

A Life Debt Repaid Free Online

- Chapter 871-880

Chapter 871

“I just think both Yelena and Dicky are too young to consider marriage.’ Jay simply came up with a reason, finding it all the more logical after some consideration. “Yelena’s just three! It’s far too early to consider that.”

“It’s called planning ahead, get it? Do you think Yelena wont get rivals for a young man as fine as Dicky?” Zoe said seriously, convincing herself further the more she said it.

Who knows? Richard Levine might be married by the time Yelena becomes an adult, and she would die regretting that her golden goose was poached to be someone else’s son-in-law.

“No. Yelena’s cute, so all the good ones would flock around her anyway,” Jay replied solemnly. “And even if she doesn’t like them or refuses to marry, she can stay with us forever. That’s fine, since I can afford it.”

Zoe was rendered speechless.

Does Jay know that being too nice a father would spoil a daughter? And what was that supposed to mean, that Yelena could stay with them forever?!

“What if you die?” Zoe asked.

‘Til name her the heir to my massive fortune, and she could live her life without worrying about anything.”

In a way, Zoe was impressed; though she wasn’t about to change Jay’s mind about bethroting Yelena to Dicky.

It was her opinion that any other son-in-laws paled in comparison to Dicky, especially after meeting him again recently.

“Just give up already,” Jay said, seeing that Zoe was clearly not abandoning the idea.

When Zoe had something in mind, she wouldn’t just say it-she would do it too.

“How am I supposed to give up? All’s fair in love and war. I’m actually surprised you’d stop Dicky and Yelena from getting together like Cordy did. Actually, forget Cordy stopping them, since it’s reasonable not just anyone deserves a special boy like Dicky—”

“Yelena isn’t just anyone. She’s our daughter,” Jay corrected her.

Zoe shot him a look before continuing, “Either way, we’d be hitting the jackpot if we get Dicky. Cordy has reason to be reluctant. But why are you rejecting the idea too? Don’t you want a good husband for Yelena?”

Jay was speechless. “Zoe, Yelena’s just three.”

“Like I said, it’s about planning ahead...”

“Either way, it’s not happening, not for them,” Jay said, his tone stern and leaving no room for arguments.

“Why?!” Zoe huffed.

Jay pursed his lips, but he didn’t know where to start, especially with the many things that had happened in the past.

He suddenly rose to his feet, ignored her, and strode off. “It’s late. I’m taking Yelena home for dinner.”

Zoe was left fuming—she had just married Jay for a day, and she was already stressed beyond reason.

If this went on, he would be the death of her!

Yet, Cordy had the gall to say they wouldn’t easily get a divorce after marrying?!

It’d be a shocker if Zoe didn’t—hell, she wanted a divorce right this instant!

Over at the capital, Cordy’s smile faded after she hung up.

She was earnest about wishing Zoe well, and she knew how things were going to develop anyway after Zoe was exposed to have a daughter.

It was inevitable for Jay to marry Zoe, since Jay loved Zoe to bits and wanted this badly. It was why Cordy earnestly wished them the best after getting together, following all their tribulations.

Chapter 872

However, Cordy was unable to smile because her own life was now a mess.

It was a miracle that she discovered that John was still alive, yet he ended up as someone else’s fiancé.

Her grandfather also remained comatose, and the Cranstons’ family conflict was never resolved, i

It was as if nothing would go well for Cordy, and the crushing weight of it all left her suffocating.

Even Sean was getting restless-the culprit who poisoned Jesse was still not making a move days after they set their trap. They had nothing that could expose the culprit, and it was all a complete mystery.

That was when it occurred to Cordy. "Maybe they're waiting for Grandpa to actually wake up before doing anything?"

Sean's eyes narrowed. "What do you mean?"

"Grandpa's will is favorable to the culprit as long as he stays unconscious," Cordy explained. "All they needed was to stay strong and do nothing, while waiting quietly for the final outcome. He should know all too well that any false moves would expose them."

Sean more or less understood. "So, what you're saying is..."

"Yeah. Spread fake news that Grandpa has woken up-don't you think he'd start panicking?" Cordy asked.

"Alright. I'll make the arrangements," Sean replied.

He didn't hesitate to use Cordy's plan immediately, and started discussing the details with her.

However, once they were done with that, Sean suddenly appeared hesitant to speak.

Cordy could tell immediately-he would always subconsciously furrow his brow whenever he was worried. "Whatever you have in mind, just say it."

"I just received the invitation to Lucas and Nana's wedding from the Lynds."

Cordy's fingers, which were clenched around her teacup, flinched.

Sean noticed it, but didn't hide it from her. "They're getting married during the tenth of next month. That's less than two weeks."

Cordy slowly took a sip of her tea, calmly accepting the fact that John was marrying another woman.

Was this his response he was going to give her? And she had to find out from someone else!

That was when she found herself staring at a tissue; she blinked as she noticed large tears welling out of her eyes.

She thought herself jaded after going through so much, but it still hurt a lot.

"I told you-Nana is no pushover. She'd do everything she can to make Lucas stay, given her obsession with him," Sean said seriously, his expression indifferent as he watched Cordy struggling with her tears."

Don't fight her if you're not that interested in Lucas. Nana's one vengeful woman, and even more trouble would await if you do fight her."

"Even if you did win and go together with Lucas, it'd only hurt both your reputation. Not to mention, I'm sure Jean would use this as leverage against you so that you'd never hold your head high again in our families. There really is no reason to ruin your own future for that man."

"I know I've never thought highly of Patrick Stuart and had a feeling he's weird in certain ways," Sean added, "But at least, he's loyal and wouldn't play with your feelings. If you really had to choose someone, I'm willing to support a relationship between you two."

Cordy was actually surprised-Sean and Patrick were so hostile to each other, but now, Sean was being nice to Patrick?

Still, she understood at the next instant that it was all relative; certain individuals were simply more ideal compared to others.

It was true what Sean said; that Patrick at least would not let her down.

The man would never cheat, or be fickle in relationships.

On the other hand...

John had really abandoned her.

Chapter 873

Seeing that Cordy was silent for a long while, Sean called out to her.

"Cordy?"

Cordy shook her head. "It's my personal problem. I'll handle it."

Sean sighed. "I know you will-you're as rational as you're smart since I've known you, and there's nothing that can stand in your way. I'm the one who needs your advice in a great many things, but that's precisely why I think you need someone to depend on. You're isolating yourself. Being too independent means you're also the one who gets hurt the most."

Sean earnestly wished that Cordy could let down her guard and really open her heart, so that she didn't have to live under so much pain.

Ultimately said nothing, once again choosing to take everything upon herself.

A week later, Patrick left the capital and Cordy saw him off at the airport. He was actually reluctant to leave, but he was stubborn and kept saying things like he didn't know when the next time he would have free time, that he would be busy and the like.

While Cordy could buy it that he would be busy for a week after such extended leave, she doubted that she wouldn't see him for a while. She

knew him well enough that he would be on a flight the next day he missed her, and he definitely had the ability to do it.

And she was more or less emotionally affected in turn.

It wasn't as if she couldn't feel how good he was to her over the last three years. Even if she was cold to him on the surface, she couldn't reject too many of his requests.

"Are you going to miss me?" Patrick asked her as he stood in front of the checkpoint.

"No," Cordy replied, merciless as she always had been.

Patrick actually expected that answer, but would keep testing her everytime.

Who knew if the day would come when Cordy changed her mind?

"I'll miss you."

"Go now, or you won't make it," Cordy urged.

"Well, when are you going back to North City?"

"I'm not sure. I'll decide after my grandfather wakes up," Cordy said.

"When you're back in North City-"

"Could you not come up with things to say just to drag your feet? You really should be going."

Patrick pursed his lips, and suddenly spread his arms. "Can I hug you?"

When Cordy frowned at him, he smiled self-deprecatingly.

He was always the one to get embarrassed.

However, just as he was about to lower his arms, Cordy suddenly pressed herself in between his arms.

Patrick did a double take, honestly convinced that he was imagining it...

Cordy had always been so repulsed by him, yet now, she was coming on to him?

Upon this revelation, his heart raced in indescribable delight.

But before he could wrap his arms around her, she already pulled out from him.

There was displeasure in his eyes-that was so quick, it was over before he felt a thing!

"Don't get any funny ideas. It's just a farewell between friends," Cordy said bluntly.

Patrick was speechless. "You could've said nothing and just let me have this."

Cordy smiled. "Just go. Text me when you touch down safely."

Patrick turned and stepped through the checkpoint, turning to smile at Cordy every couple steps.

Cordy watched as he eventually disappeared from the checkpoint. At the same time, she remembered what Sean told her about Patrick being loyal...

Chapter 874

Cordy actually wondered when she could let go of the past.

Soon, perhaps?

After sending off Patrick, she returned to the car Sean arranged for her and returned to Cranston Hall.

She didn't bring Dicky along to the airport since she expected to head back soon after seeing Patrick off, just as she did not want Dicky to have to keep running around with her.

She reclined against the backseat, looking up at the blue skies of the capital.

Her phone then rang, and she checked the caller before answering it.

"Have you sent off Patrick Stuart?" Sean asked casually.

"I just did. I'm on my way back now."

"Actually, you should head to the hospital right now," Sean suggested.

"I'm rushing there right now-I just released news that Grandpa regained consciousness."

"Okay," Cordy agreed.

"See you later."

"Yeah."

Hanging up, Cordy told the chauffeur, "The hospital, please."

"Okay," the chauffeur replied respectfully.

Most of the Cranstons had reached the hospital when Cordy did, and they were all standing outside Jesse's ICU ward.

Sean had leaked the fake information that the doctors said Jesse regained some extent of consciousness; that although Jesse was not fully awake, current circumstances pointed to a full recovery in under a week.

Every member of the Cranston family rushed to the reached them, with Paul asking in agitation, "Can I go in to see my father?"

"No," the doctor said sternly. "He just regained some extent of consciousness, but allow him to rest a few days more before visiting him."

“If that’s what you insist,” Paul did not push the issue. They were in the hospital, and therefore should listen to the doctor’s orders.

As such, they all merely stayed outside for a while before leaving. Cordy was naturally staying with Sean, but their expressions were somber.

They had been observing everyone seriously just now, but didn’t find anyone suspicious-whoever the culprit was, he or she was very well hidden.

As they stepped out of the elevator, they ran into John and Nana. This time, it wasn’t just the two; Jean also came, bringing the entire Lynd family with her.

Seeing Sean and Cordy, Jean quickly asked, “I just heard Jesse is waking up. Is that true? Is he conscious right now?”

“He’s not awake yet, ma’am,” Sean replied respectfully. “But the doctors are saying that he’s conscious, and that he’d be fully conscious in a week if this continues.”

“Oh, thank goodness,” Jean exclaimed excitedly. “I was saying that auspicious events would wash off any bad luck. I mean, see? Nana just confirmed her wedding date with Lucas, and Jesse is already recovering now. Who knows, he might actually wake up on their wedding day!”

Sean smiled faintly without agreeing, glancing at Cordy seemingly nonchalantly to find her remaining indifferent; she didn’t even glance at John once.

On the other hand, John kept glancing at her a few times; ultimately, he said nothing.

“Are you leaving right now?” Jean asked, watching them. “You’re not staying with Jesse although he’s conscious?”

“The doctor told us not to disturb him for now, and to let him rest a few more days. He’s too weak at the moment, so we shouldn’t go in to see him,” Sean explained.

“I see.” Jean appeared a little disappointed. “It’s alright. I’ll just check on him from outside.”

As she spoke, she led her family into the elevator.

Chapter 875

Cordy left with Sean without looking back, but she could feel a certain pair of eyes fixed on her.

She smiled in irony-what was the point in staring at her like that, when he didn’t call or text to explain himself?

As they returned to their car, Sean said, "Now that we've set the bait, we just have to wait for our quarry to take it."

"Yeah." Cordy nodded.

Their plan was simple-to force the hand of the culprit.

If the culprit wanted Jesse Cranston dead, he or she would definitely make another attempt since the first one failed.

And now, their people are stationed at the hospital, waiting for the culprit to fall for it...

"Watch out!"

Sean was suddenly yelling at the chauffeur, who jammed his foot on the brake in his shock at that very moment.

The chauffeur had been driving straight ahead despite the traffic light flashing red, and a motorbike happened to be bounding forward from the side. They would definitely crash into each other if the chauffeur kept going.

"I'm sorry," he promptly apologized, sweating from fear.

Sean shot him a look and said sternly, "Eyes on the road."

"Yes, Mr. Cranston," he nodded repeatedly, feeling a little flustered.

He felt his consciousness blurring for a second just now, as if he had almost fallen asleep.

Strangely enough, he shouldn't be feeling drowsy since he slept early last night, though the shock did clear his mind.

Naturally, he was not about to tell Sean that; lest he risk losing such a good job.

He had no choice but to brace himself and keep driving, more carefully this time.

Considering that it was just a small surprise, he just had to take his driving seriously.

However, that was only the case right after the close shave. He kept his eyes on the road afterwards, fully focused...until he started to lose consciousness again, his vision blurring.

He didn't even realize he was supposed to stop, and kept his foot on the paddle stiffly.

"What are you doing, watch out..."

Sean noticed the chauffeur acting strange again.

The man had been driving for him for almost ten years, but never had any accidents or close shaves.

In fact, his ability was stunningly good, so it was clear that he was not in his right mind.

However, by the time Sean noticed, the driver had steered the car away from his original path towards the adjacent lane, driving against the traffic.

Soon, another car streaked towards them, its driver clearly having no time to brake-

Bang!

The cars collided, and the chauffeur promptly jolted awake.

He had no idea how they crashed, but was so shocked he tried to put his foot down again; unfortunately, he mistook the gas pedal for the brake!

He slammed their car even more heavily into the car ahead, just as another car streaked towards them from the side.

“Turn, now!” Sean shouted at the chauffeur.

The chauffeur was sweating buckets, utterly flustered, but Cordy noticed another car streaking towards them.

Chapter 876

The first collision was on the car’s engine compartment, and everyone inside would at worst suffer cuts from bruises. But if the car streaking towards Cordy’s side of the car would crash into them, it would most definitely kill her.

Nonetheless, the chauffeur gritted his teeth and used the last shred of his strength to swerve the car, sending it into a powerslide.

Bang!

The car coming from the side struck their hood and rocked their car violently, leaving it a crumpled heap of metal while the airbags into the car all popped open.

The trio in the car all fainted from the violent crash, and the traffic on the road quickly built into a congestion.

A certain black car was stuck halfway due to the traffic jam ahead as well.

“What happened?” Nana asked. “Why’s there suddenly a traffic jam?”

It was just her, her chauffeur and John in the car.

They didn’t stay at the hospital for long. It was as Sean had said-the doctors forbade them from entering Jesse’s ICU ward, so Jean didn’t keep the family there and allowed them to leave.

The Lynds all brought their own car, and they left the hospital in different directions.

“I don’t know. I think there’s been an accident,” her chauffeur replied.

“Go see how long it would take them to clear a path,” Nana told him. “We still have to take our wedding photos.”

“Yes, Miss Lynd,” the chauffeur quickly replied. After that, he alighted.

Nana turned towards John, and bit her lip in frustration.

She wondered if he could stay indifferent towards anything now. His icy even though she managed to force him to marry her.

She could also feel that he wasn’t treating Cordy the same way he usually did when he saw her today.

Nana’s gaze turned cold-whatever happens, she would

Soon, the chauffeur hurried back. “There’s a serious accident 600 feet ahead, with three cars colliding. One of them was in pieces, and the people inside are probably dead. If

Nana couldn’t care any less. “Did you ask how long until they could clear a path?”

“No, there’s no telling how long they’d take—every car is stuck in place without space to move, and the traffic police can’t even reach the scene.

First responders aren’t here yet either,” the chauffeur replied. Then, he suddenly added, “But the car that was in pieces, I think it was the Cranstons’....”

Nana’s expression changed, while John turned to look at the chauffeur as well.

“I don’t think I’d mistake it either. There’s not that many Rolls even here in the capital with a number plate of all 7’s. It must be Sean Cranston’s car...” The chauffeur trailed off.

John quickly opened the door, but Nana grabbed the hem of his coat.

“Lucas! Where do you think you’re going?!”

“Let go!” John glowered.

“No, don’t you dare! Stay here!” Nana refused to let go—she certainly knew who he was going to. If it really was Sean’s car, Cordy might be in it too.

She would never allow John to leave her and go to Cordy!

No matter what it was for, she would never accept it!

John, however, didn’t waste a single moment and firmly pried her fingers away.

Nana felt the sharp pain in her fingers; it was as though he was using so much strength, he would break her fingers right then and there.

He didn’t pause, and bolted the instant he freed himself.

Nana's eyes welled with tears. Yet, she opened the door in the next moment to give chase.

She had to stop him-she would never allow him to save Cordy, even if Cordy was about to die.

To be precise, Nana wanted Cordy dead so no one would steal John from her!

Chapter 877

John dashed at top speed, and soon arrived at the wreckage.

The three-car pile-up was pure carnage, and there was already a huge crowd standing around the scene.

When John saw the car in the middle that was in pieces, and the car plate that was barely hanging on...

She wasn't in the car.

She couldn't be.

But that really was Sean's car, which he used to drive Cordy around when she was in the capital.

John couldn't care less and charged through the crowd, and leaned over the car window to get a look inside.

Unfortunately, there were too many cracks for him to see clearly.

He gritted his teeth and punched it, but it did not shatter.

It was bulletproof glass, and it didn't break despite the initial crash.

John didn't drag his feet and turned, heading towards

Most cars had one in case of emergencies, and the driver quickly brought him his.

John dashed back to the black Roll Royce, found

When it did, John saw Cordy, bleeding from her pale, little face.

She was unconscious and her entire body was wrapped tightly in the airbag, keeping the extent of her injuries unknown.

He tried to pull the door as hard as they could, but it was jammed and not budging at all.

Gritting his teeth, he pushed in through the car window without caring that the glass of the window was cutting into him, and tried to pull Cordy as hard as he could out of the car.

However, she was stuck inside, kept in place by something unknown; she couldn't move her at all.

"Cordy," John called out to her, but she didn't move or showed any sign of waking up.

“Cordy!” John kept at it, and clapped her cheek to keep trying to wake her.

Cordy remained unconscious, but beside her, Sean frowned. It took him a while to realize with a start that he and Cordy were in an accident, and he quickly turned towards Cordy.

Her face was covered in blood, but it didn’t hide her paleness.

“Cordy!” Sean shouted her name too, but she remained unresponsive.

Sean tried to shift his body, but his whole body ached when he did.

It felt like he was being crushed, and he couldn’t breathe at all.

He tried his best to withstand the pain, putting all his concern on Cordy.

“Cordy, wake up,” Sean called out to her again.

“Can you move?” John asked Sean.

Sean did a double take, surprised to see John-what was he doing there?!

“I was just passing by.” John seemed to read his mind, and his tone remained urgent. “Can you move?”

“Probably.”

“If you can move, check if Cordy is stuck. I can’t pull her out at all,” John said. “The car’s too dented, and I can’t get in.”

“Okay,” Sean replied.

It wasn’t the time for questions-they needed to get everyone out.

Hence, Sean restrained the pain in his body and checked

Cordy’s condition with his blood-soaked hands.

After a long while...

Chapter 878

Sean told John, “Cordy’s leg is stuck between her door and the front seat. Her safety belt is also jammed.”

“Okay, got it.” John promptly turned towards the crowd nearby. “Anyone have anything sharp? A knife? Even a fruit knife?!”

The crowd around them were restlessly gathering around the wreckage, but was afraid to get involved since the accident looked terrible and the victims probably did not survive.

However, they were eager to look around when they heard something was needed.

A man soon returned with a two-thumb wide fruit knife. “Will this do?”

“Sure.”

“Yes.”

John took the knife and soon returned to the car, deflating Cordy's airbag a little before cutting Cordy's seatbelt as hard as he could. Although the seatbelt was very thick, John never stopped cutting. Sean could see John's palm turning red.

He doubted that John would go that far if the latter didn't love Cordy.

"Lucas!"

They both heard Nana screaming for John.

She had hesitated in her car for a long while, but eventually gave in and followed Lucas.

The instant she arrived, she saw him stretching himself through the window to try to save Cordy, without caring that the glass was cutting him.

He was working hard to calm himself, but his worry was clearly visible. John never answered Nana, either-all he could think about was saving Cordy.

He must do it, and she must live.

His eyes were red, and his movements even more forceful.

Nana could see that his skin was scraping off from the friction, and cried, "Lucas, the ambulance will come. Let go!"

However, John pretended not to hear her.

"Lucas..."

Nana was overwhelmed by the fact that John was so ready to sacrifice himself for Cordy. Infuriated, she reached out to pull him, intent on taking him away.

But the instant she touched his arm, she was shoved so firmly she stumbled backwards and almost fell.

She stared at Lucas in disbelief. He had pushed her, and so forcefully at that!

"What are you doing, Lucas? Do you have to treat me like this because of Cordy?!" she demanded, tears welling in her eyes.

And yet, John seemed not to hear and never responded-he never did since the start.

Yes.

There was nothing more important to John than saving Cordy at that moment, and that was the only thing he wanted to do.

Nana's tears fell endlessly and she bit her lip, glaring viciously at Lucas. John eventually cut off the seatbelt, freeing Cordy's upper body.

He picked up the hammer he left on the ground and shattered the window of the seat next to the driver's, and quickly climbed inside. "Stop! Lucas, I don't want you to go in!" Nana tried to stop him again, grabbing his arm as hard as she could. The whole car was filled with glass shards inside, and he had to break the window in the first place because the car frame was too dented. If he crawled in now, he would cut himself from the surrounding glass.

The instant she touched him, however, he pushed her away again and crawled into the car.

Nana could see his shirt soaked in blood...

Chapter 879

John didn't care about anything just to save Cordy, even himself?!

Feeling abandoned, Nana glared viciously at him as the vile thought of Cordy dying suddenly occurred to her.

If Cordy would just die right then, no one could take John away from Nana.

At that moment, the savagery in Nana's eyes only grew stronger. Meanwhile, John remained oblivious to her growing hatred as he crawled inside and tried to move the seat up front. Alas, it didn't budge. There was no way to get Cordy out as the seat kept her stuck in place, along with the door beside her.

John told himself to calm down, and that he was definitely getting Cordy out.

He inspected the interior of the car, and realized that he might be able to pull Cordy out from Sean's side of the car.

"I'll get you out first," John told Sean, making his decision right there and then.

"Okay." Sean didn't turn him down or ask questions. John definitely wouldn't give up when he wanted to save Cordy that badly.

John cut off Sean's seatbelt, and helped the latter push against the driver's seat as hard as he could so Sean could free himself.

Sean gritted his teeth to withstand the pain. Yet, he didn't leave immediately when he was free.

Like John, he was thinking about how to save Cordy.

"She's kept stuck from the right, but there's room to move from the left," John pointed out. "We need to move everything keeping her in place to the right. If her legs have a little room to move, she would be able to pull herself out."

“Alright, let’s do it,” Sean quickly said.

John nodded, but added urgently, “I tried lifting the seat, but that didn’t work. Right now. I’ll push everything holding her to the right end. When I do, you have to pull Cordy to the left and see if you can get her out.”

“Okay.”

John returned to Cordy’s side and prepared to push the door

“Can you do it?” Sean asked.

“Yeah. Get ready,” John said; at the next instant, he pushed the seat and door to the right as hard as he could.

The car seemed to shake as he pushed, and Sean seized the opening to pull Cordy away.

He managed to move her a little, but she was soon stuck again.

He didn’t dare to pull too hard either, fearing he would hurt her leg.

John stopped pushing, and asked Sean, “Did you get her out? It

“A little. I’m afraid to pull her too hard,” Sean admitted.

“That’s fine. You just have to move her out inch by inch whenever I push the seat, until you get her completely out.”

“Can your strength last that long?” Sean asked John.

“Yes.” John didn’t hesitate in his answer.

Sean said nothing else, and worked in perfect tandem to save Cordy.

Though John kept pushing off the seat repeatedly—his face flushing red and the veins on his temples bulging—he didn’t seem to tire either.

It was as if he had endless strength; he would push, and then stop for a moment before pushing again.

Sean was sure the man would kill himself out of sheer fatigue.

Even as John pushed as hard as he could, the cuts he sustained from the glass as he crawled in started to seep out of his shirt and drip all over Cordy’s body and face...

Cordy felt as if she was in a dream...or multiple, complex dreams.

She seemed to see her late mother, but she simply couldn’t get a good look on the latter’s face.

She started to fear that she had really forgotten what her mother looked like, as if she would really forget about her mother...

In her dream, Cordy started bawling and wailing—it had been so long since she cried so much without a care in the world.

Having bottled everything in for too long, she suddenly wanted to vent.

Chapter 880

Cordy felt her tears streaming down her cheeks, unstoppable no matter what she did...

And then, she suddenly felt pain-an unbearable pain that cut her to the quick.

She opened her eyes with much difficulty, her vision a dizzy blur.

She had no idea if she was in a dream, or if she had returned to reality.

It was probably the latter... Why else would it hurt so much?

But if it was reality, why was she seeing John?

His face was contorted, as if he was doing something with full strength...

Her eyes then narrowed when she suddenly noticed red blood dripping down on her cheek; the sensation was no different from when her tears wet her cheeks in her dream.

"John..." she rasped, her voice so hoarse she almost couldn't speak at all.

She suddenly remembered that moment three years ago, when she was caught in an accident as serious as this one.

She was in the car with Patrick at the time, and it was also John who saved her.

He had always come to save her.

Her vision began to blur once again, so much so that she couldn't clearly see John's face.

John naturally heard her voice, hearing her calling the name "John" repeatedly.

He felt as if the name was a ray of hope for him, and she would have hope as long as he was around.

His heart ached for some reason, but he had no idea if it was out of jealousy... It simply hurt.

Taking a moment to pause, John told her, "I'll get you out of here. Don't worry."

Cordy gulped ever so slightly, but all she felt was her throat hurting and tasting the scent of blood.

"Are you awake, Cordy?" Sean called out to her.

Cordy blinked, and saw that Sean was covered in blood too; she finally remembered the accident.

"Does it hurt anywhere?" Sean asked her again.

He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw her wake up, but dared not relax.

She was clearly too feeble, and there was no promise she wouldn't faint the next instant.

"It hurts..." Cordy began, though it was difficult to speak.

In fact, it hurts everywhere.

"Well get you to the hospital as soon as we save you. Don't worry-it'll be fine," Sean kept assuring her.

Cordy nodded weakly.

That was about the only thing she could do at that moment.

"Get ready," John told Sean again.

"Okay."

John gritted his teeth again and pulled, his blood dripping on Cordy again when he did.

Cordy's heart ached continuously, though her body was already numbed from the pain.

They kept going repeatedly, until Cordy suddenly felt her body turning very light. Sean cried out in delight, "She's out!"