## **Chapter 11**

Under the pale moonlight, the man's smile was gentle yet alluring.

Sally pressed her lips. Her cheeks were hot. "Examine your..."

"After we get home."

She panted heavily. "Actually, I was only pretending to be tough earlier...

"He's so strong. I definitely won't be able to beat him. I can't stop him from bullying you either."

She lowered her head, and her gaze fell on her bare feet. "But... I can run away with you.

"I think I can run pretty fast."

He tried hard not to smile when looking at her serious face. "Are you planning to run away with me every time?"

"Mm." She nodded. After that, she seemed to have thought of something and shook his head. "I won't always be running away though. When I become stronger, I can protect you."

Elijah looked at her face under the moonlight. He smiled. "Alright, I'll wait for you to be stronger."

"Mm!"

She tightly clenched her fists. Her face was blushing red.

She lifted her hands and patted her face, then she looked at the pitch-black road in front of her. "I don't think we can go back like this."

She had expended her high heels as weapons earlier. She could not possibly push the wheelchair all the way home while barefoot.

The man in the wheelchair smiled. "Close your eyes and count to ten. I'll think of some way."

Sally pouted. "I can't believe that you're in the mood for joking."

"You can try and see if I'm joking."

"I'm not a child."

She rolled her eyes at him, though she closed her eyes anyway and started counting.

"One, two, three..."

Under the moonlight, the young woman's voice was as pure and innocent as her face.

Elijah looked at her through the thin black silk ribbon.

He did not realize that his gaze was eerily gentle at that moment.

"... Eight, nine, ten!"

Sally opened her eyes abruptly when she counted to ten.

She was temporarily dazzled by the high beams from the car in front of them.

A few seconds later, the car stopped in front of her and Elijah.

The car door opened, and Ol' Joe, the driver, quickly got out of the car. "Sorry, I'm late."

"You're not late yet," the man smiled calmly, "If you were slower by one second though, I'll dock your pay."

Sally understood what happened.

She pursed her lips as she helped Elijah to sit in the car. "I was wondering what brilliant idea you might have. Turns out that you got Ol' Joe to pick us up."

He slowly settled into his seat. "This is the best and only idea that a blind man can think of."

Sally never liked it when he called himself a 'blind man'. She pressed her lips and sat down next to him.

The car started.

Sally did not sleep well last night. She leaned back on the leather seat and, as the car gently swayed along the road, soon fell asleep.

She was half asleep when she heard someone talking softly.

"We are here, Sir."

"Don't wake her up. Let her sleep."

"But..."

Soon, Sally felt her body hovering, as though someone carried her.

She was dropped into a warm and comfortable embrace.

A minty, masculine smell filled her sinuses. She felt dizzy, unable to discern whether she was dreaming.

'I... must be dreaming.'

In the dream, she was carried by a man and placed on a soft bed.

The man gently straightened her hair.

"Silly little girl." The man's voice was low. Sally thought that he sounded familiar, but could not remember where she heard that voice.

It was already the next morning when she woke up.

The sunlight was dazzling.

Sally yawned lazily. She sat up and realized that she was on the bed in their bedroom.

She furrowed her brows, trying hard to remember what happened last night.

The last thing she remembered was that she and Elijah sat in the backseat of the car while Ol' Joe drove them back from Grandpa Moses's house.

She remembered that she felt a little sleepy and wanted to catch forty winks.

However... she slept uninterrupted until the following morning.

How did she move from the car to the bedroom?

Unless...

She recalled the dream she had.

'No, that's impossible.'

She shook her head, trying to shake away that unrealistic thought.

"Are you awake?"

She heard a low, masculine voice.

Sally was surprised. She abruptly turned around and looked at where the voice came from.

Her gaze met with Elijah's profound eyes.

Sally blushed intensely. She quickly turned around.

'Can someone tell me why a blind man's gaze can be so penetrating?'

She remembered that he was blind and realized that she did not have to be embarrassed.

She smiled and looked at him. "You're awake too?"

"Mm."

He saw her every movement. The man smiled gently and propped himself up with his walking stick. "I didn't sleep too well last night."

Sally furrowed her brows. "Why?"

She slept very well last night!

"Because you were snoring." The man sounded resentful but joking at the same time.

Sally had no reply for that.

She coughed awkwardly and shifted the topic. "How did I get back on the bed last night?"

The man walked into the bathroom without turning his head around. "You sleepwalked."

Sally was speechless.

She pulled a face behind his back.

She knew that she did not snore in her sleep.

Now he said that she was a sleepwalker too?

"I'm not a sleepwalker."

The well-built man did not say anything but instead closed the bathroom door.

Sally glared at the closed bathroom door and rolled her eyes.

She got out of bed, took off the wrinkled gown on her body, and wore a fresh set of a white T-shirt and jeans.

Her phone started ringing just when she finished changing her clothes.

It was a call from Evonne Turner.

"You'd better come here quick, Sal!" Evonne sounded extremely anxious over the phone.

"Someone's tearing your books and burning your notes in school!"

Sally felt her head spin. "What!?"

She came from a rural village, which was why she treasured her opportunity of being able to study in A City. She staked out a spot in the public study room and kept all her notes and study material there.

Many students at the university had the same habit, and no one ever complained. Why would someone tear her books and burn her notes then?

"You'd better come here soon! Otherwise, it'll be too late!"

Sally ended the call and dashed out of the room.

At that time, Elijah was leaning on the couch and taking his morning tea while listening to Ol' Joe reading the news to him.

He furrowed his brows as he saw Sally running. "You're in a rush."

"I have to go to school now. There's an emergency!"

Sally wore her shoes at the entrance. "Can I have Ol' Joe fetch me there? It's a real emergency."

She might not catch a cab outside.

"Go then," the man said calmly.

Ol' Joe put the newspaper down and walked away with Sally.

"Sir."

Pierre, the butler, came over to Elijah after Sally left. "There is news from the Moses house that Wendell Moses has gone to Madam's university."

Elijah smirked. "Prepare my car."

"To Madam's university?"

"Mm."

"But..."

Pierre wanted to say something but stopped himself. He eventually opened his mouth, "Sir, according to the plan, we should not be confronting Wendell directly now."

Elijah took off the black silk ribbon and glared coldly at Pierre. "He's planning to do something to my wife. Why do I care about any plan?"

## **Comments (1)**