

Seduced 331

Chapter 331

Like Colin, he loved me with all his soul but had to suppress his own feelings. He even left home because of my promise to Felix.

It seemed like no one had it easy when it came to love.

I felt much better when I finished nearly all the pills Colin had bought for me. As my health recovered, I was excited to eat all the fried, greasy food my sick diet deprived me of.

However, it became Colin's turn to fall sick.

For the first time in my life, Colin was ill.

He must have overworked his body from having so much on his plate lately. He had to look after me, go to school, and manage several projects simultaneously.

Fortunately, the staff dormitory he stayed in allowed visitations from students.

When I went to visit him, Colin was sitting on his bed. He was pale, his eyes had lost their luster, his countenance was sickly, and his nose was red. However, he still sat upright as he usually did.

I knew he was trying to look as robust as possible so that I wouldn't worry about him. His thoughtfulness was so cute and filled me with a fuzzy feeling.

I then imitated what he had done when he looked after me. I lay him down on the bed, fed him some warm water, and wrapped him in a blanket like a burrito. Then, I stuck the last fever patch he had bought for me on his forehead before going out to buy him some cold

medicine.

He tried to stop me. He told me there was no need for the hassle as he was a strong man and this was but a small cold. He said that he just needed to sleep it off. No need for any medicine.

He asked me to stay by his side and never leave. He said I was the best medicine in the world. As long as I was with him, he wouldn't need anything else.

It wasn't until much later when my life took a miserable turn and when I thought about ending it all that I regretted disobeying him. I should have stayed by his side. I shouldn't have

gone out to buy that stupid medicine.

For a very long time after that, I longed for him. I missed the scent of him. Yet I couldn't be with him. I could only watch as he hung out with someone else while I walked to my campus alone. Like an abandoned puppy, I lost a home.

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And during that period, I kept drowning my sorrows away. I kept hoping to find Colin in my dreams so that we could live the life we could've had.

Alas, I was never able to get drunk. The more I drank, the more sober I felt. I could only grit my teeth and power through one day after another.

If I could turn back time, I'd stay by his side. I'd sit next to him until he fell asleep. He'd love me like he used to and take me under his strong arms.

Unfortunately, it wasn't possible to reverse time.

So, I had to pay for what I had done.

It was a price too heavy for me alone. I couldn't shoulder it. I couldn't endure it.

Despite Colin's objection, I stubbornly left him behind in his dorm to purchase medicine for him.

I thought my gesture would convey to him how much I loved him and what I'd do for him. All he needed to do when I was there was to rest well. I could handle the rest. After all, looking after somebody was in a woman's nature.

I remembered very clearly that it was a weekend. The school's infirmary was closed, and there were no other pharmacies within the campus. To purchase medicine, I had to head to the drugstore chain outside the school.

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It was a gloomy morning. The rain was falling as I ran out of the dorm. I didn't have an umbrella with me nor did I want to waste time running back to get one. Therefore, I braved

the rain.

I was eager to help Colin.

The drugstore chain wasn't that far away from the campus. It was across the street in front of the college, a few blocks down the residential area, and a final turn right. The building would be there.

Perhaps due to the rain, there weren't a lot of people on the street. Cars blitzed through the rain puddles, splashing pedestrians with water.

The rain became heavier and heavier, so much so that it was

to discern what was in

front of me. I used both of my hands to shield my eyes from the downpour, but the rainwater was so aggressive that I struggled to open my eyes. I could only advance blindly.

“Watch out, Lulu!”

There was a loud shriek and an ear-piercing brake. My body came into contact with something, and the pain knocked me out.

I heard someone screaming for an ambulance and that there was someone injured. Before I fell to the ground and passed out, I saw someone lying not far from me. He was lanky and skinny. A crimson pool gathered under him, webbing out as it mixed with rainwater.

Felix’s limbs were twisted at a gnarly angle. He looked at me with his pallid face and soulless eyes. With

With great difficulty, he opened his bloodied mouth. “It’s okay. I’m here, Lulu.”

It was Felix.

The pain in my body woke me up. I opened my eyes and smelled the scent of disinfectant. A tube next to me fed my body with constant dripping of chemicals.

The

space was quiet. No one was in the ward.

After a brief moment of disorientation, the frightening scene of the accident replayed in my

mind.

A car had been charging at me. Even if the driver had stepped on the brake, he wouldn’t have

been able to steer the vehicle away.

I would've been dead if Felix hadn't been there.

The rain had hampered my vision. When I noticed that there was a car, it was already too late to dodge away.

I had a close brush with death.

I didn't know where Felix came from. But at the crucial moment, he grabbed my arm and yanked me backward as inertia threw him to take my place. The car hit him instead, and he was sent flying to the ground not far from me.

The scene of a bloodied Felix consoling me while coughing out blood emerged vividly in my

mind.

Everything happened in an instant. I still could hear the grunt Felix made as the vehicle hit him, the sound of my bones fracturing as my body hit something, the shrill braking, and the panic in the driver's voice as he called for help.

Dread seized my heart.

Felix was hit. Was he alright? Was he alive?

Ignoring the searing pain in my left arm, I tried to prop myself up. I wanted to ask where Felix was and if he was all right.

I needed the answer to live.

He was my savior. I was grateful to him, and I wanted him to live. He was so young and so promising. He shouldn't be taken away by an accident.

"Don't move. You'll open your wound. Tell me where it hurts," said Colin as he entered the ward. His eyes brightened up when he saw me. Then, he made me recline on my bed when he saw that I was trying to get up.

I was shocked.

Where was the handsome, charming Colin that I used to know?

His clothes were crinkled, his hair was messy, he was unshaven, and his eyes were bloodshot.

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How long had I been asleep? A century? How did Colin become an old man who looked like he had seen the terror of life?

The pain in my body was unbearable. I breathed in and out to soothe the pain. Squeezing a smile, I tried to console Colin, "I'm fine. No need to be so upset. It doesn't hurt."

Colin's eyes turned red. He kneeled next to me and grabbed my unwounded hand. Then, he buried his face in it silently. Before long, warm liquid flowed through the cracks between my fingers, wetting my entire hand.

I had never seen Colin like this before.

My palm was soaked and warm.

“What about Felix? How is he?” I probed gingerly.

Colin lifted his head and croaked. I saw pain in his eyes. Tears still adorned the corners of his eyes. The mole under his eye was still as mesmerizing as ever.

Was Colin...

I sat up in disbelief. The pain cleared my mind, but it also made me feel the fear vividly. Something dreadful was slowly creeping toward my brain from my toes.

I tried to console myself and tell myself not to be afraid. Felix was fine. He wasn't dead.

But that was a nasty accident. Another car might not have survived the impact either, let alone human flesh!

I shuddered.

If Felix lost his life when saving me, Aunt Mel and Uncle Austin would've lost a son. Colin would've lost a brother. What should I do?

I would owe my life to Felix forever. It was a debt that could never be repaid.

So please, Felix had to live.

My mind was a mess. I had never been this afraid before.

What if Felix truly lost his life when saving me? I'd be beholden to him. I'd be beholden to him forever. I'd never be able to repay him

Guilt would torture me forever.

"Colin, tell me now. How is Felix? Is he dead? Tell me, Colin."

I grabbed and shook Colin's hands violently. My wounds were tearing me apart, but I couldn't care less. I just wanted to know the answer. I just wanted to use the pain to forget the uneasiness I felt now.

I wanted to cry out loud, but my eyes were dry. Not a single teardrop could be squeezed out. The dread I felt continued to snowball. My limbs felt cold.

"Calm down, Lulu. You're wounded. Lulu, Lulu!" Colin made sure not to touch my wounds as he tried to comfort me.

But rationality was lost on me. I refused to take any advice. I only had one thing on my mind -how was Felix? Was he alive?

He was 23 years old! He shouldn't die this soon. It wasn't worth it to sacrifice his life to save mine.

If my life came with the cost of Felix's passing, I'd rather be the one dead.

Finally, sorrow and fear overcame me. I wailed.

Tears came gushing out of my eyes, but they did little to alleviate my misery.

I'd rather die than know he died to save me.

I didn't want to owe him anything. I didn't want to shoulder a debt I could never repay.

"Colin, just give me the answer. If you won't, I'll go out and find the answer myself."

I was getting hysterical. I needed an outlet for the emotions I was feeling. I wanted to find out if Felix was alright so badly that I was going crazy.

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I slid out of my blanket. Paying no mind to the agonizing pain in my body, I wanted to get out of bed to seek the answer.

The pain made me sweat profusely.

Colin pulled me into his arms tightly. He told me to behave and to rest because letting my wounds heal was more important.

He also told me that Felix wasn't dead. He was in a coma in the ICU. He was still breathing.

Then, he began putting all the blame on himself. He said he shouldn't have gotten sick and let me get medicine for him. He said he was the one who brought the tragedy upon Felix, that it had nothing to do with me.

He hugged me. His body was trembling while his eyes were glossy with tears.

All humans fell sick at least once in their lives. Colin had done nothing wrong, yet he believed that he was the reason behind the unfortunate event.

Felix wasn't dead, but he wasn't conscious either. No one knew if he'd ever wake up. And no one knew what would become of him if he ever woke up.

Waiting for an answer for the most torturous thing ever.

We waited for an answer that might or might not come. Like a paratrooper whose parachute refused to be released, there was only dread and despair.

Colin and I embraced each other and cried loudly until the sky turned dark.

What happened to Felix, Colin, and I? There was only misery and convoluted feelings in our relationship.

Hearing that Felix was still alive did make me feel relieved. I only hoped that he would be out of the ICU soon. I hoped that he would make a speedy recovery and return to the handsome

man I knew.

This was my hope and my redemption.

Colin and I only stopped crying when the doctor arrived.

He reproached Colin for not stopping me from making large movements. He also said that I had some serious injuries and that if I did not let them heal, they might leave permanent damage.

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The wounds hurt a lot. But fortunately for me, only the left arm was injured. My right arm was safe, so I could still do anything I wanted.

My parents then came. One cleaned my face while the other tried to warm my legs by massaging them. Mom's eyes and cheek were puffy from crying while Dad looked

devastated. He stared at my wounds as if he was trying to will them away.

“Austin and Melinda are here too. They’re staying with Felix now.” Dad’s eyes turned red. His brows were knitted together into a tight frown. “The doctor said that he’s in critical condition. He might have some permanent damage.

I had anticipated that. Regardless, I was glad that he survived.

Mom told me that Aunt Mel had come earlier to visit me. But I was sleeping, so she went back to Felix’s side.

detail I then asked them to tell me more about Felix. Dad said that he didn’t have every because visitors couldn’t barge into the ICU whenever they felt like it. They only managed to take a peek through the window pane and saw Felix lying on the bed with countless tubes on his body.

Judging from Colin’s tightening frown, Felix’s condition had to be awful.

I had tried several times to get out of bed to visit him. Felix saved my life. By right, I should go and see him.

However, I wasn’t able to do that.

Mom wasn’t fond of my decision, but she didn’t say anything either. Dad, however, agreed

with me.

He said that while Felix and Aunt Mel might have gone too far in the past, I wouldn’t be here if Felix hadn’t saved me.

I was raised to be a grateful girl. Felix saved my life, so I should visit him.

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Colin fell silent for a very long time when I told him that I wanted to visit Felix. I thought he'd dissuade me. In the end, he just patted my head and told me to wait till my wounds were healed and Felix's condition stabilized.

If I insisted on going now, I would only be allowed to see Felix from the door. What was the point of visiting him if we couldn't meet in person?

In the evening, Mom wanted to feed me chicken noodle soup. I tried to turn her down because I could feed myself since my right arm was not wounded. However, Mom began crying. Honestly, ever since I was hospitalized, Mom had mastered the art of summoning tears whenever.

Not wanting to make my mom cry over dinner, I let her do what she wanted to do.

As I chomped on the spoonful of chicken soup, I lifted my eyes and saw Matthew standing by the entrance.

Looking dashing and well-groomed, he was carrying a large bouquet of baby's breath in one hand and a huge fruit basket in another. Then, he smiled at me and greeted my mom courteously.

Under my mom's apprehensive gaze, he entered the ward, put down the flowers and the fruit basket, and introduced himself, "Hi, Mrs. Lawson. I'm Matthew, Lulu's high school classmate. I heard that she was injured. I wonder if there's anything I can do to help her?"

Raised by his amicable grandmother, Matthew was gentlemanly and polite.

"Matthew? That rings a bell." Mom then moved aside to get Matthew a seat. She tried to recall anything about Matthew in her brain.

"Remember the high school graduation photo? The chubby guy behind Lulu is me."

Mom covered her forehead and exclaimed, "Look at me. Right, you're that chubby boy. I must say, you've changed so much. The chubby boy has grown into a tall, handsome man. You lost so much weight. Did you go on a diet or something?"

When Colin came in, he saw me trying to drink the soup myself while Mom and Matthew engaged in a friendly conversation like two old friends who had just reunited. His expression darkened.

Matthew sure had a good sense of humor because he managed to make my mom laugh non- stop. It was quite impressive.

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“You don’t look too well. Do your wounds hurt? Put it down. Let me feed you.” The displeasure in Colin’s eyes flashed briefly.

He glanced at Matthew, greeted my mom, and sat opposite me. Then, he took the last spoonful of chicken soup and fed me.

“It’s okay, Colin. I’m almost done.” I tried to snatch the bowl back, but he dodged me easily. Then, he shoved the last spoonful of chicken soup into my mouth and wiped the sweat beads

on my nose.

After I swallowed the chicken soup, Colin kissed me in front of Mom and Matthew. “You finished everything. What a good girl.”

After Colin became my “probational” boyfriend, he kissed me many times. But he mostly kissed me on my forehead, cheek, or nose. That was my first kiss on the lips, and he did it in front of Mom and Matthew. I was flustered.

I wanted to protest and say that he shouldn’t be this bold since my mom was there. However, the jealousy and warning signs in his gaze silenced me. I swallowed whatever I wanted to say.

Urgh. Whatever. What was done was done. I’d find an opportunity to kiss him back for sweet

revenge.

The light in Matthew's eyes quickly dimmed. In his captivating eyes, something seemed to have shattered.

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I sighed internally and made sure that I did not show it on my face, pretending as if I saw nothing.

Since I couldn't reciprocate Matthew's feelings, I shouldn't give him hope. I should always make this clear between us.

Mom was confused but shrewd enough to notice the change in the general mood. She chose silence. She took my bowl to the pantry, out of this tense atmosphere, to wash it..

As soon as Mom left, Helen came in with plenty of bags.

I supposed she didn't expect Matthew to be there. When she saw him, she became anxious, nervous, and surprised. She lingered by the entrance, unsure if she should enter or give us privacy.

I beckoned to her with my hand and invited her in.

Then, I asked Colin, who was sitting opposite me, to sit with Matthew on the side. Helen would take his seat.

Helen was an outgoing woman. Although she viewed me as a love rival, we were still very close. She freaked out when she heard that I was involved in a car accident and rushed over

to visit me.

She craned her neck to look at my bandaged left arm before uttering, "I went to check out the scene of the accident. There was a long skid mark. Luna, you're so lucky to have survived that. Where's the hero? Is he okay?"

I wanted to answer her question, but Colin was one step ahead of me. "His condition has stabilized. If everything goes well tonight, he'll be transferred to a normal ward."

Subsequently, Helen used all the vocabulary she learned in school to describe and commend Felix's selflessness. In her words, he was valiant and brave, with a heart of gold.

I didn't want to interrupt her, so I could only glance warily at Colin's face. He was becoming increasingly annoyed.

He snuck to my side in secret and looked down. His hand was massaging my unwounded arm -an act to declare his ownership of me.

Matthew was avoiding my gaze. He only stared at his feet.

Shortly after Helen arrived, Matthew claimed that he had a business dinner later and wanted to leave early.

I understood why he wanted to flee. The woman he loved and the woman who loved him were both present. Besides, he also had to face a formidable love rival—Colin. If I were him, I would leave too to save myself the embarrassment.

"It's raining outside, Matthew. Why don't you give Helen a lift? I wouldn't want her to go back on her own this late at night."

Matthew froze mid-opening the door. He didn't say anything but stopped and waited for

Helen.

"It's fine. I drove here. I've gone home way later than this after a fun night. Don't worry about me."
Helen waved her hands frantically.

I cursed at her stupidity internally.

Couldn't she tell that I was creating an opportunity for her to spend some time alone with Matthew? Where did her degree go? Where did the outgoing, street-smart Helen go?

Not wanting to explain with my mouth, I relied on my leg. I kicked her out of my bed with my uninjured right leg. "Just leave already. Don't dally."

Outside of Matthew's vision, I mouthed, "This is all I can do for you. Make use of this opportunity."

Helen then followed behind Matthew and left with scarlet cheeks.

"You have the making of a matchmaker."

"Of course. I'm good at pairing up my close friends." I smiled smugly.

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"Of course. I'm good at pairing up my close friends." I smiled smugly,

Colin held me gently in his arms. He touched my forehead with his face and placed my right hand above his heart. Then, he croaked, "You silly girl, you almost scared me there. Don't act on your own again. No matter what, just let me handle everything for you.

"You just have to stay by my side like a princess."

I found it hard to accept Colin's sudden change of mood.

I mewled affirmatively and snuggled in his arms. Listening to his steady heartbeat and taking in the pine-scented cologne on him, I felt calm and safe—like a rescued kitten.

Colin planted many kisses on my hair as I held his cheek. We felt the warmth from each other.

It was a peaceful moment.

Outside, Dad asked Mom why she didn't go inside.

Mom stopped Dad and let him sit outside for a while. She said that we were having a special moment inside, so she didn't want to interrupt us.

I was so embarrassed I wished I could sink into the mattress. Colin shot me a devilish grin, pinned me down, and teased, "How considerate of my future mother-in-law. I must treat her well in the future."

Four days into my admission, the doctor said that I could get out of bed and move within the close vicinity. However, I had to take care not to overexert myself.

I was elated when my feet touched the ground.

Being able to walk on my own was such a blessing.

It was morning, and Colin hadn't come yet. I then asked my parents to bring me to Felix.

There was a ruckus when we arrived at the ICU. Colin was helping the nurse transfer Felix to a normal ward. Upon seeing me there, he was surprised at first and then he gave me a warm smirk.

To reassure him, I let go of Mom's hand and waddled forward like a duckling. That widened

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the smirk on his face successfully.

On the other hand, Uncle Austin was busy steadying Aunt Mel.

She had become even more crest fallen after these few days. She had lost a lot of weight, and her messy hair draped lazily on her shoulder.

Mom hesitated for a while before approaching her. Then, she patted Aunt Mel's shoulder. There, there, Melinda. Felix will wake up."

"I know." She smiled wryly and gazed at me. "Felix needed me these few days, so I couldn't visit you, Lulu. How are you feeling?"

I walked toward her and stood upright. Then, I gave her a sincere bow. "I'm sorry, Aunt Mel. Felix got hurt when saving me."

No words could bring comfort to her. Even this belated apology served no use.

Still, I had to apologize.

"It's not your fault. Colin told me that you got into an accident when you went out to buy medicine for him." She looked outside the window with her teary eyes. The crow's feet by the corners of her eyes had deepened.

"This is his destiny. Nothing can alter that."

I was told that after the accident, Aunt Mel went to consult a fortune teller. That was

probably why she said something so fatalistic.

Right then, Felix was pushed out by the nurses.

His

eyes were shut tight as he lay motionlessly. There was no color on his face. Even his usually cherry-red lips were discolored. His bare shoulders lent view to his skeletal,

malnourished frame.

Apart from his breathing rhythm, he was no different from a mummy. There was no sign of

life on him.

Because of me, he was in this state.

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Once again, tears came gushing out uncontrollably.

Colin walked toward me and grabbed my hand. We followed behind the nurse and headed to the normal ward.

When Colin and Austin carried Felix to his bed, I noticed wounds of various sizes on his body. I cried even harder. Behind me, Mom's eyes turned red too.

Aunt Mel comforted Mom by saying that it was Felix's choice and that she blamed no one. She told us not to overthink it. As he was now out of critical condition, she prayed that he would wake up soon.

Her words only made Mom feel even more guilty. She watched sorrowfully at the sleeping Felix. He and I grew up together, so Mom truly cared about him.

As our parents were there, Colin chose to remain silent. He only consoled me and told me that everything would get better.

He also helped me apply for medical leave at the university.

I had a lot of homework to do, and the artwork I had to submit for the competition wasn't done yet either. I also had not gone through the materials for the classes I promised Professor King to teach. The work was piling up.

However, my health did not allow me to work. My mess of a mental state did not help either..

Knowing my condition, Colin helped me apply for leave so that work couldn't get in the way

of my recovery process.

When Professor King heard that I was in an accident, he came to visit me once. He was glad that the driver didn't hurt my right arm. Otherwise, the world would have one less watercolor expert in the future.

I wasn't sure if I should be pissed or laugh at Professor King's comment. Grumpily, I said I'd swap to oil painting. My decision was, of course, vetoed by both the professor and Colin.

From that day onward, I'd go to visit Felix after having my IV drip treatment. I wanted to do what I could to help.

At first, Colin told me to just rest and recuperate. He said he'd get worried if I kept running around.

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But I said no.

Putting aside the grudges between Felix and me, he saved me. I couldn't just lay on my bed and do nothing. My moral conscience wouldn't allow that.

Colin then gave up on telling me what to do. He only watched silently as I massaged Felix's body. His eyes, which I adored so much, had lost their luster.

I made a speedy recovery. Since Dad and Mom still had work to do, I asked them to go back. Helen would come after school every day to look after me.

On this day, Helen called and said that she couldn't come because an emergency family matter came up. I told her not to worry because I could handle everything myself.

I was bored after dinner, so I took a stroll along the corridor. I was lucky because I found a quiet spot that opened to the view outside.

I stood there and admired the dewy leaves after the rain. I saw cute, yellow sprouts budding on the plants. Behind were the mellow lights from the residential area, and further behind was the horizon.

Everything was mesmerizing.

Suddenly, I was entrapped by a warm hug. The woody scent of pine invaded my nose. It made me feel safe.

"Colin," I cooed and leaned against him.

He grunted in response and tucked a lock of my hair behind my ears. Then, he playfully pinched my dainty earlobe. "Why are you out here? I was looking for you."

We hadn't been able to have a private moment after Felix's car accident.

"I was bored in the ward, so I came out to get some air. Colin, you should smoke less and eat more. You've lost so much weight." I

I turned around and hugged his waist, sticking my cheek against his chest.

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Colin had been looking after Felix tirelessly lately. And he had to make time to take care of me too. He must have been very busy, and that must have taken a toll on his physical health.

Unfortunately, I was injured. Handling my daily routine was the best I could do. I couldn't do much to help him.

I felt so bad seeing Colin getting skinnier and skinnier.

Colin suddenly tightened his grip. I was caged in his embrace.

I didn't know if I was overthinking it, but somehow, I was under the impression that Colin felt rather insecure.

"Babe, promise me that no matter what happens in the future, you'll stay by my side, okay?" asked Colin huskily. The uncertainty in his tone was unfamiliar to me.

When did the almighty Colin become this insecure?

I stretched my arms to hug his lean frame, burying myself inside his hoodie and nibbling the skin above his chest. Then, I mumbled, "Why are you saying this, Mr. Colin White? Are you trying to dump me? Just so you know, if you ever dump me, I'll haunt you in your dreams.

"And, I'll revoke your status as my probational boyfriend."

Colin smirked. He rubbed his chin against my noggin. "silly girl. Unless I'm dead, there'll never be a day when I dump you.

Back then, I failed to understand why Colin asked me the question. I thought Colin needed reassurance because he was scared that he could never be my official boyfriend.

What happened later down the line told me that he had foreseen what would happen. He was scared. He wasn't sure about the choice I'd make, so he sought an answer.

However, I understood what he wanted too late. My obliviousness hurt him, and I put him in a lot of pain.

Still, even if I had understood what he wanted, I would still need to make the choice when what would happen happened. And my choice would remain the same. Words were too powerless to change the outcome.

It'd still hurt.

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I was destined to be intertwined with the Whites forever.

Felix woke up later at night while I was in his ward.

His

His eyes fluttered open, and he scanned his surroundings. Then, his gaze fell on me. At that moment, light returned to his beautiful eyes,

"Are you alright, Lulu?" he asked hoarsely but happily.

He was awake. How wonderful.

I answered with a shaky voice, "I'm okay. I only had minor injuries, and I'm almost healed. You saved me. Thank you.

"No need to thank me. I'll do everything for you, Lulu. Nothing can bring me as much joy as seeing you safe and sound."

Nothing could bring me as much joy as seeing him regain consciousness too.

“Come here.” He tried to beckon to me, but his injuries were too severe for that. He could only move his fingers.

Confused, I stood next to his bed. He stretched his arm to touch my left arm, which was encased by a cast.

Due to his injuries, lifting his arm was painful enough that sweat started to form on his forehead. He attempted several times to no avail.

I leaned down and delivered my cast to him.

”

He touched it and even tapped on it a few times. Then, he brushed against my warm hands with the back of his fingers before smiling contentedly. He looked at me and uttered, “You’re safe. I’m glad.”

Those four words made my eyes glossy.

Those four words made the grudges I held against him disappear.

Felix’s waking up managed to dispel the doom and gloom everyone had been feeling. I shared the good news with my parents, and Dad said that it was great that Felix had

regained consciousness. Now, time would slowly heal his wounds.

Either way, he was in an accident because of me. I needed to make it up to him.

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For the next few days, Aunt Mel would Invite me to have meals with Felix after I had my 17 drip treatment. In her words, we both grew up under her watch, so I was like a daughter to her. Putting us in one ward made it easier to take care of us.

I didn't want to visit them regularly or spend time with them for too long. It felt awkward to spend my entire day with them. I tried to turn Melinda down many times, but it never worked because she told me that Felix couldn't move and was very lonely. She wanted me to keep him company.

Now that was an excuse I couldn't reject.

Felix saved me. By right, I should keep him company.

Nevertheless, Colin was there too. My days in the hospital were quite dull. And my wounds hurt from time to time. Seeing Colin made me feel better.

Felix was over the moon these days. He could finish two bowls of chicken noodle soup every meal. While he still couldn't move, he was always smiling. Even the doctor said he was making good progress.

He didn't speak a lot. Most of the time, he was asleep. But when he was awake, he would be smiling. He was handsome and had flawless skin. When he slept, he had a gentle smile on his face, like the male version of sleeping beauty. It made everyone want to dote on him.

After spending nine days in the hospital, the doctors said that I could rest at home.

I was liberated! Helen was thrilled to welcome me back to the dorm. She made a special occasion out of it as if I had just returned from a war.

When Colin drove me home, he gave me a heap of reminders before he repeated the same thing to Helen. He only let us go once I recited the whole thing again to him.

Inside the apartment, there were a lot of flowers—roses, daisies, and baby's breath—on my study desk. They were pretty and fragrant.

As expected, Matthew was waiting for me in my dorm. He was making my bed.

I blushed seeing him flatten every crease on my bed with a serious expression.

For the first time in my life, a man was making my bed.

I patted my chest, relieved that Colin didn't come up. Otherwise, he would be green with

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jealousy.

Matthew only left reluctantly after I insisted many times.

And as he left. Helen's soul left too. She sat on her bed like a soulless puppet after Matthew left the apartment. Her head was lowered, and she was motionless.

The excitement with which she greeted me earlier on was nowhere to be found.

understood why Helen became dejected all of a sudden. But not wanting to address the elephant in the room, I busied myself with trivial matters as I tried to ignore her.

Even though Helen was giving me the silent treatment, her long face which showed that she was on the verge of crying made me feel bad.

I didn't want Matthew to be there either. But it wasn't like I could stop him. I wanted to cheer Helen up, but I didn't know how to.

"Helen, perhaps I can move to another apartment?" It was the only solution that came to my mind.

“Why?” she asked while sniffing.

“I don’t want to make you sad every day. Perhaps if I live somewhere else and stop seeing him, you’ll feel better?”

Helen peered at me as if I were an idiot. “Did you see Matthew often before you came to Jesselton College? Did that make him forget about you? You live rent-free in his mind. It doesn’t matter where you are.

“Just stay here. I’ve already lost Matthew. I don’t want to lose a good friend as well.”