

In Love, Never Say Never Chapter 1060

With that said, the two men turned and left.

I watched them leave before looking back at Kristina. It was then that I realized she had a name card in her hand.

I wondered what that was, but the question was not pressing enough for me to ask her about it. Instead, I thanked her in all seriousness.

She did not reciprocate my affection. "This is not a safe place, so just stay away."

I wanted to ask her why she was here.

Yet before I could say a word, she held out her name card to a man who just came out of the bar with a lascivious smile on her face. I was stunned by her sudden change of expression. The man threw the name card on the floor and I caught a glimpse of it. There was a picture of an attractive woman printed on it. Beside the picture were her phone number, address, and a price tag.

It did not take much effort to recognize the person in the photo. It was Kristina herself. I was at a loss for words. I wanted to say something, but I had to try so hard to swallow my emotions back in. "Do you need money?" I asked without much discretion.

My brutal question elicited a painful expression on her face as she pursed her lips. "Of course I do. Who doesn't need money? No one can live without money."

"You know I don't mean it that way." I tried explaining myself.

She clenched her name cards tighter and shook her head. "It doesn't matter. Just leave before you meet another drunkard."

I stood where I was, refusing to leave. "Is it because you have to do chemo?" That was the only reasonable explanation I could think of. She had lost her hair and she looked battered. Even her face looked pale.

She covered her face with thick makeup and even had a wig on. I knew she was a prideful person. There was no way she would stoop so low just to earn money. It must be because of the expenses for chemotherapy.

"You mind your own business. Stop getting in my way. I need to get customers," she said coldly.

What I heard about her illness must be true. She must have lung cancer.

I knew she had her ego. There was no way she would accept my help. "Since you want to do business, you'll have to do as your client wants you to. You're coming with me tonight," I said with a commanding tone.

She fixed her gaze on me. "What do you want, Scarlett?"

"I'm your client now, so just do as I say," I repeated.

"I only take male clients. I don't have time for you if you're just here to shame me. If you're getting revenge on me because of that kid, karma has already hit me hard enough, so just leave me alone," she said with a hint of remorse in her voice.

"Just follow me, please. I know you feel guilty toward Summer, so you're obliged to listen to me. You must live nearby. Bring me over to your place," I said with a sigh.

Kristina looked at me for a while before she finally relented. "Follow me."

She led Camelia and me down an alley. Before long, I stopped and cried out, "Kristina, don't you think you should help me out a little?" Camelia was already so wasted she could not even walk properly.

Kristina looked back at me. "I can't carry her. Walking itself is already difficult enough for me. This is the truth, whether you believe me or not."

I smacked my lips and shrugged helplessly. "Just lead the way then."

It was not like I could force her to carry Camelia.

We finally reached after some time. "You should just go back to J City. I'm sure Dr. Ludwick will do everything he can to cure you. You can't just stay here all on your own. You're gonna get more sick."

"We all die someday. I'd rather die somewhere I want to. I've been striving so hard my whole life just to go up the social ladder. If there was an afterlife, I hope I would be born in this city, so I can be nearer to the things I've always wanted to achieve," she said, pouring me a glass of water.

Kristina was really a woman I could never understand. She came from a relatively good family, but it was her worldview that I could never understand. She had always wanted to pursue wealth and status. Ashton was her first target, but when she knew there was no hope with him, she turned to Jared instead. Her motivation was clear as day—she wanted to marry a rich man. But why, I could not tell.

Was it because of money?

Her family lacked nothing.

Power?

Ashton and Jared had money but not power.

Love?

That was impossible. If it were love she wanted, she would not move on from one person to another so easily.

“Both of us need to stay overnight here,” I said, “I’ll pay you at your rate, but you’ll have to stay here with us. Also, stop taking customers. You know what sort of men come in and out of the bar. Your body won’t be able to take it. What if you get STD? Do you want to die earlier?”