly injured. Before she came to her mind from Connie's glare, her father scolded angrily, "She deserves it. Ignore her!"

"It's doesn't matter."

Christina grabbed a few pieces of facial tissue on the table and pressed down on the wound.

Her face was purple with rage, and she didn't care about her little injury. She was just upset that her father was so partial to Connie. She was the one who was hurt, and her father was always so fierce to her.

She and Betty also sat down. The four of them looked at each other with their own thoughts.

"What's wrong with Carrie?"

Donald spoke first, probably because he was ill, and his voice was lower than usual.

"Didn't your baby daughter tell you?"

Connie sneered and looked at Christina with hatred. "Christina put Carrie in a mental hospital..."

It was the first time Donald and Betty had heard of this. They frowned and turned to look at Christina.

Donald roared angrily at her. "See what you had done!"

Christina was not surprised by this scolding tone. Anyway, she was the one who caused everything. She held a bad attitude and didn't say anything.

Seeing her temper, Betty immediately elbowed her and whispered, "Your father is still sick. Don't anger him. Tell him what's going on."

Christina could be persuaded by reason but not be cowed by force. That was why she always liked to live with Betty. Donald's education model would only have a negative effect on her.

"Carrie hit my friend by car. So she was caught by the traffic police," Christina said briefly, ignoring her parts.

"Why did Carrie hit your friend?" Betty couldn't understand.

"Crystal was unharmed and was discharged the next day. Carrie had a concussion. She was transferred to the

general ward after seven days."

Connie said coldly and turned to look straight at Christina, gritting her teeth. "Cecilia instigated her to drive into someone. Carrie was a victim from beginning to end..."

Christina's face was cold and indifferent. "The police will investigate whether Carrie is the victim." She was not interested in the things about Carrie.

Connie was angrier when she heard her say this, and her voice became high-pitched. "Let the police investigate. How righteous did you say! Bah... Christina, you are playing tricks behind my back. You let Charles directly convict Carrie. You want her to stay in the mental hospital for the rest of her life. The rest of her life! Christina, how vicious you are!"

"I didn't!"

Christina looked a little strange and immediately retorted.

"Carrie was arrested for causing a traffic accident. I don't know why she was prisoned in a mental hospital..."

Christina found that Connie had come to slander her again. Her surprise gradually calmed down and she was more disgusted with Connie. She guessed and asked.

"Carrie was found to be mentally ill by the hospital. What are you two sisters plotting to? You want to escape from the responsibility of the traffic accident with mental illness, right?"

Donald and Betty listened to their disagreements and couldn't judge the truth for a short while.

"... Let's wait until it is found out."

Donald seemed a little tired. He closed his eyes and said in a deep voice.

"Donald, this is what Christina did. If she wants to kill Carrie, her next target must be me."

Connie cursed excitedly, and her eyes dark was full of resentment. "I've been holding her back all these years. I can't stand it anymore today. Either let Carrie go immediately, or I'll unveil everything today. You never tend to favour Christina anymore. She's as selfish and vicious as her mother..."

"Connie, what right do you have to mention my mother? What did you say at that time? You said that you and my father really loved each other and hoped that my mother would take the initiative to divorce my father to fulfil your will. Then what did you do when my father was sick recently? You went out to find men!"

Christina was also angry at once. She hated it when someone mentioned her mother, especially Connie, the murderer.

"I'm telling you now, whether Charles interferes in Carrie's case or not, I won't plead for your two. You've done evil enough. This is your retribution. You deserve it!"

"Retribution?"

Connie punched the table fiercely and scolded angrily, "Retribution, Christina, how dare you mention the word 'retribution'... You, you are living in a fictional and beautiful world every day. Do you really know what retribution is? Christina, your birth is the biggest retribution for the Dickens family!"

Christina's face changed. "What did you say? What did you mean?"

"Shut up!"

Donald stood up from the chair, holding the table and yelled at the two of them. He seemed to be very angry that he coughed again. His face was unhealthy pale.

Connie's face was ferocious. She ran to the long cabinet in the living room to pick up a funeral photo. She raised it high and smashed the frame of the photo angrily. Then she aimed her foot at a beautiful woman in the photo and stomped on it fiercely.

"Mary, the bitch!"

Seeing that she had smashed her mother's funeral photo, Christina was stunned.

Betty turned around and was immediately annoyed. "Connie, are you crazy?"

Betty ran over to push her away to get the photo under her feet. Connie was full of resentment. She stubbornly stepped on the photo, looked up with a crazy smile. She laughed hysterical. "Am I crazy?"

"It is the Eisenhower family that is crazy," she turned to look at her husband, who was weak and panting. "And you, Donald, you're crazy too... All of you are crazy!"

Hearing her saying this, Betty's face was immediately filled with shock in complexity.

Connie looked at Christina, who was deep in thought and suddenly laughed even crazier. She shouted at the top of her lungs, "All of you are hiding it from her..."

"Christina, your mother was pregnant with another unknown man's baby and this baby is you. Your grandfather asked Donald to marry your mother so that she wouldn't be mocked by people. And you, the spoiled child in the Dickens family, everyone is lying to you. You've been the biggest joke since you were born."



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"Connie, you're talking nonsense!"

Christina was silent for a while. She didn't know how to describe her feelings, her heart pounding rapidly in a semblance to her present shocking and frightening mood.

Her mind went blank as numerous thoughts exploded into a mess.

Christina resisted and retorted loudly with all her might, "Connie, you're talking rubbish!"

"I'm talking rubbish? Hahaha..." Connie burst into ferocious laughter in despair, "Donald Dickens, tell her, is Christina that little bastard your daughter?"

"Tell her, tell her yourself that Christina is a bastard that no one knows who her father is!" Connie roared outrageously.

Donald was still sitting on the dining table chair, his face morbidly pale and his lips purple. He stared at them with wide eyes and breathed rapidly. Betty seemed to be unable to control her emotions as tears trickled down her cheeks and she pleaded, "Stop it, Connie, please stop."

"Why should I stop?"

Seeing that Donald over there remained quiet, Connie couldn't stifle the resentment she had suppressed for many years and allowed it to break out. She jabbered to scold him like a demon demanding her debts.

"Donald, I've been married to you for so many years, and I'm already your legitimate wife, but you've been so focused on protecting that bitch Mary and her daughter. What do you take me for? I did marry you for money, but what else did I do wrong? You saw Mary push me down the stairs with your own eyes. You watched her kill my child!"

Seemingly bereaved of her sanity, Connie grabbed the decorative vases and photo frames in the living room and smashed them on the floor.

"You, all of you, gave that bitch a good reputation in the end. But what about me? I'm your mistress; I destroy other people's families, but what's wrong with my child? My son is innocent. But you were with me to infuriate Mary!"

She growled a series of abuse, her heavily made-up face covered with tears.

"Donald, you're the one that is mad! You killed your own flesh and blood, yet you let this bastard call you dad..."

"Enough! Shut up!"

Donald's face was still pallid. He raised his head with difficulty and looked at Connie, who burst into wailing, and he held his breath trying to stop her from making a fuss.

Christina sat opposite Donald with a stiff face as the indignant voices kept echoing in her ears.

"No! Not enough!"

Connie's voice was hoarse and hateful.

"Donald, let me tell you, I haven't settled old scores with you. That's what Mary's owed me, and what you've owed me!"

Her heavy makeup was smudged, leaving the tears on her face even more sinister and terrifying. She cursed like a madwoman, "My son is dead! How can Mary's daughter survive?"

When Donald heard this, he was about to say something, but a sharp pain in his heart seized him. He covered his left chest with his right hand and lowered his head to gasp.

Christina sensed something wrong with him and instinctively stood up and walked towards him.

But Connie suddenly trotted towards them and grabbed her. "Christina, did I scare you by saying these today?" Her footsteps grew increasingly faster, and she became more and more impatient.

Christina tensed instinctively. But as soon as she turned her head, Connie was already standing behind her like a ghost. Her brightly painted nails were shining horribly scarlet under the fluorescent light overhead, and her fingers fiercely clutched Christina's jaw to raise her head.

Connie lowered her head and laughed hysterically again as if she didn't care about anything anymore. "I also want to tell you another thing. That year when you were in high school, you got kidnapped and almost raped by a few village bumpkins ... I paid them to do it. Do you still remember?"

Christina was pinched by her on the chin and looked at Connie's gloomy face. Her eyes widened little by little as she recalled that scene in the past. The night was dirty, dark, and murky...

Connie's voice beside her ear became more and more shrill and creepy. "I was watching by the side. You were blindfolded, your clothes torn to pieces, and those old men with rough skin and pressed down on you like wolves. You were scared, weren't you? I heard you cry and scream..."

"Christina, why don't you die? Mary killed my son. Why don't you die!"

Christina froze. Connie yelled at her in fiery hysterics, as that terrible memory flooded into her mind.

That year, the accident was hastily put to an end. When the police found those bandits, they were already corpses. The case involved some special people, and it implicated too many and dated back so many years, so now even Charles and the others couldn't figure out any clues.

The incident happened in C City, and the Dickens family at that time was in the ascendant. After all, it was a case involving a Miss Dickens and closely related to her reputation, so Christina had supposed that it was Donald pressured to conceal it taking into account the face of the Dickens family.

But it turned out to be for the sake of protecting Connie.

Christina had never anticipated that Connie had arranged the terrible kidnapping, nor did she know that someone's hatred could be so terrible. Her life seemed to be deceived by one lie after another.

Betty, who was standing on the other side, was also stunned in shock. Of course, she knew about Christina's accident at her high school graduation, but she was also oblivious to Connie's involvement.

Betty was seething with rage. "Connie, you said you had a miscarriage and your child was innocent, but how could you do harm to Christina? She's innocent too. You're a demon!"

"She is innocent? She has taken the false title of the daughter of the Dickens family and enjoyed everyone's love. Why, how could this bastard deserve it?"

There was a fierce look in Connie's eyes, especially when she looked at Christina's face since her eyes resembled Mary's so much, leaving Connie writhed in a disruptive hatred.

"Christina, you think it's pitiful for you to leave the Dickens family to live with Betty. It's nothing!"

Connie's eyes glared wide open and were filled with resentment. She grabbed Christina's shoulders with both hands and shook her, scolding her. "You've been living well for so many years, but me? Donald forced me to be operated on to remove my uterus. I won't be able to become a mother for the rest of my life. Are you pathetic, Christina? You're so fortunate that I feel jealous and I want you to die!"

Connie's face was ominously somber. With a sudden force, she pushed Christina to the corner of the wall, leading to her back hitting hard with a loud bang, but Christina was stricken dumb and did not move.

Connie suddenly turned her head. "Donald, you did so much for that bitch Mary. There's one thing I haven't told you. In fact, she argued with you in a fury that day because of this silver necklace..."

She took out an ordinary-looking wave-decorated silver necklace from her coat pocket. The incandescent light shone on the old silver necklace swaying in the air as if it had transferred people back to the past in an instant.

Donald looked up at the very familiar silver necklace and his eyes widened in shock as countless previous memories sprung up in his mind.

This was the necklace Mary had been treasuring. She had to wear it every day until one day, the necklace was gone.

Connie clearly identified the affection and focus in Donald's eyes at this moment. She suddenly roared with laughter again, her eyeliner melted, rendering two lines of black tears falling from her face. Her frantic grin was hideous and vicious.

"Mary said that you took her necklace. She quarreled with you, had a cold war with you and she said that she hated you... You really want to find it for her, don't you? And you know very well that this necklace was gifted to her as a love token by the eldest young master of the Hopkins family at that time, Victor. Donald Dickens, you useless coward!"

Chapter 341

"You will never get anything that is related to Mary because I will destroy them all!"

Connie suddenly turned around, ran out of the door, and threw the silver necklace out.

Under the dazzling sun, the shining silver necklace was thrown far away. People could see its trace in the air until it finally fell and disappeared from people's sight.

Donald almost got up the moment she threw the necklace out, he ran forward in a panic, he was so eager to catch the necklace that he almost stumbled.

He widened his eyes only to see the necklace fly in the air and then disappear...

His effort was in vain even though he tried to grab something in the air. It seemed that no matter how hard he tried, he just couldn't hold the things he wanted.

Bang!

"Dad!" Christina instinctively shouted in horror.

Donald's heavy body suddenly fell to the ground.

Connie turned around, her face gradually calmed down from the initial excitement and resentment. Then a sense of fear surged inside her, and her body stiffened.

When the ambulance arrived, the Dickens family doctor and Mrs. Dickens also happened to come back. Seeing the scene in front of her, the old lady was scared out of her wits and rushed to Donald's side in panic.

"What happened?"

"What happened? Why is Donald in a coma? Why does he look so pale?" The old lady burst into tears and screamed.

Christina's movements were very stiff. She and another nurse carefully carried Donald, her father onto the emergency stretcher trolley.

Her grandmother rushed over and shook her, who kept asking about why and was about to cry.

Christina seemed to be unable to think at the moment and she did not speak. She just touched her father's rough palm and she could still feel the remaining temperature in her right hand. It was cold.

Betty's eyes were red and she tried to suppress her fear, but her words were trembling. She held Mrs. Dickens's hand and kept muttering, "It's okay. Donald will be fine..."

"How could it be okay? Why is Donald bleeding from his nostrils? Why does he look so painful? And he's still vomiting. What's wrong with him? He has already recovered previously..."

Mrs. Dickens cried and held Betty's hand tightly. The two of them leaned against each other, feeling very uneasy.

Christina's face was a little cold. She turned around and forced herself to calm down, she said to Betty, "Stay at home and look after grandma. I'll go with the ambulance..."

Doctors and nurses saw Donald's serious condition and did not dare to delay, they immediately carried him into the ambulance. Christina followed them and got into the ambulance, but she was suddenly pulled down by Connie, who was behind her.

"Connie, what do you want to do? Do you really want to kill my dad?!"

Christina was still somewhat slow, she got pulled down from the ambulance by Connie and fell to the ground. She got up and raised her head to scold Connie who had gotten into the ambulance. However, Connie had already swiftly slammed the door of the ambulance shut.

The Doctors and the nurses didn't care about the argument between the two ladies. they only cared about saving Donald's life, which was a job that every second counted.

The siren of the ambulance sounded, making people nervous.

Christina chased after the ambulance in the family doctor's car. Betty and Mrs. Dickens also insisted on going to the hospital. No one said anything in the car, their hearts were pounding fastly.

The ambulance stopped at a nearby hospital. Christina couldn't follow the ambulance into the emergency passage of the hospital, so she could only park outside and run into the hospital.

As she looked anxiously around the crowded emergency area of the hospital, she heard a doctor say anxiously, "It's the cerebrovascular rupture and the patient keeps bleeding."

"The patient is still vomiting. Move his body and don't let the vomit suffocate him..."

"The patient's pupils are dilated and he is unconscious. Immediately schedule an operation."

Christina saw the pale Donald lying on the hospital bed and heard what the doctor said. She felt that she was in an illusory state and felt that the hospital lights were too dazzling, everything looked so unreal to her.

That was impossible.

Something like this could not have happened.

Her father was suddenly unconscious and his situation was so serious but he didn't even leave his last words.

"No, please don't do that to me..."

Christina stood by the side. She did not dare to step forward. She was afraid that she would disturb the doctor and

she was afraid that she would hear bad news if she took a small step forward.

Her heart was pounding wildly, and lots of images flashed in her brain. She did not remember how much she hated her cold father in the past, all she knew was that she did not want to hear the bad news of her father's death, she did not want to accept such an ending.

Her resentment, whether Donald was her father, all these things didn't matter to her anymore.

She just didn't want their story to end like this.

She was afraid of bereavement, which was a thing that was out of her control, she hated the fact that she couldn't control it, nor could she help...

In an instant, she thought of a man. Christina did not understand why she thought of Patrick at her most desperate and helpless moment.

Before her brain gave an order, her body had already reacted. Her trembling hand took out her phone and dialed the familiar number.

The phone kept ringing...

The phone ring was like the last bit of hope in her life that she was looking forward to.

But in the end, she only got a busy tone.

On the other side, the doctors and the nurses had already prepared an operating room and quickly pushed her father in.

Connie did not cry. She had been running along with Donald's bed. Christina ran over in a panic as she watched them move.

Connie suddenly shouted at the man on the bed, "Donald, you can't die. I know that Mary didn't die in prison at all. You sent someone to secretly get her out of the prison and send her away!"

Unable to suppress her uneasiness any longer, Connie burst into tears, "Donald, did you hear me? Mary is not dead, she is not dead and she will come back. You can't die... Don't... Please don't die, I beg you."

Finally, Connie knelt down limply, lowered her head, and cried in despair.

The door of the operating room was closed.

The red sign on it lit up and the operation was underway.

Christina also stood outside the operating room, she stood up straight and looked at Connie who was kneeling at the door with mixed feelings. Christina had never thought that this woman would cry so sadly. At this moment, she knew that Connie was not acting.

Christina bent down trying to help her up.

"Go away!"

Connie's voice was hoarse, but she looked very arrogant.

She stood up and wiped away the tears on her face. She was like a professional actress, changing her expression in an instant as if all her grief just now was fake. She hid her grief deep inside her heart.

"Christina, the world you imagined has collapsed. Are you in pain and despair..." Connie seemed to return to her previous cruel character, she gritted her teeth, "I'm telling you, without Donald and the others protecting you behind your back, your future life will be more painful and desperate."

Christina just looked at her quietly and didn't say anything.

In front of the operating room, there were rows and rows of empty chairs. The windows on the wall were big, the walls were painted extremely white, and the lights were dazzling. The whole space seemed to have been enlarged, it looked so wide that even whispers were followed by echos.

Maybe because the space was too empty and too quiet.

Connie saw that Christina was silent and just standing in front of the operating in a daze, she suddenly got angry at Christina's indifferent and expressionless look.

"Christina, you're not Donald's daughter. You're not the mistress of the Dickens family. Your mother had an affair with another man..." Connie raised her voice as if she was going to provoke Christina.

"Connie, stop pretending. I know you're scared now."

Christina suddenly spoke, her clear eyes looking into Connie's eyes. Connie was a little shocked and then she became silent.

Connie looked at Christina's beautiful and familiar face, Christina looked much more like her mother Mary as she grew up, and Connie had more hatred towards her the more Connie looked at her face. But now, when Connie looked at this face, to her surprise, her panicked heart slowly calmed down.

Due to their panic and resentment, a person would constantly vent their anger on another and would retaliate against another. Yet, that person did it just because they wanted to hide the unspeakable true feelings in their heart.

The two of them had been romantically entangled with each other for their entire lives, it was hard to judge such a relationship.

Christina lowered her head and did not look at Connie anymore. She muttered, "My father will be fine..." It was in a very low voice, but it was a very, very sincere prayer.

Not everything in this world was satisfactory.

Even if she prayed with all her whole heart, she couldn't change life and death on the operating table.

Christina curled into a ball on the chair with her eyes fixed on the red light in front of her which suggested the surgery was still going on. Betty sat next to her with reddened eyes. Mrs. Dickens clasped her trembling hands and kept murmuring prayers.

Several of the executives of the Dickens Group also came. Connie was in a dark corner on the left. No one spoke. They all waited silently.

"How came he got so sick all of a sudden..." Mrs. Dickens sobbed.

Betty stroked her back soothingly. She didn't know how to explain it and just wanted everything to be fine.

At this moment, the door of the O. R. was abruptly pushed open.

A bald and slightly fat male doctor in scrubs came out with a medical record in his hand, followed by two nurses. The nurse's white gloves were stained with blood, and they all looked grave.

"Doctor, how's my son?" Mrs. Dickens was closest to them and stood up immediately.

Christina instantly rushed to the doctor. The doctor looked at her and said in a low voice, "The patient's condition is very bad..."

Everyone's heart lifted into his or her throat.

Mrs. Dickens seemed to lose her strength all of a sudden and flopped to her knees. Betty quickly helped her up, sharing her dread. It was a huge blow and tears streamed down her face.

"We need his family to sign here."

The doctor looked solemn and handed Christina a notice saying the patient was in a critical condition.

Christina grabbed the pen with shaky fingers and signed her name.

"Please, save my father..." She sobbed with a lump in her throat.

"We will do everything we can, but you should brace yourselves for the worst result. The patient's brain vessels exploded and had a hemorrhage, which is highly possible to disable him. It is also very likely that he will become a vegetable or even die."

The doctor took back the notice and informed them of the situation concisely.

Then he whipped around and walked back into the O. R.

With a bang, the door closed again.

As if death was coming, the door shook slightly.

Christina stood up straight and looked at the door in a daze. Her vision became blurred, making her feel that what had happened was just a dream.

Mrs. Dickens couldn't take it any longer and gave Betty a push, kneeling on the ground.

She lowered her head and wept hoarsely, "God, we don't want money. We don't want power. Just save my son's life. I beg you, please..."

"We used to be poor and live in a bungalow. Donald was very hard-working and filial. We lived a frugal life, but we were happy. We always gathered together on holidays... I was wrong. I've known long ago that I don't deserve such wealth. I don't want it now. I just want you to show mercy and bring my son back..."

Mrs. Dickens cried miserably with her hands on the ground. She faced the door of the O. R. and prayed in the most pious way. Her husky cry sounded desperate and full of fear.

Christina's eyes reddened too. She quelled her tears and went to help her grandmother up.

Mrs. Dickens had been snobbish all her life. She wrapped her arms tightly around Christina and kept sobbing, wetting her clothes.

At this moment, nothing was more important than family.

The operation didn't end until the sun set and night fell. It lasted six hours, starting from the bright noon.

When the doctors finally walked out again, all of them stood up and rushed forward with worried lights in their eyes. Donald was pushed out on a bed.

"The craniotomy has cleared the blood clots in his brain. The operation was successful. He is still in a coma, and we don't know when he will wake up. The 24 hours from now are very important." The attending doctor stepped forward and told Christina.

"In addition, because the patient's right cerebral artery ruptured and bled too much, we estimate that his left hand and foot will be paralyzed. As for whether things will be worse, we need to wait for him to wake up before we draw a conclusion..."

"Thank you," Christina said in a low voice, her voice cracking.

On the other side, Betty and Mrs. Dickens followed the nurses to Donald's intensive care unit, but they were not allowed to enter.

"The patient has just finished the operation and is very weak. To avoid unwanted infection, you can't go in for the time being."

Mrs. Dickens craned her neck anxiously and looked into the ward. "Betty, I'm so worried. I want to go in and take a look..."

"Madam, you really can't go in. If the wound gets infected, he will die at any time." The nurse bustled around and turned to explain impatiently.

Mrs. Dickens had nervously waited outside the O. R. for hours and her heart raced because of the word die. Her blood pressure soared and her breathing quickened.

Noticing that something was wrong with the old lady, Betty immediately shouted for help in panic.

Christina was still talking to the doctor about her father's operation. Hearing Betty's shout, she freaked out a bit and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Did the old lady take any blood pressure medicine this morning?"

"She was hospitalized once due to high blood pressure at the beginning of the year..."

Christina and Betty got rattled again. Fortunately, this was the hospital. Mrs. Dickens was put on an oxygen mask and sent to rest on the bed immediately. She'd be fine after being given IV fluids.

"She's old and shouldn't worry too much. Keep her blood pressure in control and get someone to take care of her here..."

"Okay. Thank you."

Betty thanked the doctor politely and immediately called a Dickens family's maid to take care of Mrs. Dickens.

On the other side, several executives of the Dickens Group in suits walked to Christina and talked to her about the company.

"Miss Dickens, we are all very sorry about Mr. Dickens's illness. We hope that he will get better as soon as possible. If you need any help, don't hesitate to call us."

Christina simply nodded. She was only familiar with two of them who had worked for Donald for years. They then asked her to take care and told her that everything would be fine.

"Besides, we want to keep Mr. Dickens's hospitalization a secret because it will have a great impact on the stock price..."

Christina did not know much about business, but she knew that if her father became inadequate for his position, these people would definitely abandon him without hesitation.

At last, Christina watched them leave in a hurry. She knew that businessmen were profit-oriented. Although the Dickens Group earned much less than it used to do, Donald had started it from scratch and she wouldn't let it fall into the hands of others.

"Those people will be hellbent on replacing Donald after they leave..." Connie suddenly walked up to her.

Connie's voice was very cold. She'd washed the tear stains off her face in the bathroom and became rational again.

Christina looked up at her. "What are you trying to say?"

"Are you going to stand by and let them take away your father's company? Do you know how much effort Donald has put into the company? Do you know how many business trips he went and how many sleepless nights he had?"

Connie said in agitation, "Donald has protected you so well. You have no idea how dirty and ugly the world is. Now that the Dickens family fell, are you really so cruel as to watch..."

"What can I do!"

Christina looked distraught. She turned to look at her weak and aged grandmother in the ward and lowered her head. The Dickens family suddenly collapsed. She wanted to save it, but she was not able enough. She was physically and mentally exhausted.

Connie looked straight at her side face and said in a callous voice. "Turn to the Hopkins family. As long as you ask, Patrick will definitely help you."



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