

## Chapter 11 When Will He Fully Recover?

He could see!

Darkness was no longer the only thing he could see. Now he could detect a faint white light. Stephen's eyes widened. He was drawn to the light like a moth to a flame.

Although his vision was still blurry, it gave him a huge burst of confidence in his recovery. Excited, he stood up and walked toward the windows.

Before Yvonne was able to warn him to be careful, he stumbled and fell down.

Yvonne darted forward and asked, "Are you alright? Your eyesight hasn't fully recovered yet. You can only see bright light at the moment."

Stephen abruptly grabbed her hand tightly and asked desperately, "Tell me, when will I fully recover?" Under the sunlight, his usually indifferent face showed a trace of a smile for the first time.

Yvonne was startled and drew her hand away. "I'm not sure, but if you cooperate, you'll recover sooner or later."

"Okay," Stephen agreed happily. He looked toward the window. He'd never loved sunlight as much as he did at this moment. After a while, Yvonne's hands covered his eyes. He noticed that she smelled surprisingly good.

Yvonne reminded him, "You can't look directly at bright light for too long. Your eyes need rest."

Unexpectedly, Stephen didn't resist and stood up with Yvonne's help. She let go of him right after he found his balance. He frowned, wondering why she was being hot and cold with him.

Yvonne raised her eyebrows. "Since the treatment is effective, will you fulfill your promise?"

"Very well." Stephen took out his phone and called Julian Jacobs, his assistant. "Take me to the city hall tomorrow at 8 am."

"What?"

Stephen hung up the phone, leaving Julian in shock. There was no need to explain anything over the phone since he'd find out tomorrow anyway.

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The next day, Julian drove to Anderson Mansion with questions still running through his mind. When he arrived, Yvonne was helping Stephen out of the house. She was wearing a mask to conceal her scar and avoid scaring anyone. She smiled and greeted Julian. "Hello."

"Are you the new maid?" Julian asked curiously.

"My name's Yvonne Miller; I'm Stephen's wife."

"Wife?" Julian's curiosity continued to grow. He knew Old Mrs. Anderson had found a wife for Stephen, but he thought she was supposed to be Thomas Jones' daughter. He'd never even seen this strange lady before anywhere in Northern City.

"Get into the car," Stephen said, moving toward the vehicle with Yvonne following behind him. Julian was still frozen in shock for a minute before he returned to the driver's seat.

Along the way, Yvonne explained the whole story to Julian enthusiastically. However, she purposely left out some details, such as how she'd forced Stephen to marry her in exchange for her medical skills. She also made things up, saying that Elizabeth approved of their marriage because she and Stephen had already slept together.

Stephen found Yvonne too noisy, but he had no energy to argue. He closed his eyes and said nothing as she continued talking. Julian, on the other hand, found her story compelling. He actually wanted to continue listening to her, but they'd already arrived at the marriage bureau.

The three of them entered the building. They intended to get the procedure over with so that they could collect their marriage certificate and take a picture outside the city hall to commemorate the moment.

Julian watched from a distance as Stephen and Yvonne went through the procedure. He helped deal with the paperwork and also asked the city hall to keep their marriage a secret. Nobody was ever to find out about this marriage.

Soon, it was time for the newlyweds to take the picture outside the city hall. Yvonne decided to remove her mask at that moment.

Shocked, Julian abruptly stopped her. "Wait a second!"