

## A Sick Romance Chapter 05

Felix ignored the bodyguards' attempts to stop him, diving into the river to pull me out. His face was pale with panic, and he desperately performed CPR, murmuring over and over, "Felicity... I'm sorry. I'll do anything for you. Just open your eyes and look at me.

Before, I had wanted to die. But now, because of my grandmother, I had a reason to live. I wanted to grab Felix's arm, to beg him to save me, but my fingers had lost their function, shattered beyond recognition

He looked at my deformed fingers, his eyes wild with fury. "Your hand... Who did this to you?"

Felix knew better than anyone how much I loved painting, and he knew what it meant to ruin my hands. He had once begged me to draw his portrait like I did when we were kids, hoping one day we could fix our broken relationship. Now, that hope had been severed forever.

Darcy, trailing behind with a group of people, couldn't believe Felix was actually trying to save me. She arrogantly announced, "It was me. She tried to copy me; she even had surgery to look like me and lure you in. I just destroyed what wasn't hers!"

Felix's eyes reddened, his hands pressing against my chest. He managed to force some water out of my mouth.

Seeing how frantic he was, Darcy stomped her foot in frustration. She assumed I was just a petty gold-digger, trying to gain Felix's sympathy.

But she couldn't afford to fall out with him. Her eyes red, she tried to sound generous as she said, "Felix, don't you love me the most? Are you really going to blame me for this? I'm your only public girlfriend, everyone expects you to marry me. I'm upset, Felix. I'm the one who's been by your side. Why would you need a substitute who looks just like me? You can't love anyone else—only me!"

She thought her tantrum would make Felix apologize and comfort her. But Felix's gaze turned icy with fury, the killing intent practically radiating off of him. He only relaxed when he saw me open my eyes.

The three followers, seeing the tension, quickly jumped in. "Mr. Palmer, Darcy is your true love. Everyone else is just a passing fling. You shouldn't waste your time on a tramp like her."

"Exactly. Throw her out; Darcy won't hold it against you!"

Felix scooped me into his arms before turning to face them, an expression of disbelief curling his lips. But they misinterpreted his reaction, thinking he agreed with them.

Darcy, consumed by jealousy, moved to shove me away. But Felix's foot shot out, sending her flying across the room. Finally, his voice broke through the rage, rough and hoarse. "Get lost! Do you think you matter? Felicity's my wife; she's the only woman I'll ever love!"

For all my resistance, Felix had hidden me away, never daring to publicly acknowledge me. Now, all that mattered to him was saving me, and he couldn't be bothered with Darcy or anyone else. He turned and walked toward the car with me in his arms.

Darcy froze, slowly realizing she was the one who'd been played the fool. But there was no way she was giving up her chance to marry into wealth.

She charged at him, clinging to his leg. "Look at her—look at what she's become. And you still love her? Tonight, I'll stay with you. I can do what she did, but better. I'm the one who's meant to be Mrs. Palmer!"

But when Felix heard that, the murderous intent in his eyes intensified. His pupils were bloodshot, like a beast on the verge of devouring its prey.

While Darcy looked at him expectantly, he called to the security team, "Lock them up. I'll settle their little score when Felicity's better."

The three lackeys stared in shock, realizing they'd become accomplices to a mistress, and now they were going down with her. They began to argue, throwing blame at each other, a chaos of desperate accusations.

Felix immediately brought in the best doctors from the country, and one by one, my fingers were reattached. He also arranged for plastic surgeons to try and fix the scarring on my face; he even brought in a stylist to give me a less hideous haircut.

But the wounds were too deep to be fully healed, and the scars on my hand would leave permanent damage. My hair had been cut so close to the scalp that my once beautiful, long locks were completely shaved off.

Felix stayed by my side for days, never sleeping, never leaving my bedside. He apologized over and over, his voice filled with guilt. "I'm so sorry, Felicity. I didn't protect you. I'll let you do anything to me, as long as you forgive me..."

He couldn't stop thinking about the phone call that never went through. That haunting mistake haunted him, a guilt he couldn't forgive himself for.