

Love Amidst the Shadow Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Two hours later, the pain in my abdomen lessened and I could leave the hospital. Now that I thought about it, it was pretty laughable. In just under three hours, a little life completely disappeared from my own. I stood by the hospital's entrance. The bright sunlight made it difficult for me to open my eyes fully. "Sorry, coming through!" Someone called out before I was shoved hard. Since I wasn't watching my step, I ended up stumbling into empty air. I lost my footing and tumbled all the way down the stairs. A sharp pain shot through my entire body. My head slammed against the stone steps. Before I could gather my wits again, I heard a woman scolding, "Are you blind? Didn't you see that they wanted to pass through? Were you trying to get killed standing in the way?" I gritted my teeth through the pain as I picked myself up. However, I had hurt my arm earlier from my fall. When I supported my weight with my hand, I ended up aggravating my arm. The agony made me suck in a breath. "Oh no, Emil. Can you go check if she's okay?" Another woman's gentle voice rang out. I looked up reflexively when I heard that familiar name, only to see Emil carrying a woman who was in her early twenties. She was clad in a white dress, and her beautiful hair was styled. Her makeup was also intricate. There was a woman on the slightly older end of the spectrum next to her. She was probably the one rebuking me earlier. Upon hearing the younger woman, Emil simply looked at me coldly, but didn't approach me. "There's no need to care about her. Let's go," he said flatly. Then, he carried the younger woman to head for the outpatient block. "You should still check on her. Her fall was rather bad," the younger woman said. She looked at Emil with her pretty eyes. They were glossy and dreamy, so beautiful that they were like blossoming flowers. "What for? She's the one who wanted to get in your way. You're being too kind to her, Miss Turing," said the older woman next to her. She had a sour look on her face. Upon hearing that name, I figured out that the woman in Emil's arms was most likely his fiancée, Kelly Turing. I forgot my pain as I stared at the pair looking down at me from the top of the stairs. Yes, they were a good match for each other. Kelly's smile was lovely, and she was gentle and beautiful. Emil was of noble grace and elegance, his handsomeness unparalleled. They were such a match made in heaven. I looked at Emil's distant gaze. Naturally, I didn't hope that he would approach me and help me up. I put up with the pain and got up from the ground. I did not want to spend another moment in this place. "Are you all right, miss?" Kelly asked, her tone friendly and gentle. My body was tense as I squeezed out a smile and nodded. "I'm fine!" She looked at me and said something to the other woman. Then, that older woman came to me and shoved a wad of cash into my hands. "Take this. This is a gift from Miss Turing. You should consider yourself lucky for running into Miss Turing. Your acting skills are subpar. I'm just shaking my head at how terrible your skill is. That staged accident looked unconvincing!" I frowned. I didn't accept the cash she offered me. Instead, I took a step back to look at her flatly. "I don't need the money. You're the one who ran into me; I'm expecting an apology!" She was displeased at that. "I say, you're quite shameless." Kelly leaned into Emil's chest as she watched the older woman rant at me. Her voice was still gentle as she spoke. "Anita, be polite to her." Anita snorted and looked at me in displeasure. "You're being too kind to

her, Miss Turing. You don't know how despicable people who stage accidents can be." "That's enough. Give her the money. My stomach is in terrible pain," Kelly whined. As she spoke, she leaned further into Emil's embrace. Emil looked down at her, a softness appearing between his brows. "Does it hurt a lot?" Kelly shook her head. She looked up at him, her voice smooth and sweet. "It doesn't hurt that much with you here." Her gaze shifted over to me as she continued, "Miss, Anita didn't push you on purpose. I apologize on her behalf. I don't feel well now, but you can tell me how much you want. Please don't keep putting us on the spot, all right?" I now knew how using such a honeyed tone to spit such disgusting words felt like. Initially, I thought Kelly was a kind and gentle soul. Now, I realized that she liked pretending to be a saint. I looked at Emil. He continued to regard me with a cold gaze, like he was staring at a stranger. I wanted to laugh. I had dated him for two years, but those two years hadn't been able to stir anything in him, other than lust.