

Chapter 7: My Memory has Returned

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Enveloped in the room's yellow light, Xinghe appeared much paler.

“It was only a minor accident. Even the doctor said it's nothing serious. I'll be fine after a few days of rest,” she didn't want to reveal more than that lest it worried her uncle, “Uncle, your body is still weak, so why aren't you in bed?”

Chengwu had a kidney disease. Plus, his work as a general cleaner meant that he had to sleep early to catch his morning shift.

“I had a bad feeling because you were out so late, and you see, something bad did happen to you,” Chengwu said agonizingly, “Weren't you already in an accident six years ago? Isn't that enough? Looks like God really has it out for the Xia Family...”

It was hard to argue with Chengwu's logic because things truly hadn't been great for the Xia Family.

Her father died, she lost her memory after a car accident, and even her marriage ended in a divorce.

When they were down on their luck, Chengwu contracted a renal disease and his monthly dialysis ate into their already pitiable family account.

Chengwu's son, Xia Zhi was an ace student, worthy of the country's best university.

However, to spare his family the additional expense, Xia Zhi chose to continue his study at a local state school. The fees were much lower but it greatly restricted his otherwise bright future.

Today she got into another car accident so her uncle was understandably upset at God for treating the Xia Family this way.

However, Xinghe was secretly thankful because the accident had brought her back her memory.

“Uncle, look at me, I’m really fine so don’t you worry. Furthermore, it is thanks to today’s accident that I recovered my memory. So, I’m sure things will be looking up for the Xia Family very soon.”

Both Xia Chengwu and Xia Zhi were equally surprised.

“Sis, are you serious?!”

Xinghe nodded, “Why would I kid about something like that? I couldn’t contribute to this family previously because I knew practically nothing, but from now on everything will change.”

“Yay, Sis. You finally got your memory back!” Xia Zhi cheered. He was 20 years old now but he would always be a child in Xinghe’s mind.

However, he quickly thought of something and his smile turned awkward.

On the other hand, Chengwu who had a more naïve outlook on life was overjoyed for Xinghe’s sake. He didn’t have the mindfulness to realize how Xinghe’s recovered memory might have impacted how she viewed her misery for the past few years.

But Xia Zhi had the empathy to intuit that the contrast between the years before Xinghe lost her memory and the past few years must have been difficult to stomach.

To be frank, it was difficult for Xinghe to accept initially.

However, she was not one to dwell on the past. She collected herself quickly.

Xinghe claimed tiredness and retreated to her bedroom after a few more words with her family.

Chengwu also went to bed.

Just as Xinghe prepared to sleep, she heard a knock on her bedroom door. “Sis, are you asleep?”

“I’m still awake, come in,” Xinghe replied as she sat up in her bed.

Xia Zhi pushed open her room door, carrying a bowl of hot porridge in his hands.

“Sis, I worry you haven’t had a bite of food since this morning so I made some porridge using our leftovers. Added an egg for protein, it will help with your recovery. Careful, it’s hot.”

Xia Zhi set the bowl down on her bedside table and said caringly.

Xinghe looked at the young man that stood beside her bed. Six years ago, Xia Zhi was still a bright-eyed child, pure and kindhearted. Six years later, his eyes had lost that naïve luster but thankfully he still retained his kind heart.

Xia Zhi was right that Xinghe hadn’t had a bite to eat since that morning. She picked up the small ceramic bowl and slowly took one spoonful of porridge after another.

Xia Zhi sat on the edge of her bed, his black eyes staring at her with a mixture of complicated feelings. He finally asked, “Sis, did you really remember everything?”