

Even After Death By Lilting Champ

Chapter 1443

Even After Death by Lilting Champ Chapter 1443-This side of Yale was foreign to Krystal. Even during the time he treated her well and smiled at her, it was different from the way he smiled at Molly.

This was genuine love. Even from his eyes, she could tell that he was smitten.

It was as though Molly was a fragile doll. He genuinely cared for her, afraid that she might slip or fall at any time.

It was completely different from the facade he showed Krystal.

The cold revelation struck her, and a chill ran up to her from her feet. Her face was void of color.

Even a fool knew what kind of person Yale was.

It turned out he had never once loved her.

His years of pursuit were simply a means to get acquainted with the Heath family.

Linus and Mason had tried to talk sense into her, but her head was teeming with ideas to take revenge on Ethan. Their advice was like water off a duck's back.

Finally, she realized how foolish she was.

Considering how Yale was willing to relinquish everything he had in the Kingston family for Molly, she held a special place in his heart. She was above everything and anything.

Krystal stroked her belly, feeling her hope smothered.

Actually, she came back to beg Yale to let her off the hook. By using their baby, she hoped they could live a good life together.

That hope was now replaced by a bitter taste. Fortunately, she had found out about the couple's relationship.

Otherwise, approaching Yale so rashly would result in a death wish.

Still, she could never tolerate how Molly had snatched her place and man away.

Krystal vowed to get back at Molly for this!

Olivia stopped in her tracks and looked back.

Molly noticed something was off and asked, "What's the matter, Olivia?"

Olivia scanned behind them. There was no one suspicious around, so she returned a smile. "I must be seeing things."

A second ago, her senses caught an unfriendly gaze on her. But it seemed like she was imagining things.

A while after the group left the mall, Krystal sneaked out of the basement parking lot.

Her temporary stay was Alban's old hideout-a basement under a bar. It was a place the sunlight couldn't reach.

The men turned it into a filthy place with all the smoking and drugs.

By the time Krystal returned, Alban was hovering over a young lady of her age on the couch. The squeaky voice annoyed Krystal.

Although Krystal was rebellious, she had never mingled with these kinds of people. They simply made her feel sick in the stomach. She almost threw up there.

Her sophisticated upbringing was etched in her, making her the polar opposite of these barbarians.

Now that she had to depend on them, she forced herself to tolerate the situation.

“Are you done yet? I have something to talk to you about.” She overlooked the two on the couch.

Alban retreated hastily, completely unbothered by the fact that his daughter was right next to him.

“Krystal, you’re looking for me? Are you out of money?” He shoved the young lady away, who sized Krystal up before primping her skirt and lighting up a cigarette.

“Don’t act like my father.” Disgusted, she would never acknowledge someone like him as her father.

“Fine, fine, fine. I’m not your father.” Alban put himself lower than her, not because he cared about her but because the baby in her belly belonged to the Kingstons.

“I need your help.”

“Fire away. I’ll give you whatever you want.”

“I want Molly dead.” Krystal sneered.

After giving it a thought, she added, “And Olivia, that bitch, too!”

Olivia was the cause of everything. If she had not returned, things wouldn’t have escalated this far.

She resented Molly, but she resented Olivia more.

“Olivia, Molly, see you guys in hell!”