

Talented 1361

Chapter 1361

Jeremiah didn't really expect such a good thing to fall into his lap.

He had heard a lot of bad things about Kiki from Penny and despised her very much, but she was really too beautiful and he was still tickled inside.

He stared gloomily at Kiki, then suddenly burst into laughter.

Who would have thought that Kiki, who once disdained him and didn't even remember this face of his, would one day be bought by Quinn for three hundred and thrown to them to be tossed around.

True to form, the tide is turning.

Look, Kiki, just keep being proud, God has spared no one!

Jeremiah is a man with a notorious penchant for drunken beauties.

It is said that as a child he was so enchanted by the drama of concubine's drunkenness that, as he grew up, he became extraordinarily fascinated by the beauty's drunkenness.

Kiki is the beauty and he can't wait to see her drunk.

Jeremiah smiled heatedly, grabbed a bottle of spirits and filled the cup in front of Kiki.

"Kiki, drink it, and when you're done, so we can talk in depth." With that, he even threw a wink at her.

Kiki did not feel well, and meeting this wink made her stomach upset.

She got up and tried to move away from these people when Jeremiah put pressure on his hand and pulled her straight back to the sofa with one hand.

"Kiki, you are given two choices, do you want to drink it yourself, or do I feed it to you?"

"I don't drink!" Kiki spoke in a cold voice, "Let me out of here!"

"Looks like you're asking me to feed you a drink!"

Jeremiah was actually a man of compassion, but tonight, he had a touch of anger for his best friend, so of course he couldn't be merciful to Kiki.

He reached out and unceremoniously strangled her chin, forcing her mouth open, and just poured the wine into her mouth.

Raphael's eyes inexplicably stared at Kiki, whose face was wrinkled in pain, and then, he uncapped several bottles of spirits and placed them in front of Jeremiah.

With this look, he obviously wanted Kiki to drink even these bottles of wine.

Kiki had drunk wine, but she had a weak stomach and she drank mostly fruit wine, she had never had such strong wine before.

She had eaten just two bites of rice in the evening, not much different from not eating anything, and when such strong wine was poured into her stomach, her stomach was as painful as if it were burning with a blazing fire.

“Let go of me! You have no right to do this to me!”

Kiki’s voice was instantly drowned out by Jeremiah and Raphael’s cold laughter, and listening to their harsh and cruel laughter, she suddenly lost the strength to resist.

For a moment, it was as if she was back in the cage where she had spent five years without seeing the light of day.

How are those people in there qualified to bully her and torture her?

But didn’t they force her to open her mouth again and again, and shove all sorts of things she hated into her mouth?

Jeremiah, Raphael, Quinn, in her opinion, are no different from those who tortured her in prison.

When she first went to prison, she did think about resisting.

At that time, Kiki naively thought that black was black and white was white, that she had a clear conscience and that no one was qualified to insult her.

But the five years of unpleasant experience taught her that sometimes there is no right and wrong in this world, and that desperate resistance will not save her, but will only lead to more painful suffering.

So, by the time the people in prison tortured her again later, she didn’t even bother to resist.

Kiki withdrew her hand, and at this point, she was too lazy to waste any more energy trying to break Jeremiah’s grip.

Because she knew very well that there was more than just Jeremiah inside this box who was full of malice towards her, she couldn’t fight these people, so why should she make some indifferent struggle to make them more pleased!

The sound of breaking glass suddenly rang out, and Kiki subconsciously looked in the direction where the sound came from.

Raphael smashed an empty wine bottle hard on the ground.

He turned his face and looked at Kiki, with a grim smile, “Kiki, I’ve laid things out for you! Once you’ve had enough wine, you will kneel on it, kowtow to Quinn, and admit your mistakes!”

Kiki closed her eyes wearily, kowtowing again and admitting her mistake.

She was used to it.

When she was in prison, she was made to kowtow to people countless times, she was proud and she was not willing to get down on her knees to beg for forgiveness.

The result?

She was still pinned down hard, and her head, which she had lifted so hard, was pinned down to the ground.

What's a shard of glass!

In that place where humanity was lost, she hadn't knelt for anything! Raphael's words didn't really scare her.

Raphael thought that when he said this, Kiki would turn pale with fear and lower her proud head, begging for mercy from them.

In his opinion, there is no woman who is not afraid of pain, but this woman seems not to be afraid of pain at all.

He really didn't believe that this tender girl wouldn't be afraid of pain at all! He was waiting for her to cry her eyes out and beg for mercy!

Quinn also thought that Kiki would beg for mercy, but Raphael had already poured her a dozen glasses of strong wine, but she still had no intention of begging for mercy.

She was thin, looking so fragile that she seemed to break at the slightest squeeze, but her increasingly pale face still had stubbornness written all over it.

Quinn's heart inexplicably ached, and he turned his face away, not bothering to look at this woman.

Jeremiah poured for a while, and he finally poured all the strong wine on the table into her mouth.

He clapped his hands together with an exhausted look.

"Alright, the wine is finished, you can let her kowtow to Quinn and admit her mistake!"

With that, he slammed her hard in the direction of the shattered glass with a sudden force in his hand.

When Jeremiah dropped it, Kiki did not kneel on the glass shards, but her palm heavily pressed on top of the glass shards, and in an instant, blood was dripping.

It hurt

Fine beads of sweat seeped out of Kiki's forehead, but she did not even frown.

It was as if she was nothing more than a puppet without a soul, unable to perceive all the pain, the scorn, the trampling.

Kiki actually used to be most afraid of pain, but people experience more pain, they will slowly learn to endure.

So the three men waiting to see her cry out in pain and shout were doomed to nothing but disappointment.

When Jeremiah saw Kiki sitting quietly on the ground, not crying or screaming, he was inexplicably annoyed.

He stepped forward and kicked her in the knee, "Why are you still sitting there? Are you deaf? Kneel down on it, kowtow to Quinn, and admit your mistakes!"

Chapter 1362

Kiki remained seated on the ground, motionless, as if she was not the one who was kicked in the knee by Raphael just now.

Her hands, already stained with blood, were white, but her left hand, missing its little finger, did not look too good because of the hideous scars.

She had so much blood on her hands, and at that moment, her hands looked paler and paler.

It also hurt a lot.

But on her face, there was no half-hearted expression of pain.

Her eyes, empty and silent, were like those of a dying old man, without any of the vitality that should belong to her age.

Jeremiah has been arrogant for so many years, but this is the first time she has encountered this kind of woman, as if she is not afraid of pain, as if nothing can break her pride.

Clearly, he was looking down at her from above, tormenting her blood, yet there was still a strong feeling of being stepped on by her.

Yes, contempt.

Complete and utter disdain.

That feeling made Jeremiah's heart upset to the extreme, and when he was upset, he wanted to abuse Kiki extraordinarily.

He was about to press Kiki directly onto the glass shards and make her kneel on top to admit her mistake and beg for forgiveness to Quinn, when she turned her face violently and couldn't contain herself from throwing up furiously.

He was afraid that she would spit the filth on him, and he quickly dodged aside to keep some distance from her.

"Shut the fuck up! Don't you dare spit on me again, or I'll get you killed!"

It was only after Jeremiah had finished yelling grumpily that he realised how ridiculous it was for him to say that.

Can you drink so much wine and not vomit! This kind of physiological vomiting is not something that can be stopped by anyone who wants to stop it.

Kiki vomited so hard that it was as if she wanted to vomit out all her internal organs.

Quinn kept telling himself in his mind that he couldn't look up to this woman, so he didn't even bother to glance at her side.

He could not see that at this moment, because she had vomited violently, her face, which had become more and more miserable, pale and fragile, as if two random fingers could have crushed her.

But even though he could not see her vulnerable and distressed form, he could clearly hear her vomiting.

In fact, it was just the sound of normal vomiting. Quinn had been in and out of vocal places countless times, and he had long been used to the sound of vomiting, but for some reason, listening to the sound of her vomiting incessantly, he found it harsh to the extreme.

Even, he couldn't resist the urge to rush over to her and violently bellow at her, Kiki, don't you throw up on me!

She really, really wants to vomit herself to death, doesn't she?

But, she is just a woman, even if she spits to death, what does it have to do with him?

Quinn forced himself to continue to put on an appearance of having a heart as cold as iron, dead set on not giving her more than a glance.

Kiki hadn't really thrown up much filth, she'd eaten so little recently, really, that what she'd started throwing up was almost always acid.

Later, the acid was all gone and all she could vomit was blood.

Her pale lips, stained red by the blood she spat out, were like a demon red manzanita blooming on her lips, so haggard but still beautiful and seductive.

"Crap!"

Looking at such a Kiki, Raphael couldn't help but curse out, no wonder countless men used to be crazy about her.

Realising that he had fallen for the beauty of an obnoxious woman, Jeremiah was instantly irritated.

He raised his hand and rushed viciously to Kiki, "Kiki, I'll say it one last time, kneel down, kowtow and admit your mistakes to Quinn! Otherwise, you will suffer the consequences!"

Kiki spat out another mouthful of blood, her stomach ached more and more, such pain that she could barely straighten her back. Her consciousness, too, was somewhat muddled, her eyelids were heavy as a thousand pounds, no matter how hard she tried, she could not open her eyes.

Even though her body was so uncomfortable that she almost died, Kiki still tried to hold her chin high, with the indestructible nobility, the clanking bones of the proudest snowy plum in Arkpool City.

"I'm not wrong"

Kiki's voice was so soft that it would be an exaggeration to say that it was like a gnat's voice, but it was such a light and airy sentence that struck a chord in the hearts of every man in the box.

The expression on Jeremiah's face froze, he really didn't expect that this woman, who had been tortured like this, would still be able to not admit her fault.

The unbeatable Raphael had never endured such a defeat, and he viciously gritted his teeth at her, "Good, Kiki, you have the guts, you have the backbone! I want to see how long you can be tough today!"

With that, Jeremiah walked up to her again, grabbed her hard by the shoulders and just dragged her towards the glass shards.

The large shards of glass was close at hand, Kiki really didn't want to be pressed against it and grovel, but at this moment, she really couldn't use half her strength, and, even if she still had the strength, she couldn't possibly be a match for these men.

Just when she thought that she was destined to be pressed against this glass shard and have her knees viciously destroyed, the door of the compartment was violently kicked open and Christ rushed in with quick steps.

Before Jeremiah had the chance to exchange pleasantries with Christ, he had already punched him unceremoniously in the face, followed by a kick that sent him flying directly and viciously into the corner.

"Kiki!"

Christ stepped forward and he hoisted her into his arms, covered in blood, so tightly and so carefully that he was afraid he might hurt her.

"Mr. Birkin, what do you mean by that? How dare you hit me for this prisoner? Have you forgotten how many cuckolds this labour criminal has given you?!"

Of course Jeremiah was not willing to be beaten up by Christ for nothing, he covered his face that hurt from his punch and rushed over, however, thinking that his opponent's force value was really too powerful, he did not dare to swing his fist, he could only grit his teeth and stare at him, "Mr. Birkin, you don't have to care about a bitch you threw away."

"We've already paid her for tonight, so of course we have to enjoy! What do you say, Quinn?"

This time, Christ hit him even harder, making him grimace and unable to speak.

He slowly turned his face, his vision crimson, like a bloody knife stabbing Quinn in the face.

"Quinn! How dare you do this to her?!"

He really wanted to smash Quinn's head open and see what kind of mush was inside.

Quinn didn't put any of Christ's anger in his eyes, his handsome and peerless face wore his usual arrogance, "Christ, what, I need your approval to spend money on pleasure?!"

Chapter 1363

Christ's pupils, at a speed visible to eye, rapidly turned red, and eventually, turned directly into a sea of blood and hell.

He hadn't really expected that Quinn would use such vicious words to humiliate Kiki!

Yes, in his last life, during the time when Quinn had just returned to the country, he had indeed tormented Kiki ruthlessly, repeatedly attempting to rape her and verbally humiliating her.

But then, Quinn was also in love with Kiki.

Christ's eyes were complicated as he stared at the cold and arrogant smiling Quinn in front of him, and he subconsciously hugged the terribly light Kiki in his arms tightly.

Later on, Quinn was treating Kiki like an eye sore.

When he thought of how he had hurt Kiki later on, how much he would regret it!

But no matter how much Quinn regretted it when the time came, in this life, he would never push her into his arms again!

He didn't have the leisure to compete with him here, so he hugged her and rushed towards the outside of the box.

The eyes of Quinn could not be restrained from narrowing as he watched the back of Kiki, who was being held tightly by Christ, and his eyes were filled with distress and disappointment that he himself could not understand.

He felt as if, something very important to him, had been carried away.

In the blink of an eye, Christ had already left the box with Kiki in his arms, and Quinn's eyes, as if possessed, were glued to the large patch of bright red on the floor of the box.

There was no doubt that it was Kiki's blood.

How could she bleed so much?!

Didn't she just sit on the floor and vomit, can someone tell him how she lost so much blood?

Quinn really didn't know what was wrong with him, obviously, he was high-minded and proud. Kiki's disdain for him back then made him hate her to the bone, obviously, he could squeeze that woman to death. Why, when he thought of her bleeding so much, he would feel a hundred times worse than if he bled himself?

He got up from the sofa and staggered just one step in the direction of the shattered glass.

Apparently, there were quite a few fragments that lodged in Kiki's body.

Quinn violently grabbed a wine bottle and viciously smashed them in front of Jeremiah and Raphael, "How dare you treat her like that?!"

Jeremiah and Raphael were both baffled by Quinn's sudden anger, they both looked at each other. They remembered that it was Quinn who had just given Kiki to them.

And letting them have their fun.

They hadn't even been able to have fun yet, but he was questing them!

Jeremiah and Raphael were very aggrieved, especially Jeremiah who had just been given a fat beating by Christ was even more aggrieved, but none of them dared to say these words to Quinn.

Because at this moment, Quinn was really too terrifying, as he rubbed the glass shards on the ground that were stained with Kiki's blood bit by bit, as if, going off the rails.

Jeremiah and Raphael weakly glanced at each other, they all felt that Quinn hated Kiki to the bone, why now, they felt Quinn loved Kiki?

Christ carried Kiki directly to the hospital.

When she was in the box, Kiki was still somewhat conscious in a daze, but by the time he carried her to the car, she had already fallen into a complete coma.

As soon as she arrived at the hospital, Kiki was wheeled into the emergency room.

Acute alcoholism with gastric perforation.

Christ fidgeted and waited outside the emergency room for a long time before Kiki was pushed out of the emergency room.

The ones who resuscitated Kiki were a few old doctors, who did not know the famous Arkpool City Mr. Birkin, and they looked at him with obvious disapproval on their faces.

"What do you have against the girl? She has such a weak stomach, and you still let her drink so much strong wine, you want to kill her, don't you?!"

If someone had dared to shout at him in the past, he would have already abused that person.

But this time, he was taught a lesson, and there was no half-hearted anger in his heart, only the pain inside.

He would rather cut himself to death by a thousand cuts, than let her suffer half the pain.

"Doctor, how is she now?" Christ nervously grabbed the arm of a male doctor and asked anxiously.

"She's not well, she needs to be taken care of from now on! This time she was saved, if you make another scene like this, you'll be waiting for someone to collect her body!"

Apparently, the old doctor took Christ for a perverted domestic violence man, and she gave him a disgusted look, took off her mask, and headed for her office.

In the VIP ward, Christ wrinkled his brows as he looked at Kiki, who was lying quietly on the hospital bed, with distress.

She was very unwell

Yes, after being cruelly tortured for five years, a body of iron cannot hold up, let alone, her body had never been considered strong. How could she be well!

Christ reached out his hand and he gently rubbed her face.

At the corner of her lips, there was still dried blood, and because her face was so white, the smear of red looked extraordinarily frightening.

As he traced her eyebrows bit by bit, he suddenly remembered what Jeremiah had said in the box earlier.

Mr. Birkin, you don't have to care about a bitch you throw away.

Yes, and prisoner.

Christ's heart hurt so much that he could barely breathe. The once radiant Kiki was now mentioned as nothing more than a woman he threw away, and had been in prison.

It was he who destroyed all of Kiki's pride with his own hands!

He was also the reason why she was trampled on so casually!

"Kiki, I'm sorry, I'm sorry"

Christ wanted to give her his heart, but he knew in his heart that she didn't value it and he didn't deserve her value.

He still remembered how frightening the bruises on her hands were.

If he had gone any later, she would have been hurt, not just her hand.

Jeremiah would also force her to kneel on the pile of broken glass.

Once Kiki was so high and mighty, how dare they bully her like this?

But now Kiki, as if she were a beggar, could have her dignity trampled on with impunity.

The force in Christ's hand tightened abruptly, and Kiki, who was lying on the hospital bed, suddenly frowned in pain.

He thought that he was hurting her, so he let go of her hand in a panic, but even after he let go of her hand, her brow was still furrowed, as if she was suffering from something worse than death.

"Don't touch me! Don't touch me!"

Kiki's face was wrinkled in pain as she wriggled herself in near despair, "Don't come over, don't come over!"

"I'm not eating! I'm not eating!"

"Don't kill my child! Please, don't kill my child!"

"Ahhhhhhh!!!"

Desperate, like a small beast driven into a desperate situation, her voice sounded extraordinarily hoarse and unpleasant because of the excessive pain, but also, it made Christ hurt inside.

Chapter 1364

Christ's eyes were tinged with pain as he gently cupped Kiki's face with heart-pounding devotion.

“Kiki, I’m sorry, it’s my fault, it’s all my fault.”

“The past is all in the past, in the future, I will protect you, love and cherish you well”

After saying these words, Christ’s heart could not restrain itself from tearing pain again.

It’s all in the past, he said.

But he knew in his heart that some things, indeed, had passed for a long, long time, but the pain that was etched in his heart, the despair and panic that was rooted in his mind, might never fade away.

He saw it, but when he couldn’t see it, how many horrible nightmares did Kiki have, one at a time, in his midnight dreams?

And all those nightmares had, literally, happened to her.

All the words of comfort seemed too pale and feeble, and in the end, Christ could only say sorry to her over and over again.

“Kiki, I’m sorry, in my last life, I would give my life to you, in this life, I love you with my life.”

Kiki’s face still wore the unease of pain, and her wounded hand kept trying to grab something, as if, in the midst of the despair everywhere, she wanted to ask for a glimmer of life.

Her miserable white lips, too, trembled incessantly, and her eyes were closed, and her stunningly beautiful face was collected in its usual detached coldness, at this moment like that of a helpless child.

“Help me, help me”

Kiki struggled uncontrollably, her voice increasingly hoarse.

Christ was afraid that she might hurt herself, he gently grabbed her wrist to prevent her from continuing to move around. Hearing that her voice was also getting hoarse, he was afraid that she might ruin her voice like this, he leaned his face straight down and just kissed her deeply on the lips.

Kiki suddenly opened her eyes, she saw, a magnified handsome face, close at hand.

To be precise, it was pressed against her face and kissed her on the lips.

She could not restrain a shudder at the thought of Jeremiah, Quinn and their malicious torment of her in the box, and she thought that she was surrounded by the abominable men who had presumed to bully her, and her body trembled as instantly as sieve chaff.

She tried to push him away, but found that her palm hurt terribly and her arm was too weak to exert any strength.

“Don’t touch me!” Unable to push him away, she could only speak in a mute voice.

Hearing Kiki’s voice and seeing her eyes open wide, Christ was like a child caught doing something bad, and he left her lips in a panic.

“Kiki, I”

Christ wanted to explain, he did not mean to surprise her, but he found that he could not say the words to explain.

It was true that he had not meant to surprise her, but the fact that he had kissed her against her will, and for so long, what was the difference between his behaviour and that of an embezzler!

Looking at that face of Christ, Kiki could not help but be stunned.

She hadn't really thought that the person who had just kissed her was actually Christ.

Some broken memories slowly rushed to her mind.

Yes, last night, it was Christ who saved her in the box.

She found it funny that the very same demon she hated most would save her from the fire.

It was even more ridiculous that last night, snuggled gently in his arms, in the arms of her son's murderer, she could not contain her heart.

Kiki hated herself for her indiscretion and turned her face aside, unwilling to look at Christ's face which made her hate, shame and annoyance.

"Christ, get out of my house! I told you, I don't want to see you again!"

"Kiki, you haven't eaten for so long, you're hungry, aren't you?"

Kiki, "....." what she said was to tell him to get lost, not the matter if she was hungry or not!

Moreover, she noticed that lately, Christ, kept talking about hunger.

He was trying to feed a pig, wasn't he?

No, feed what?

Wouldn't she be calling herself a pig?

Kiki coldly lowered her face, so angry that she directly did not want to speak.

"Kiki, I know you must be hungry. But the doctor said you can only eat something liquid for now, I've cooked you millet porridge, I've tasted it and it tastes good, I'll go and serve it to you now."

There was a small kitchen inside the VIP ward, and Christ had asked Dave to bring the ingredients. He had already cooked millet porridge and was waiting for Kiki to wake up and drink it.

Kiki really didn't want to talk to Christ, but when she saw that he had really run to the kitchen to bring the rice porridge, she couldn't help but say, "Christ, I'm not hungry! Please get out of here!"

Kiki's words were righteous and indifferent, but just as she dropped these words coldly, her belly growled.

Kiki, "....." she was so angry that she didn't even want her indefatigable stomach.

Hearing Kiki's stomach rumbling, the shade in Christ's eyes, however, dispersed, in his gloomy eyes, as if there was starlight shining. He looked at her with a light smile, "Kiki, you're hungry, I'll feed you some porridge."

With that, Christ took the bowl of porridge and sat down on the edge of her bed. He scooped up a spoonful of porridge and brought it to her mouth without a second thought.

Kiki was biting her lip to death, she wouldn't eat the porridge fed by her son's murderer, even if she was beaten to death!

When Kiki didn't open her mouth, Christ didn't get impatient, he uttered, "Kiki, your stomach is growling, you must be hungry. The millet porridge I made is even better than the one made by the chef at the restaurant, you really don't want to try it."

It is said that the chef of the restaurant is a delicious cook, and his millet porridge is even better than the chef of the restaurant.

How good that must taste!

Maybe it was because she was really hungry. Smelling the faint fragrance of the millet porridge, Kiki's stomach was really crawling with cravings.

She was so greedy that she could not help but swallow.

Hearing Kiki swallowing her saliva, the smile on the corner of Christ's lips became more and more delightful, converging the coolness of his body, this delicate attitude of her really tickled him all over his body.

Originally, Kiki was already disgusted with herself for not being able to resist Christ's sweet words, but now, hearing his delightful laughter, she was even more irritated.

"Christ, I told you, I'm not hungry! Don't pretend nice to me. Please get out!"

"But Kiki, your stomach tells me you're hungry."

Christ paused as his eyes fixed on her, "Or, do you not like me feeding you porridge? If you like it, I don't mind feed you with a different way, for example, with my mouth."

Chapter 1365

Use his mouth

Kiki almost choked to death on her own saliva, she couldn't understand how could this person be so shameless!

They are enemies, who cares if he feeds her!

His hypocrisy was unbearable to her!

But

Her heart is also indisputably soft.

Kiki spat at herself fiercely in her heart, and she was just about to righteously refuse, when Christ's lips, little by little, came towards hers.

Thinking of that kiss with endless love just now, Kiki's face instantly flushed scarlet.

"Christ!"

Kiki was hoping that her voice would be colder and more detached, but, after she made this voice, she realised that it was low and muffled, just like a pout.

She was so angry that she wanted to bite off her tongue, especially when she saw the heavy, intimate smile in Christ's eyes, she could not bury her head under the blanket and never come out again.

"I'll eat by myself!"

In case Christ really shamelessly fed her the porridge with his mouth, Kiki secretly ground her teeth and finally, with a red face, she spoke.

She knew that her body could barely exert any strength now, and her body hurt all over. If Christ really forced to feed her porridge like that, she would not be able to avoid it at all, so she might as well eat it herself.

The corners of Christ's lips showed a smug smile, his face was actually really good for smiling.

Usually, he was unsmiling, his face looked sombre and cold, and when he smiled, his face was glowing.

Meeting the starlight in his eyes, Kiki was slightly stunned. How could he look so good when he smiled!

Realizing that she had even made a fool of herself with Christ, Kiki was so angry that she twisted her thighs fiercely.

However, having gotten used to the pain, the expression on Kiki's face didn't fluctuate much, except that a few tiny beads of sweat seeped out of her forehead with restraint.

When she saw Christ scoop up a spoonful of porridge and bring it to her mouth, she subconsciously shrank back as if she had encountered a fierce beast, "Christ, you don't have to feed me, I can eat it myself!"

With that, Kiki tried to snatch the bowl of porridge from Christ's hand.

"Are you sure you can hold this bowl of porridge now?"

Kiki subconsciously glanced at her own heavily bandaged hand, she couldn't really carry this bowl of porridge in this damned state.

The smirk of triumph at the corner of Christ's lips became more and more obvious, even his voice was tinted with a heavy smirk, "Since you can't eat it yourself, don't be stubborn, Kiki, I'll feed you."

When she met the light in Christ's eyes, Kiki was slightly stunned again. Why did he keep smiling!

Also, he had such a nice voice.

The Christ that she remembered always had a hard voice, cold and unapproachable.

But at this moment, his voice was soft and with a smile.

It made her heart soft, tremble.

Realising that she had almost fallen into Christ's sweet words, Kiki was so angry that she didn't even want to eat her porridge.

But if she did not eat, he would have to feed her with his mouth. She could only suppress the anger in her heart and let him feed her the porridge without expression.

As a mouthful of warm porridge into her belly, Kiki felt her heart warm too.

The porridge he made was quite tasty.

It was so good that it made her feel even hungrier and she couldn't resist taking several more sips.

Seeing that Kiki loved his porridge so much, Christ couldn't have been happier.

Well, if she had to drink millet porridge every day, she would get bored with it and he would have to change it up and try to please her in different ways.

But he was afraid that if he laughed too loudly, he would make this thin-skinned woman angry. He could only suppress his laughter and stare at her with bright eyes, unable to imprint her smile on his mind.

After her release from prison, Kiki's appetite became particularly small. She would only drink half a bowl of millet porridge at most, but this time, a large bowl of millet porridge was actually consumed by her.

It was not until Christ spoke up and asked her, "Kiki, do you want another bowl?" Only then did she realise that, unknowingly, she had finished such a large bowl of millet porridge.

There was no revulsion, just a hot, soothing feeling in the stomach.

With her stomach feeling better, Kiki was in a much better mood. She was too lazy to continue arguing with Christ, but she wouldn't do it if she asked him to feed her porridge.

"No!"

Kiki coolly turned her face aside. Christ was worried that if he forced her to eat too much, she would throw up like that time in the small flat on Swedayle Road, and he dared not continue to make her drink the porridge.

He thoughtfully put the pillow down for her and told her to lie down on the bed and rest.

After Kiki laid down, she saw that he was still inside the ward, and she couldn't help but feel some indescribable irritation in her heart.

"Mr. Birkin, I'm going to rest, please get out of here!"

"Kiki, who will take care of you if I'm not here!"

No sooner had Christ's words left his lips than Freya pushed open the door of the ward and rushed in with red eyes, followed by Jaden, Jayla, and Kieran.

Christ, "....."

Christ was speechless. Freya had already come, and according to reason, he should walk away, but, having been reborn once, he deeply understood the truth that he must be shameless to chase his wife, so no matter how much he was disliked, he could not go away.

Dara knew that Freya had a good relationship with Kieran, so if she brought Mr. Fitzgerald over, she could definitely relieve Kiki.

So, as soon as Dara left the box, she started calling Freya.

It was only last night that Freya happened to have an accident and her mobile phone was not connected. Only this morning did she find out about Kiki's hospitalisation.

Seeing the bandages wrapped around Kiki's hands, Freya's eyes instantly flushed red, "Kiki, he's bullying you again, isn't he?!"

Freya was angry, she stared viciously at Christ, "Christ, what exactly did you do to Kiki again? Haven't you hurt Kiki enough? Do you have to get her killed before you're happy?"

"Christ, you have no right to hurt Kiki like that! Don't say Kiki never hurt the child in Penny's belly, even if she did kill your and Penny's child, she owes you nothing after five years of being tortured by you in prison!"

"Christ, get the hell out of here! If you dare to bully Kiki again, I will I will fight you to the death!"

Chapter 1366

He remembered that in his previous life, Freya had been so aggressive towards him, and if it wasn't for Kieran's sake, he would have abused her to death.

But this time, listening to Freya's angry roar, there was no half-hearted anger in his heart, only unspeakable pain.

Freya was right, Kiki didn't owe him or Penny anything anymore, never had, it was he, Christ, who owed her a sincere apology, a fair and just one, and a lifetime.

In his heart, there was also a touch of indescribable happiness and joy. Fortunately, there was Freya in this world.

Fortunately, after Kiki was bruised and battered, there was still Freya who would never leave her side.

Kiki has a very serious depression, if not for the company of Freya, Jaden and Jayla, in this world, there would have been no Kiki long ago.

His heart was grateful, so when he looked at Freya and the rest of the people again, Christ felt less of an eyesore.

"Freya, you're right, Kiki doesn't owe me, it's me who has wronged her."

Thinking of Freya's special emphasis just now that Kiki killed his and Penny's child, Christ's heart suddenly thudded, and he was afraid that Kiki would continue to misunderstand, so he hurriedly spoke, "Kiki, that child in Penny's stomach back then was not mine."

“I never touched Penny, that night, I was so drunk that I was misled by her into thinking that there had been something between her and me. The truth is, I never touched her and she could not have been pregnant with my child.”

“Kiki, I also believe that it was not you who killed Penny’s child. Kiki, I’m sorry, I made a mistake, I misunderstood you, I caused you to suffer so much, not to mention that you can’t possibly forgive me, in this life, I will never forgive myself.”

Hearing these words from Christ, Freya, who had planned to continue cursing at him, could not help but freeze.

She really didn’t expect that Christ, who could not distinguish between right and wrong, and was completely incomprehensible, would one day realise his mistake and apologise to Kiki.

It seemed, well, quite affectionate.

But, the late deep love really does not have much meaning, Kiki had suffered, his guilt was worthless!

Kiki’s expression was slightly dazed, she really didn’t expect that the child Penny was carrying back then, was not Christ’s.

No wonder, recently, Christ suddenly became so strange, it turns out it was because he found out that Penny had cuckolded him.

Was he, after suffering a love wound at Penny’s, coming to her, seeking solace for his soul?

Kiki was not that cheap!

“Mr. Birkin, Freya is here, you should go back.” Kiki closed her eyes tiredly and spoke indifferently.

“Kiki, I said, I’m not leaving, I’m going to look after you here!”

“Christ, no need for you to pretend to be nice, I’ll be here to take care of Kiki!”

When Kieran’s mellow voice rang out in the air, “Freya, you’re not going to Jaden and Jayla’s parent-child activity today?”

Freya, “.....” It seems she really had to go to a parent-child event for the two kids today.

But, more than anything, she wanted to look after Kiki.

Kiki was most concerned about the two kids, of course she didn’t want Freya to miss their parent-child activity, she hurriedly spoke to her, “Freya, I’m fine, you go and join Jaden and Jayla’s parent-child activity first.”

“But Kiki

“I will take care of Kiki!” Christ was busy showing his loyalty, “I will take good care of her!”

“Weasel! No good intentions!” Freya gave Christ a disgusted look, and she was about to throw him out, but Kieran clutched her hand tightly.

“Freya, let’s go to school! I’ll accompany you to the parent-child activity with Jaden and Jayla!”

After saying that, without giving Freya any chance to refuse, he forcibly dragged her towards the door.

As he walked to the door, Kieran turned around and gave Christ a meaningful look.

Christ knew in his heart that although his best friend was not a good talker, he still had his heart towards him, and he was creating opportunities for him.

After Freya and the others left, it was quiet again inside the ward, but Christ's heart, however, was in turmoil.

So happy!

It's time for him to put on a good show!

"Kiki, are you still uncomfortable anywhere?"

"None of your business!"

Kiki now really disliked Christ, and she disliked this irregularly beating heart of hers even more. She was so angry that she wanted to throw him out, but her hand was injured, so she could only stomp her foot in anger.

She was also really unlucky that her calf cramped up when she stomped her foot so much.

The pain was unbearable, even if Kiki was as calm as she was, her face was wrinkled in pain.

She tried to rub her hand, but her hand hurt and she couldn't do it.

Looking at her stretching her legs, her hands trying to reach her calves, her face scrunched up in a frown, Christ knew that she must be having a cramp.

"Kiki, you have a cramp in your calf, don't you? Let me rub it for you."

"No need"

Before Kiki could finish her sentence, Christ had already caught her foot into his hands, his fingers landing gently on her calf belly, indescribably soothing.

People, to a greater or lesser extent, like to enjoy themselves, and even though she hated Christ, he made her legs so comfortable.

Think of it as, a pig arching into her lap.

With this thought, Kiki's mind was even more free of a single minute of pressure, and she concentrated on enjoying herself.

As Christ gave her a massage, his eyes couldn't help but fall on her legs.

Her legs, really slender, not even thick enough for his arms, so fragile that he didn't dare to rub them for fear of breaking them with the slightest effort.

Her feet were so small, not even the size of his palm, and, cold.

The shape of her feet was really extraordinarily perfect, except that the beauty of these feet was marred by the scars that crisscross the backs of her feet, and the soles of her feet.

Like, a fine, beautiful jade, carved with a piercing mark.

On the top of her right foot, there was even a deep scar, as in, a sharp object has pierced her foot and it is dripping with blood.

Looking at the countless bruises on her feet, Christ's eyes flushed red.

He couldn't resist cupping her feet, leaning down, and his lips fell tenderly and compassionately.

Chapter 1367

The moment Christ's lips landed on Kiki's foot, she instantly wanted to withdraw her foot as if she had been electrocuted.

How could she have imagined that Christ would suddenly do this to her?

She vividly remembered that, in the past, he had been full of disgust when he had kissed her on the lips.

Kiki, you're disgusting!

Now, he's actually kissing her on her foot.

He's really irritated by the fact that Penny cuckolded him, so much so that he's completely out of his mind, isn't he?

Kiki jerked her foot hard several times, but couldn't pull it back.

"Christ, let go of me!"

Kiki gritted her teeth and continued to curse with a red face, "You pervert!"

Kissing her there is just perverted!

Hearing Kiki's angry voice, Christ realised what he had done to her in a moment of uncontrollable emotion.

Christ is cold-hearted, and cruel, and when a man like him treats women, he always stands tall and disdainful.

He had never dared to think that one day he would touch a woman's feet so reverently.

He loves Kiki, he really does love her

In fact, it seems that he, many, many years ago, had already fallen in love with Kiki, only that he had always thought that the person who saved him from the fire back then was Penny, and he didn't want to admit it.

He thinks he likes Penny, but he won't even touch her.

But every time he faced Kiki, he was as mad as if he had taken a pill.

In the past, he told himself that he would be so uncontrollable with Kiki because he was disgusted with this woman's shamelessness and he wanted to punish her severely.

Actually, it's not much of a punishment, it's just a restrained addiction!

"Christ, don't you touch me!"

Kiki was really anxious, but her body was so weak that all her punches and kicks were just like tickling.

Not like a struggle, but rather like a desire to be caught.

It was as if Christ had not heard her words, he still held her foot reverently and carefully, "Kiki, do you hurt?"

Kiki could not restrain her eyes from reddening, she never thought that this cruel and heartless man would, one day, ask her if it hurt.

Suddenly, the grievances that Kiki had tried so hard to suppress and wanted to rot in her heart could not be suppressed.

It hurts, how could it not!

Every day was an endless torture, and she didn't know how she had survived.

Perhaps it was a desire to see Mum and Dad and Freya again, or perhaps, a desire to see the light of the world again.

On the day of her release, Freya came to pick her up, but she didn't see her mum and dad.

Freya wouldn't tell her the exact news about her parents, only that they had left the country a few years ago, and she always felt that she wasn't telling her the truth.

Sure enough, she was afraid that she might not be able to bear it and had lied to her.

Her parents are long dead.

Mum and Dad only have one precious daughter, she is her parents' life, how could they let her go to jail for five years!

After she went to jail, her parents used their contacts to desperately fight for her to get her out.

However, within a few days, they were involved in a particularly tragic car accident and died.

If Freya had not gotten the news and ran over to collect their bodies and give them a burial, their corpses would have gone unclaimed.

Many people said that the accident was an accident, but both she and Freya were convinced that the accident was deliberately caused by someone.

If it wasn't deliberate, why did all of the Hartsell family's vast family fortune fall into the hands of the Wallace family just after her parents passed away?!

Unfortunately, with their weaknesses and the Wallace family hiding all the truth, none of them could get justice for her parents!

She's in pain!

It hurts!

It hurts in her dreams!

She had never seen the image of her parents' gruesome death, but many times, in midnight dreams, when she closed her eyes, she saw the endless scarlet red, her parents covered in blood, falling helplessly to the ground.

She couldn't even see their faces, all she could see was broken limbs and misery.

Kiki didn't want to cry, she really didn't want to cry in front of the culprit who had beaten her into oblivion, but at this moment, in her heart, it really hurt too much.

Those, surging, overwhelming emotions engulfed her heart in an instant.

It was as if she saw it again, her child, viciously crushed and killed, his limbs, dipped in a pool of blood, and no matter how hard she roared, how desperately she begged for mercy, she could not save her child.

It was as if she saw, again, her mum and dad, waving at her from a pool of blood.

They said, "Kiki, don't cry, Mum and Dad are fine, Mum and Dad don't hurt.

But with all that blood, how could they not be in pain!

"Ahhhhhhh!!!"

Big drops of tears rolled down from the corners of Kiki's eyes, and she used that wounded hand to desperately wipe the tears from the corners of her eyes, but no matter how hard she tried, she could not dry the tears from the corners of her eyes, as if, the pain in her heart, even if she had torn and destroyed this heart, she still could not get rid of it.

"Kiki!"

Seeing her like this, Christ's heart ached to the core, he hugged her into his arms with all his might, stroking her back tenderly over and over again, "Kiki, don't cry, don't cry, I know you're in pain, it's my fault, it's all my fault, I made you hurt."

"Don't cry. You're so hard, my heart hurts! Kiki, my heart hurts!"

Kiki really did not want to cry in the arms of this demon who had hurt her mercilessly time and again, but at this moment, she was really too uncomfortable in her heart, so uncomfortable that she was trembling, so uncomfortable that she could not move her body significantly and could only let herself cry in his arms.

Having seen Kiki wearing a fake face, with an impeccable fake smile at the corners of her lips, Christ had never seen her so vulnerable!

His heart ached more and more, and he could not tear out his own heart and give it to her, to show her how much he cared for her.

Even, he thought, he would be willing to give her his life, as long as she didn't hurt or cry anymore.

Seeing that Kiki was still dropping tears, Christ clumsily stretched out his hand and tried to wipe away the tears from her face.

But no matter how he wiped her face, it was still wet, and he was at his wits' end, so he could only lean down and gently kiss the teardrops off her face, little by little.

Suddenly noticing that Kiki was actually biting her own lip to death, fearing that she might hurt herself even more, he hastily reached out his hand and went for her mouth.

"Kiki, don't hurt yourself! Bite me! You bite me! I'm begging you, bite me, okay?"

Chapter 1368

Kiki bit down hard on the back of Christ's hand. Now, she was having a depressive episode and had gradually become somewhat confused as to what day it was and what night it was, and was only biting down hard on what was in her mouth by instinct.

She could barely control her behaviour whenever she had a depressive episode, she would often bite her lip and even, in severe cases, she would commit suicide.

The crisscrossing scars on her wrists were left by her own vicious cuts with a knife when she was at the height of her depression.

On one occasion, she slit her wrists to kill herself particularly deeply, with blood flowing profusely, and if Freya had not happened to leave something behind and come home to get it, and seen her, she would have been dead already.

The blood flowing from the back of Christ's hand was increasing, he could not feel the pain in his hand, but his heart, however, hurt so much that he could not breathe at all.

Was it that if he didn't put his hand in her mouth, she would just bite her own lip off?

"Kiki"

The more he thought about it, the more his heart ached, and Christ hugged her so tightly that he could not bear all her pain and sorrow for her.

The heavy smell of blood spread quickly in Kiki's mouth, and she woke up with a jolt, her eyes rounded as she stared incredulously at Christ in front of her.

It was his hand that she had just bitten?

Kiki quickly opened her mouth and violently pushed his hands away, she wanted to step back and put some distance between her and him, but she was in his arms and there was no way for her to retreat.

"Christ, you're crazy!"

Kiki hated Christ, but seeing that she had bitten his hand until it was bloody, she was somehow justified in her heart.

And some, unspeakable heartache.

She hastily turned her face to the side, collected those inexplicable emotions in her eyes, and tried to make her voice sound colder, "Christ, as I said, you really don't need to pretend to be a good person in front of me, you really make me look down on you!"

"Kiki, I truly want to be good to you."

"Christ, you want to be good to me? Christ, you've really been irritated by Penny, haven't you!"

"I know, you're proud, you're conceited, you're used to being high and mighty and in control, so you can't accept that your Penny has cuckolded you. You might be looking for some comfort from me, but Christ, you're thinking too much, I am not that cheap to comfort a man who has sent me to hell!"

"Kiki, I"

Christ really felt that he was more wrong than a sinus, when had he been stimulated by Penny to the point that his brain had gone crazy? He didn't want to get close to her, he didn't want to find some comfort from her, okay?

If he wanted to approach a woman on his own initiative, there was only one reason why he truly loved her.

He wanted to win back her heart and grew old with her.

"Christ, you don't have to say it, I know, it hurts you to know that Penny has cuckolded you, but, you deserve it!"

After Kiki said this, she directly did not bother to take care of Christ anymore, she leaned on the corner of the bed and closed her eyes to recuperate.

She thought that since she had acted so obviously, with a gesture of sending off, Christ should also get lost, but he was still sitting on the edge of the bed, as if he had grown on it.

Kiki's heart was inexplicably annoyed, but the enemy was not moving, and she did not bother to take the initiative to speak to him.

The two of them were at a standstill until the evening, with Christ still relying on her ward for all sorts of coquetry.

"Kiki, the doctor said that now you can eat some light meals, what do you want to eat? I'll make it for you."

"Christ, I don't need you to offer your courtesy here, please get out!"

The corner of Christ's upturned lips still carried a dotting smile, "Kiki, I'll cook you porridge and yam, okay?"

"No!" Kiki spoke through gritted teeth, but her stomach growled again without argument.

The first time she was released from prison, she had eaten very little and her stomach rarely rumbled, but recently, in front of him, her stomach, like a concert, always rumbled.

The smile on the corner of Christ's lips became more and more wantonly pleasant, "Kiki, you're hungry, so tonight we'll have porridge and yam."

With that, Christ had nimbly entered the kitchen.

Kiki, "....." who cares to eat his cooking!

In her heart, she thought so, but when she thought of the taste of the porridge cooked by Christ, she could not help but swallow.

She really could not have imagined that the porridge made by the former kitchen killer, Christ, would be so delicious that her indomitable stomach could not help but surrender.

In fact, Christ had already made the porridge in his last life, during the years when Kiki left him, his cooking skills had long been practiced to perfection, he quickly made a few dishes and brought them out.

Not only did Christ make yam this evening, but also tender egg custard with tender bamboo shoot tips.

The ward, which had a faint smell of antiseptic solution, was instantly filled with the rich aroma of rice, which made Kiki's appetite tingle.

Kiki especially wanted to say, "Christ, get out, I don't care to eat your cooking!"

But then again, she wanted to eat some of it.

It was a real tussle.

Moreover, originally her stomach had only rumbled a few times, and after smelling the aroma of the meal, her stomach, suddenly, was so hungry that acid was about to come out.

Christ's eyes were sharp, he could tell right away that Kiki was slandering his cooking.

His eyes stared deeply at Kiki in front of him, this little gluttonous look of hers that kept sneaking and swallowing was really cute.

Christ moved the small dining table inside the ward to the bedside and placed all the meals on it, "Kiki, I'll feed you."

"No"

Before Kiki could finish her sentence, Christ had already bitten into a spoonful of tender egg custard and brought it to her lips.

The egg custard, which looked particularly tasty, was filled with extra minced meat.

Kiki gave Christ an icy glare, but still opened her mouth and ate this bite of egg custard.

She didn't blame her for being spineless, both her hands are in so much pain that she can't even hold a glass of water and she can't even eat by herself.

Watching Kiki open her mouth and swallow the food he fed her, Christ's heart couldn't be more fulfilled.

The most satisfying thing he can do now is that in his last life, after losing Kiki, he went off the rails to study cooking and make the same meals she used to make for him.

In this life, he was finally able to use it, to get her heart, starting with conquering her stomach.

After she had eaten and drunk enough, Kiki felt that she could tell Christ to get lost.

Before she could open her mouth, the magnetic voice of Christ rang out in the air, "Kiki, I'll help you take a bath."

Chapter 1369

Kiki's face instantly turned flushed.

"Christ, you're sick!"

Who cares if he helps her bathe!

The two of them were now bitter enemies, and although they had, between the two of them, had sex many times, still, she would not allow herself to degenerate to the point of letting her enemy bathe her.

Christ felt that he might be really sick now, he loved Kiki's flushed, shy and annoyed look.

"Kiki, your hand is injured, if you won't let me wash it for you, can you wash it yourself?"

"Christ, I told you, it's none of your business!"

Kiki loves cleanliness, she didn't take a bath last night and her body was already itchy and uncomfortable, if she didn't take a bath again tonight, she would definitely have to feel even worse.

Thinking about it, Kiki felt itch all over her body.

She really wanted to take a painful bath, but

She lowered her head and looked at her two hands, which were tightly wrapped in gauze, it was really too difficult to do it on her own.

Christ could see the struggle on Kiki's face, he did not continue to push her, but retreated, "Kiki, I'm not giving you a bath, but, where are you uncomfortable, I'll wipe it for you."

After saying this, he went to the bathroom to get hot water despite Kiki's objection.

Soon after, Christ came out of the bathroom with a large basin of warm water, he soaked the cloth in the water and wrung it until it was half dry, "Kiki, let me wipe your face first."

"No need!"

In front of Christ, Kiki's objections were completely ineffective, and with a cloth in hand, he was already sitting on the edge of the bed, carefully wiping her face that was still stained with a few drops of blood.

"Christ, don't you touch me, who cares if you wipe my face!"

Kiki's face was as cold as frost, but the more she said this, the less breath she had.

It was probably because she had a few drops of blood on her face, which was sticky and uncomfortable, so when she wiped it with warm water, it was warm and refreshing, and oddly comfortable.

Forget it, it's just a face wipe, it's not like a few pieces of meat are missing, enjoy it first.

The most tolerance Kiki had for Christ was for him to wipe her face, but after he had finished wiping her face, he would start wiping her neck again.

Unbearable!

"Christ, stop it! I don't need you to wipe my neck!"

Kiki saw that her words to stop her had no effect at all, so she secretly ground her teeth and continued to speak, "Christ, don't you love Penny very much? If you treat me like this, aren't you afraid that your Penny will be sad?"

"Or, after Penny cuckolded you, are you unbalanced and want to cuckold her too?!"

"Christ, even if you want to cuckold Penny, please don't come to me! I am not cheap enough to be a backup for someone!"

"Kiki, you're not a backup, never have been."

Christ stared at her face, "Kiki, believe it or not, I still have to say, I love you only, and in this life, I only want to spend time with you."

Love again

Kiki's heart was sore and aching, and the sound she made was horribly hoarse with pain.

"Christ, if, your love for me is to send me to prison, to have someone severely torture me and kill my child, then, I really don't want your love!"

"Christ, I don't have masochistic tendencies, I really don't."

Seeing Kiki in this state, Christ's heart ached. He put down the cloth in his hand and embraced her into his arms.

"Kiki, I'm sorry, I'm sorry"

"Kiki, I know, I don't deserve your forgiveness, but I truly want to make it up to you, please don't push me away, give me a chance to treat you well, okay?"

The voice of Christ sounded really too humble and pitiful. Even though there was hatred in her heart, Kiki still could not manage to be as cold-hearted as iron towards him.

She broke away from his embrace, but accidentally pulled the wound on her hand, causing her face to instantly scrunch into a frown of pain, and Christ also noticed the change in her expression, he hurriedly let her go and spoke carefully, "Kiki, let me continue to wipe your body."

"No need!"

“Christ, if you really want to make it up to me, then get the hell out of my sight! Don’t ever appear in front of me again to annoy me!”

“Kiki

Christ also knew in his heart that for all the good he had done to her, he really didn’t deserve to appear in front of her anymore.

But what to do? He had lived two lives and the only thing he craved was to be able to hold on to her hand, he couldn’t do that and leave.

She couldn’t throw him out even if he didn’t leave. She could only roll over and turn her back on him, not looking at the face that she had loved to her bones and hated to her very core.

She hadn’t been lying quietly for two minutes when she felt, on her back, a terrible itch.

Kiki had suffered a lot, but after all, she was pampered by her parents, and her skin was, after all, much more sensitive and delicate than many others.

When she was in prison, she couldn’t bathe every day, and she was often splashed with dirt, so itchy that it felt like a million bugs were crawling on her body and she almost scratched her flesh.

She was now, itching as if she had many, many bugs crawling on her back.

She reached out and subconsciously tried to scratch her back so she wouldn’t itch so much, but only after she reached out did she realise that her hands were so tightly wrapped and inflexible that they didn’t work very well.

The itch on her back was getting worse and worse, and Kiki was so uncomfortable that she could barely lie down.

Christ saw the difference in her and when he saw her trying to scratch her back, he knew that she must have an itch on her back.

His eyes were bright and the corners of his lips lifted in a winning smile, “Kiki, your back itches, right? I’ll scratch it for you.”

“Christ, you dare!”

He really dared.

Feeling his hand fall on her body, Kiki was so anxious that she wanted to chop his hand off. Can’t he tickle it through her clothes?

But did not, which was a clear attempt to take advantage of her!

“Christ, get the hell out of my way! Don’t you touch

It seems that after being tickled by him a few times, it really didn’t itch so much, and all over the body, it was a lot more relaxing.

Kiki was instantly caught up in a fierce celestial battle, but she was really too ticklish, and in the end, she gave up on herself thinking, Forget it, let’s just pretend that she was scratched by a pig a few times.

Christ felt like he was behaving like a denizen, especially after touching her, and he felt like he was going crazy.

He knew that if he continued like this, he would have to go mad as a beast.

But, he couldn't stop.

He was uncontrollably trying to lean his face down and kiss on her till he noticed something unusual.

Chapter 1370

On her back, there were many extremely deep scars.

Further down, the wounds, even deeper, were horrific.

He jerked her dress up, only to see several hideous, deeply sunken bruises near her waist.

One of the wounds looked like a heavy cut from a knife, and several others, not from a knife, but from a sharp iron hook or other sharp object, which had rotted the flesh.

He could almost imagine that image, Kiki lying on the ground covered in blood, with so many people laughing and holding knives, cutting viciously into her body, and even more outrageously, there were people with sharp iron hooks, stabbing viciously into her bloody flesh, injuring her so much that she was bloody and dripping with blood.

Gently stroking these unsightly scars, the surging charm in Christ's heart quickly dissipated, leaving only the inexorable cone of pain.

In his last life, he had done it with her purely to humiliate her, and he had never looked at her body closely enough to know that there were such horrific scars on her body.

"Kiki, who hurt you?! Tell me, who hurt you?! I will kill her!"

Christ's fists were clenched in hatred, the bruises on the back of his hands were rippling, and the veins on his forehead, too, were jutting out.

At this moment, he was really up for killing, he wanted to bruise the bones of the person who had ruthlessly grabbed the knife and slid it across her body. He wanted to cut the person who had injured her with the iron hook, to death by a thousand cuts.

"Christ, it was all the people you sent, does it matter who hurt me? You should have killed yourself, are you willing to do it to yourself?"

Hearing Kiki's voice with a mocking laugh, Christ's brain abruptly woke up.

Yes, it was all thanks to him that she was so badly injured.

Although the real person behind the violence against her was Penny, if he hadn't cruelly sent her to prison and indulged Penny over and over again, she wouldn't have been, left with these bruises all over her body.

He has to return her innocence, even if he turned the city and the world upside down, he would return her innocence.

He would, too, make all those who hurt her pay the most grievous price, including him, Christ.

Christ trembled and hugged Kiki, "Kiki, I'm sorry, give me some time to find out who hurt you, if you want my life, I'm willing to die!"

He deserves to die, but right now, he really can't die yet.

Penny and Dylan have not yet paid the price, he has not yet uncovered FDaphne, there are too many dangers hidden around her, he must eradicate all obstacles as soon as possible!

In her last life, she was caused to miscarry by Dylan and had a child thrown away by FDaphne. A tragedy like that must never be replayed again.

Kiki was still hating Christ so much that her body trembled, but for some reason, after he said he was willing to die for his crime, her heart inexplicably felt sad.

As if, indeed, he would die.

And she had, surprisingly, indisputably not wanted him dead.

Christ had originally wanted to rub Kiki's body ingratiatingly tonight, taking advantage of the opportunity to enhance their relationship.

But after seeing the bruises near her waist, he really had no shame in taking advantage of her.

He felt that for someone like him to touch her more than once would be a sacrilege to her.

So then, instead of shamelessly insisting on giving her a bath, he had the female caregiver come over and wipe her body.

Christ had wanted to stay in the ward to keep watch over Kiki, but Dave reported that he had news of FDaphne and, moreover, had discovered his whereabouts.

He left Kiki in Freya's care and took an early morning flight to personally go abroad to uncover FDaphne and then make him disappear completely.

Kiki especially hated the smell of hospital sterile water.

So many, many times, when she was in prison, on the verge of dying and being freed forever, she would smell the sterile hospital water, and then, it was back to that hell on earth, where life was worse than death.

Worried about her health, Freya wouldn't let her leave the hospital and forced her to stay for a week.

A week later, Kiki did not want to stay in the hospital, so Freya had no choice but to give her a follow-up discharge.

After being discharged from the hospital, Kiki still went back to work.

It was true that she had had unbeautiful memories in the year, but if those people wanted to get her into trouble would not be able to let her go, no matter where she hid.

So, there was no need for her to hide at all.

Kiki's hands were smeared with the ointment that Freya had brought her. Her ointment, which really worked, healed the wounds particularly quickly.

Moreover, Freya was proud to tell her that if she applied it for a few more days, the wound on her hand would not leave a scar!

Kiki was happy that she didn't have to leave a lot of unsightly scars on her hands, but she was missing finger, and even if there were no other scars on her hands, her left hand would not look good.

The gauze on Kiki's hand had been removed, and when she saw the bruises on her hand, Dara was so distressed that she shed tears.

She blamed herself over and over again, saying that it was her fault and that she wouldn't have been hurt like this if she hadn't tried to save her.

Kiki was not good at comforting people, she just carefully wiped away the tear marks on Dara's face.

She was very clear in her mind, Quinn and the others were deliberately looking for her displeasure, the person they wanted to torment was always her. What did it have to do with Dara!

Kiki sang on stage tonight and was worried that Quinn and the others would come after her again, but until the end of the day, they didn't show up, so it was a rare quiet night.

The working hours of the staff in the bar are from 5pm to 5am. Kiki was different from the others, she only needed to sing three or five songs a night over there.

When Kiki left the bar, it was close to the early hours of the morning, and at this time of day, it was easy to get a taxi outside of the bar.

She was standing at a side junction, trying to get a taxi home, but a middle-aged man, drunk as he was, rushed out of the way and dragged her a few steps towards a side alley, before pinning her against the wall.

"Kiki? I've had my eye on you for a long time, come on, I'll pay you, keep me company tonight!"

With that, the man pulled out a large pile of money from his wallet and shoved it at her.

Kiki only sang, did not accompany the drinks, and even more so, she naturally could not let him have his way. She wanted to ruthlessly smash the money he shoved into her face, but he held her hands down, she could only speak to him in a cold voice, "Let go!"

"Let go? Everyone knows that you are a slut, you can get laid when you pay! I've given you the money, why should I let go!"

With that, the man began to pull her clothes off her body, and his lips, mixed with the smell of alcohol and fishy odour, pressed closer to her face.

Kiki's face turned pale, her hamstring was badly damaged and she couldn't use her strength with both hands, plus the injury on her palm hadn't completely healed yet, she couldn't push this drunken man under his brute strength!