

Sweet Wife 681

President's Sweet Wife

Chapter 681 Having a History

Max knew about the past between Kristina and his parents through what happened before. Just because of that, he reckoned Kristina and his mother ought to shun each other.

However, at this time, the two were sitting together as if they were close friends, which baffled him.

Christine compressed her lips but didn't reply.

Kristina felt she ought to answer Max's question. Thus, she explained, "I went to see Mrs. Nixon today. But I overheard something had happened to Mr. Nixon, so I came over here with Mrs. Nixon."

She intentionally referred to Chad as Mr. Nixon in front of Max.

It was because, for all she knew, Max only knew she had a history with Christine and Chad, but he had no idea what their relationship was exactly.

Kristina had no intention to perturb the Nixon family. Therefore, she never considered telling Max the real connection between them.

Max nodded knowingly as he heard Kristina's explanation.

In this circumstance, even he could do nothing to help.

All he could do was sit there and wait with them.

Right at this moment, Max's phone vibrated.

He took out his phone, looked at the caller ID on the screen, then swiftly glanced at Christine.

Seeing she didn't seem to mind this, he got up and went to the other end of the corridor to take the call.

This call was made by Laura.

At the shooting site, she heard about a car crash that occurred today on the highway.

She rarely paid attention to this kind of accident. Thus, when she heard this, she just thought they were making some small talk.

But a staff member happened to go out for purchasing today, who passed by that car crash site and took a photo of it.

Driven by curiosity, Laura leaned over to have a look, but was instantly petrified on the spot.

The car in the photo had been crushed out of shape, yet she recognized that car model and the barely discernible license plate number.

The Nixon family owned a lot of cars. She couldn't possibly remember all their license plate numbers. But she remembered this one distinctly, for Max once drove this car to pick up her before they started dating.

At that time, she thought it was Max's car, so she memorized that number.

Later, she found out that the owner of that car was actually Max's father. That day, Max merely borrowed it for convenience.

When Laura saw that photo, she immediately realized the gravity of this matter.

She called that staff member over, telling her that she wanted to buy that photo. Also, she offered her a generous sum of money to keep this a secret.

That staff member had no idea why Laura wanted this photo. Nevertheless, she didn't want to offend Laura. Plus, she could make a profit out of this, so she agreed on this deal without hesitation.

After that, Laura called Max.

She told him what she had heard and done in one breath.

After hearing her story with composure, Max replied, "Yes, the one in that car was my father."

"Heavens!" Laura cried out in shock. The wishful thinking that Max's father was not in that car today was instantly dashed.

She quickly asked, "Then how is he? Is his condition critical?"

"I don't know yet. He's still in surgery." Max paused, heaved a sigh, and continued, "But the driver died on the site. My mother has sent people to console the driver's family and deal with the funeral affairs. As for how my father will turn out, perhaps we won't know until the surgery is over."

Hearing Max's words, Laura became aware that things might be worse than she had imagined.

She pursed her lips and fell silent. A while later, she remarked, "Don't worry. They say good things come to good people. Your father has done so many good deeds over the years. God will bless him."

Max and Laura both knew that this remark was of little help but mollifying.

But at a time like this, what else could Laura do other than console her husband?

Words did seem useless in front of the real tragedies in life.

But Laura was not a doctor, nor could she bring the dead back to life. Thus, there was nothing she could do.

Max clearly understood this. He replied, "Sure. He'll be alright. Don't get too worried yourself."

"Yeah, he'll be okay," Laura echoed.

As she was out of town shooting a new show, she couldn't go back for the time being.

Besides, given Christine's disposition, she probably didn't want to see Laura now.

Thus, Laura only said, "Don't forget to tell me how the surgery turns out."

"Sure," Max agreed without thinking. "I'll call you when I see Dad."

"OK."

After that, Max hung up.

He then walked back with the phone in his hand.

Christine looked at him. With a cool face, she asked, "That woman called?"

Max couldn't help but frown at the way Christine referred to Laura. But in this situation, he certainly wouldn't have a row with his mother for this. Therefore, he merely nodded.

Christine snorted and muttered, "How considerate."

Kristina didn't know the dispute between Christine and Laura. She asked curiously, "Which woman? Are you talking about Laura?"

To her surprise, Christine's face turned bitter as soon as she said that.

Christine whipped around and looked at Kristina in disbelief. With a note of cold aggravation, she asked, "So you and Laura know each other?"

Kristina was sort of stunned by her reaction. Still unaware of why Christine was angry, she said in confusion, "Yes, we do. What's wrong?"

Christine darted a furious look at Max.

Max was embarrassed.

Kristina had no idea what was going on, but Max did!

Christine clearly took issues with Kristina, and she never liked Laura.

It was like she was still holding Laura on probation. But just now, she found that Laura and Kristina had long known each other, yet she had been kept in the dark for so long.

Christine felt she had been tricked. Though it didn't sound reasonable, that was exactly how she felt now.

Resigned, Max coughed softly and said, "Well... Laura and I went on a little trip some time ago and met Miss Hart on the way. We found that we had a lot to talk about so we became friends. But we're not that close as you think."

However, how could Christine believe him this easily?

After all, though Kristina seemed easygoing, her standards for people she associates with were very high. How could she make friends with random people?

Thus, Christine was mad at the moment.

Scowling at Max, she laughed coldly and said, "Good. You three are good friends. You've been ganging up on me, right? Why didn't you tell me you and your wife know Kristina?"

Seeing her getting angry, Max whispered in a weak tone, "You didn't ask."

Christine was speechless for a moment. Then, she yelled, "How dare you!"

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Chapter 682 The Surgery Went Well

Christine was so enraged that her face turned pale. To ease her anger, Kristina hurriedly clarified, "Christine, it's not what you thought. We met by chance outside days ago. We've only known each other for a couple of days. No one is ganging up on you or anything. Believe me."

Max didn't want his mother to grow angry at this time either.

Thus, he also explained, "Yes. I and Laura meet new people every day. How can we know which of them has a past with you? We can't really call you and name each of our new acquaintances to you every day, right?"

His tone sounded a little sad.

Christine had not claimed she was the victim yet, but her son was acting like the victim instead. That made her laugh despite her rage.

"Fine. You just gotta confront me. I can't beat you in arguing anyway. Fine. I won't complain about this anymore, satisfied? Do whatever you like. I can't tell you what to do, nor do I want to."

Then, she stomped to the side and sat down, sulking.

This moment was rather awkward.

Max looked at Kristina, who shook her head helplessly.

In the end, Max had no choice but to walk up to Christine and say, "Mom, don't be angry. Okay, we're sorry. But I'm your son. Do you not trust your own son?"

Christine was still silent. Plainly, she was still in a sulk.

Max rubbed his temples, feeling troubled.

Just then, the light above the door of the surgery room went off.

Though the three were having a falling-out, they all kept looking at that light from the corner of their eye.

When the light went off, they all perked up and got to their feet.

Shortly, a doctor walked out from inside.

"Which of you are the patient's family?"

Max and Christine hastily took a step forward.

"I am!"

"Me too!"

The doctor glanced at them. This was a public hospital. As the patient was delivered here in a rush, the doctor didn't get to check the patient's identity.

Thus, he didn't know who the two were either, nor did he have time to look into it because he had just finished the surgery

The doctor said in a deep voice, "The surgery went very well. The patient is stable now. But his leg and several ribs have been severely fractured. You should pay attention that he can't move around lately. He'll recover after six months of rest in bed."

The three instantly breathed a sigh of relief. It was as if a load had been taken off their minds.

"Thank you, doctor."

"Thank you so much, doctor."

The doctor waved at them and said, "The patient hasn't woken up yet. You can see him in the ward in a moment. The nurses will tell you the rest about how to take care of him."

The three nodded vigorously.

Soon, they saw nurses push a hospital bed out of the surgery room.

Chad was still unconscious. His face looked pallid at the moment. At this, Max and Christine felt overwrought.

Kristina was standing behind them. Yet, she was stupefied at the sight of the man in the hospital bed.

That man was in her entire teenage life.

She loved and admired him. She saw him as a man that she would pursue for the rest of her life.

Hence, in those years, she thought of and cared for no one but him.

She thought that man was single at that time.

However, she had no idea that he was actually dating her sister, Christine.

"Had I known that..."

"I definitely wouldn't do that kind of thing."

On that wild night, Kristina herself couldn't remember whether she did it with Chad.

All she knew was that the next morning, she woke up and found herself lying in the wedding bed where Christine was supposed to be.

And Chad stared at her in shock and disbelief, as though she was a total stranger to him.

She knew what she did was wrong. She shouldn't have fallen for Chad.

Nor should she have been carried away by her feelings for Chad and shamelessly tricked Chad into having sex with her with alcohol, though she knew clearly Chad was marrying Christine.

What she did not only hurt Christine and Chad but also herself.

For all those years, she stayed in a foreign country and reflected on this every day.

Every time she thought of that night, she felt like tens of thousands of ants were gnawing her. The agony could actually crush her heart.

But today, after 26 years, Chad appeared once again in front of her.

But she was surprised to find that her feelings for him were no longer that strong.

She used to think that she would strive to be with him at all costs. Yet, now, she found that thought rather ridiculous.

Standing there, Kristina felt all sorts of feelings well up.

But the others didn't notice the change in her emotion.

Now that Chad had pulled through the surgery, everyone was relieved.

They then closely followed the moving hospital bed and headed for the ward.

Chad's ward was in the top VIP area.

The staff didn't know Chad's identity before. But after the admission procedures were handled, they naturally learned about who he was.

Since they all knew Chad was the chairman of the Nixon Group, they offered him their best service.

Soon, the group arrived at the ward.

The staff carried Chad to the new bed. Max and Christine both stayed in the ward to look after him.

Seeing that Chad was awake now, Kristina felt that she no longer need to stay here.

She already told Christine everything she wanted her to know in the cafe earlier today.

Whether she could figure out the rest depended on her comprehension.

It was the way with people. Sometimes, a thorough explanation was not necessary.

She just needed to point out the gist. As for the rest, it now relied on luck.

If Christine really chose not to believe a word of what she said and refused to give her a second chance, then there was nothing she could do.

Thinking about that, Kristina prepared to say goodbye to Max.

"Max, now your father is awake and stable, I'll get going now."

Though Max was clueless about what had happened between Kristina and his mother, he could tell that his mother didn't want Kristina in the room.

Thus, when Kristina came to take her to leave, he nodded understandingly.

"Okay. Do you need me to give you a ride?"

Kristina shook her head.

“Thanks, I’m good. I drove here myself.”

Max didn’t insist then.

After Kristina left, Max turned around to appraise his father in the hospital bed and sighed.

“Dad, everything’s fine now. Mom, did you call Kevin?”

Christine was stunned. Just then she thought she had forgotten that.

Thus, she immediately told Max to call Kevin and tell him that his father was okay.

After receiving Max’s call, Kevin heaved a sigh of relief too.

Thankfully, his father was fine, and he had managed to keep the company running normally. Since the emergence was lifted, Kevin didn’t have to rush over at once. Hence, he and Max agreed that he could come to check on their father after work.

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Chapter 683 Sharp-tongued but Tender-hearted

After making the call, Max headed back to the ward. He saw from outside the window that his mother was sitting by the hospital bed, tucking her father in.

Her face clearly registered concern and anguish. She did not look like her usually fierce self at all.

Max didn’t go in immediately but stood by the window for a while. His lips quietly curved into a tiny smile.

“This is the way with Mom.”

“She’s sharp-tongued but soft-hearted. She complains about Dad a lot. She talks about how she distastes him and how annoying he is.”

“But when something happens to him, Mom will be the one who worries most.”

“Maybe this is what true love is.”

As he contemplated, he couldn’t help but think of Kristina.

Others might not have noticed anything.

But just now, he observed that the look in Kristina’s eyes was quite special when she saw his father.

Associating this with that photo of Kristina hidden in his father’s book, Max guessed his father also feared that his mother would find out about this woman.

“What’s going on between them? Why does it seem that Mom utterly dislikes Kristina?”

“And what feelings does Kristina have for Dad?”

Max felt he could try to ask his mother about this.

Therefore, he pushed the door open and walked. Smiling, he said, "Mom, I've talked to Kevin. He'll come here after work."

Christine nodded.

She had two sons. But her two sons had opposite dispositions and ways of doing things.

Kevin was mature and steady, while Max was free and erratic. Thus, she knew she had nothing to worry about now that Kevin was handling the business.

With that thought in mind, Christine looked up at Max.

"You're no help here. Go back to your business. I'll call you when your father is up."

But Max didn't leave. Instead, he fetched a stool and sat down beside his mother.

"Mom, you're being a bit cold. You didn't want me to go when Dad was in surgery. Now Dad is fine and your backbone is back, you can't wait to get me out of your hair. But I won't budge."

Christine had learned how glib-tongued Max was since he was a child.

Now Chad was out of danger, she was also in the mood for jokes.

She turned around to look at him with a faint smile, then teased, "Well, why are you never so clingy to me when your wife is around? Who did you learn this two-faced strategy from?"

Max instantly stiffened.

But the next moment, he spotted the flaw in her words.

With eyes gleaming, he asked in surprise, "Mom, you finally admitted that Laura is my wife, didn't you?"

Christine's face turned stern.

She made that remark without giving it too much thinking.

She didn't mean to acknowledge Laura as her son-in-law.

After all, she hadn't completely gotten over her bias against people in the entertainment circle that she formed because of Kristina. Plus, she really couldn't bear Laura's unbending character.

For these reasons, she still hoped Max and Laura would end the marriage if they could.

Max was very erratic. She felt that he needed a sweeter and more sensible woman to be with him.

Only that kind of woman could take care of him and keep him company for a lifetime.

But seeing Max's bright, expectant eyes, somehow, Christine could not bring herself to disappoint him, so the word "no" got stuck in her throat.

At last, he snorted heavily and threw Max a hard look.

"You wish! I didn't say that."

Though that was what she claimed, her cocky expression showed it was not a deny, but an indirect acknowledgment.

Max sniggered.

But he didn't try to press Christine into admitting it. Instead, he picked up an orange from the table.

While peeling the orange, he asked, "Mom, there's something I want to ask you."

Christine hadn't talked with Max in such a quiet environment for a long time. Before the accident, Max was often not at home. But when he was, he always upset her so much that she didn't want to speak to him at all.

Thus, though the mother and son spent quite a lot of time together, they seldom had a chance to sit down and talk.

Today, because of the accident, they could have a deep-going talk. Christine also cherished this chance very much.

She grunted "Um", then asked, "What do you want to ask?"

Max inquired with curiosity, "It's about that woman named Kristina. You've known her since a long time ago? Who is she? Why do I feel that there is a weird vibe between you two?"

Christine's face turned stern.

She never knew Max would want to know about this.

In truth, she didn't want the younger generation to know more about the older generation when it came to relationships.

But since Max was asking about this, Christine didn't want to lie.

Thus, she told Max that Kristina was adopted and raised by her family, who then met Chad because of her.

But on the night she was marrying Chad, Kristina got drunk on purpose, walked into the wrong room, and had sex with Chad.

Max was a grown-up after all. He had already been married.

So Christine didn't shun the topic of sex in front of him.

Max was astounded by the story.

He had guessed that Kristina had some kind of entanglement with his parents.

But he never knew the truth could be so brutal.

For a moment, he couldn't speak. Christine tilted her head toward him and said blandly, "You don't have to feel bad. You have nothing to do with what happened among the older generation."

Max gave a wry smile.

“It would be great if that was the case. But if you really thought so, you wouldn’t have gotten mad because Laura didn’t tell you she knew Kristina? It’s obvious that you still care.”

Christine froze in place.

A while later, she snorted with unease.

“Laura is different. I can’t treat her like I treat you.”

Hearing that, Max knew his mother’s bias was deeply rooted and couldn’t be lifted easily.

Hence, he didn’t continue with the subject. Chad then woke up at six o’clock in the afternoon. Kevin also came. After they talked for a while, Max left the ward.

The cause of the car crash didn’t surface until the next day at noon.

The people Kevin sent out fetched the surveillance footage at the site of the accident.

According to the footage, the truck barged onto the highway from a side road and crashed into Chad’s car as if it was out of control.

The driver of the truck died in a huge collision. Therefore, they couldn’t question the driver.

But the footage showed that before the truck smashed into Chad’s car, the driver in the truck already seemed woozy.

Kevin immediately requested an autopsy and sent his men to investigate the truck driver’s recent associates and bank account statement.

The investigation went smoothly. The bank and the police station were both very cooperative.

Thus, three days later, all the files of the investigation were delivered to Kevin.

But Kevin didn’t read the files on his own. He brought the files to the hospital to study them together with Chad.????

Chapter 684 Some Other Reason behind It

Now that Chad was awake, it was more appropriate to let him deal with these matters.

Chad didn’t say anything after viewing the files.

He was the Nixon Group’s chairman of the board and the head of the Nixon family, one of the four most distinguished families in Eqitin. But in recent years, he had delegated most of the company affairs to Kevin.

Chad’s father was still alive. Though he lived in the south, to show him respect, Chad would always consult him when it came to family affairs.

Thus, it was unlikely that someone wanted him dead for personal gains.

Seeing Chad didn’t say anything, Kevin could only send more people to investigate.

But before that, he already transferred Chad to St. Peter's Hospital and arranged professional bodyguards to protect him.

Although the Nixon family didn't breathe a word of this to anyone, since Chad had the accident in Equin during the daytime, many well-informed people still heard the news.

The McCarthy family, the Kawn family, and the Bissel family also learned about the accident.

They all sent people to visit Chad. Chad could shun others, but he couldn't refuse to see these people.

Thus, he let them into his ward.

The Bissel family was not very close to the Nixon family. This time, they sent people over just out of courtesy.

But other than that, they also came to see if, as others said, Chad's injury was really not serious.

After that, these people quickly went back.

But the Kawn family and the McCarthy family were not like this.

The McCarthy family was on good terms with the Nixon family because Archie and Max were very close. As for the Kawn family, the Old Mr. Kawn's brother was married to a woman in the Nixon family. Though the other generations of the two families were not linked by marriage again, this kind of kinship still exists. Naturally, the Kawn family cared a lot about the Nixon family.

At this time, Wilson Kawn was sitting in the ward, looking at Chad in the hospital bed.

"Chad, I don't think this car crash is an accident. Are you sure the cause of this crash is a mystery?"

Chad shook his head with resignation.

"I've sent people to look into this. It's said that the driver had a few drinks in the morning and lost control of the truck while driving. That's why the truck hit my car. The surveillance footage and the investigation of the driver have shown the same thing. I really didn't find any flaws."

Wilson slightly furrowed his brows.

"Why would anyone have liquor early in the morning? Don't you find it weird?"

Chad laughed. "Who knows? Maybe it was his habit. No matter what, I survived it by fluke. I'm already grateful for that, so I don't want to look into the cause."

Wilson sensed that Chad didn't want to talk about the accident any more, so he sensibly dropped the subject.

He sat by the bed for a while. When it was time for dinner, a nurse came in to deliver Chad's meal.

Seeing that, Wilson bid goodbye to Chad and went out.

He then bumped into Archie and Natalia at the entrance of the hospital.

"Uncle, you're here too!"

Natalia greeted him with a smile. Wilson reached out and tickled Oliver, who was in Natalia's arms. Then, he said with a smile, "Yeah. I came to check on Chad. You'd better wait for some time before you go upstairs. He is having dinner. Perhaps he doesn't want any visitors now."

Natalia nodded.

Wilson then asked, "Are you busy lately? Come back to visit us more. Your aunt misses you a lot. She talks about you guys all the time."

Natalia beamed and replied, "We're all in Egitin. If she misses me, she can come to my house. This way, she can help me look after the baby, too."

Wilson chuckled. "Sure. I'll tell her when I get back."

It was late, and Wilson still had somewhere else to be. Thus, he only exchanged some pleasantries with the two before taking his leave.

Chad already finished his dinner when Natalia and Archie arrived at the ward.

Max was also there. He came to see his father after he got off work. But he came in through the back door, so he didn't run into them.

Seeing them, Max stood up with a smiley face and called, "Archie, Natalia, you're here."

Archie nodded, handed the gifts he prepared to Max, then walked to Chad's bed with Natalia.

"Mr. Nixon, are you alright?"

Chad smiled meekly and said, "I'm fine. It's just a small accident. But my wife made a fuss over it and drew you here to visit me. Sorry about that."

Archie chortled and said, "All that matters is your health. It's no trouble for us to come here."

Natalia echoed, "Yeah. They said the car crash was pretty severe. We were terrified when we heard that."

"Sorry I got you all worried."

After exchanging a few words of greeting, they finally steered the conversation to the cause of the accident.

Archie also inquired Chad about the real culprit. But Chad told him the same thing he told Wilson.

Archie didn't pursue the subject then.

Yet, before leaving, he cautioned Max that he should step up the effort of keeping Chad safe, because this accident was obviously not just an accident.

Chad was clearly trying to gloss this matter over. But that also proved he probably already knew who was behind this, yet he didn't want others to know.

Now he refused to talk more, no one could do anything about this. Hence, at the end of the day, the Nixon family should guard against this kind of accident themselves.

Max nodded after he heard Archie's remark.

He had always valued Archie's opinions. Thus, he immediately told Kevin about this.

Now that Archie had noted this possibility, how could Kevin miss it?

Long before Max realized this, Kevin already stationed many bodyguards near the hospital. He would be informed once anyone suspicious appeared.

The Nixon family was quite tense at the moment. On the other said, Kristina was perturbed.

She had told Christine everything she wanted to say. Also, she had seen Chad again.

Logically speaking, she should have no regrets by now.

But for some reason, she was still a little bit anxious.

She felt like she had forgotten something.

Thus, she just sat in her room in a trance all day long. No one could tell what she was thinking about.

Seeing her like this, Gentry was heartbroken.

One day, he could not bear it anymore, so he asked, "Kristina, don't stay here any longer. How about we go back to Roland?"

Kristina looked at him. Her unseeing eyes were finally focused.

But she shook her head and said, "No, I won't go back."

"Why?"

Kristina also wondered why.

She had finished all the things she should have done. Yet, she still didn't want to leave this place. Why?

Suddenly, the answer came to her.

"Yes, it must be it!" she thought to herself.

Looking at Gentry, she said in a pitiful pleading tone, "Gentry, could you take me to Christine again? Please!"

Gentry was taken aback. But his face darkened at once.

"You still want to see her?"

It seemed that he could not believe this. But he was vexed mainly because he thought Kristina should not be such a pushover.

"How much longer will you grovel to her? She doesn't care about you at all. She hates you to the gut. Can't you tell that? The insult she gave you last time already explained everything. Why are you going to ask for humiliation again?"

Kristina just sat there in a daze, staring at him like a poor child who got lost.

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Chapter 685 Want to See Her Again

"But she hasn't forgiven me yet! Gentry, I'm the one in the wrong. I used such despicable means to hurt her. I must be out of my mind at that time."

"For a long time, I thought I hoped to come back in the last few months of my life because I wanted to clear things up with Christine to leave no regrets behind. Besides, I wanted to see Chad one more time."

"But now, I suddenly found that I was wrong. I got it all wrong. I don't care about Chad anymore. Nor do I care if I've explained myself clearly to Christine."

"What really matters to me is whether she still sees me as her sister, whether she still cares about me, and whether she can forgive me! Gentry, do you get it?"

"I've worked really hard to carry myself with ease as if I care about nothing. But truthfully, only I know that I still care a lot."

"I care about her resentment toward me. It still bothers me that she let me live 26 years ago even though she hated me so much! I still can't figure out why she did that."

"What I care about most is if I could still get her forgiveness even though I have lived a ridiculous life like a big joke."

"Now I'm nearing the end of my life, I finally realize what matters to me most. Gentry, I'm begging you. Take me to see her one more time, will you?"

Gentry's face was stony.

Kristina's speech was moving. It was from the bottom of her heart.

But to Gentry, those words were like steel needles that mercilessly pierced his heart.

He bent over, held the armrests of the chair she was sitting in, and gazed at her unblinkingly.

"You said that you only realized what mattered to you most at the end of your life. That's to say, the most important people in your life are still that man and that sister who is not even related to you."

"In the numbered days you have, you're still thinking about her, wishing she can forgive you or even be your sister again! Then what about me? Where do you place me in your life?"

Gentry let out low laughs and clenched his chest with his hand. Though he was laughing, his eyes became tearful.

"I wish you could touch and feel my heart! It is filled with you. It's been 26 years. Kristina, I've been with you for 26 years. What am I to you?"

"You couldn't possibly believe that only the feelings you have for Christine are cherished, but my feelings are nothing. I deserve to exchange 26 years' waiting for an insignificant role in your life. Isn't that what you think?"

Kristina was stupefied.

Rooted to the chair, she stared at the man who was on the verge of going crazy, as though this was the first time this issue occurred to her.

"Gentry, I..."

"Enough!"

Gentry directly cut her off as if he no longer wanted to hear a word she said.

He got to his feet. The eyes he fixed on her were brimmed with disappointment. Shaking his head, he backed away.

"It's not until now that I realized how silly I'd been! I thought you could be moved. It might take a year or even a decade. Even if you were an ice queen, you would be moved if I cared for you for more than 20 years.

"But I was wrong. Some ice queens just couldn't be moved. You see everyone in the world, but you just can't see the man who loves you the most.

"Kristina, you never loved me, did you? Even though we've spent all those years together, you never cared about me."

"I..."

Kristina attempted to answer him, but he interrupted her again.

"Never mind! It no longer matters. Nothing matters now. Anyway, in this game, I'm the biggest moron!"

After shouting that, Gentry spun around and left.

Kristina watched him go away. She remained dazed for a long time, then tightly clenched her fists.

"Gentry, you're wrong."

"You really got me wrong."

"You've played a very important part in my life."

"You're my dearest family. If one day you need me to die for you, I'll definitely do it without batting an eye."

"But I don't love you... Sorry, I really don't."

"Feelings are the most difficult things to control. You can't force one person to fall for another."

In the evening, Kristina still went to the hospital and met Christine.

Since Chad had just had surgery, he needed to stay in the hospital. Though excellent nurses and doctors were there to look after him, and many bodyguards were stationed around the hospital, Christine still felt worried.

Thus, she lived in the hospital with Chad these days.

Of course, as the mother of the owner of St. Peter's, Christine wouldn't sleep in a temporary camp bed in the ward as others who stayed to attend patients normally did.

Max couldn't talk her out of this, so he arranged a separate room for her, which was adjacent to Chad's ward.

This way, she could have a nice place to live in and take care of Chad at all hours.

When Kristina came to see her, she was making beef soup in the little kitchen in her room.

She added a great number of nutritious ingredients into the broth, so that Chad could recover from the car accident sooner.

When a bodyguard led Kristina to Christine's room, she was ladling the broth into a bowl.

She glanced over her shoulder at Kristina and said, "Why are you here?"

Kristina looked at her with a conflicted expression. Mixed feelings were hidden in her eyes.

"Christine, I..."

She was a little nervous. Her hands swayed with unease. Christine paused.

She thought for a moment, then handed the bowl of broth to the bodyguard, saying, "Bring this to Mr. Nixon, then stay outside his ward."

"Yes, Mrs. Nixon."

The bodyguard picked up the broth and headed out.

The door closed noiselessly. After that, Christine finally looked squarely at Kristina and asked, "Tell me, why did you come here? Just tell me everything, so you won't have to come here again."

Christine was leaning against the kitchen range. It seemed that she had no intention to invite Kristina to the living room and have a seat.

Kristina felt a little awkward for the moment. She lowered her head and bit her lip.

She had repressed her sorrows for too long. She felt she might go crazy if she didn't talk to someone about it.

Thus, after a brief silence, she raised her head again and looked at Christine with bright eyes, saying, "Christine, I don't have much time left in this world."

Christine cocked an eyebrow.

Her eyes revealed a hint of mockery.

"You're dying? What does it have to do with me? You should hurry up and take care of your own business in your last few days. But you came to see me over and over again... What do you want?"

The harsh remark pierced Kristina's heart like a sharp knife.

She shuddered violently. Her face turned slightly pallid.

Gazing at her dear sister, she said dolefully, "Christine, I never want anything from you. I just hope..."

"Now you don't want anything from me, you should go! I don't want to see you ever again."

Christine cut her short, then whipped around and stalked toward the outside.

Seeing this, Kristina panicked.

She wanted to grab Christine to stop her from leaving, but she dared not to.??????

Chapter 686 The Old Days

Just as Christine was about to step out of the door, Kristina suddenly was on her knees.

"Christine, please forgive me. I'm begging you! It was all my fault, and I've learned from my mistakes. I have been blaming myself for it all the time during the past 26 years. I hate me for having been so stupidly blinded to plot against you and Chad."

"But I was young and naive. I didn't know that he was already with you when I met him. I always thought that he liked me and he didn't tell me his feeling because I was too young.

"Later, I realized that he took special care of me just because I was your sister. I was jealous... I was crazily jealous."

"I always wondered why you were born to have it all. Your beauty, family background, status, and money. You got everything without lifting a finger."

"And me? Although I'm the adopted daughter of the McClure family in name, everyone knows that I'm just a playmate they got for you."

"You are their only daughter. They cherished you so much that they'd purchase an individual for you."

"I was no better than the dolls in your room! Do you think I was happy? No! How could I possibly be happy?"

"Everyone knew how excellent you were, and you deserved to be spoiled. But what about me? I am just an insignificant accessory of yours."

"You always have everyone's eyes on you, Christine. I'm really jealous of you, but there was nothing I could do. I wasn't as lucky as you. I wasn't born into a rich family. I'm just a playmate randomly adopted by your family out of hypocrisy."

"So I had nothing to say, and I didn't want to say anything. I had given up hope for my life. I decided that I would do whatever you say to repay what I owe your family in this life."

"That had been all my life until I met Chad. I realized that I had been wrong! I am a human, not a toy. I had my own feelings, and I should live for myself."

"I loved him and wanted to be with him so badly. He was like a beam of light shining upon my tragic life, but in the end, you stole my light away."

"I hated what a perfect match you seemed like when you were together. You are both talented and good-looking, and your family has equal social status. As for me? What about me? What about my secret obsession and jealousy?"

"I couldn't live with that! That was why I drugged him and wanted to do it with him on your wedding night, but... my plan never worked, and we did nothing in the end."

"I just wanted to get back at you and make you mad. I know that Chad would hate me for the rest of his life if I really did that to him, so I didn't dare to do it, nor did I want to."

"You can blame me for the misunderstandings between you two, but for all these years, I've been making up for my mistakes."

"I sent letters and emails in which I have already told you the truth. All I need is your forgiveness."

"And you... never have you replied anything to me, not even a word or punctuation. It has been too long, and my patience is almost worn out."

"I don't have much time left now. I know you still hate me but am I really that unforgivable?"

"After all that I've done for repenting, why can't you just forgive me? Do you really want me to die in regret?"

Christine's eyes moved when she heard that.

She let Kristina finish her big speech and then said coldly, "You done?"

Kristina looked at her with a pale face.

Christine smiled and turned back. "Your long speech is about nothing but your grievances and innocence, and you accused me of my ruthless and cold-blood. I didn't see any sincerity of apology from you."

Kristina was stunned.

She looked up at Christine with a pale face.

"I've already said I'm sorry..."

"Yes, you did, but will that make anything different?"

Christine walked up to her and looked down to meet her eyes.

There was a faint smile on her face, but her eyes were calm and cold, without much emotion in them. She seemed to be ridiculing.

"You admitted you were wrong, and you accused my family of mistreating you at the same time, but you can't show us any evidence about how we mistreated you, can you?"

"You said that our family adopted you and treated you unfairly, but have you ever seen any other playmate wear designer brand clothes?"

"Have you ever seen any playmate' be sent abroad to study? Do the servants in their family ever address them as 'miss'?"

"You always think that our family owes you much, but have you ever thought about your life before being adopted?"

Christine's asked in a low voice, but that question hit Kristina's mind like a hammer.

She sat there in a daze and looked at Christine in disbelief.

She recalled the days when she had stayed in the orphanage before being adopted by the McClure family.

She was abandoned at the orphanage gate when she was a child. When the director of the orphanage found her, she was barely one month old.

There were no online media back then. They posted a notice with her photos in the newspaper, but no one showed up after 1 month. So they let her stay.

The director's surname was Welch, so they named her Kristina Welch.

It was hard for local people to make a living back then, let alone those in the orphanage.

The director was a nice person, but there were too many orphans. Sometimes, not every kid could get her attention.

As a result, young Kristina became the most lonely person there.

People always thought that all children were innocent and adorable, but they were not.

In a place like an orphanage, many children were sensitive and self-abased, knowing that their parents had abandoned them.

Some of them were far from cute, and many of them were even more terrible than other children because they had seen the dark side of this world at such a young age.

They ganged up and bullied other children. They robbed Kristina's candy and clothes behind the director's back.??

President's Sweet Wife

Chapter 687 Things Changed

They put disgusting mice and cockroaches in her lunch box, tore the exercise book that she had just finished, and laughed at her sad and teary face.

Even worse, when the boys hit puberty and developed awareness of sex, they found her beautiful, weak, and silent.

So they all stretched out their claws to her.

Of course, they hadn't crossed the line because that would get them severely punished if the director found out.

But they would force her to take off her clothes and rub her body. They would also smear some disgusting white mucus on her.

Kristina was barely ten years old then. She had to live with the most disgusting, most painful, and darkest thing in the world.

When the McClure family came to the orphanage for adoption, they tended to choose the weakest and seemingly most ignorable one, and that was Kristina.

She was surprised and then overwhelmed with joy.

She could finally leave that place. She could finally get rid of those Satan's pawns and start her own new life.

Therefore, she left with them without hesitation.

It turned out that life was just as good as she had expected.

When she first arrived home, she was not used to it. She was restrained and scared.

She was afraid of being abandoned again once she made them unsatisfied.

Therefore, she didn't dare to talk or eat, and even when she talked, she only muttered.

Her mother had helped her ease her anxiety and trained her. In the end, she finally dared to speak loudly and smile happily.

As she grew up, her skin turned fairer, and she got taller. She became a graceful and talented girl.

Her pursuers started to get in line from then on. She was no longer the ugly little duck born humble; she had become a beautiful white swan.

However, there was always such an unfair existence in this world.

Nobody knew how hard she had worked to become that graceful and confident.

However, she always felt superior to a certain person in that family, no matter how hard she tried.

That person was Christine.

Christine was so beautiful and outstanding. Although she wasn't gentle enough, many people still fell for her because they thought she was just being straightforward.

She was not talented enough, but everyone didn't care. People thought she was brilliant and would take over the family business in the future; in that way, she would live better than most people no matter what.

She used to raise her head and look at people, eyes full of contempt.

But no one would stop her from doing that. They all took it for granted.

Her behaviors like that would only make Kristina more like a timid and weak people-pleaser.

She was like a beautiful white swan, but she faded every time she stood next to the phoenix.

She started to think that she would never be a match for Christine.

No matter how hard she tried, she would never be as good as her.

So she gave up. She stopped pursuing and competing until Chad showed up.

He brought light to her life. Finally, she had light in her life; she didn't want to give it up so easily.

Christine triumphed her almost in all respects. She almost had it all; she didn't need to compete with Christine on Chad.

Kristina didn't know why Christine wouldn't give up on Chad before.

Later, she had learned things and could understand, but the mistakes had already been made and could never be saved.

Her thoughts drifted far away; she had walked through her whole life within a few moments.

Those happy, sad, sorrowful, and delighted scenes were played in her mind like a movie.

It was only then that she realized...

...it had been so long.

She thought he had long forgotten those things because sometimes they felt as remote as her last life.

But it turned out that she never did. Her memory was still fresh. It turned out she had just placed in some corner in her mind and kept ignoring them.

Kristina fell silent.

Christine looked down at her with calm and indifferent eyes. "You kept saying that you were wronged, but you forgot that you've had much more than what you were born with. Now you're and begging for my forgiveness. How can I forgive you if you don't have any idea what you've done wrong?"

Kristina trembled.

Part of her heart had been crashed silently. It was painful.

After a while, she struggled to stand up.

"I see."

She said in a low voice and raised her hand to wipe away a teardrop from the corner of her eye.

No matter how embarrassed and humiliated she was, she still looked as decent as graceful.

"Don't worry, Christine. I'll leave you in peace from now on."

She forced a self-deprecating and sad smile.

"I'm leaving now if there's nothing else."

He lowered his head as he spoke. Then she was about to leave.

Christine frowned and suddenly said, "Wait!"

Kristina paused.

She saw Christine walking into the bedroom. Soon, she came out with something in her hand.

It was a thick file bag filled with all kinds of envelopes inside!

Kristina's face turned ashen.

Christine threw on her and said coldly, "Take them away with you!"

Kristina opened the bag with her fingers trembling. She checked the envelope and found none of them had been opened.

She raised her head and looked at Christine in disbelief.

"You haven't even opened them yet?"

Christine stood there with her arms crossed. Her face still looked cold as she sneered. "I told you I would never trust anyone who has betrayed me. The letters you sent these years are all here, and I won't read any of them. So don't bother to keep writing to me in the future. That would only make both of us feel tired. You and I are clever and rational people; don't you want to live a simpler life?"

Kristina looked pale as death.

Her fingers trembled as she held the stack of unopened letters. Her body was also shaking violently.

"I see. Don't worry, Christine. No more letters in the future."

After that, she walked out of the room, staggering on her feet.

Christine stared until she was out of the door.

She lowered her eyes in contemplation and then grinned a ridiculing smile.

She wondered why she had to be mean to Kristina. After all, the poor woman just wanted to be forgiven before dying.

But if not, what should she do or say?

"Let go of the past?"

President's Sweet Wife

Chapter 688 Drinking in a Bar

Wounds could be healed, but scars would stay. Her mouth wanted to forgive Kristina, but her brain told her otherwise.

They would never be like in the old days, even if she could forgive Kristina.

Christine sighed and stopped thinking about it. She packed up a few things and went to Chad's ward.

Just by then, on the other side of the city...

Max was invited to a party at the bar tonight.

Ever since he was with Laura, he hardly ever hung out with his friends at the bar. He usually stayed at home or visited Laura at work as long as he had time.

Their hidden marriage went well. This was the first time he went to a bar after getting married.

His friends hadn't seen him for a while, but they didn't know about his marriage. They thought he was busy dealing with something personal, so they didn't ask much.

Max called Laura to inform her of his whereabouts before he went out for the party.

Laura didn't have a second opinion.

She hated being manipulative, nor did she feel anything wrong with guys hanging out. Although Max used to be a playboy, she knew that wasn't the real him.

Moreover, she can't get everything under control. So she would just let him.

Therefore, she didn't think much and agreed.

It was 9 in the evening when Max arrived at the bar.

He had worked overtime for a while and then had dinner before coming over.

It was already time to close up for other places, but it was still quite early for men in the bars.

The room was packed with people sitting at tables. A waiter brought him to a VIP room. As soon as he opened the door, he heard a burst of loud music.

"Hey, dude, there you are, finally!"

Someone welcomed him and put his arms around Max's shoulder. Soon, Max was blended into the lively atmosphere.

At the same time, in the box next door.

Gentry was also drinking with a bunch of people.

Those people weren't local. Some of them had blond hair and blue eyes, and some had a big beard. They looked rough.

Most of them had tattoos on their arms; several even had scars on their faces.

They talked, ate, and drank in a very primitive and bold way. Some were smoking.

The heavy smoke made the room a bit foggy.

These people looked very different from Gentry. Therefore, he didn't seem to fit in here.

However, judging by how they got along with each other, they seemed to have known each other for quite a long while. They didn't seem to have any issue communicating.

"Gentry!" The bearded man suddenly slapped him on the shoulder and asked, "Last time you mentioned that you came back for something. How is it? Have you finished?"

Gentry raised his eyes. Obviously, he was the weaker one of the two.

However, for no reason, he seemed to be looking at the man condescendingly.

The strong beard man seemed to be less confident.

Gentry was smoking and didn't answer that in a hurry. After he finished one cigarette and put it out in the ashtray, he said, "It's done."

The bearded man's heart skipped a beat when he saw Gentry did not look happy.

Upon hearing his reply, he heaved a sigh of relief and laughed again.

"Then that's great. That good thing! You should be happy. Why you the long face?"

The bearded man wasn't an English native speaker, so his wordings weren't expressive enough.

Gentry kept thinking about the two words, "good thing."

After a while, he sneered.

Yes, it was indeed a good thing.

No other man in the world would be as stupid as him to keep doing such good things for so many years.

Whenever he thought of Kristina's sobbing face, he felt more than frustrated.

He picked up a glass of wine on the table and gulped it down.

The bearded man had no idea what he was thinking.

But all of them could tell that he was in a bad mood.

Other people felt the odds and looked over.

Two blond men with blue eyes looked at each other and whispered something. Then, they came over with wine glasses.

"Hey, why are you drinking alone? How about getting you some ladies?"

They all spoke English, but with a strong accent; they weren't speaking it very well.

Gentry glanced at him and shook his head.

"No. I'm good."

"Gentry, come on! There's an old saying that goes, 'There are more fishes in the sea!'"

He laughed and put his hand on Gentry's shoulder. Then he tried to convince him, "We're here to have fun. There are so many beautiful women in your country; why are you so obsessed with that one? That's kinda unwise, do you agree?"

The man had the scent of women's cheap perfume on him.

Gentry frowned and subconsciously leaned aside to get away from him.

He said coldly, "No, you keep this going. I'm going out to get some fresh air."

He then got up and walked out.

That was as humiliating as a slap in the face to the blond man. He froze for a moment, and then his face became sullen.

He was about to stand up, but someone beside him pressed him down.

The man shook his head silently at him, signing him to get his anger under control. He had no choice but to let Gentry leave.

Gentry didn't walk too far. He stopped in the corridor outside the private room.

The box was filled with suffocative smoke, and the air here was no better than that.

This is a place for entertainment; it would be weird if it was too bright and decent.

He held the railing with both hands and watched the hot girls on the dance floor below. There was no lust in his eyes.

There was only indifference and endless hatred.

"Why?"

"Why?"

He didn't understand. He had done so much and waited for her for so many years, but in the end, he still weighed less than that man to her.

He once thought that even if she didn't like him, she might at least have feelings for him.

He didn't care whether she still loved Chad or not. He understood that nobody could replace Chad for her. Sometimes Gentry blamed himself for showing up at the wrong timing.

But he couldn't ignore his own feelings. He couldn't live with the fact that other people mattered more than him to her besides Chad.

So what was him to her?

Chad grinned a self-ridicule smile.

At this moment, a hot woman in skimpy clothes stumbled over.

She seemed to be wasted and was staggering on her feet.

She grinned an alluring smile when seeing Chad.

President's Sweet Wife

Chapter 689 Being Kidnapped

"Hey, handsome! What are you doing here all alone? Don't you have somebody? Do you want me to stay with you?"

She almost jumped on him as she spoke.

Gentry was caught off guard, and she crept into his arms.

He wanted to push her away, but the moment he touched her body, a mild fragrance suddenly hit his nose.

He was stunned and went out of his mind.

She looked at the woman before him, he felt that his vision seemed to be twisted, and he had an illusion.

Then, he saw Kristina's weak and pale face.

"Kristina..."

He called out that name in obsession, feeling overjoyed.

"Kristina, is that really you?"

"Are you here for me because you don't want me to go out alone?"

He couldn't help stretching out his hand to the woman and kept murmuring, "Kristina..."

In the noisy corridor of the nightclub, the woman smiled seductively. She put one hand on his shoulder and said with her soft and charming voice,

"Yes, it's me, Kristina. I'm here for you. Come with me, will you?"

"Of course, I will. I'll go anywhere with you."

The woman hadn't been touched by his obsessed face at all.

Her eyes looked indifferent and calculating.

When Gentry woke up again, it was already one in the morning of the next day.

He was awakened by a bucket of cold water.

When she opened her eyes, she saw a bright light in front of her.

He felt uncomfortable and closed his eyes. He found himself in a luxuriously decorated villa when he opened them again.

He was tied up and sitting in the living room.

He wondered where he was.

"What happened?" He thought to himself.

His face changed, and he recalled that he had been drinking in a bar with a few friends, but there was nothing more he could remember.

What was going on?

Gentry was in a panic.

And he showed his panic on his face.

He swallowed hard, trying to see if there was anyone around.

However, he looked around and found that it was deadly silent. There seemed to be no one else.

Gentry was not an ordinary man, so kidnapping wouldn't scare him.

What really frightened him was the unknown.

He didn't know who had tied him up, nor did he know what they would do to him.

He felt like being captured in an invisible net, not knowing where to break away from.

Gentry hated how this felt.

Therefore, he couldn't help yelling,

"Is anyone there? Anyone?"

However, he could only hear his own voice echoing.

There was still no one answering him.

He was taken over by huge fear.

He struggled and found that although the rope knot was simple, it was still almost impossible to get it loose. As he struggled, the knot was getting tighter and tighter...

Gentry swallowed.

He thought for a while, and he stopped struggling. Then he sat down and waited quietly.

Meanwhile, in the study on the second floor...

Chad had been discharged from the hospital yesterday. Instead of going back to his house, he came over here and had Gentry kidnapped here, too.

When he came over, Gentry had not woken up yet.

Therefore, he didn't hurry. He stayed in the study patiently, waiting to see Gentry's reaction.

Kevin was sitting next to him. Actually, it was he who had kidnapped Gentry for Chad.

Seeing the man sitting quietly on the ground, Kevin sneered.

"He had reacted and calmed down very quickly."

Chad also nodded.

"Yes, people like them always lived in lethal danger. It wasn't easy for him to be so calm.."

Kevin turned over and looked at his father.

He hesitated and asked, "Dad, how did you know that he arranged the car accident?"

Chad gave a wry smile.

He didn't tell anyone the reason because he didn't want anyone to know about it.

On that day, before the car accident happened, he saw Gentry pass by his car window.

After he woke up, he sent someone to investigate the accident in private.

Knowing that Gentry had been with Kristina for so many years, he didn't even have to think to know what had really happened.

That was why he didn't want to make this public; he had even kept it from Max.

He didn't want to bring up what was between Kristina and him again.

Gentry had a complicated background. Romance aside, Chad didn't want to get entangled with a complicated guy, either.

After all, the Nixon family was declining.

They mainly focused on the business and had long broken away from the dirty laundries.

However, it was commonly known that the rich feared the desperados, who had nothing to lose.

Therefore, he didn't want to bring trouble to the next generations for his own private affair, especially when the affair was very likely to be a misunderstanding.

Thinking of this, he let out a long sigh.

"Get me downstairs."

Seeing that Chad wouldn't answer his question, Kevin didn't ask anymore. Instead, he pushed Chad's wheelchair out.

Chad had been discharged from the hospital, but after all, he had been severely injured.

The hospital discharged him because they had a family doctor. He could get a better recovery at home.

In that way, Christine would no longer need to stay in the hospital. It would be easier for everyone.

But that didn't mean that he could move freely by himself now.

Therefore, he went where he wanted in a wheelchair and could not walk around at will. He needed several people around to look after him.

When he was just discharged today and said that he was going out for some errands, Christine was a bit displeased.

She thought he was hurting himself.

Chad didn't know how to explain. There was nothing he could do about it.

He could only smile bitterly, looking so helpless.

Kevin got him downstairs, and Gentry soon noticed them.

Gentry's body trembled when he saw them. He was somewhat surprised.

"You did this?"

Gentry was shocked, while Chad seemed very calm.

He smiled gently and said, "Mr. Iverson, it's been so long."

Gentry's face changed.

After a while, he snorted with disdain.

"Why did you bring me here? Why are you doing this to me?"

As he spoke, he raised his hand to show them the rope on his hand.?????

President's Sweet Wife

Chapter 690 A Negotiation

Chad smiled and said, "I'm sorry for inviting you here in such a rude way, but I'm afraid there was no other way that could make you come by yourself, and even if there were, you would never admit what you've done. So, that leaves me with no other options. Please forgive me if you feel offended."

Gentry's face changed again. He had already guessed what Chad was about to say.

But he didn't want to admit that.

He sneered, "Mr. Nixon is as funny as always. I don't think I have anything to admit. Are you humiliating me because I just returned from overseas? Chad, I know your family was influential in the country, but I am not a pushover. So you'd better let go of me now..."

"Take it easy, Mr. Iverson."

Kevin suddenly spoke.

He took out a photo from his pocket and handed it to Gentry.

"Why don't you take a look at the person in the photo and see if you know him? Then we can talk about what to do next. What do you think?"

There was a weary middle-aged man in the photo. He was tanned and shaggy, looking like every frustrated middle-aged man.

Gentry took a look and moved his eyes away.

He said expressionlessly, "I don't know him."

Kevin raised an eyebrow.

"You don't know him? Really?"

Gentry didn't reply.

Kevin smiled and said, "That's odd. Someone says you went to his place and gave him a large bag of cash half a month ago... Why did you give him money if you don't know the guy?"

They saw Gentry freeze.

The motion was micro, but it had been captured by Chad and Kevin.

They looked at Gentry with a sharp gaze. Chad said, "We can bring the witness here so that you can confront him if you still refuse to tell us the truth, but things would be much more difficult to handle than now in that way."

"After all, he has helped us. You'll see his face, and we don't want to get him in trouble. Therefore, for the sake of his safety..."

"What do you want?"

Gentry suddenly interrupted him.

A rare ferocious look appeared on his gentle face.

"You wanna kill me? Do you dare?"

Chad paused for a moment, and then he smiled slowly.

"Killing you? That's a joke. We are businessmen, and never would we do the dirty laundries."

Gentry was choked by his words and almost laughed out.

"Businessman? What kind of businessman will drug people and tie them up? Stop treating me like a fool!"

Chad nodded slightly. "Well, good for you to know that we're treating you like a fool."

Gentry was speechless.

He didn't know how he should carry on this conversation.

The vibe in the living room was a little awkward, but Chad was not in a hurry. He was sitting there and waiting quietly.

Kevin got a cup of tea for his father, who took a few sips and put it down because it didn't taste good.

"Mr. Iverson, we can give you more time if you haven't decided yet. But you know, I'm still injured, and I can't wait too long. This is my wife's house. Her daily routine is to patrol her houses and properties. She may come over at any time."

"I don't want her to get worried, nor do I want Kristina to know about this. We'll have to find one way to sort this out before my wife comes."

He paused for a while, and then his tone became colder.

"You should think it clearly."

Gentry's expression changed when he heard "Kristina."

He glared at Chad and asked, "So what if I admit it? You wouldn't dare to kill me, nor wouldn't you dare to turn me over to the police."

Chad raised his eyebrow and smiled. "You're kidding. I told you I'm a businessman."

Gentry frowned and did not understand what he meant.

Seeing his father getting tired of explaining, Kevin added, "You owned quite a few promising companies at home, which My father and I admire very much. If you are willing to give them up, my father and I will surely stop going after you anymore."

Gentry was stunned.

He stared at them and couldn't believe what he had just heard.

Chad felt a little embarrassed and cleared his throat a little.

After all, this was the first time he blackmailed somebody. He still felt this humiliating.

Kevin, on the other hand, seemed quite casual and calm.

His father told him not to let this go public. If they really offended those underworld forces, they might perish together with each other. None of them would be able to get benefit from this.

Chad was old now, and he was no longer as ambitious as young.

He knew that justice would sometimes be late or even absent.

That was when people got to make decisions based on their conscience.

That was why Chad decided to make a compromise.

He said it was just a few companies, but Gentry actually knew what Chad meant. He wanted all Gentry had in the country.

Those being taken away, Gentry would have no chance to get back anymore in the future, which meant that he would be deported and gone forever.

Gentry understood what he meant. He gritted his teeth and hadn't said anything for quite a while.

Kevin smiled and said, "You still have half an hour; if you don't agree on it by then, we'll regretfully have to deal with it in a former way, which I don't think you would prefer."

After that, he lowered his head and said to Chad, "I'll wheel you in and have some rest."

Chad hadn't fully recovered yet. He did feel tired after talking for so long.

Therefore, he nodded and wheeled into the bedroom.

In the next half an hour, Gentry sat on the living room floor. He did not speak, and no one talked to him, either.

He was lowering his head, so no one could see his face in the surveillance camera in the living room.

Chad and Kevin didn't want to see him anyway. No matter what face he was wearing, sad or sullen, he would have to give up what he had, as much as reluctant he felt.

After all, Chad was the current patriarch of the Nixon family, and he wouldn't let himself get hurt for nothing.

As for the other two who died, Chad thought the truck driver deserved it for what he had done; however, Chad indeed felt sorry for his driver.