

Protected Ex-wife Chapter 6 - Chapter 6: Car Accident

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After dinner, Christopher was in a hurry to meet Lily, but he saw that Carson kept pestering Elsie, wanting to send her home. Therefore, he put on a smile and stepped forward, saying, "Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Heath, but my secretary still has work to do."

Looking over at him, Carson noticed the disdain in his eyes. He knew that the lad must have misunderstood his intention towards Elsie, thus with bitterness in his heart, he had no choice but to give up seeing her off. Nevertheless, he said to Christopher, "Mr. Reynolds, if you need any help in the future, you can come to me."

To others, getting the mayor's favour was a hard chance to come by. However, Christopher merely hummed with an indifferent attitude. He ushered Elsie into the car and barked at the driver to start the car. Seeing this, Carson chuckled amusedly.

Now that Elsie was back in the city, she stayed at Lewis's place as usual. As Christopher was rushing to meet Lily, he had been urging the driver to speed up. When they arrived at the street where Lewis's house was located, he couldn't wait to hurry her out of the car and leave immediately. In the end, he told the driver to drive up to the house upon seeing the dark and unsafe streets.

After she got out of the car, he continued yelling at the driver to speed up, causing the latter to sweat anxiously. Hastily, he turned a corner without stepping on the brake and ended up colliding with another car head-on.

Christopher, who was on the phone with Lily, lunged forward from the inertia and hit his head against the front driver seat, instantly fainting over. Meanwhile, the driver's face was covered in blood. Wiping the blood off his face, he shouted in a trembling voice, "Mr. Reynolds, a-are you okay?"

When there was no response, he became horrified. Then, he hurried out of the car and yelled, "Help! Help!"

Just then, the door of the other car opened and Charlie stepped out. His forehead was also wounded from the collision earlier, but he couldn't be

bothered at that moment. Instead, he looked at his car's license plate and saw that it had been crushed beyond recognition. After that, he turned to look at the driver who was desperately calling for help.

At first, the latter was frightened by the fierceness in Charlie's eyes, but soon he recognized him. "Mr. Gardner!"

Charlie stared at him but couldn't recognize him, so the driver explained hurriedly, "I'm the Reynolds family's driver. Mr. Gardner, please save Mr. Reynolds!"

Hearing this, Charlie finally realized that the man must be referring to the Christopher Reynolds he knew. Hence, he quickly went to drag Christopher out of the car and instructed the trembling driver to hail a car.

A car happened to pass by and was stopped by the driver. Then, everyone worked together to carry Christopher into the car before rushing to the nearest hospital.

All the while, the driver ignored the bleeding wound on his head as he stared at the unconscious Christopher, crying out over and over again, "Oh, no, no! I'm doomed!"

On the other hand, Charlie was silent. Although he had known that the Reynolds family was entering the playing field in Stroast South, he had never expected that they would send their young son as their representative.

Christopher was an infamous playboy, yet he was also the Reynolds family's greatest pride. It seemed that his body had been hollowed out by lust, so much so that he'd easily fainted after a mere car crash.

When they finally arrived at the hospital, Christopher was sent to the emergency room. Standing by the door, the driver was absent-minded. Even when someone advised him to get his bleeding wound treated, he wouldn't budge. Charlie looked at him with sympathy, thinking that the poor soul was inevitably going to lose his job as the Reynolds family was incredibly strict and unmerciful.

His train of thoughts broke when his phone rang. When he answered the call, Kenia's soft voice sounded. "Charlie, where are you?"

"At the hospital."

"Are you sick?" Nervousness became evident in her voice.

"It was just a small accident," he replied.

"Do you want me to come over?"

"No, it's not a big deal. I'm hanging up now." While his voice was very gentle, his tone was firm and his eyes were emotionless. Even though Kenia had wanted to say something, she could only swallow the words in the end.