

Chapter 1890 A Tragic Car Accident

In a fleeting moment, Connie's and Ewing's hearts thundered in their chests.

At that very second, Connie's sharp reflexes kicked in, and she instinctively swerved the car to the left, redirecting its trajectory at an incredibly fast speed.

But this sudden change meant that the passenger side, where Ewing sat, would bear the brunt of the oncoming collision.

In a life-or-death moment, Connie had chosen to sacrifice Ewing.

As the imminent crash became clear, Ewing's eyes widened in shock, and he exclaimed, "Oh, shit!"

As soon as he said those words, he blacked out.

A second later, the two vehicles collided.

The car door on the passenger side was now twisted beyond recognition. It was crushed inwards, leaving Ewing pinned and trapped.

Under the immense impact, his head bled. Though the timely deployment of the airbag spared him from worse injury, his body was compressed in the deformed car.

The massive size and weight of the truck meant it endured far less damage. Its driver, panic-stricken, stared wide-eyed at the totaled Pagani Huayra with only one thought in mind.

Even if he worked day and night for the rest of his life, he would not be able to afford the damages to the luxury car.

Luckily for him, there were no surveillance cameras in the suburbs, so he decided to flee.

With this thought, he turned around and sped away from the crash site.

As Trevor and Luisa rounded the bend, the aftermath of the collision

came into view. He stopped the car, and the two of them quickly got out to assess the situation.

The two exchanged glances and felt a myriad of emotions. Just seconds ago, Connie and Ewing were proud but now found themselves in such a dire situation.

With the impact focused on Ewing's side, Connie's injuries appeared to be less severe.

Once her initial shock wore off, she crawled out from the driver's side. Her gaze fell on the unscathed Trevor and Luisa and then back to the trapped Ewing.

Overwhelmed with tears, she ordered with a trembling voice, "Why are you just standing there? Help him!"

As Connie remained arrogant despite what happened, Trevor sneered and snapped at her, "You don't seem hurt. Why don't you help him? After all, you caused the accident. Why should we step in?"

Connie's face reddened with rage, and she shouted, "I might not have obvious injuries, but I was in that crash too! How could I be fine? You're just standing there doing nothing and showing no sympathy. Why don't you save him?! What if the car catches fire? Will you be able to live with that on your conscience?"

Trevor remained unfazed and just watched as Connie continued her performance.

Just then, Ewing regained consciousness. He struggled to get out, but even the slightest movement caused him to let out a painful cry. "Ah..."

Luisa, disturbed by Ewing's agonized cries, urged Trevor, "Maybe we should get him out first. He looks like he can't hold on much longer."

Trevor had only intended to extract crucial information from Ewing, and letting him die senselessly was not in the plan. With that, he nodded in agreement. "Alright. Let's get him out."

He navigated to the driver's side, forcefully unfastened the seatbelt, and dragged Ewing out.

By this time, Ewing's friends had arrived. When they saw him covered in blood, they rushed over and anxiously asked, "What happened? Did Ewing get into an accident?"

Seeing the growing crowd, Connie quickly assumed a mournful

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demeanor.

 +120 Points at most

"We had just turned the corner when a massive truck crashed into us. The driver drove off right after. I was lucky I made it out alive," she tearfully explained. She then pointed an accusatory finger at Trevor and added, "After escaping the wreckage, I saw them and asked for their help to rescue Ewing. But those two... they just stood there and watched me as I singlehandedly rescued Ewing!"

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