

Chapter 13 Injured

Tears streamed down Rhonda's face.

She quickly walked over to Eliam and pulled him into a tight embrace.

She wanted to comfort him and somehow make him feel better.

Rhonda wanted the tight embrace to warm each other's wounded souls.

In a way, she was jealous of Eliam. After all, he had enjoyed the love and care of his parents -- even though it was only for a brief period. But she didn't even know who her parents were.

She always dreaded holidays when she was young because she had no one to celebrate them with. Other children would spend holidays with their parents. They would get new clothes and toys, and celebrate birthday, while she stayed home and helped her grandmother with household chores.

Rhonda regretted that she had never eaten a birthday cake. She yearned for a normal childhood. Every time she passed by the bakery and saw parents choosing a birthday cake for their child, she wished to be that child who had loving parents to care for her.

If there was rebirth, Rhonda wished to be born to loving parents and get their complete love and attention. She prayed to celebrate her birthday every year by cutting a cake, and her



parents would sing birthday songs for her. They were all wishful thinking.

The typhoon alarm snapped Rhonda back to reality.

The wind howled; one big wave crashed after the other. The yacht suddenly tilted, and the two hurriedly ran back to the cabin.

Just then, Rhonda accidentally fell on the tilted wine cabinet, which instantly fell toward her.

Seeing that, Eliam rushed forward and stood in front of Rhonda and supported the wine cabinet with his back. Then, he rolled away with Rhonda in his arms.

The cabinet eventually fell to the floor, and Rhonda was unharmed.

The boat finally steadied a bit.

Rhonda slowly rolled out of Eliam's arms and saw him lying on the floor with his eyes close, his face ashen, and his lips turned colorless.

Rhonda panicked.

"Eliam, are you okay? You're scaring me!"

Rhonda patted Eliam's cheek, and pinched his philtrum, trying to wake him up.

However, there was still no response.

Without thinking twice, Rhonda gave him artificial respiration.

Eliam felt someone pinching his nose and the fresh air entering his mouth with a sweet taste.

He slowly regained consciousness.

Rhonda was too nervous to notice that E Liam had opened his eyes.

When she pressed her lips against his again, she felt they were warm now. Moreover, he seemed to respond to her.

Rhonda lifted her head abruptly and looked into his eyes.

"Are you awake?"

Rhonda's heart swelled with joy. She carefully helped E Liam sit on the sofa. Only then did she realize his arms were bleeding.

Her heart leaped to her throat when she saw that.

She hurriedly found the first aid kit from the room and bandaged E Liam's wounds.

Rhonda felt a surge of warmth in her heart when she realized E Liam had endured the injuries because of protecting her.

No man had ever cared for her since she was born.

Rhonda gently blew against his wounds as she carefully applied the medicine and bandaged the wounds.

E Liam's eyes welled up with tears as he felt the familiarity of his mother's care.

When he was a child, his mother would also gently blow on his wounds while applying medicines to them.

Sensing the intensity of E Liam's gaze, Rhonda's heart took a sprint in her chest.

E Liam pretended to remain calm and asked, "Do you often tend to other people's wounds?"

"How did you know that?" Rhonda smiled at him. She often tended to her brother's wounds. She was helping someone else apart from her family for the first time. ①

Eliam's face turned cold when he heard that.

"Oh, right. I forgot you have lived with your ex for three years. You must have practiced a lot with him, haven't you?"

Rhonda's hands stilled. She seemed to hear a trace of jealousy in his voice.

"Although I lived under the same roof with Santino, we were just roommates. We didn't 'live' together. You know what I mean?" she clarified.

"Okay." Eliam turned to look out the window. His lips curled up, but Rhonda didn't seem to notice it.

"I have something to tell you." Rhonda wanted to explain everything to Eliam.

"I didn't hide our prenuptial agreement in the newspaper."

She showed the surveillance video to him.

Eliam sat up straight and watched it. Maggie went straight to the bedside table after entering their bedroom. Then, she got something and quickly left. The entire thing transpired in less than a minute. It looked like she had planned everything in advance.

Eliam's brows furrowed. He suddenly remembered losing cash a few times before. Sometimes he had lost even twenty thousand dollars.

He thought he was mistaken and didn't pay attention to it. If

Rhonda hadn't installed a surveillance camera, he might have never found out the truth.

"I remember locking the door. How did Maggie get in?" Rhonda frowned quizzically. She couldn't figure it out.

"Grandpa has a spare key," Eliam said through gritted teeth. "She must have stolen the key from him."

"I kept the prenuptial agreement in the drawer of the bedside table. If she really took it..."

"It must be her." Eliam frowned. "I thought she had been taking exceptional care of Grandpa all these years. I trusted her and didn't pay much attention to what she has been doing."

He rubbed his brows and let out a weary sigh.

"It was my fault yesterday. I am sorry."

Rhonda was moved when she saw the sincerity in his eyes.

Trust was the most precious and valuable thing in the world. If Eliam was willing to believe her, it meant he had started seeing her true self.

The yacht changed its course because of the impending typhoon. At dusk, they arrived at a fishing village.

The fishing village was relatively austere. Only a few families resided there. It was summer, and every family opened a homestay to receive guests who came to the beach for fishing and sightseeing.

Rhonda stepped out of the yard, tired and famished. Seeing the sign of a homestay, she quickly strutted over.

"Watch out!"

A billboard above Rhonda's head was billowing with the strong wind.

Eliam quickly pulled Rhonda in his arms and protectively covered her head. Then, he kicked the billboard aside.

The next moment, the billboard smashed to the ground. Fortunately, the two were safe and sound.

Rhonda was scared to death.

She pressed her face against Eliam's chest. His rapid heartbeat seemed to calm her again.

He had sacrificed his life twice to save her.

"Are you okay?" Eliam let go of Rhonda and looked at her nervously.

"I'm fine. Thank you." Rhonda's heart skipped a beat. She didn't know whether she was emotional or had developed a crush on him.

"It's windy. Be careful," Eliam said sternly.

But Rhonda knew he was concerned about her.

"Okay." She nodded obediently.

Eliam was a little surprised. An adorable girl flashed in his mind. If she were here, she would definitely retort. The more he stopped her from doing something, the more she would want to do it. ☹

Rhonda's obedience was too good to be true.

He took a deep breath and held Rhonda's hand. "It's windy. It's

safer to hold you," he explained.

Rhonda's heart raced in her chest.

She reminded herself to keep a distance from Eliam. After all, they were going to divorce in six months. She didn't want to develop feelings for him or get attached to him.

However, Eliam wasn't aware of what she was thinking. His inadvertent concern and care always touched her heart.

The two struggled against the strong wind and staggered forward. The downpour seemed to get heavy. Finally, Eliam carried Rhonda in his arms and rushed into a homestay.

