

Chapter 130 Cristina Pleads For Santino

The corners of Eliam's mouth twitched. He bent over and lifted Rhonda up from the bed.

"Hey, what are you doing? Put me down!" Rhonda shouted in panic.

"Aren't you heading to the bathroom? I'll carry you there."

"My legs aren't broken. I can walk on my own," Rhonda stated, feeling awkward.

"You've got a concussion. I'm concerned you might pass out." Eliam gently pressed Rhonda's head against his shoulder, worried she might get injured again.

Rhonda's cheeks flushed, and her heartbeat went faster.

Eliam carefully carried Rhonda to the bathroom, shut the door, and lingered outside.

"If you feel unwell, just call me," Eliam said outside the door.

Rhonda cringed with embarrassment.

"Can you stay a little far away from me?"

"We've already shared a bed. Why so bashful now?" Eliam countered.

Left without a choice, Rhonda said, "I'm hungry. Could you go out and grab me some breakfast? I'd like the sandwiches from the shop near the hospital entrance."

Eliam contemplated briefly before inquiring, "Are you sure you can manage on your own?"

"I only have a headache, and I'm not dizzy. Don't worry. There are nurses

nearby."

"Alright, just wait here. I'll be back shortly." Eliam went out to buy breakfast.

As soon as Rhonda finished and lay down on the bed, she spotted Cristina entering with a fruit basket in hand.

"I heard you were in the hospital, so I came to visit."

"Thank you," Rhonda said coldly.

Rhonda suspected that Cristina's visit was likely motivated by Santino.

Sure enough, Cristina set the fruit basket down and began, "Santino was detained at the police station last night, and he called me. Initially, I didn't want to interfere in his matters, but considering our past, I couldn't just stand idly by."

Cristina justified her actions.

Rhonda inwardly scoffed. The two were cut from the same cloth, both driven by self-interest and innately selfish. Santino must have offered Cristina something enticing for her to plead on his behalf.

Noticing Rhonda's silence, Cristina continued, "Santino told me he never intended to harm you. Could you find it in your heart to write a letter of forgiveness, given your past with him?"

"I lost any affection for him long ago. You can leave now; I won't be writing that letter." Rhonda bluntly declined.

"Don't be like that. If you have any demands, just let me know. I'll relay them to Santino. I believe he's remorseful now. He loves you deeply. How could he willingly hurt you?" It was rare for Cristina to be humble.

"He loves me?" Rhonda gazed at Cristina, amused. "He loves himself most of all."

Cristina's lips tightened.

"I admit that you're right. Santino is undeniably selfish. He prioritizes himself above all else, but it's indisputable that he has always reserved



a place in his heart for you. Otherwise, he wouldn't have refused to reconcile with me."

"That's only because you don't possess what he desires. He's always been this way, pursuing things solely for personal gains," Rhonda retorted.

"Don't be so harsh. You were together for years. Even if you no longer love him, you should at least regard him as a friend. Would you truly force him into a corner?"

"Is it me trying to corner him, or is it you attempting to drive me to despair?"

Cristina's eyes chilled at Rhonda's words. "What are you implying?"

"Don't you understand what I mean? To what extent were you and Santino involved in Dolores' situation?" Rhonda inquired directly.