

Chapter 14 From Hospital to Altar?-1

Carina's forehead was drenched in sweat.

Adrian took a tissue box from the cabinet and handed it to her, pointing to her forehead. "Wipe off the sweat."

Nervously, Carina pulled out two tissues from the box, stealing glances at the hands before her.

They were stunning.

Flawless porcelain skin, well-defined knuckles, long and slender fingers that looked like a pianist's, neatly trimmed nails with a hint of coolness, reminiscent of a work of art.

Carina thought to herself if only she could take a few pictures of them, or better yet, of the whole man, maybe it could spark her dried-up inspiration.

But she only dared to think it.

Divinity was only to be admired from afar, not trifled with.

"Thank you." Carina pinched the tissue and wiped her forehead. Her back was also sweaty, but she

didn't dare wipe that.

Adrian placed the tissue box back and took the initiative to explain how he had figured out she was acting.

"When you hugged me, your movements were stiff, and your body maintained a slight distance from mine. You were not touching; you were just misaligned.

If you had honestly mistaken me for someone you deeply loved, you wouldn't have been so guarded.

Your body was trembling, you were afraid, and you were resisting."

Carina remained silent.

She couldn't be blamed either. She had already mustered up a lot of courage to hug Adrian with both arms, but she didn't dare to press her body against his and take advantage of him.

"I'm sorry," Carina apologized for her clever ruse.

"You said that as long as I could eat at the same table as Steve without feeling awkward, you would agree to marry me, so I came up with this plan.

I figured if I could just forget him, I wouldn't feel awkward anymore."

She openly admitted her plan.

"I thought, if I could remember liking you instead, I could use this as an opportunity to set up a 'marry no one but you' persona. That way, when we get married, I won't feel too embarrassed about it in public."

After saying this, she sneaked a peek at Adrian. She noticed his furrowed brow and the disapproval in his deep, unfathomable eyes, sending a wave of indescribable oppression over her.

Carina's heart skipped a beat.

So, he was angry?

"Sorry," Carina apologized meekly, her head hung low, feeling more sweat trickling down her back. "I was wrong. I won't pretend anymore. I'm sorry."

Noticing his stern tone had frightened her, Adrian softened his voice, his expression becoming gentler.

"I didn't say you couldn't pretend."

Carina peeked up at him cautiously. "You're not angry?"

Adrian gazed at her nervous face. "Your method

might have avoided an awkward situation, but from now on, no hurting yourself. A Pyrrhic victory is not advisable."

Carina clutched the tissue in her hands, softly explaining, "I accidentally stepped on empty space."

Adrian mercilessly exposed her lie. "Violet tried to frame you by jumping down herself. To act out this amnesia charade, you jumped down too."

Carina's eyes widened in surprise.

Wow! How did he know everything?

"Did you see it?"

Carina tentatively started, unsure how he could know it was Violet who jumped without seeing.

She hadn't said anything, Candice wouldn't tell, and Violet definitely wouldn't.

Adrian shook his head. "I didn't see it."

He was resting on the third floor when Vincent called him to inform him about Carina's accident. He rushed down immediately.

He hadn't seen it, but someone had witnessed everything.

The second floor of the club required an invitation, and the third floor was off-limits to most people. The only area open to the public was the first floor, so security guards were stationed at the elevator and stairs.

After midnight, the crowd thinned, and the air was still thick with smoke. A security guard, Madison Lewis, was craving a cigarette and sneaked into the hallway to smoke.

Just as he lit up, he heard a woman's voice above him, thinking it was just guests on the second floor chatting. He ignored it and took his smoke break in the corner.

Madison recalled, "I upset my girlfriend yesterday and was busy sending her texts to appease her, not paying attention to what was being said above. Then suddenly, a woman shouted out loud.

Then, a woman suddenly shouted.

She said, 'Carina, I gave you a chance, but you didn't take it!'

I was startled and instinctively looked up, only to see a woman in a black dress jump down.

At that moment, I was completely dazed, thinking that this girl must have lost her mind, jumping

down herself.

Just as I was about to grab the intercom to call for help, another person fell from above."

Madison didn't step forward at first.

As he came to his senses and was about to shout for help, people from above arrived in a messy crowd, screaming piercingly, which oddly calmed him down.

Used his phone, smoked during work hours, and failed to save someone at the scene. He broke all the security protocols.

He had pulled some strings to barely secure a job as a security guard at the Royal Club, and having been on the job for less than a week, exposing himself would surely get him fired.

So, while everyone was speculating about how Carina and Violet had fallen, Madison kept silent.

It was Adrian who, after reviewing the surveillance footage, noticed a security guard entering the corridor during the incident, his demeanor noticeably different when he emerged. This led to the guard's identification.

Once found, they had ways to make him talk.

Before Carina woke up, he already knew the truth.

The reason he hadn't confronted Steve and Violet in front of her was that he was unsure of Carina's intentions.

The Carina he knew, even if Violet were setting her up, would walk away with her dignity intact.

Carina would never stoop to such low tactics to clear her name, especially not by harming herself.



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