

The Kiss 961

Chapter 961

She guessed that the elders of the Howard family might be feeling a tad guilty and wanted to invite her to stay for dinner.

However, she didn't want to hang out at the Howards' home any longer. She had said her piece and just wanted to get the heck out of there.

Balfour reassured his grandparents, "Don't sweat it. I'll see Ellinor home."

Dean nodded, "Right, you do that. We've caused her enough bother as it is."

Alyssa chimed in, "Balfour, have a heart-to-heart with Ellinor. We owe her an apology."

"I know."

Throughout this, nobody even glanced at Xenia and Patricia, who were off to the side, as if everyone found them to be a pain in the neck.

Ellinor stepped out of the front door and bumped into McNeil Howard, whose hands were covered in mud.

McNeil was dressed sharply and exuded charisma, but his hands were always dirty, as if he'd just been pottering around in the garden.

He seemed to care little about what went on in the house, preferring to tend to his plants.

When he saw Ellinor, McNeil was taken aback, then gave a gentle smile, "When did you arrive, Ms. Mendoza?"

Even though Ellinor knew he was her biological father, she had a lousy impression of him and replied coldly, "I've been here a while."

McNeil nodded, "Are you leaving now?"

Ellinor gave a nod, about to walk past him.

McNeil, in a friendly tone, said, "The flowers you saw last time are in full bloom now. How about taking a look before you leave?"

Ellinor paused. Those flowers were said to be her mother's favorites.

She remembered them vividly. They were rare, bluish-grey blossoms that were the color of moonlight.

She didn't know if it was because she inherited her mother's aesthetic sense, but she also found those flowers incredibly beautiful, and she

adored them.

However, the flowers were planted by the man she loathed the most, McNeil. Just the thought of this irritated her.

This man betrayed her mother and caused her to go missing.

He didn't even deserve a polite smile from her.

'No need.' She said coldly and walked past him, leaving him behind.

McNeil watched the girl walk away as his eyes gradually dimmed.

Chapter 962

McNeil sighed and pulled his gaze away, ready to head in to wash his hands, but bumped into his son, who was just about to leave the house.

"Aren't you going to the office today?" McNeil asked, but got no reply from his son.

Balfour gave his father a cold look and casually said, "I'm on my way."

McNeil was already used to his son's behavior, so he watched his son coldly bypass him and leave as he walked into the house.

Inside, the atmosphere was tense. Xenia and Patricia were huddled together, crying.

McNeil calmly glanced at them with an indifferent gaze, as if all this had nothing to do with him. He didn't ask any questions and just went upstairs to wash his hands.

In the living room, Dean was listening to the crying, feeling really annoyed, and grumbling, "What the hell are you two crying about? Especially you, Patricia, look at the mess you've made!"

Patricia looked pitiful with her red-rimmed eyes but had nothing to say, "Grandpa..."

Xenia wiped away her tears, trying to defend her daughter, "Dad, Patricia..."

But Dean didn't want to hear her explanations, "Xenia, just shut up! This is the daughter you've raised. I think Patricia turned out like this because of your education. She will do anything to get what she doesn't deserve!"

Xenia's face fell, and she started crying even louder, "Mom, Dad, why would you believe an outsider over me and Patricia? Patricia exposed Ellinor's actions, but have you ever considered whether Ellinor really did those terrible things. Patricia was only standing up for justice!" Before Dean could say anything, Alyssa touched her temples impatiently and said, "Whether Ellinor did those things the internet claims will be clear when the exam results come out in three days. Just stop talking now and stop crying in front of us. You're giving me a headache first thing in the morning!"

When Dean heard Alyssa mention a headache, he looked at her, and his old face filled with worry. Then he scolded Xenia and Patricia, "You're still crying? Why don't you go and do what you should be doing? Are you trying to kill us with worry?"

After receiving a scolding, Xenia didn't dare say anything more and took Patricia upstairs.

Dean asked with concern, "Dear, how are you? Should we call a doctor?"

Alyssa waved her hand, "I'm fine; it's just a little noisy. I'll be fine after some quiet."

Dean's expression relaxed a bit.

Xenia took a whimpering Patricia back to their room, closed the door, and then told her daughter, "Okay, stop crying! The most important thing now is to find a way to make Ellinor fail the exam in three days."

Patricia was feeling desperate, "Mom, how is that even possible? The exam is live-streamed. We don't know how to sabotage it. Plus, I checked before, Ellinor's been a straight-A student since she was a kid; the exam would be a piece of cake for her."

Xenia was disappointed in her daughter, "So you're giving up just like that? Patri, what have I been teaching you? As long as it's not over, there's still a chance!"

Of course, Patricia wanted to change the situation. She looked at her mother with hopeful eyes, "Mom, what can I do to change this? I really can't think of any good ideas!"

Chapter 963

Xenia thought for a moment and said, "Let's get the best high school teacher in the country right away to quickly tutor that girl named Rosie." Upon hearing this, Patricia immediately looked disappointed and frowned, "Mom, we only have three days. There's no way tutoring could make Rosie smarter than Ellinor."

Xenia squinted her eyes in deep thought, "Didn't Ellinor say your grandpa would be in charge of setting the questions? I'll try to get the test paper for you in the next two days. Then, even Ellinor won't be able to outdo someone who's memorized the correct answers."

After hearing this plan, Patricia's eyes immediately sharpened, "Alright, let's go with that. Mom, we must defeat Ellinor this time and make sure she never gets back on her feet."

Xenia nodded, "Okay, go arrange a tutor for Rosie. Even if we're going to have her memorize all the answers before the test, we need to make sure she understands some of the theories to avoid raising any suspicion."

Patricia responded, "Okay, I'll arrange it now."

After leaving her daughter's room, Xenia returned to her own room, where McNeil had just finished taking a shower and was changing his clothes.

This middle-aged man was in his shorts, bare-chested, and in great shape. Apart from a few wrinkles on his face, his body was as fit as ever, with tight and balanced muscles.

Seeing her husband's abs made Xenia suddenly feel very excited, and she swallowed hard.

However, McNeil reacted as if he had seen a pervert. He quickly grabbed a towel and wrapped it around himself, frowning, "Why didn't you knock before coming in?"

Xenia pouted a bit, "McNeil, I'm your wife, and we have two children! Do I still need to knock before entering our room?"

Although their bedroom was shared, they had never slept in it together. Over the years, McNeil had been sleeping in a small partition in the bedroom.

Because the partition was too small, only a single bed could fit in it. There was no room for him to store his clothes, so he kept them outside the partition and also had to take showers in their shared bathroom.

McNeil ignored her, took his clothes, and went into the partition to change.

Xenia couldn't hold back any longer. She ran over and hugged him from behind, pressing her body against his, "McNeil, how much longer are you going to ignore me? It's been so many years; don't you miss me? Or are you satisfying your needs elsewhere? How can other women be cleaner than me? McNeil, I feel so lonely; can you stop leaving me alone in this cold bed?"

Her voice was sweet; any weaker-willed man would have surrendered by now.

However, McNeil didn't waver at all; he just said very unhappily, "Let go."

Xenia didn't want to let go; she continued to explore downwards on his body, "McNeil..."

McNeil reached his limit. He gripped her hand, turned, and abruptly pushed her away, "Isn't this the life you wanted? You've become Mrs. Howard; aren't you satisfied?"

Xenia fell to the ground, but she didn't give up. She turned her head, looked at him with seductive eyes, and began unbuttoning her top, "What I want is your love, not the status! McNeil, look at me! I've been keeping myself in top shape for you all these years!

Chapter 964

She tried to show off her body, hoping to stir up her husband's desire.

But McNeil just focused on her face, saying, "If you really want it that badly, I don't mind if you find another man to satisfy you."

With that, he walked past Xenia, heading towards his room.

Xenia felt deeply insulted. She was one of the campus beauties in her youth, and she had many suitors. But McNeil was the only one who

didn't care about her.

This man, who was indifferent to her and only interested in her best friend, Marlinie Bagley, somehow made her fall head over heels. She was

determined to win him over.

"McNeil what's wrong with me compared to Marlinie? You don't even want to touch me? My body is way better than hers!"

At the mention of Marlinie, McNeil paused, then said in a deep voice, "Don't mention her."

But Xenia insisted, "She's a fickle woman; she cheated on you and had a daughter behind your back and let you raise her! Am I worse than that kind of woman, McNeil?"

'Shut up or get out of this house!' McNeil suddenly snapped.

Xenia was taken aback. McNeil was usually cold to her but rarely lost his temper.

Just the mention of Marlinie made him react so strongly. After all these years, he still hadn't forgotten about Marlinie?

McNeil didn't want to say more to Xenia, let alone listen to her. He went into his room and closed the door.

Xenia had to awkwardly button up her clothes and sort out her thoughts. She decided to put her emotional issues aside and find a way to help her daughter get out of her predicament.

On the other side.

Ellinor walked out of the Howard family's gate, heading towards the nearest subway station alone.

It was hard to get a ride, and there were no bus stops near this wealthy neighborhood.

A black car pulled up next to her. The window rolled down, and Balfour leaned out, saying gently, "Ellinor, get in. Your brother will give you a

lift to wherever you're going."

Ellinor glanced at him but didn't stop, "I don't have a brother."

Balfour was disappointed but couldn't do anything about it. He sighed, "As a friend then, can I give you a lift?"

Ellinor kept walking, not looking at him again, "Mr. Howard, when did we become friends?"

Balfour fell silent.

He understood why his sister was rejecting him. After all, he hadn't treated her well before and had said many hurtful things.

He didn't have the courage to directly ask her for forgiveness. So he thought for a moment, told the driver to stop the car, got out, and decided to walk with her.

Ellinor noticed a tall figure next to her. She frowned and was not too pleased, "Mr. Howard, if you want to take a walk, can you choose somewhere else? You're blocking my sun!"

"Sorry." Balfour said awkwardly, slowing his pace and moving to the other side of his sister.

Ellinor gave him a sidelong glance but didn't say anything else.

Although she was a bit annoyed, the road was public, and she had no right to stop Balfour from getting out of the car and walking.

The two walked in silence. After about ten minutes, they reached a crosswalk, with the subway station just across the street.

Chapter 965

Ellinor was thrilled that she was finally about to get rid of Balfour at the subway station.

She checked out the traffic on both sides of the street, then stepped onto the sidewalk, deliberately speeding up to shake off Balfour.

Just as she was nearing the other side of the road, a car bolted out of nowhere, heading straight for Ellinor at high speed.

By the time Ellinor noticed the car, it was too late to react. Suddenly, a tall figure lunged at her, shielding her behind him.

Balfour, while protecting her, also made sure not to squash her belly. So when they fell together, he purposely twisted, letting Ellinor land on

him.

Then, the sound of screeching brakes and Balfour's muffled grunt echoed; luckily, nothing worse happened.

As Ellinor came back to her senses, she first noticed the hit-and-run car. It was a gray van.

Then she looked down at Balfour beneath her, getting up and asking. "Mr. Howard, are you okay?"

Balfour also sat up; his first instinct was not to check on himself but to comfortingly pat Ellinor's head, "I'm okay. You can't be this careless in the future."

Seeing Balfour, dusty but still only concerned about her, a warm feeling welled up within Ellinor, and she bent down to help him up.

Balfour was surprised by Ellinor's help. He stood up but didn't put his weight on his right foot.

Being the observant girl she was, Ellinor immediately caught on and frowned, "Did that car hit your foot?"

Balfour simply shook his head, "It's fine, as long as you're okay."

Ellinor was at a loss for words.

Balfour didn't seem to care about his foot. He limped a few steps, flagged down a taxi, and then turned to Ellinor, "Get in; I'll take you to the Blanchet villa first."

Ellinor looked at him, nodded, and got in.

After getting in, Balfour gave the driver the address of the Blanchet villa.

But Ellinor changed the destination, "Sir, can you take us to the nearest hospital instead?"

Balfour looked at her in surprise, "I'm okay; there's no need to go to the hospital."

Ellinor frowned, staring ahead, "Better safe than sorry. I don't want to owe you."

Balfour smiled helplessly, "It's me who owes you. I didn't recognize you before and was rude to you. I'm sorry."

Ellinor turned to look at Balfour. Her eyes were bloodshot, and she felt a pang of sadness before turning back to look out at the street, coldly saying, "You didn't know who I was then, so your rudeness is understandable."

Balfour looked at her gently, "So, have you forgiven me?"

Ellinor didn't respond, "Let's get your foot checked at the hospital first."

Balfour laughed, "I'm fine. As long as you're willing to talk to me, I don't care if I'm injured."

Ellinor frowned, giving him a displeased glance, "You better take care of yourself. I don't want to be burdened with looking after you for life."

Balfour lovingly patted her head, "Don't worry, I'm okay. Even if I'm not, I won't make you take care of me; as long as you're willing to visit me occasionally, I'll be happy."

Ellinor was at a loss for words.

Chapter 966

Hospital, orthopedics department.

Ellinor was helping Balfour, who was limping on one leg, out of the orthopedics office, asking him to sit for a while on a chair in the corridor.

The doctor had written a note for him to get an X-ray to check the condition of his bones.

Balfour was reluctant to sit; he wanted to go get the X-ray himself.

Noticing that his injured foot was about to touch the ground, Ellinor immediately stopped him, "Don't move; the doctor said you can't walk until your test results are out!"

Balfour thought the doctor was making a fuss, insisting, "Walking a few steps won't hurt."

Ellinor got worried, "Don't move!"

Balfour didn't dare disobey his sister and quickly sat down obediently.

Ellinor said impatiently, "Just stay here and don't mess around; I'll go get a wheelchair."

Balfour nodded with a smile. He enjoyed getting this kind of treatment from Ellinor; he should have gotten injured sooner.

Ellinor borrowed a wheelchair from the nurse's station and helped Balfour onto it. She pushed him to get the X-ray, taking care of him carefully throughout the process.

Although Balfour felt that his foot injury was not severe, he enjoyed the feeling of being cared for by his sister, something he had never dared to hope for before.

After the X-ray, Ellinor pushed Balfour back to the orthopedics office with the results in hand, showing the X-ray to the doctor.

In fact, she had already noticed the problem from the X-ray before showing it to the doctor. Balfour's foot was severely injured.

The orthopedic doctor diagnosed it as a mild fracture, arranged for Balfour to get a cast on his foot, and prescribed some painkillers and anti-inflammatory drugs, advising him not to walk for the next month and to rest.

Ellinor pushed Balfour out of the office with a worried heart, feeling down.

She didn't want to have anything to do with Balfour, nor did she intend to admit he was her brother. But now she felt bad because it was her fault that Balfour got injured so badly that he couldn't walk for a month.

The wheelchair belonged to the hospital and could only be pushed to the hospital entrance, where it had to be given back.

*Mr. Howard, I'm sorry you got hurt because of me. I'll cover the medical expenses, and I'll also pay you for lost work, mental distress, and nutrition expenses. Call your family to come pick you up; it's hard for me to get you home alone."

Balfour felt a sense of loss after hearing his sister say this, "Ellinor, I'm fine; you don't need to feel pressured."

Ellinor sighed, "Anyway, call your family to pick you up."

Balfour patted himself down and realized he didn't have his phone, "I must have dropped it when I was hit on the sidewalk."

Ellinor frowned, feeling helpless.

What could she do? She didn't have the phone numbers of any Howard family members, and even if she did, she didn't want to call them. She was afraid of being blamed for causing Balfour's injury; it was irritating to even think about.

But she couldn't carry Balfour, who was over six feet tall, by herself, and she couldn't just leave him here.

After thinking it over, she had no choice but to call Theo.

After the phone rang for a while, it was picked up, and his low and lazy voice echoed through the phone, "Hmm?"

Ellinor asked, "Are you busy right now?"

Theo quickly picked up on the unease in her voice, "What's wrong? Where are you?"

Ellinor answered truthfully, "I'm at the hospital,"

Chapter 967

In the serious conference room, the man sitting in the president's chair suddenly stood up. His usually stern face showed rare signs of anxiety and unease, saying, "What's going on? Why are they going to the hospital? Is something wrong?"

He shouldn't have let her go to the Howards' place alone!

Did she get bullied by the Howards again? Was she hurt?

A myriad of possibilities flashed through Theo's mind, making it hard for him to catch his breath.

Ellinor made a face and said, "Sir, it's not me. I'm alright."

Theo frowned, clearly not convinced, "If you're alright, why are you going to the hospital? Which hospital?"

Ellinor said, a bit aggrieved, "It's Balfour. He got his foot injured trying to help me dodge a car. His bone's fractured, and he can't walk. He lost his phone and can't contact his family. I can't carry him either..."

Theo let out a breath, "Even if you could carry him, you're not allowed to! Just wait, I'm on my way!"

"Alright!" Ellinor nodded and hung up the call.

Theo put away his phone, looked at his stunned subordinates gathered around the long table, and said coldly, "Meeting's over!"

Then he turned around and left in a hurry.

Only after their boss left did the people in the conference room have the courage to start discussing.

"Who was Mr. Blanchet talking to? He seemed really anxious."

"It must've been a woman!"

*I've never heard of Mr. Blanchet having a woman. All the women who tried to get close to him got rejected coldly. There's even a rumor that Mr. Blanchet doesn't like women."

"I heard a rumor that Mr. Blanchet is married!"

"Mr. Blanchet is married? No way! If someone like Mr. Blanchet got married, his wife would definitely be some high-born lady. That kind of power couple would've made the headlines."

"Maybe Mr. Blanchet wanted to keep it low-key. I really heard that he's married. His wife is a lot younger than him and not some high-born lady, just an average girl."

"No way! That's impossible! A big family like the Blanchets would never accept a girl from an average family. They would definitely go for a business marriage!"

*Exactly! I think so too! I heard that Mr. Blanchet and Patricia are close. Seems like there might be something between them."

"Patricia? That's even less likely."

"What's the problem? Why is it not possible?"

"The Howard family is, of course, prestigious, but everyone knows there's tension between the Howards and the Blanchets. They would never unite through marriage."

"Oh! That's a shame! I thought Patricia and Mr. Blanchet would make a good couple."

“What are you guys discussing? Didn’t you see those rumors online about Mrs. Blanchet replacing a common girl’s entrance exam score? Why are you still wondering if Mr. Blanchet is married? His wife is already a hot topic! The company’s stocks have been falling these past few days because of this.”

“What? Really? I didn’t see that. I’m too old to care about gossip.”

“Is the news true or fake? Did Mrs. Blanchet really replace a common girl’s exam score?”

“I’m not sure! But the Blanchet family does have the power to pull something like this off. It might be true.”

“That’s a bit too much! It’s already hard enough for common girls to thrive. How could the opportunity they worked so hard for to change their fate get stolen by a rich man’s wife?”

Chapter 968

“Ha! Mr. Blanchet already called it a wrap; why are you guys still yapping here? Do you need me to relay your questions to Mr. Blanchet?”

Collin walked in, tapping the door lightly, breaking up the heated discussion in the meeting room.

Seeing Mr. Blanchet’s assistant walk in, everyone immediately straightened up, reining in their curiosity and not daring to chatter anymore. They looked at each other, then packed up their files and left.

When Theo arrived at the hospital, Ellinor was helping Balfour, who was sitting on a chair, drink some water.

He saw this scene from afar, and his mood immediately sank. He hadn’t even had the pleasure of being babied like that.

Theo walked up to Ellinor, coldly watching Balfour, “I heard Mr. Howard hurt his foot, not his hands.”

Hearing Theo’s voice, Ellinor straightened up and turned to look at him, “Theo, you’re here!”

Theo glanced at her and didn’t respond. He reached out to take the bottle of water from her, then walked up to Balfour, speaking in an unfriendly tone, “Can you drink the water yourself? Do you need me to help you?”

Balfour matched Theo’s cold gaze as he took the water from him, “Thanks, I don’t need help.”

Ellinor pursed her lips. “Theo, Mr. Howard hurt his foot, but, because of the pain, his hands are a bit weak, so I was helping him hold the bottle.”

Theo gave her a stern look and snorted lightly, “You’re so considerate! I’ve never seen you being this considerate towards me before.”

Ellinor fell silent.

Balfour frowned at Theo’s attitude, “Can you be nicer when you’re talking to Ellinor?”

Theo turned to Balfour, “Stay out of our business.”

Balfour had no response.

Ellinor wasn't angry at Theo; she was used to his jealousy.

"Theo, you're here so soon? Aren't you busy at work?" Ellinor blinked at him.

"Even if I'm busy, I always put you first. Let's go!" Theo took her hand and led her towards the door.

Ellinor had to keep pace with Theo as she looked back at Balfour, "Theo, Balfour still..."

Theo said coldly, "His hands are fine; he can push his own wheelchair."

Ellinor was silent again.

Balfour watched the man who was taking his sister away with a gloomy expression. He pushed his wheelchair to follow them with both hands.

Theo really shouldn't have come; Ellinor's attitude towards him had improved a lot today, but now it was all ruined.

At the hospital entrance, Balfour had to get off the wheelchair and return it to the nurse at the front desk.

Ellinor gently pulled Theo's rough finger, "Theo, the doctor said Mr. Howard can't touch the ground; can you help him up?"

Theo didn't seem very willing, and he glanced at Balfour, "I have to help him up?"

Ellinor frowned at his reluctance, "Then why did I ask you to come?"

Chapter 969

Though Balfour was a bit miffed with Theo, he couldn't help but muster a playful grin, lifting up his hands and spreading his arms wide. "I'm all yours then, husband of Ellinor."

Theo's brow furrowed at the nickname as a mixture of amusement and annoyance stirred within him.

In the end, he didn't give Balfour a piggyback, not wanting another man clinging to his back, yet he couldn't dismiss his wife's commands. So, Theo stepped forward, bent down, and with his sturdy arms, he hoisted Balfour up, carrying him out of the hospital's doors. All eyes were on them even before Theo set Balfour down in the car.

A handsome man carrying another equally handsome man was definitely a sight that turned heads.

The nurses at the front desk could barely contain their squeals as their eyes widened with surprise. They clamped their hands over their mouths to muffle their shrieks.

Patients around the hospital stole glances at them as their eyes filled with curiosity.

Balfour, however, felt incredibly uncomfortable. This was the first time he'd been carried like this by another man in public. He was mortified and afraid of being recognized, yet he was unable to jump down and walk on his own. Angrily, he shot Theo a glare before burying his face into Theo's chest, hoping to hide his identity.

His actions, to onlookers, made it seem as though he was being shy, fueling the ambiguous atmosphere between them.

Ellinor felt awkward in the situation, unsure whether to stay close or keep her distance.

Finally, they reached the hospital's parking lot, where fewer people were around.

Theo roughly set Balfour down in the backseat, slamming the door shut. He brushed down his clothes with a hint of annoyance.

Then he moved to the front passenger side, opened the door, and called out, "Ellinor, hop in!"

Ellinor quickened her pace and obediently got into the car, letting Theo buckle her seat belt.

After buckling himself in, Theo started the car and drove out of the hospital parking lot.

They hadn't gotten far from the hospital when Balfour chimed in, "You don't need to take me back to the Howard family's mansion."

Theo kept his eyes on the road as Ellinor turned to ask Balfour, "Where are you planning on going then? You're not thinking of heading to the office, are you?"

Balfour shook his head at his sister, smiling as he said, "Don't worry, I'm not heading to the office. I have an apartment in West Coastland; it's closer from here. You can just drop me off there."

Ellinor frowned, "You shouldn't worry about the distance; we don't mind the gas money. Right, Theo?"

Theo chuckled, reaching over to gently tap her nose. His voice was low and indulgent as he said, "That's right."

Balfour interjected, "It's not about the distance. I can't go back. I don't want my grandparents to see my injury. They'll worry too much. It's not necessary to make them worry. Just drop me off at West Coastland; I want some alone time."

Ellinor understood Balfour's concern about not wanting the elders to worry, but...

"With your leg injured, how are you going to take care of yourself?"

Balfour gave a slight chuckle, "I'll get Quinton to arrange a caregiver. Don't worry about me, Ellinor."

Ellinor shrugged, turning to Theo, "Then let's drop Mr. Howard off at West Coastland, Theo."

Theo grunted in acknowledgment, steering the car towards West Coastland.

Upon reaching a posh neighborhood in West Coastland, Theo parked the car, once again faced with the task of carrying Balfour out.

Chapter 970

Though Balfour wasn't thrilled about it, he was in a tight spot. His sister was adamant about him not walking, and he didn't dare defy her, so he ended up being carried upstairs by the man again.

When they reached the floor. Theo put him down at the front door and told him to open it himself.

Balfour punched in the pass code and opened the door. Noticing that Theo was about to come over to help him, he quickly waved him off and hopped into his apartment, successfully plopping down on his couch.

Theo and Ellinor stood at the door, watching Balfour settle down, and were soon ready to take off.

“Since you’re here, why not come in for a bit and have a drink before you go?” Balfour invited them.

Ellinor wasn’t too keen on checking out Balfour’s room, but she was a bit wary of leaving him alone before the nurse arrived.

She was worried that once she left, Balfour would definitely attempt to walk.

With that in mind, Ellinor turned to ask, “Theo, are you parched?”

Theo understood Ellinor’s implication as soon as he heard the question, so he nodded, “Yeah, a bit.”

Ellinor said, “Then let’s have a drink at Mr. Howard’s place before we leave.”

Theo agreed, following her into Balfour’s spacious apartment and closing the door behind them.

Balfour said, “Ellinor, I’m a bit handicapped right now. Feel free to grab whatever you want from the kitchen.”

Without any hesitation, Ellinor made her way to the kitchen.

After watching his sister venture into the kitchen, Balfour raised his eyes to look at Theo, “Take a seat.”

Theo parked himself on the single-seat sofa, crossing his long legs leisurely, “Tell me, what was the situation like at the time? How did the car hit you?”

Remembering the incident, Balfour narrowed his eyes warily, “Ellinor was crossing the street. I made sure it was safe, but then a car suddenly barreled out of nowhere, not even attempting to brake. It was definitely aiming for Ellinor.”

Theo’s eyes narrowed thoughtfully.

Balfour looked at him seriously, “Theo, I don’t need to remind you of the complexity of your family’s social relations, do I? I’m not interested in your family affairs, but my sister is with you now. You must ensure her safety. You can’t put her in danger because of you.”

After a long silence, Theo asked, “What kind of car was it?”

Balfour replied, “A gray van.”

Theo nodded, “I’ll find out who did it. Don’t worry, I won’t let something like this happen again.”

Suddenly, a scream from Ellinor rang out from the kitchen. The two men on the couch instantly became alert, and they both looked towards the kitchen.

Ellinor was seen running out of the kitchen as if she had seen a ghost, with two drinks in her hand, followed by an excited white dog. Seeing this, Theo immediately stood up and quickly moved to Ellinor’s side, shielding her behind him and warning the dog not to come any closer.

“Rafi, come here.” Balfour called out, and the big white dog immediately ran to him, resting its head on his lap.

While petting the dog’s head, Balfour apologized to Ellinor, “Ellinor, are you alright? This dog just really likes people. Did it scare you?”

Ellinor wasn’t afraid of dogs; it was just the sudden appearance of this one that gave her quite a fright.