Rosie looked down at Corinne's unmoving body with hatred.

"Did you really think you could drive a wedge between Anya and me? Well, you're a fool if you think I'm going to believe anything you say. You deserve every bad thing coming for you, you shameless b*tch!"

Rosie waited a few more minutes to make sure Corinne was dead before running hysterically into the Holdens' mansion, shouting, "Grandpa Greg! Grandma Pamela! Francine! Come out quick! Corinne has been hit by a car!"

Bowen was the first to rush out. "What did you say, Miss Rosie?!" he asked with shock.

"I told Corinne she didn't have to see me off, but she insisted on walking me to a spot where it'll be easier to call for a taxi. I couldn't. She wouldn't listen to me, so I let her walk me there. A car suddenly sped out of the alley and hit Corinne! It was a hit-and-run!" whimpered Rosie.

"What?!" exclaimed Pamela who, along with Greg, had come out in time to hear what happened. She turned pale and nearly fainted, but Greg managed to catch her before she could fall.

Greg was calmer than her.

"How is she doing? Where's she now?" he asked.

"She's lying bleeding on the ground outside. I gave her CPR, but she didn't respond…"

Pamela clutched her chest as though she was about to have a heart attack.

"Did you call the ambulance?" Greg asked with a frown.

Rosie shook her head frantically. "No… I was panicking so much that I forgot… I'll call them now."

"Get the family doctor to check on Corinne now before the ambulance gets here," Greg ordered Bowen sternly.

Bowen had already done that. "Yes, Mister Greg! Should I notify Mister Jeremy about what happened?"

After thinking it over, Greg replied, "No. I don't want him to panic and get into an accident too."

Bowen thought that was sensible of Greg. After that, he rushed out to check on Corinne too.

Pamela's chest hurt terribly. She clutched at her chest tightly as tears streamed down her face.

"Corinne… Oh, Corinne… Please let nothing happen to that poor girl!"

She then got up to go outside, but Greg grabbed her hand to stop her. "You won't do Corinne any favor if you go outside now. What if you fainted again? Should the doctor save you or Corinne first?"

Pamela knew her body very well, and there was indeed a high chance of her fainting. Thus, she stayed inside. She wiped her tears, sat on the sofa, and took some anti-anxiety pills.

The ambulance's siren wailed across the air.

The hospital reeked of the smell of death and disinfectant.

The surgery room's light had been lit for quite some time as everyone stood waiting outside with either a solemn expression or a tear-streaked face.

Jeremy received the news from Tommy after his meeting ended. He immediately rushed over to the hospital. Lucas, too, rushed over after Rosie told him what happened over the phone.

Lucas got there before Jeremy. The moment he saw him, he threw away his crutches and punched him.

"You b*stard! How can you let something like this happen to her?!"