

Christina saw her stepmother flirting with another man with her own eyes, but everyone else turned a blind eye to it and even told her not to mention it to her father.

"They said flirting with young male stars was just a way to hype the new drama she was in. And my aunt specifically reminded me not to mention it to my father, or he would be irritated. I really don't understand what they were thinking of. My stepmother was cheating on him and they just didn't care!"

Christina had been in C City for a week. To her surprise, Crystal, who she had thought must have gone back to A City, was also here. Crystal looked radiant. Apparently, everything had been going smoothly for her recently.

Now that Christina was with her best friend, she couldn't help but complain to her about what had happened recently.

Crystal, whose face was glowing with happiness, was also surprised about what Christina had told her.

"Your father really doesn't care about it?"

"Actually, concerning Connie's identity, the actress might not be an appropriate job for her. It's strange that your father agreed her to continue to work in the entertainment industry in the first place"

Christina's face darkened. "Obviously, Connie somehow managed to trick all the members of the Dickens family people to take her side. My father is okay with her developing her own career."

"Develop her career?"

Crystal was still a little confused, asking after a moment of consideration, "Wasn't your mother a pianist? You said that your father made her stop all her performances."

"Yes, it's unfair!"

Christina got furious immediately. "Connie can go anywhere she wants and develops her career while my mother was forbidden to do all kinds of things as soon as they got married. This is the difference between the ways a man treats his lover and his wife. Hmph!"

Seeing how angry she was, Crystal couldn't help but laugh.

"That's not what I meant." She felt that it was difficult to talk with Christina about things concerning relationships between humans.

"Logically speaking, your father was not good enough for your mother when they got married because she was from the Eisenhower family and, according to her photos you once showed me, she looked really noble and beautiful. How could he actually forbid your mother from doing the things she liked?"

Christina's biological mother, Mary Eisenhower, was an internationally renowned pianist. As a woman with

outstanding looks and brilliant talents, she was very influential in the country and had countless pursuers, who, however, ended up marrying a poor young man and disappearing from the public ever since. Many people sighed about her life choice.

"My mother married the wrong person." Christina was no longer so resentful when recalling the past. She just complained, "And my grandfather was always partial towards my father. I don't understand why."

Crystal looked at this from a different angle. "Your father must have been under a lot of pressure to marry your mother back then."

"I don't know."

Christina suddenly realized that she actually knew nothing about her previous family. Her parents never quarreled in front of her and her grandfather always took her to live with the Eisenhower family. Therefore, she didn't know much about her parents.

She was a little annoyed. "Whatever, my aunt also told me to stay out of this."

Seeing how depressed she was, Crystal did not ask further.

Donald's condition had stabilized. The hospital said that he would be discharged in two days, so Christina was thinking about when she should go back to A City.

"Crystal, how long are you staying here?"

She wanted to ask Crystal to return to A City with her, but Crystal looked guilty when she heard this question, "Maybe in a few days."

There was a moving milk tea stall on their right. Crystal escaped immediately by rushing there to buy some drinks. Christina wasn't a sharp person, but she could feel that Crystal was hiding something from her.

"Crystal, who are you with these days? What are you doing in C city?"

Crystal handed her a cup of milk tea in original taste and lowered her head to drink the one in her hands. She took a guilty breath and confessed in a low voice, "Actually, I didn't come here alone..."

Christina frowned. "You're with a man?"

Crystal stammered nervously. "It was just an accident at first. I don't know why it turned out like this..." Her secret was discovered!

"Christina?"

A middle-aged woman in the milk tea shop shouted in surprise, interrupting their conversation.

Christina turned around. It was an acquaintance of her.

"Aunt Zamani, why did you move your shop here?"

Christina stopped questioning Crystal for the time being and walked up to greet the owner of the milk tea stall. She asked directly, "Weren't your shop at the school gate? Business there should be better."

Aunt Zamani made up an excuse with an awkward smile. "No, the business didn't go well there. Change of places, that's quite common for us."

"Hello, Aunt Zamani."

Crystal also recognized her. Her milk tea shop had been a success in the past. It didn't seem possible that such a shop could have closed down.

Both Christina and Crystal noticed that Aunt Zamani was much thinner than a year ago. The rents of the mobile stalls here were cheap, but she had to do everything herself. Bathed in heat and rain, she looked much older than her actual age.

Aunt Zamani had helped Christina a lot when she was working part-time at her shop. "Wasn't the shop also your house? How could it be?" Christina asked in confusion as she knew very well that in the three-story house, the milk tea shop was on the first floor while Aunt Zamani lived on the second and third floors.

"The house has been sold." Speaking of this, Aunt Zamani could not hide her sadness.

Christina thought of another woman immediately. "Was Cecilia too extravagant and forced you to sell it?" Aunt Zamani had always been thrifty. Other than her star daughter, Christina couldn't think of any reason for Aunt Zamani selling her house.

"Christina, it's your fault that my mother sold her house!"

Suddenly, a beautiful woman appeared on the left. Cecilia looked aggressive with her designer bag and high heels.

"Okay, stop it."

Aunt Zamani stopped her daughter at once for fear that she would cause trouble. She turned to Christina with a complicated expression. "Christina, I'm sorry. Cecilia is in a bad mood. She was just talking nonsense..."

"Nonsense?"

Cecilia scolded angrily, "Wasn't the house forcibly taken away by Patrick? It was all because of Christina's pillow talk..."

"Cecilia, don't make any more trouble. You promised me to behave yourself. It's us who made the mistake first."

Aunt Zamani held her daughter tightly with her old and rough hands as she looked at Christina with guilt and helplessness.

"Christina, I hope you forgive us for what we've done in the past. Cecilia grew up without her father and I'm also an incompetent mother. That's why she has a bad temper. Please don't take her words seriously. We just want to live a peaceful life." Aunt Zamani's eyes turned wet.

Christina stood still, not knowing what to say.

Crystal tugged at her arm. "Christina, let's leave first." Otherwise, Aunt Zamani would be having a difficult time.

They turned around, leaving with heavy footsteps.

"Christina, I'll let you pay for it! You won't be able to get away with that!"

Behind them, Cecilia was cursing at their backs like a ferocious, trapped beast.

She had been jobless for a long time after Patrick had rested her. Ever since Cory became her backer, she had been looking forward to seeing Christina being abandoned. But recently, for some reason, Cory treated her indifferently, making her feel that her life had been overshadowed by Christina.

Christina was in a bad mood. Crystal accompanied her wandering aimlessly until it was almost night.

The two of them leaned against the railing by the river. The night wind in this season was extremely cold.

Christina's face turned numb in such wind but her heart was still stuffy.

"Some people have to do their best just to make a living. They work hard for most of their lives and save money little by little, and when they finally reach the age that they think they could have a rest, someone takes away everything they ever had..." She muttered to herself.

"Crystal, I really don't know what Patrick did."

Remembering Aunt Zamani's old and helpless eyes when she was holding back her tears, Christina felt so guilty.

"Aunt Zamani did almost cause me to miscarry, I didn't get hurt in the end... She had been working hard and he just took everything from her by a word."

"Maybe Patrick has his own way of dealing with problems." Crystal didn't know what to say.

"He's always like this. Arrogant and domineering. He never listens to others' advice or discusses anything with others. And he lies to me for so many times!"

Christina tried to control herself but she just got more and more irritated. She couldn't help but shout at the river, "Does he really think that I know nothing? He lives upstairs above my apartment. He put those roses in my house. And he sneaked into my house in the middle of the night! I know it's him! He is the one who knows nothing. He doesn't know I've been waiting for him all the time. I'm waiting for him to tell me why he did all of this after he's done with all his boring tricks. But when will he be done?!"

Crystal did not understand what she was saying, but she could feel that Christina had endured it for a long time alone. Her stubborn eyes were full of pain but she was pretending that she didn't care.

"Christina..." Crystal said slowly.

Christina's eyes were a little red. She finally calmed herself down and said to herself in a low voice, "If I catch him doing bad things to others again, I won't forgive him."

Crystal could not hear her words clearly. Suddenly, a dazzling headlight shone on them from the dark. As soon as Crystal saw where the light was from, her face changed at once.

A white car in front was rushing straight towards them. "Christina, watch out!" With a scream, Crystal pushed her away.

Christina fell to the ground and turned around immediately to see what was going on.

She was stunned. The car was rushing towards Crystal at an extremely high speed. The driver was honking frantically, making loud and grating noises. Carrie was delirious with empty eyes, cursing like crazy, "Cecilia Jones! Bitch! Go to hell! Go to hell!"

Bang!

The car crashed so violently that its whole body was twisted.



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Chapter 334

The winter night was gloomy.

There was a commotion by the river, and the shrill sirens of ambulances and police cars were heard alternately. Many cars were parked in the narrow concrete corridor, and the medical staff immediately rushed over.

[There was a car accident in the B District of Yanjiang. The car was badly deformed and two women were injured. Request support.] The police officer held the beeper and pulled up the police line.

There was a smell of blood in the air. The atmosphere was urgent and people were in a panic.

"Save, save her..." Christina was trembling as she tugged at one of the doctors in white.

"Lady, please step aside. You will hinder our work."

The doctor was busy and felt that she was in the way.

Christina immediately let go of him and stood stiffly. She watched them skillfully put an oxygen mask on Crystal, carried her to the stretcher bed, and immediately sent the injured to the hospital.

She wanted to follow the ambulance to the hospital, but the door was quickly pulled shut, "There is no vacant seat for you. You can take the car yourself."

The white ambulance whistled, started quickly, and drove away.

"Lady, did you call the police just now?"

Behind her, a police officer quickly stepped forward and stopped her.

Christina's clothes and hair were messed up by the wind by the river. She looked very anxious and pushed the police officer in front of her away, "I'm going to the hospital to see my friend first..."

"The driver and the victim have been sent to the hospital. You don't need to worry too much. They will try their best to save them. Please go to the police station with us now and cooperate with us in taking statements."

The police persisted, which made Christina very upset, "I told you, I'm going to the hospital to see my friend first. If I confirm that she is fine, I'll go to the police station."

"Lady, this place is too remote and there is no security camera, and you are the only witness to the accident." The police officers were very stubborn, "Please cooperate with us..."

"Go away. I'm going to the hospital. Crystal was injured in order to save me!"

She roared guiltily with an anxious look on her face.

"Lady, neither of the injured will be in danger. Please rest assured. The medical staff will do their best to treat them. What you can do now is to cooperate with our work. I hope you can calm down."

Christina took a deep breath as she listened to the annoying and nagging rule.

The night wind blowing from the river was so cold that it calmed her down a little.

Carrie drove straight at them as if she had been stimulated by something. At that time, Christina was staring blankly at the river. Crystal noticed the danger first and immediately pushed her away. When she realized it, she saw Carrie slamming into the guardrail by the river heavily with her car.

Christina was so scared that she trembled and rushed over.

The body of the car was badly deformed, and Carrie was unconscious in the car. Carrie was as mad as a lunatic before, and the car crashed sideways. Crystal fell on the side of the wheel and her head was almost crashed...

Crystal was not hurt. She was probably frightened suddenly. She fell back violently, breathed weakly, and fainted.

Christina told the traffic police what happened just now quickly. Someone of the hospital called and said that the two injured in the traffic accident had woken up.

Hearing the news, she was a little relieved.

"Your friend has just been transferred to the VIP ward, and someone is already looking after her there..."

The traffic police agreed to let her leave after taking the statement, "We will do a further detailed investigation tomorrow. If there is any need, we may ask for more help from you. Thank you for your cooperation."

Carrie was convicted as the perpetrator of the accident by the police and someone had been sent to keep an eye on her.

As for the cause of the accident, Christina felt that Carrie's target might be her. But at that time, Carrie was driving and cursing Cecilia Jones crazily.

She was restless, so she took a taxi and immediately rushed to the hospital to see Crystal.

"My friend is inside. Why don't you let me in?"

She rushed to Crystal's VIP ward, but there were a few strong men at the door of the ward, and each of them pulled a long face and didn't let her in.

Christina was anxious and was about to break in, "Who arranged for her to stay in this ward? The patient inside is my friend. I want to see her now."

At this moment, the door opened from inside.

A familiar figure appeared in front of her, and Christina was slightly stunned.

"Chandler?" She thought it was strange.

Why was he here?

Chandler looked at her expressionlessly and said in a slightly cold voice, "She needs to rest now."

Christina did not react for a moment. She frowned and asked, "Did you arrange for Crystal to transfer to this VIP ward?"

"Christina, please don't disturb her."

Chandler's voice was cold, and it sounded a little angry.

Christina did not understand why he was angry. She ignored him and took a step forward to push the men in front of her away. Just as she reached for the doorknob, Chandler stopped her. He pressed her wrist.

"She's just out of danger and needs to rest. Crystal doesn't have a constitution as good as yours, Miss Dickens." He looked at her coldly, and was obviously accusing her, "Please leave immediately."

Christina stared blankly and withdrew her hand.

"It was because of me that Crystal..." Suddenly, she didn't dare to look straight into Chandler's eyes. She looked guilty and turned her head, "I want to see how she is now."

"It was because of you that she got hurt. If Carrie had driven the car a little sideways, Crystal would have been dead!" Chandler couldn't control his excitement when he heard Christina mentioned it herself.

"Please leave immediately."

Bang --

Before she could regain her senses, Chandler went straight into the ward and slammed the door angrily.

"Is it Christina outside?"

There was a familiar voice coming from the door. With Christina's temperament, she would not leave if she didn't see Crystal. She stood outside the door and was in a daze when she heard Crystal's voice.

Chandler inside said angrily, "She's already gone."

"Nonsense. I heard you didn't let her in. Hey, go open the door..." Crystal's voice sounded energetic. She probably just fainted from fright. She was a little angry, "I'll open it myself..."

"Crystal, if you dare to move, don't blame me for being rude!"

Chandler gritted his teeth angrily and warned her. Seeing he was furious, Crystal was frightened and lowered her voice, "I fell down by myself. It has nothing to do with Christina."

"Don't be with her too frequently in the future. It's dangerous. A lot of people target her..."

Hearing this, Crystal was angry, "What did you say? You are not allowed to speak ill of her. I don't want you to care about me."

"Crystal Zhu, say it again!"

Since they met, they rarely quarreled like this. Crystal was very easy-going and was open-minded about everything, but she liked to play with Christina. Chandler was very angry.

"I told you, I volunteered to do that. It wasn't known why Carrie crashed us. I just fainted for a while. It wasn't Christina's fault..."

"It was obviously that Carrie's target was Christina. If it weren't for her, would you have been in the hospital? Crystal, you idiot. You and she are completely different. You are so innocent. Your head was almost crushed just now!"

Crystal suddenly fell silent when she saw the anger and worry on his face.

She first noticed that Carrie's car was rushing towards them, and her first reaction was to push Christina away. She watched as the car rushed towards her. She tripped over with trembling and was afraid that she would die.

She was indeed afraid. Who was not afraid of death?

Christina's face was complicated outside the door. She turned around and left.



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The atmosphere in the hospital room was a little depressing.

Chandler didn't want to argue with her. He took her on vacation, dreaming of a relaxing holiday. However, she had to stay with Christina and almost lost her life.

He was scared out of his wits when he heard the news.

Crystal was hurt badly, but nothing had happened to Christina.

Christina was the smarter one with quick response ability. Besides, she was the one who caused this trouble. Why did Crystal end up in the hospital? Chandler felt unworthy for her. He didn't know why she was angry with him.

Chandler walked to the small balcony of the room and opened the window. A chill came from outside. He adjusted his mood.

Crystal lay on the bed and looked at his back with mixed feelings.

Crystal was touched. She didn't think that she would see Chandler the first thing when she woke up after an accident.

She still couldn't believe that they had gotten married after they accidentally had sex. It was like a joke. She didn't even dare to tell Christina about it because she felt ashamed.

It turned out that he was worried about her. Crystal felt surprised but also a little depressed.

"Can I use your phone? I want to call Christina. I don't want her to worry about me." Crystal hesitated for a long time and said in a soft voice in Chandler's direction.

Chandler suddenly turned around and stared at her with burning eyes.

He lifted his eyebrows as if to say, "what can you do if I don't give you my phone?"

Crystal knew his character by heart and added, "You are worse than Geoffrey. I don't even need to talk sugar to Geoffrey."

"I am?"

Chandler raised his voice, but there was no anger in it. He walked towards her in big and loud steps to scare her deliberately.

Crystal shrank back against the headboard, looking like a frightened little animal. She watched him approach warily.

Chandler wanted to laugh at her cowardly expression.

He knew that she was always afraid of everything. That was why he felt upset when she tried to sacrifice herself to save her friend.

"If Christina had noticed that something was wrong before I had, she would have pushed me away as well. I know she will."

Crystal looked a little awkward sharing her feelings. "She has helped me so many times before. She reacted on her instinct. I was just following her act."

Her voice became lower and lower, and she felt a little ashamed. "Chandler, I'm going to tell you something that I've never told anyone before. During the time of our friendship, Christina has always been the bigger person. I was good to her because she put in more effort at first."

Chandler was surprised by what she said but still wanted to tease her, "Is that right? Why didn't I realize that Miss Dickens was such a great person?"

"You know what, many people do good things because they wanted people to see them."

Crystal looked at him, and her expression grew serious. "I feel insecure like everyone else. I pay much attention to how others think of me and how they treat me."

Humans were social animals, so we naturally cared about what others thought of us.

"I was always wondering what kind of environment could make Christina who she was. She seemed to live only for herself. Plus, those outstanding people always liked to be with her. I had always wanted to be her, but I wasn't jealous. I liked being with her because everything was easy and fun. It's not a coincidence that Patrick and Charles like her so much."

Life was dull, and work was tiring. Life went on like this.

It was like finding an exit if someone could make her laugh when she was tired.

Chandler looked thoughtful. Christina was the woman Patrick liked.

"What are you thinking?"

He deliberately darkened his face. "Crystal, what you said were all right. I think you can be discharged tomorrow."

Crystal pursed her lips and urged him, "Now, give me your phone."

In the end, Chandler stopped teasing her and handed her his phone.

Crystal looked full of energy when she was calling Christina. It seemed that he didn't have to worry about her at all.

Crystal wasn't badly hurt in the car accident. She was fainted because of the shock.

She was discharged the next day.

Christina received Crystal's call and knew that she was okay. However, she didn't come to the hospital when Crystal was discharged.

"Why did you send me to the hospital? Why don't you go?"

Christina asked Charles to go to the hospital for Crystal, and Charles was a little surprised. He found out that Christina and Crystal were in the car accident together.

He became agitated. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?" He was not so well-informed in C City.

"How are you feeling?"

People were biased. Charles knew Christina better, so his instinct was to check whether she was hurt.

Christina said gloomily, "I'm fine."

She felt like shit because she was okay. Crystal's injury was on her.

After Charles learned about what had happened, he knew that Carrie was aiming at Christina. Crystal was a casualty.

No wonder she looked so upset.

However, Charles didn't try to comfort her because he knew it wouldn't help even if he did so. Christina was a stubborn person.

"I went to the hospital to check on Crystal just now. She seems fine, and Chandler is there too." Charles was suspicious of their relationships as well. He knew that Crystal and Chandler had a history, but he didn't know whether it was still on. "She left with Chandler."

"Okay."

She replied, showing no emotions.

Christina didn't know what was going on between Chandler and Crystal, but it seemed that Chandler cared about Crystal a lot that day. She wasn't worried about Crystal staying with Chandler. At least, it would be safer than staying with her.

She felt defeated when she thought of this.

She muttered to herself, "I'll go back to A City tomorrow."

Her father was also discharged from the hospital this morning. She had nothing important to deal with in C City. Christina suddenly felt that she'd rather be in her small apartment.



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"The traffic police asked me to cooperate with them to collect evidence at noon. If all goes well, I'll go back to A City..."

Christina wanted to escape from C City, the ominous place for her.

In fact, she knew very well that she belonged to nowhere.

Probably because she looked aggressive, and she was always very energetic to deal with everything. But now Charles noticed that there was a sense of loss on her beautiful side face.

Suddenly, he wanted to say something to her.

"Why are you looking for me?"

At this moment, Christina's phone suddenly rang. She glanced at the phone and her voice immediately became cold when she answered it.

Charles looked at her phone curiously and raised his eyebrows, thinking who it could be.

Although Christina was not very close to people, there were only a few people she hated.

She held the phone with an impatient expression as if she was about to hang up.

Connie's voice on the other end of the phone was a little anxious and angry, and she shouted commandingly, "Let Carrie go immediately."

"Why?"

Christina asked coldly, "Are you going to make connections with me now? You two sisters really make me feel sick."

Connie's voice was shrill and angry. "Christina, Carrie is more seriously injured. She's still in the ICU. Crystal has been discharged..."

"What does it matter to me how badly your sister is injured? It's all Carrie's fault. She was the one who hit us with her car and caused the accident."

Christina hated the Yankey sisters very much. They were like evils, pestering her all the time and implicating her friends, which made her even more angry and hateful.

"If Crystal and I had been killed by her car at the time, we would have deserved to die, wouldn't we? Connie, you really take yourself too seriously. If it weren't for the Dickens family as your backing, you'd have nothing. Why should I listen to you?" Christina almost gritted her teeth when she said so.

"How dare Connie mention favour and family to her?" Christina thought. She hated the Yankey sisters so much

because they were ungrateful and ruined her family.

Hearing this, Charles understood.

His tone also became cold and he deliberately raised his voice, "Just lock that Carrie in for ten or eight years, so as not to harm the world."

Connie on the other end of the phone could clearly hear Charles's words, and became even angrier, gritting her teeth and trying to curse back.

But she was not qualified.

Christina was right. They were nothing. They were originally left behind children abandoned by their parents in the mountains. They studied hard and finally came to the big city. In order to have a good life, they were dependent on the Dickens family.

She was not qualified enough to compare with Christina.

The greater the gap between them, the more Connie felt that fate was unfair, and the more she hated Miss Dickens, who had been wayward and indulgent since she was a child.

"Christina, I suggest you talk properly when you make another statement to the police. If Carrie a heavy sentence because of your rich friends, I will make you regret it."

Christina found Connie extremely funny, "How dare you still threaten me at this time? Connie, you're only three years older than me, how could you tell others that you're my stepmother? My father is old enough to take you as his goddaughter. You're so shameless. I really don't know what's the point of living is for people like you."

"Christina, I'm three years older than you, but the pain I've experienced and known is a thousand times than you. I live to survive. I want to live a good life!"

As an actress, Connie was usually very good at pretending. But this time, she seemed to be provoked and scolded out of control.

"Why did Carrie drive towards you for no reason?"

"Why is your friend Crystal injured?"

The more Connie spoke, the more excited she became. She sneered and said sarcastically, "Cecilia deliberately provoked Carrie in order to retaliate against you. Carrie had been insane for the past year. Cecilia wanted to use Carrie to kill you, but Crystal was unlucky to be involved. Christina, all these accidents are because of you."

Christina's face turned pale for a moment. She held the phone tightly and did not know how to refute it.

Charles glanced at her and immediately snatched the phone from her hand. He ended the call without hesitation.

Connie spoke so loudly just now that he could hear her.

"I'll go to the police station with you later." Charles also wanted to know more about the traffic accident.

Christina adjusted her mood and took the phone back. She said calmly, "I won't compromise to Carrie so easily."

Even if Connie had said those words just now, she would not let Carrie go easily, because Crystal was the one who was injured this time.

Charles said nothing else.

It seemed that Connie's last words had some influence on her.

Having experienced the dark side of this world, Connie knew how to play with people's hearts. She knew she have to hit Christina's weakness instead of coming into the direct conflict with her. Christina was wayward and willful and appeared to be aggressive, but she was kind indeed.

It was around 12 o'clock in the afternoon. Charles and Christina found a random Chinese restaurant nearby for lunch, but they had no appetite. During lunch, Betty called to chat with Christina. She mentioned that Donald's health was no longer a problem, but he needed to pay attention to health in the future.

Christina was as indifferent about the Dickens family as before and quickly hung up the phone.

"Christina, who are you closer to?"

Charles saw her hang up the phone and suddenly remembered this question. Because Christina had no special preference as if nothing could keep her.

"My grandfather." She answered quickly.

"After my grandfather died, it should be my aunt."

Christina was not hungry. As she said, she held a fork and poked at a piece of pizza on the plate in boredom.

"My dad and grandma were nice to me when I was a kid. In fact, I wasn't very close to my mom. Later, my dad cheated on my mom and I fell out with the Dickens family. My mother was slandered by my father and imprisoned. Then she committed suicide in prison. This matter had a great impact on me. At that time, I hated the Dickens family very much and even if I don't hate them now, there is an estrangement from them in my heart. You don't understand, when there are regrets about kinship, even when you see your family you feel very rusty and awkward."

Having family or not had no difference to Christina.

Her bright eyes were a little dim, and her voice grew lower, "Actually, I don't know how to describe my feeling to my aunt, but I'm not as honest as I used to be in the past few years. Crystal is my best friend, and I'm afraid my things will drag her down. So there are a lot of things that I don't want to tell anyone even if I know."

Christina could not remember when she had become more and more distrustful of others.

She didn't trust anyone and had no sense of belonging.

"What about Patrick?" Charles suddenly asked.

She said so much but didn't mention Patrick.

Christina didn't seem to have thought about Patrick and she froze for a moment.

"Without the child, there is no relationship between me and him." She replied quickly and directly.

Charles looked at her serious eyes and suddenly didn't know how to answer.



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Clarita Jacobs

3 minutes ago

that's right Cristina,keep distance from Patrick who inflicted sufferings to you. he even forcefully taken your children from your womb

Charles accompanied her to the police station.

"We will charge Carrie for wounding with intent, and Mr. Stephenson has told us about that, so we will pay special attention to this traffic accident."

Police officer Capener, who was taking over with their case, maintained a serious attitude. "Since Carrie is still hospitalized, and the hospital has detected that she has a mental illness, you should be extra careful if she lodges an appeal, for many criminals will deliberately escape the legal penalty by the means of mental illness."

"Is Carrie really mentally ill?" Hearing this, Christina was flummoxed.

"It doesn't matter if she's really ill or not, now that she has already broken the law by driving intentionally into people. At worst, we shall hire a lawyer to fight against her in court, no matter how long it takes. Who will be afraid of her?"

Charles didn't have much sympathy for Carrie, but he caught another point and turned to look at Christina doubtfully.

"Did Chandler interfere in this case?"

He and Chandler almost grew up together like real brothers, and he knew so well that how scheming Chandler was, but when did Chandler care to poke his nose into someone else's affairs?

Seated opposite them, Police officer Capener heard them mention Chandler and added, "Mr. Stephenson has made outstanding contributions to C city, as he has actively participated in the public welfare of our city every year and continued to donate a large sum of money to help countless poor families. This case involves Mr. Stephenson's relatives, so our superiors will pay extra attention to it."

Charles was flabbergasted. Why didn't he know that his brother liked to be a hero in obscurity?

The Stephenson family was a literary family, with four generations of professors and academicians in distinguished academies. However, compared with the traditionally rich families like the Hopkins family and Shepherd family, they definitely did not have the same level of financial resources. The Stephensons was particularly well-off, but the annual huge donations were still a burden for them.

Charles's mind was a swirl of wild guesses and nonsenses. Was Chandler not getting along with his money? Or was he so morally inferior that he should learn from Chandler for his noble spirit of counting money for little?

Christina didn't even care to pay him any attention, but asked police officer Capener directly, "If Carrie appeals with reference to her mental illness, what is our chance of winning?"

"That's hard to tell. The judge tends to give a judgment based on whether the perpetrator's motive was voluntary at that time and the seriousness of the consequences of the traffic accident."

As he spoke, the policeman opposite them lowered his voice on purpose to give them a reminder, "It also depends on the abilities of the lawyer you hire."

The lawyers found by Charles and the others must be among the first-tier. It was the reality that some top lawyers could turn black into white, and even turn a small matter into a big one so that they could subjugate their enemies forever.

Connie's anxiety was in fact due to her fear to all these relations.

After enquiring, Christina thanked the officer and left the police station.

"Christina, you don't have to worry about this. Do everything you please as usual and leave these to us."

After leaving the police station, Charles was texting lowering his head.

Christina subconsciously glanced at the screen of his phone, but he immediately blocked the screen with his palm as if he was doing something stealthy and ulterior.

Charles tried to put on a solemn face, which seemed to be diverting her attention. "By the way, don't the Hampton family and the Dickens family know about the matter concerning Carrie?"

Carrie had not divorced Cory, so she was still the daughter-in-law of the Hampton family. However, the Hamptons had not yet made any move until now. Also, Connie was the only one involved on the side of the Dickens family.

"I didn't mention it to the Dickens family."

Christina's tone was calm, and she took a few more examining glances at Charles's seemingly guilty face. "This matter should be handled according to formal legal procedures, and you don't need to interfere too much either."

Charles grunted a casual reply, as his phone rang right on time.

"I have some work to attend to. Take a taxi back to the Dickens family."

Holding his phone, he trotted hastily towards his car and said quickly, as if he was really busy.

Christina stood still and looked at his hurried figure, feeling that this guy was sneaking around and hiding something from her.

Charles swiftly got into the car and slammed the door.

He looked out the window at Christina with a guilty conscience, took a deep breath, and then pressed the answer button on his phone.

"Patrick, you've said that someone had been doing harm to Christina for some grudge unknown. I have a clue now. I guess it might be Cecilia..."

He held the phone and explained to Patrick as logically as possible. "She's hiding it very well. Carrie's car-crashing was also provoked by Cecilia. She won't do it herself, but she is rather adept at doing harm through the hands of another. So I'm going to send someone to investigate her in detail."

"You have already found someone to investigate?"

Charles squeezed the phone, exclaiming in a surprised tone. Then he got slightly dejected, for he finally found a new clue and something to do, but it was cut off by someone else. He asked sullenly, "Then what do I need to do now?"

The man on the other end of the phone hesitated for a moment and then asked in a deep voice, "How is she?"

"She" referred to Christina.

Hearing his question, Charles perked up a little. "Carrie drove to crash her, but Christina was luckily unscathed nor disabled. But her friend Crystal was slightly injured, which made it even more troublesome. Christina was so stubborn, and she would rather she was the one getting hurt, oh, and Chandler scolded her..."

"Chandler had scolded her?" The man on the other end suddenly interrupted him.

"Actually, I'm not sure," Charles was positively excited about the topic. "Chandler and Crystal seemed to have developed something beyond friendship. Chandler also took the initiative to intervene in this traffic accident, and I guess he felt sorry for Crystal, and then he vented his anger on Christina..."

"Oh," Patrick responded in an ambiguous tone.

The tone sounded a little grim and creepy. Charles was startled, as he realized that he might have said too much.

Ever the fast speaker, Charles swore that he didn't mean to get Chandler entangled in. He just wanted to share gossip with Patrick, but he might have caused Patrick to hold a grudge against his brother by accident.

Charles became cautious and asked a question more secure. "What are you going to do about Carrie?"

"Send her to jail."

Patrick replied coldly.

Charles wobbled. "But Christina told me just now not to interfere too much and leave it to follow the normal judicial procedures."

Christina disdained to suppress the Yankey sisters with dirty means and Charles also deemed that the traffic accident did not result in serious consequences, besides, Carrie was instigated, so there was no need to go too far.

"She intended to crash people with a car. Although this time she failed, she'd definitely try the second or the third time. This time Christina escaped by luck, but what if it happens again? Are you going to take up the responsibilities?" Patrick's voice was cold and resolute.

Charles frowned as he tried to come up with a reply.

If Carrie really hit Christina this time, no one could bear the consequences.

Charles continued to inform him of some details. "The hospital confirmed that Carrie did have a mental illness, so she might be sentenced lightly.."

"Is it?"

Patrick blurted out dourly as if it was nothing difficult for him to handle, "Since she has a mental illness, she should be locked into a mental hospital and never come out, then."

The call ended.

Charles looked at the phone screen that had been hung up and felt a little upset for some reason unknown. He leaned against the back of the car and stretched his arms.

Charles was apparently more humane than Patrick and the others. Would it be too cruel to lock Carrie up in a mental hospital for the rest of her life?

Forget it. what Patrick had decided could never be changed.

Charles sighed.

"Why was it that all these women have to make trouble for Christina..." Carrie must want to end her life early that she actually dared to do harm to the treasure of the Hopkins.



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