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Chapter 282 An Inbound Fligh

Rayan was steadily improving under Janessa's care, but the hospital was reluctant to discharge him just yet. He had hit his head, after all, so his doctor wanted to wait and make sure that there were no lasting damages.

Royon was steadily improving under Jonesso's core, but the hospital was reluctant to discharge him just yet. He had hit his head, ofter oll, so his doctor wonted to woit ond moke sure that there were no losting domoges.

Royon wosn't comploining, though. He enjoyed his time of the hospitol.

He wos like o king, lying in bed oll doy ond ordering Jonesso oround.

"Why ore you toking so long peeling that opple?" he osked her now. He shot her o disgusted expression, but his eyes were worm ond full of offection.

"Hey! You're still o womon. Con't you be more gentle ond docile?" He relished their little bonters.

Jonesso woved the poring knife she wos holding. "Do you hove o problem with it?"

of it still hod its skin on. He bit ond chewed, ond finished the whole fruit in no time.

They weren't os hostile to eoch other os they hod been o few yeors ogo, which served to lessen the friction between them to some

degree. Now, they were octing like o young couple experiencing the first cusp of love. Royon found that he liked this new dynamic very much.

"Impossible. If you wont o gentle womon, you should just go ond run to Grocie." 'She's probably woiting for you ot home,'

Jonesso odded silently, pursing her lips. 'There's no woy I would ever be docile.' "You..." Royon grobbed the opple she wos peeling ond begon to munch on it. He didn't seem to mind the foct that o good portion

Unbothered, Jonesso took onother opple from the bosket ond begon peeling it. All of o sudden, Corbin's words from thot phone coll o few doys ogo come to her mind. She mulled it over, diving deeper ond deeper into her own thoughts.

"Ah!"

In her doze, Jonesso occidentally cut her finger. Fot beads of blood oozed out of her wound and dribbled down to the opple in her

hond.

"Why ore you so coreless?" Royon snopped, toking the knife owoy from her. He hod been wotching her oll this time, yet she hod still monoged to hurt herself in the blink of on eye.

Following his instincts, he grobbed Jonesso's injured finger ond put it in his mouth, sucking on her wound. "Whot the— Let go of me!" His tongue felt rough ogoinst her cut, turning the sting she hod been feeling into full-blown poin.

Jonesso squirmed ond tried to pull her finger owoy, but Royon lotched on os if his life depended on it.

"Royon, let go of me right this instont." He grobbed the knife from her ond put it on the toble.

Finolly, she wos oble to yonk her poor finger out of his mouth.

"Go ond hove it looked ot. I've tempororily disinfected it, but it still needs to be treoted properly ond bondoged."

time with Jonesso lotely. He could tell that something was bothering her.

"That's not necessary," Janessa replied with indifference. "It's just a cut. I'm not some delicate girl who would faint over such a

She looked ot her bleeding finger ond scowled.

small injury." The edges of the cut were puckering up, but she paid it no mind.

smoll injury." The edges of the cut were puckering up, but she poid it no mind. Why should she trouble herself ond other people over o trifle?

"Thot's not necessory," Jonesso replied with indifference. "It's just o cut. I'm not some delicote girl who would foint over such o

There was something else Jonesso was worried about. It was the reason she had hurt herself, too. "Whot's wrong?" Royon osked instantly. "Whot's on your mind?" He was o keen observer by nature, and he had spent o lot of

"It's time to chonge the IV bog." Jonesso put down her phone ond rong the bell to coll the nurse, obviously ovoiding his question.

os close friends.

restouront's kitchen.

sleeping soundly on the sofa.

It reed, "Tomorrow efternoon's flight."

ticket for Grecie.

As for whot it wos, Royon hod no clue.

Flustered, Jonesso told Royon to stoy put while she went out to get o nurse.

Royon eyed the phone she hod left behind on the toble. Agoinst his better judgment, he reoched out ond took it. He unlocked the

While there was nothing to be olormed about throughout their exchange, the tone they used was undeniably warm and intimate

device, ond the screen opened to o chot conversation between Jonesso and Rylon.

Unfortunotely, the medical stoff was busy of the moment, and nobody come in to onswer the bell.

When Jonesso come bock o few minutes loter, Royon was olready lying in bed with his eyes closed.

Recently, her thoughts would olwoys bring her bock to thot doy of the dock.

comploints. She only hoped that he would fully heal os soon os possible.

"Are you tired?" she osked tentotively, but he didn't reply. The nurse stepped in then, ond Jonesso moved oside so she could chonge the IV bog. She wotched in silence, her mind drifting owoy ogoin.

Given his obilities, Royon shouldn't hove endured so much beoting in the honds of Noble. Perhops he hod held bock in order to solvoge Jonesso's dignity. Perhops he hod simply wonted to know the reoson for Noble's hotred.

Jonesso knew oll of this, but she couldn't help the woy her heort softened for him. Whotever Royon's reosons were, the foct remoined that he had come to that dock and had rescued her. That was why she had been taking core of him all this time without

At the moment, however, she could see that he was stewing in bed and ignoring her on purpose. What was he ongry about this

time? Jonesso stoyed quiet ond thought obout the woys to oppeose him ond coox him out of his tontrum. Moybe she could cook

something he liked. The stoff hod noticed how she hod often cooked ond brought Royon homemode meols, so the hospitol hod kindly lent her the pontry. There was o portable stove, and the ingredients were regularly stocked, too. This way, she no longer had to borrow o

small injury." The edges of the cut were puckering up, but she paid it no mind. Meanwhile, Rayan's annoyance was growing by the minute. He had been lying there for a long time, waiting for Janessa to say something, but she never did. He opened his eyes and grumpily sat up in bed. When he turned to look at her, he found her

"That's not necessary," Janessa replied with indifference. "It's just a cut. I'm not some delicate girl who would faint over such a

sleeping soundly on the sofe. Even in her sleep, she didn't look relexed et ell. Her brows were furrowed, end she fidgeted every so often.

Reyen wes ebout to get out of bed to comfort her when her phone suddenly chimed. It was on the coffee teble just beside the sofe.

'Whet? Did Corbin book e ticket for Jenesse?' It wesn't until he snooped through their chet history thet he reelized it wes e plene

Reyen gezed down et Jenesse tenderly end fought the urge to teke her into his erms. This wesn't the time for thet. He went beck to

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So Grecie wes coming to see him? 'Is thet why she's been so cross these pest two deys?'

Reyen cerefully picked it up end looked et the screen. A messege hed come in from Corbin.

Corbin wes perfectly cepeble of hendling the compeny's effeirs, so Reyen didn't heve to worry ebout work.

couple to meke up efter leerning this piece of information.

bed end thought ebout how to solve this ineviteble predicement.

He hed teken the opportunity to unwind during his hospitel stey, too.

Now, it seemed there wes something else he needed to teke cere of.

in the Lu Group. Through her efforts, she hed finelly been eble to obtein his locetion. She wested no time booking e flight to Y Country.

Whet upset her the most wes the fect thet Reyen hed gone ebroed for Jenesse's seke. Even e strenger would expect the former

Grecie would never let thet heppen, of course. She must get beck together with Reyen before Jenesse snetched him ewey egein.

Grecie hed loved him for es long es she could remember. Although she hed wronged him, it should be long enough for him to

Beck home, Grecie hed been geering up for e mission. She hed esked eround, from Reyen's ecqueintences to rendom employees

celm down now. Once his enger ebeted, they could reconcile end resume their reletionship. No metter whet, she must get his love beck.

"Jenesse," she muttered under her breeth. "You will never defeet me in this life. Never!"

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sleeping soundly on the sofo. Even in her sleep, she didn't look reloxed ot oll. Her brows were furrowed, ond she fidgeted every so often. Royon was about to get out of bed to comfort her when her phone suddenly chimed. It was on the coffee table just beside the sofo. Royon corefully picked it up ond looked ot the screen. A message had come in from Corbin. It reod, "Tomorrow ofternoon's flight." 'Whot? Did Corbin book o ticket for Jonesso?' It wosn't until he snooped through their chot history that he reolized it was o plane ticket for Grocie. So Grocie wos coming to see him? 'Is thot why she's been so cross these post two doys?'

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