

Love Amidst the Shadow

Chapter 4

“You’re taking this too seriously, Miss Turing. Forget about the money, but please watch your step next time.” I didn’t want to stay another second longer in this place with all the injuries I sustained. With that, I turned to leave as it seemed that my arm had been dislocated. Kelly’s gentle voice sounded from behind me. “Anita didn’t bump into her on purpose, Emil. She got knocked over just now too.” “I know that,” Emil said in his low, emotionless voice. All I felt when I heard that was my heart clenching. Did he know? Did he actually know that? I felt dizzy. I wanted to force myself to take a few more steps, but in an instant, I was on the ground. The next time I woke up, I was in a hospital bed. I felt absent-minded. My thoughts were sluggish as well. “Vivi, you’re awake?” I could hear my mother’s voice. I froze for a moment and followed the sound of her voice, only to see my mother hastily put down the electric kettle she had been holding to run over to me and take my hands. Her eyes were teary. “Why were you so careless, Vivian?” “I’m fine, Mom. There, now, don’t cry.” Ever since I was a child, I had always feared seeing my mother’s tears. I couldn’t stop myself from reaching out to wipe those tears away, but I ended up sucking in a breath the moment I raised my arm. My mom was startled by this. “Don’t move. The doctor just helped you to pop it back in place.” I belatedly realized that my dislocated arm was, indeed, back in its position. A few moments of processing this fact later, I looked at my mother and probed her. “Why are you here? How is Adam doing?” She regarded me with a heartbroken look. “Mr. Penrose’s fiancée called me. She told me that you fainted and were bleeding heavily. I only found out that you had an abortion when I arrived at the hospital, and that you ended up in this state,” she said helplessly. I didn’t mind my mother’s knowledge about my abortion. She was here already, so the doctor would probably have told her. However, how could Kelly be so kind as to call my mother? Seeing how my mother stopped even though she had more to say, I pulled her hand and smiled. “Don’t worry, Mom. I’m fine now,” I consoled. She ended up getting a little exasperated by my actions. “Fine? Is that all you can say? Fine? Do you think an abortion is some minor procedure? You nearly had heavy bleeding. Tell me—who is the baby’s father? I’ll go up to him and set him in his place,” my mom demanded with tears in her eyes. I knew that my mother was doing this for my own good, but there were far too many things between Emil and me that weren’t so clear cut. I closed my eyes. “I’m really tired. Don’t ask me anymore. Let me rest for a bit, please?” I said lethargically. I knew that I shouldn’t be using that tone with my mother, but I really couldn’t think of any other way to get her to stop, other than this. My mother didn’t say anything else after seeing me in this state. She let out a small sigh. “Well, okay. Rest well then. I’ll make some food for you!” she said in exasperation. Emil showed up in my hospital room in the middle of the night. My younger brother, Adam, was still in the middle of his treatments. And naturally, my mother couldn’t stay by my side 24/7 to take care of me, so I was all alone at night. When I felt a frigid aura enveloping me, my eyes reflexively opened from my shallow sleep. I looked in the direction of the aura to see a man standing by my bed. As the lights were off, I couldn’t

see who it was, and I broke out into a cold sweat from fear. I disregarded the pain I was in and sat up. "Who are you?" I asked in fear. The only reply I received was silence in the room. I faintly detected a familiar fragrance that I missed. I froze then. In order to confirm my suspicions, I groped around for the lamp by the side of my bed. The sense of fear grappling me just moments ago only abated once I saw that familiar face. "Emil, why are you here?" I asked, my voice somewhat hoarse. He simply looked at me coldly; there was an emotion I couldn't quite decipher in his eyes. "Do you regret it?"