

Chapter 233

"It's impossible to get to the airport in half an hour. The rain is too heavy. Look at the traffic in front of us. Plus, it's unsafe to drive too fast in weather like this."

The taxi driver said warm-heartedly when he saw her anxious face and wet clothes, "You shouldn't be in the rain when you are pregnant. Come in the car and wait till the rain dies down a little."

However, Christina had no time to wait.

Her face turned pale from standing in the rain for a long time. She didn't say a word but shook her head at the driver.

She clenched the phone in her right hand, and her heart was beating wildly. The voices were replaying in her mind.

"The shrapnel fragment in Patric's brain has caused many complications, affecting his visual, auditory, and sensory nerves. He doesn't have a lot of time left."

"Grandpa will send Patric to Seattle tonight. I heard that he fell down the stairs and was in a coma. Grandpa didn't want us to go together. Try to get to the International Airport in 30 mins. Patric would love to have you aside. Be quick."

"They said you left Patric when he was in a coma. How could you do something like this to him, Christina?"

The rain was getting heavier and heavier, and the night was coming. Christina stood by the sidewalk like a person who had just lost her soul. She looked at the traffic in front of her and the row of dim orange street lights.

Her mind went blank, and she didn't know what to do.

Her tears were mixed with the rain, blurring her vision. The surging uneasiness in her chest was strangling her heart. She felt that she was suffocating.

She didn't want to leave, but grandfather had chased her out.

She wanted to go back and see Patric a lot.

"Christina, don't stand in the rain. Come back with me first, please." There was a familiar voice coming from behind, together with urgent footsteps running towards her.

It was Betty. She had thought that Christina would get into the taxi, but she didn't do so. Besides, her expression wasn't good at all. Betty was afraid that something would happen to Christina and followed her out.

However, her voice had pulled Christina back from her daze, but she looked shocked, as if she was afraid to be caught again. Christina started to run forward without looking back.

"Christina, be careful! Watch out for the cars!"

Betty admitted that she was selfish. She didn't care about Patrick that much. However, Christina was her niece. Betty couldn't bear seeing her running in the rain with a pale face and a pregnant body. She regretted calling Mr. Hopkins earlier. Christina was too stubborn, and she always ended up making herself hurt.

Betty didn't dare to chase after her anymore. She picked up her phone and called Derek for help.

Christina used one hand to support her very-much pregnant belly while running. Her clothes were drenched because of the rain. The dirty water on the ground splashed all over her clothes. She was in such a mess. She was too tired to keep running, stopped,

breathed heavily while supporting her body on the wall.

Her mind was full of thoughts which prevented her from thinking.

She had half an hour to get to the International Airport.

That was the only place she wanted to get to now. However, how could she manage to get there in such awful weather?

Her lips trembled while she was trying to hold back her tears. She kept suppressing the fear in her heart by comforting herself, "Calm down. It's going to be fine. I can do it. I can do it."

At this moment, there was a sharp sound of argument came to Christina's

ears. The noise was getting louder and louder, which gradually woke her up from her daze. She looked at the alley on the right.

Two people were arguing. "Damn it, were you looking while driving? I was driving in my lane. Why on earth did you bump into me?"

"How dare you say that to me! You poor bastard! My Porsche had taken a hit as well! It's raining so heavily, and I just made a turn. Who knew you would block my way here? I'm warning you. You'd better apologize to me right now. Do you have any idea who I am? I'll make your life miserable in A City."

There were two cars bumped into each other, and the owners were arguing hard.

The rain was sliding down Christina's cheeks. She stood there, watching at them awkwardly for a minute, and her gaze turned to the Porsche whose key was still in the ignition.

She walked over without thinking, sat in the car, and slammed the door shut.

It was not until she started the car that the owners behind her realized what had happened. The rude, arrogant lady shouted curse words and ran after her.

"What are you doing? Stop the car!"

However, Christina had pressed the acceleration already. The wheels splashed dirty water all over, and the car quickly disappeared into the dark alley.

The satellite navigation in the car showed that there was heavier than usual traffic on the roads around her. She wouldn't reach the airport in time if she took the regular route. She turned what steering wheel to the right as soon as the car drove out of the alley and drove on the sidewalk.

The storm had been brewing for a whole day. Thunder and heavy rain continued to fall, seriously affecting the traffic situation. The shops were all closed, and there were no pedestrians on the road, either.

"I can make it to the airport in 30 mins if I take the JD Second Road. I can do it."

She raised the wet sleeve on her left

elbow to wipe away the tears from the corner of her eyes. She did not like to cry. She looked straight ahead at the road with a determined gaze. Christina swore that she would be at the airport on time.

Holding the steering wheel, she was overwhelmed with fear. Her knuckles were pale from nervousness. She knew that what she was doing was dangerous and illegal, but she could not care less now.

At the third intersection, she continued to turn right into another small alley. It was the back lane of a bar. The trash cans were scattered all around the road.

Under the dark rain, the headlights shone brightly on the dark alley, where

very few people usually passed. On such a rainy day, even wild cats were not seen, except for the sound of rain and the sound of cars passing by, it was silent.

She was focused on driving, looking straight ahead. Perhaps it was because she was drenched, or maybe it was because of the gloomy atmosphere. She felt a chill coming from behind her. She glanced at the backseat.

"You! Who are you? Ah!" Christina suddenly screamed.

It wasn't her illusion. It was true. There was a person in the back seat of the car.

How could there be another person in this car?

Christina was scared out of her wits. Before she could make sense of the situation, the person had covered her eyes, and she couldn't see anything ahead.

"Let go, let go of me!" The car was still moving. She struggled and screamed.

"What do you want to do? Let me go!"

Then a cold hand reached out and stopped at her belly from behind. The person moved towards Christina and whispered in her ear with a stern voice, filled with resentment. "Christina, I want you dead."

As soon as the person finished speaking, the hand pressed hard on Christina's belly. The palm was not big.

It seemed to belong to a woman. Her nails were very sharp. They poked into Christina's belly as if she wanted to cut her belly open.

Christina felt a sharp pain in her belly, and the fear had filled all her cells. She screamed, "Let go, let me go!" Christina let go of the steering wheel and tangled with the woman.

The car sped up uncontrollably.

The sky was thick with dark clouds, and the rain didn't want to stop at all. The drivers were stuck on the highway and were all impatient. However, one of the cars sped out from a small alley at the right. Everyone was trying to avoid hitting by the car. The harsh sound of brakes came one after another, accompanied by curses.

🗨️ Raja Shamroz Axha

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Boom.

There was a loud noise, and people were all shocked.

The white Porsche slammed into the right side guardrail of the highway. The metal at the front was twisted and deformed. The whole car flipped over and finally stopped moving.

A dark red liquid gushed out from the crack of the door, and a large pool of blood quickly appeared on the asphalt road around the car.

The thick smell of blood stained the entire space. The drivers looked panicked at first but gradually quieted down. The scent of blood in the air was disgusting and made people nauseous.

"There was a major traffic accident on HX 2115Z to the International Airport. Please send in more police force and an ambulance."

Chapter 234

What happened?

The feeling was strange. Christina Dickens felt nervous as if she was floating in the air like a soul.

And there was nothing around, as blank as her mind.

Suddenly, she seemed to remember something and her head ached acutely.

There came a lot of messy and shrill voices, The sound of the thunder storm, the noise of panic in the crowd, and the sound of police cars and ambulances...

Then she heard someone like doctors shouting anxiously, as if they were

calling her.

She wanted to answer, but she found that she couldn't speak, with her whole body out of control. Her arms and legs could not move, as if she was dead.

She was full of the fear of dying. In the air, she saw a cold operating table in a closed room. The doctors and nurses around it looked terrible. Blood stained their clothes, the sheets, and even the ground...

"Too much blood gets lost."

"She has a special blood type, but the blood bank is insufficient of this type..."

"Her heart rate plummets... It's almost stop. Prepare the electric shock!"

Looking at their frightened faces, she suddenly felt no fear. She calmed down with peace. However, someone came into her mind.

"Patrick Hopkins."

Christina felt that her whole body was almost transparent. Suddenly she muttered this name.

"Patrick..." Her mind began to be clouded, as if her brain had suddenly lost energy, and she could not remember who this name referred to.

She frowned and thought in distress.

Suddenly, the scene changed. She was in a great mourning hall, where many people stood in black, with white wreaths on both sides.

Someone was crying and other burning paper money. The fire in the iron basin looked gloomy.

She did not understand what these people were sad about, and she walked forward until she saw a coffin. There was a man lying flat inside. His face looked deadly silent. Who was he...

It was that her mind was in a mess as if she had recalled something terrible. Her eyes widened in horror, and she stood stiffly beside the coffin.

"Patrick..." He was dead.

How could he...

"It's impossible!" She screamed in a trembling voice and threw herself at

the coffin.

However, just as she pounced on him with fear and unease, the scene was changed again.

She was in a lush grass, in front of which was a castle-like kindergarten. She could vaguely hear the laughter of children inside.

She stayed there still. Sun slowly set in the sky, with the warm afterglow, which eased her.

There was a group of three- or four-year-old children playing on the grass. They all looked cute in navy blue uniforms and small ties, with little sailor hats on their heads.

Then she heard the bell ringing. Many

parents came over to take their children away.

Finally, there were two little boys left. They stood still hand in hand and looked at the school gate.

It was getting dark. She did not understand why these two children did not go home.

Suddenly, one of the little boys turned to look at her. He had handsome features on his small pink face. He just looked at her quietly with his big black eyes.

Christina was inexplicably moved. She squatted down to look him in the eye.

He blinked as if he was surprised.

At the moment when she wanted to say something to the boy, another little boy turned to look at her with his blue eyes.

They looked exactly the same. They were twins.

"Mommy, why did you leave me?"

He asked her in a childish voice. Tears were about to burst from his watery eyes. It seemed that he was aggrieved.

Christina seemed to have been pounded on her heart so hard that she couldn't breathe.

"You are..."

She muttered in a daze. Before she could finish, it was as if her soul had

been taken away in an instant. The whole scene collapsed, breaking the boundaries of time and space, and the previous mourning hall and kindergarten no longer existed.

She dropped back into the darkness. There was no dream, and she could not see anything clearly. Sounds came in her ears, as if the doctor was operating a metal instrument, and the nurse was frantically and anxiously walking...

"Ouch..."

The next second, a sharp pain came from her abdomen, making her soul back to her crippled body. She screamed and trembled in pain.

Finally, when she opened her eyes, she saw the whole space of white. She

looked at the white ceiling above her head, white walls, and white sheets...

She was in the hospital.

Then she heard someone walking back and forth in the corridor. After a while, the door of the ward opened. A nurse in a light pink uniform came in with a medical record. The nurse did not look at her at first, but looked up at the data of the equipment and took notes with a pen.

Christina did not know why she had been afraid of people like nurses, probably because she was once attacked by a nurse in the ward.

She felt that something was wrong, and she curled her body up in defense.

Her subtle movements attracted the attention of the nurse at the side. When the nurse saw that she had opened her eyes, she was shocked before she turned around and ran out, shouting, "Call Director Ann here. The patient is awake!"

The patient?

She could hardly understand why the nurse said she was a patient. She wasn't sick.

Soon, a few doctors rushed over. Christina did not know that her face was frighteningly pale. "Miss, how do you feel now?"

"Do you feel uncomfortable? Can you speak now?" A middle-aged doctor asked her gently.

Christina looked at the doctors around her. She did not speak but shook her head in a daze with her empty eyes.

They asked some more questions. Their voices seemed to be separated by something so that she couldn't hear them clearly. She couldn't focus on anything, either. She always felt that everything in front of her was unreal, just like a dream.

Was I in dream?

Why was I here?

"Miss, do you remember your name?
Do you have any relatives or friends?"

The doctor repeated the question several times, and then her thoughts

were pulled back to reality. She came to her senses, "Family?" She repeated, struggling to make a hoarse sound from her throat.

"Right, do you remember any relatives or friends you know?"

She had relatives. She had an aunt, who was close to her. She had friends as well, they were Charles Shepherd, Crystal Zhu, Chandler Stephenson... Her consciousness gradually returned, but her pale face became even more terrible.

"Patrick!"

"I need to go to the airport. I'm going to the airport in half an hour..." She screamed.

The nurse saw her fidgeting on the bed and immediately rushed forward to hold her down. "We've just rescued you from the car accident. You can't get up now..."

Car accident?

What car accident?

She suddenly quieted down and looked at the doctors and nurses with a confused expression. She finally understood what was wrong when she found her body suddenly became lighter.

She touched the flat abdomen with her hand. The fear filled in her whole body. She said in a trembling voice, "My child..."

"Where's my child!"

Chapter 235

"Dead?"

She lay flat on the bed and felt dizzy with her face pale, cracked dry lips. Then she struggled to say a few words in a hoarse voice, "What's dead?"

"Your childs are dead." A doctor answered.

"The car accident was very serious and caused you to lose a lot of blood. Your children were stillborn when we rescued them."

She was too shocked to speak.

"How could you, as a pregnant woman, drive at high speed during the storm last night? You drove into the railing of

the driveway. You are not responsible for your own safety, as well as others..."

"You were nine months pregnant, and your baby died as a result of the car accident. When we took the baby out of your belly, they were pale and had stopped their heartbeat."

This doctor kept explaining to her, but she was so shocked by the death of her child that she could no longer think and just looked at him blankly.

"Two of your children are in the morgue. We did everything we could to save your children, but they are still dead."

She screamed and felt extremely miserable, "You lied to me! All of you are lying to me!".

"No. It is impossible..."

She kept muttering with pale lips and felt very frightened with her heart beating wildly.

[The babies inside me kicked me. This is fetal movement. The doctor said they were more lively.]

[Patrick, you're going to be a dad and you should learn how to change your child's nappy and make milk.]

[Old Master Hopkins postponed his eightieth birthday party to have a dinner party with his one-month-old grandson next month. Every one of the Hopkins family is looking forward to the celebration party because they haven't had a party in a long time.]

She kept recalling all the previous scenes and people's conversations and became miserable.

[The children in your belly are dead.]

[We did everything we could to save your children, but they are still dead.]

She almost collapsed with the pale face and shouted in a daze, "You lied to me! Where did you hide my children? Give them back to me."

"Give the children back to me..."

She struggled mildly and pulled out the infusion tube in her hand to such towards the doctors and nurses beside her. She screamed in despair and clamped her nails around someone's

arm.

"Quickly calm her down." The doctor ordered.

"She's extremely unstable. Give her a lot of sleeping pills to calm her down. Otherwise, she will have a hard time accepting the fact and go crazy."

In the ward, the nurses kept busy under the incandescent light.

The doctors and nurses took four pieces of white sand cloth to tie her limbs to the iron frame of the hospital bed, and injected a tube of sleeping pills directly into her artery.

She was pale and struggling and stared at them with wide eyes. "Let go of me!" She said hoarsely in despair.

"Why did you lie to me... I changed their nicknames and prepared some clothes for them. I was ready to be a mother..." She said in a trembling voice when tears welled up in her eyes.

In the end, she slowly closed her eyes and her voice trailed off.

She was tired and sleepy.

She dimly heard voices. "The traffic bureau just reported that the owner of the white Porsche that the pregnant woman drove in the car accident that night was not her. The original owner said that the car was stolen."

"She doesn't have a cell phone or wallet or id card. No one has paid for the surgery yet. Do we have to keep

giving her the medicine?"

"The morgue costs a few hundred dollars a day. What about the two dead fetus?"

When she heard the words "dead fetus," she felt heartbroken.

Christina could no longer hear the noise and fell asleep when the medicine worked and temporarily forgetting the pain on her body. All she felt was like a nightmare.

She dreamed of the people of the Dickens family, her deceased mother and grandfather, and the magnificent gate of the Hopkins family.

These memories were in a mess. Ever since she married into the Hopkins

family, she felt her life was unreal, like a dream.

She remembered an important thing and ran desperately in the Hopkins family's corridor. She searched every corner of every room and kept looking for something. Suddenly, she stopped again because she didn't remember what she was looking for.

In the Hopkins family which turned into a huge maze, surrounded by darkness and gloom, she ran forward anxiously and panicked through doors one after another and nobody answered her though she kept shouting.

When the darkness seemed to have engulfed her, she squatted on the ground in fear with her hands clasping

her head, and her body trembling because she could not see the road ahead.

"Is there anyone here to help me?" She asked.

"I don't know what to do. "

"I'm already very strong. I've tried my best, but I still can't run out. I'm scared. Is there anyone else? Please help me. "

Sge curled up in a corner, trembling with fear and shouting for help.

Then she heard a sharp cry of a baby from the front. The baby seemed to be very afraid and helpless and cried in a hoarse voice and choked a few times as if it was abandoned.

She felt heartbroken when hearing the crying.

She calmed down and slowly stood up straight with her hands on the wall behind her. She mustered courage and walked step by step in the direction of the baby's crying.

As she walked on the more and more clear road, she found herself standing in front of the door of the study on the second floor of Hopkins family east court.

She paused for a moment and reached out to unscrew the door handle.

But when she found the door locked, she became even more anxious and failed to open it though she tried harder to unscrew it.

The baby's cries gradually subsided and it finally quieted down.

She impatiently slapped the door desperately and shouted, "Open the door!" She was very persistent and panicked.

She kept crying and felt panicked.

Just then, the door was opened with a click.

She saw a handsome man and after half a second, she hugged him tightly and burst into tears as if she had never felt so aggrieved.

"Patrick, where have you been? I've been looking for you. Why did you hide..."

"Patrick, they said the children were dead."

In the quiet intensive care unit, the woman on the bed was asleep when tears were streaming out of the corner of her eyes and soaked most of the white pillow.

Chapter 236

Christina had been having bad dreams. She was in a deep coma. Sleeping pills' effect did not exist now. But she still did not wake up.

When Betty was told to rush to the hospital, Christina had been sleeping soundly on the bed for three days.

"The patient woke up once the next day after the operation. She was very emotionally unstable. We thus injected her with a sleeping potion, then she slept for three days. She woke up this morning. But when we asked her if she had any relatives, she didn't want to talk..."

Seeing Betty coming over, the chief nurse of the Inpatient Department

immediately approached forward and briefed her about the situation.

"Police from the Department of Transport checked the video of the street, where the accident happened on that heavy-rainy day. They found that you had a fight with her on the side of the road that night. You should know her, right?"

Betty rushed over in a hurry, and her hair and clothes were a little messy. She stood stiffly at the door of the ward, felt difficult to walk with her feet, and she couldn't walk in.

Betty was surprised and sad when she saw Christina sleeping on the bed, who looked pale and weak. Betty wondered how did her niece, who had always been energetic, turn to be so delirious

and lifeless?

The chief nurse also glanced at the bed, looking very impatient.

"She already owes our hospital tens of thousands of dollars in medical expenses. I heard that she even stole a car. No wonder a pregnant woman like her receives no visits from her husband. But her own families can't happen to have died either? No one has ever reported to the police about her missing after so many days. Our director also said that she has mental issues and needs to be transferred to the psychiatry department. But she doesn't have any money with her for the treatment. This is really troublesome."

"She's my niece. I'll pay for her medical

expenses." Betty replied to the nurse unhappily.

Hearing this, the chief nurse looked at Betty with contempt and urged coldly, "Since you are a relative of the patient, then hurry up and pay the fee. The total cost today is fifty-three thousand dollars. We can't postpone it anymore. You have to pay it all today. Otherwise, according to the rules in our hospital, we will immediately stop treating her."

"I have told you I will pay. Do you have to be so mean?" Betty was irritated immediately.

"It's already very humane of us to let her stay here for so many days. If everyone uses medical resources for free like this, our hospital will be in a mess. Why don't you reflect on what

kind of person your niece is? A pregnant woman stole a car and drove recklessly up the national highway. Who's to blame for what happened?"

The chief nurse was reasonable to say so. Looking at Betty's plain clothes, the chief nurse was afraid that Betty wouldn't pay the fee, she then turned around and told another nurse, "Follow her down to the lobby on the first floor to pay the bill. We will also need her to pay the deposit in advance."

No matter how good-tempered Betty was, she was finally angered, "Can't I go in and see her first and pay the bill later?"

"Director Ann lets her lie here for so long because he pities her. Look at the

patients in the hallway here. Do you think there are many beds in the hospital for free? We are short of medical resources."

Betty was extremely angry, but she managed to control her anger, "I'm going to settle the fee now. Please look after her!"

She went down to the lobby and waited in line to pay the bill. The hospital was filled with people every day. The smell of disinfectant was pungent. From time to time, there were people pushing wheelchairs and beds back and forth. It was noisy here, and the more empty her mind was, the more she panicked.

"The twins are gone..." She muttered without any emotion.

Although she didn't like the Hopkins family, she still felt sad hearing the twins were lost. Let alone Christina...

The more she thought about it, the more worried she became. She hurriedly filled out a form at the window and paid for the fee. She immediately took the elevator back to the 7th floor, where the inpatient department was located.

Christina was still in an independently intensive-care ward. Judging from the snobbishness of the chief nurse just now, Christina would have been thrown into a common ward or the hallway, if she hadn't been so seriously injured. Thinking of this, Betty felt very sad.

She didn't even dare to step into this ward, blaming herself for shouldn't force Christina to come back, or she should be ruthless enough and stop Christina from coming back... If so, this would not have happened.

"Christina, you, are you still feeling unwell?" She asked softly as she quietly approached the bed.

The woman lay flat on the bed, her face was pale, her eyes looked empty as she was staring at the ceiling. She seemed to be deaf and was like a body without a soul. She was lying still.

Betty's heart ached when she saw her paleness and stiffness. She choked and said, "Christina, I'm Auntie. Can you answer me, please?"

"I'm quite worried to see you like this. Let bygones be bygones. Everything will get better. Don't think too much. Don't think too much."

"I want Patrick..."

"I need to find Patrick." A low and weak voice was squeezed out of her dry and cracked lips.

In fact, she knew that she could also hear the voices of these doctors and nurses, but she didn't want to speak. Her heart was numb, and the blood of her whole body was still. She felt like a dead person. She didn't want to listen to anything, she didn't want to think. She was afraid to think.

"I'm looking for Patrick..." Christina repeatedly said this with a hoarse

voice. She was restraining her feeling and holding back the tears from her swollen eyes.

"I'm looking for children..."

Betty stood by the bed. Seeing Christina like this, Betty's tears immediately dropped down.

Betty had never seen Christina being so desperate and helpless. Even back then when Christina had known about her mother's suicide, she would have hugged Betty and cried, slowly accepting the reality. Christina had also comforted her.

Her niece Christina had been spoiled and bold since she was a child. People in the Dickens family always complained that a daughter was not as

good as a son. Christina hated the Dickens family, but she also cared about it very much. She insisted on making herself stronger than boys. However, she was stubborn and soft-hearted, and always suffered losses in the end.

Christina would not rely on others. Especially after her grandfather and mother left, she was still lively and cheerful. But she alienated outsiders. Even Betty herself felt that she could not reach Christina's heart. Now Christina was crying like a child, calling out the name "Patrick." Betty was shocked and felt sad for her.

Betty didn't expect her to trust that man in the Hopkins family so much.

"Auntie will contact him now. I'll ask

him to come to you immediately..." Betty said gently and quickly agreed her.

But she herself had no idea how to contact the people in the Hopkins family. She looked around the counter in the ward and did not see Christina's cell phone. She thought the phone might be lost during the car accident. After thinking about it, she took out her own cell phone as she had Old Master Hopkins's private phone number.

The number you dialed is temporarily unavailable. Please dial later...

The reminding sound made by artificial intelligence came from the phone repeatedly, echoing in the cold ward.

Betty was very anxious as Old Master Hopkins didn't use this number very often. Betty did not have Patrick's private number, and she couldn't reach Derek as he was abroad now.

At this moment, someone knocked on the door hurriedly. Betty turned to look, feeling even more anxious.

It was the chief nurse, who opened the door and walked straight in. She shouted loudly, "Just now you didn't pay the money for the morgue. It's 800 dollars a day. Two baby corpses have been put there for almost four days. Go down and pay it now."

"Besides, we cannot put the corpses of the dead fetus all the time. We don't have any extra space in the hospital. Hurry up and decide what to do..." The

cold shrill voice pierced into her heart like a sharp knife.

Christina, who was lying on the bed, was obviously frozen by this. She opened her eyes wide in horror and was at a loss. Her pale face gradually became worse, and even her lips trembled uncontrollably.

Betty was so angry that she ran to the door and pushed the chief nurse out.

"Are you a human? Don't say that in the ward. Don't affect her!"

"I'm just doing business. There are so many people dying in the hospital every day. How can I be so tactful? Death is just death. We have said that when the car accident happened, the fetuses were already dead, and the

dead fetuses were just occupying the space in the morgue."

The chief nurse's face was cold and she spoke rudely. She raised her chin, looked at Betty, and asked, "Do you want the patient to see the two fetuses?"

"No!"

Betty resisted subconsciously. It was too cruel to see them.

"This patient has been in our hospital for so long. I don't think she has any relatives. You can make a decision for her. You've seen the two fetuses in the morgue, and their face looked purple. It looks really scary and gloomy. This thing is very evil and mysterious."

Seeing that Betty did not respond, the chief nurse became even more impatient, "Our hospital receives a lot of casualties every day. You don't want me to go to the ward every day and ask when to handle the fetuses, do you? Hurry up and cremate them, then all will be fine."

If these nurses brought this up in the ward every day, her niece Christina would really go crazy.

Betty took a deep breath and looked up at the chief nurse again. Betty hated her attitude extremely, but the twins really needed to be handled early so that they could look forward to the future.

"Cremate them."

This sentence sounded really heavy. The two fetuses were supposed to be lively and lovely babies, but now they had to be "cremated", a word full of the sense of death.

Hearing this, the chief nurse changed her expression suddenly, and she smiled, "Then I'll arrange it now." She then turned around and walked away as if she couldn't wait.

Betty thought for a moment and shouted nervously at the nurse's back, "Be careful, do keep the children's ashes."

Chapter 237

"These... the children's ashes are in these two porcelain urns?"

Crystal looked at the two black ceramic urns on the cabinet in a daze for a long time.

Finally, she turned to Betty with difficulty and forced a smile. "Aunt Eisenhower, don't joke about this. I know you don't seem to like the Hopkins family very much, but after all, the children are innocent. You can't curse them like this..."

Betty looked grim and solemn, shaking her head without a word.

Crystal's heart writhed in pain seeing her expression. She anxiously took a

step forward and grabbed Betty's wrist. "How could it be? According to the prenatal examinations, Christina's twins have always been very healthy!!"

"Auntie Eisenhower, you really shouldn't joke with me like this." She looked at Betty's gloomy face and already guessed the veracity, her voice trembling in sobbing.

"How is it... Where's Patrick? Where's the Hopkins!!"

With grudge laden in her heart, Crystal snarled and squalled, feeling like she was going to explode in a sudden gust of wrath and shock. How could such healthy babies be lost so abruptly?

"I told you the Hopkins can't be trusted. Christina has been in trouble

for so many days, and with their influence in A City, they should have known about this long ago, but they didn't even send someone for a visit!"

Betty's tone was full of resentment when she mentioned the Hopkins family. As she spoke, she could not help but feel guilty as well, her voice extremely hoarse. "Christina had an accident, but she didn't have anyone around with her the past few days, only on her own... I only found out when I received a call from the traffic police yesterday afternoon."

Crystal's eyes reddened at her words. "Which ward is she in now? I'll go and see her."

She had been busy with the interviews for a job recently, anticipating that she

could settle down with a job before Christina gave birth, so that she would be able to squander her salary righteously on gifts for her godchildren at their sip-and-see party. But how did everything turn pear-shaped all of a sudden?

Betty picked up a delicate and sturdy bag to carefully put away the two urns of ashes, then she took the elevator with Crystal to the 7th floor of the inpatient department.

The two of them walked side by side, their footsteps heavy and their hearts in a mess.

Walking to an intensive care unit, Betty suddenly stopped her and whispered, "Crystal, go in and accompany her. Christina is very

unstable now, and the doctor said she had to be transferred to the psychiatry department for examination when she got better after a few days."

With that, Betty hugged tightly the two urns of ashes in her arms in spite of herself. "Don't mention the children to her. I'm afraid she really can't bear it..."

"I see." Crystal replied in a low voice.

Although Christina had always been careless and jaunty, without the least semblance to a tender lady, yet blood was thicker than water, and she had really looked forward to the birth of her children. She had said before that even if the Hopkins family did not want the children, she would raise them herself.

Crystal skulked in gingerly. The ward was so quiet that even the sound of the clock ticking could be heard clearly. Ever the emotional, she could barely stifle her tears at the sight of a battered Christina when she walked to the bed, her tears trickling down on the floor.

She felt sorry and distressed for what had happened to Christina. Having known her for so many years, Crystal was clear that Christina had always forborne herself from falling prey to cowardice in the face of no matter what, and she had been very resilient and strong, for she had always tried her best.

"Christina, you have to be strong. Didn't you say you don't like to be

worried about... No matter what happens, it will pass. Don't think too much about it now."

Crystal's words became nasal audibly due to her uncontrollable wailing. She had always been timid and prone to crying. In most cases, Christina was able to hold back her tears, whereas she was incapable of.

At present, she didn't know how to help Christina except to ask her to be strong and face it. She had no way to help.

Christina kept her eyes wide open, for she dared not to sleep. She was neglecting everyone trying to talk to her, only staring at the ceiling with her vacant eyes all day and all night, her face blank, too, resembling a dead doll.

Crystal sniffled and sat down beside the bed with a chair. She did not dare to sob audibly anymore, only seated beside quietly to accompany her.

Before long, a doctor came to check on Christina. Crystal didn't know much about her current condition, but the director surnamed Ann seemed to be particularly concerned about Christina and told her some precautions. Crystal knew that they were depending on others' help in the hospital, and seeing that the doctor was so warmhearted, she was extremely moved and said numerous times of thank you.

Occasionally, a nurse came over to hook up yet another transfusion for Christina. Because of the last attack that Christina had suffered in the

ward, Crystal took special care to inspect what kind of injection it was before she let the nurse change it. The nurse had a good temper and answered every question, seemingly not as snobbish as the head nurse Betty had mentioned.

It was not until 7 pm that Crystal finally felt hungry. She had received a call from Betty this morning and hurried to the hospital, having no appetite for breakfast nor lunch.

"Christina, the doctor said you could eat some liquid food now. Shall I order porridge for you?"

The one in the hospital bed still ignored her. Crystal knew that she had been relying on nutrient injections for the past few days, but it would be better to

eat something for her stomach. After a second thought, she decided to buy an extra whether Christina would eat or not.

She used her phone to order takeout. Crystal would rather starve herself than leave her side now.

Crystal's lack of special skills and her barely satisfactory appearance and academic performance notwithstanding, her sincere attitude towards people was genuine and precious. She wanted to be nice to you, and that was all.

"Crystal, tell me, did I kill them."

The woman on the bed suddenly spoke, her voice hoarse and choked with sobs. It was clearly a question, but

her tone was affirmative and painful. She felt deeply guilty and was about to convict herself, deeming that she was the one to blame.

'It was all my fault...'

'Because of me, because I broke the rules and drove fast on a rainy day!'

'I was to blame...'

"Crystal, I killed my son. I killed them!" She anxiously rose up from the bed, grabbing Crystal beside and yelping vehemently with the most helpless expression.

She screamed and kept reproaching herself, feeling utterly terrible. She didn't know what to do...

She could be strong, and she could risk her life... But they were dead, and how could she reverse the tide? What should she do...

Crystal also cried out when she saw how distressed Christina was. For a moment, she didn't know what to say to soothe her. Christina was truly in a hopeless delirium, like those suffering from severe depression, drowning in negativity and despair.

"The children are not dead."

A figure strode in hastily, pushing Crystal away before she could react. She was bemused for an instant, and once she composed herself, she beheld the newcomer clearly, feeling slightly familiar with this delicate and cold figure.

"The children are fine. They're not dead... You just have to work harder to see them. Now you need to rest."

His brisk voice was as soft and tender as water.

As if possessing some kind of hypnosis power, his voice actually lulled Christina into slumber to Crystal's astonishment.

The slender figure bent and leaned over the bed to gently tuck Christina in. His blue eyes gazed at the thin and pallid face for a long time, then suddenly, he straightened up and walked out without a word.

Crystal glanced at Christina, who had already fallen asleep, then at the

outstanding figure, and quickly chased after him.

"Derek!" She hurriedly shouted at his back.

Crystal was not familiar with this man, but what he said just now made her very excited. Familiar or not, she grabbed his arm and refused to let him go. "Did you just say that the children were alive?"

Derek didn't like to be touched, so he stopped and turned around with a cold look in his blue eyes.

He didn't say anything, but Crystal knew that she had offended him, so she let go of him. Suddenly, she stammered, "Well, you just said that the children weren't dead..."

"I don't know."

Came only three words.

Crystal was puzzled. What did he mean?

"... The ashes can't be tested for DNA."
Derek looked at her with clear blue eyes and added softly.

Crystal was chatting with him for the first time, and she blushed despite herself, for he was really handsome with a unique temperament, extraordinarily limpid and chilly.

She was not bewitched by this top-notch beauty, however, only surprised by his sudden arrival. Soon she came back to her senses and asked, "You

mean that Aunt Eisenhower cremated the two stillbirths early, and the children might have been swapped, right?" After thinking for a while, Crystal lowered her voice. "Or did you just lie to her for the time being?"

Derek's blue eyes were filled with mixed emotions. He still said, "I don't know."