

## Chapter 18 - A Fallen Woman Expecting True Love

When I got home, I couldn't fall asleep because of the upset stomach .I tried to sleep, but only to wake up directly from the stomach ache.

The stomach cramps was acute. I covered my abdomen, curled up into a ball, and still couldn't relieve the intense pain. I felt like I was going to die of pain.

I screamed for help with all my strength, but no one answered. I'd tried so hard, but the sound I exhaled was still low and weak. Another burst of great pain hit me again and I fainted.

Also not knowing how long had passed, I felt a faint light when I opened my eyes. Then I saw the side face of Mr. Hua .

I was in his car and he was driving. "Hang in there, it's almost to the hospital." He said softly.

On the front windshield, raindrops pelted down densely. The wipers kept removing the rain from the windscreen, but the view ahead was still a blur, the rain was too heavy.

"Thanks." My stomach still hurt badly, but I tried to look relaxed and whispered back.

He didn't respond, just tilted his head forward and drove very carefully. He occasionally turned his head to look at me, observing my condition with an anxious look on his face.

Even though it's late at night, there's still a lot of cars on the street. After a while, the car in front of it didn't move, and I don't know if there was an accident.

At this point, my stomach ached again, the kind of cramps that hurt me like sharp knives.

Jacky looked at me and suddenly got out of the car and opened the trunk, he took out a raincoat and put it on me, "Hold on, we'll be right there."

Before I knew what he was going to do, he had lifted me out of the car and was running through the rain.

He leaned forward, covering me in his arms with his upper body as best he could, and I was wearing a raincoat , so I didn't get wet. But he got drenched to the skin.

Seeing what he did, my eyes were filled with tears. Then there was liquid streaming down my face, and I didn't know if it was rain or tears.

Another burst of great pain hit and I passed out again.

By the time I woke up again, I was lying in hospital.

Jacky stood rheumatically on the side and was wiping his hair with a towel.

He saw me awake and seemed to breathe a sigh of relief.

Then the nurse came in with the medicine tray. As she hung the bottle on the shelf, my whole body began to tense and shake.

She gestured for me to hold out my hand, but I desperately shrank in, refusing to hand it to her.

The nurse twisted her head slightly and looked at Jacky Hua whose eyebrows were already screwed up.

"Are you a child and still afraid of injections?" Jacky Hua said in a little angry tone.

I'm not a kid, but I'm really afraid of shots. My fear of injections, unable to explain it to anyone but myself, and what a horrible thing it was for me, I would have full-body convulsions, I would vomit, I would go into sudden shock.

That intense reaction was not something I could overcome by sheer will, it was a physical and psychological instinct, a fatal weakness in my life.

"You have acupuncture syncope? Just relax ." The nurse said as she reached out to grab my hand.

I dodged with all my might, "Please, I can't take a shot. Please."

The nurse didn't know how to do with me, and stopped to look at Jacky Hua.

Jacky's wrinkled brow soothed, seeming to be overcoming the manic in his heart.

He bent down, sitting beside the bed, "Lucas is not afraid of taking a shot. Be brave, please?"

I was ashamed, but I couldn't stop the instinctive reaction. "I'm sorry, I can't take the shot, I'll have convulsions, vomit and may go into shock. Anything is fine for me except the injection. I'm sorry....."

Jacky thought for a while, then he turned to the nurse and said, "let the doctor think of other ways."

The nurse looked at me, shook her head contemptuously, and went out.

After a while she came back again, saying that I could only take the pills for the time being, but that the medicine would work much more slowly.

The medicine seemed to have a sedative effect, I took it and fell asleep after a while.

When I woke up again, I saw Jacky draping in a white coat, lying slanting on the opposite bed, as if he fell asleep. Sleeping like that was definitely uncomfortable.

I got up and gently moved his legs, ready to put all his feet on the bed. But then he rolled over and woke up.

"Sorry to wake you up....."

"Do you feel better now?"

We all spoken at the same time, but we said different things.

I froze, looking at him ,dumbstruck, trying to wait for him to speak first.I was so grateful to him that I didn't know how to express it for a moment.

"Does it still hurt?" He straightened his shirt, smoothed down his disordered hair.

"I feel much better. Thank you." I whispered.

He didn't answer directly, "Why are you so afraid of injections?"

I shook my head, "Not only fear but terror. An injection would kill me."

He narrowed his charming eyes slightly. "Well, let's prescribe some medicine and go home. The doctor said there was nothing serious, just something wrong with the food. Now, you are fine!"

His eyes were cold when he said, "Something is wrong with your food." It suddenly occurred to me that we had dinner at his parents' house last night.

But he didn't say too many details, and I also didn't pursue it. I also didn't want to suspect others without evidence.

The rain had ceased outside, the day was breaking. After the heavy rain in the morning, the air is very fresh.

Jacky opened the door for me and fastened my seat belt carefully. His movements were meticulous and gentle. I was so moved and hugged him.

He stopped suddenly.

After I hugged him for a few seconds, I suddenly felt that I had offended him, so I let go and looked at him embarrassed.

He stroked my face gently, then closed the door, sat back in the driver's seat and started the car.

There was silence all the way.

I looked at the city washed by the rain and Jacky driving silently. I had a joy of renewed life, and a sense of happiness emerged in my heart.

When we arrived home, Jacky changed his clothes and went to work, before leaving, he told me not to go to work but to rest at home for a day. When Lucas heard that I wasn't working, he strongly wanted me to play with him. I hadn't been able to spend any time alone with him for a long time, so I agreed to take a day off.

After taking my medication at noon, I felt the body had recovered. While Lucas and I were playing in the yard, his balloon accidentally flew up to the third floor.

Lucas kept asking me to get the balloon back, and I was a little hesitant because I knew that Jacky wouldn't let anyone go to the third floor.

But I also wondered what was on the third floor. Now that I was his wife, it shouldn't be too much for me to go up to the third floor and pick up a balloon for the kid, should it?

When people want to do something in his heart, they will always find a lot of reasonable excuses for them to support their ideas.

At Lucas' request, and encouraged by my various reasonable ideas, I went to look for the key in the drawer of Jacky's room, and opened the door that had been locked.

I was curious and nervous, my palms were sweaty. I walked to the door of the first room, I twisted the handle lightly, and the door was unlocked, I opened it easily.

Suddenly, the scene before me scared me.