

Chapter 67

After the nurse left, I sat there, staring into space as a warmth rose from within my heart. It looked like he cared more about me than he showed and was not as cold as he portrayed.

Theo walked in after he was done with his phone call. I recalled what the doctor had said and snickered.

“How audacious of you to laugh! If not for you, would I have been publicly reprimanded like that?” He lifted his fingers and flicked me on my forehead.

“Ouch... It hurts,” I covered my forehead and cried out in exaggeration.

He ignored me, looking intently at the drip bottle.

“I’m hungry, Theo,” I tugged on his sleeves as I said in a pitiful voice.

“What do you feel like eating? I’ll buy it for you.” He proceeded to get up, ready to go out the door.

“I wanna eat your cooking. Let’s go home, please?” I actually just wanted to go home. I really disliked staying in the hospital. Since the doctor had said that my baby was okay, I would rather rest at home.

Theo frowned. “No, the doctors said you’d have to stay in the hospital for another night for observation. I’ll go get you whatever you want. You lie down like a good girl, and I’ll be right back.”

“My belly feels weird. I only want your cooking. More importantly, the baby wants it too.” I pointed at my belly stubbornly.

Humans were like this—once a long-time desire of one's is met, one will only grow greedier, beginning to desire more.

Theo frowned, looking like he was deep in thought. He turned to me and said, “Wait here for a while,” and left before I could reply to him.

I was a little unhappy, so I laid down on my bed once more.

Not too long after that, a few nurses came

through the door and told me that I would be switching to a different ward.

“Why do I have to change wards out of the blue?” I panicked a little.

“I asked for the change.” Theo’s voice rang out from the doorway. “You said you wanted to eat my cooking, right? We can make some food in the VIP room.”

Well...

I had not meant it when I said I wanted to eat his cooking. It was just an excuse I had made to try to go back home. Did really we have to change to the pricey VIP room for just one night of observation?

“Actually... I’ve changed my mind. I don’t really wanna eat anymore. Shall we just stay here for the night then?” Even though I knew Theo did not care about the money, there was still no need for him to overspend.

He did not say a word and just carried me out the door.

The nurses behind us pushed an empty wheelchair forward, meaningful smiles etched on their faces.

“Put me down, Theo,” I pleaded softly. There were wheelchairs available, but I was being carried instead. How embarrassing!

Theo ignored all the stares from patients and nurses alike and continued carrying me. We got into the elevator. My struggling had been to no avail, so I closed my eyes and pretended to sleep.

The VIP room in that private hospital felt like a five-star hotel’s executive suite. Everything was provided in it, and the fridge was stocked with fruits and vegetables fit to satisfy any patient’s every whim and fancy.

After settling us into the room, the nurses left. Theo asked, “What do you feel like having?”

“Ravioli with less oil, please,” I said weakly. I did not have much of an appetite since the atmosphere in the hospital felt very suffocating. I wanted to leave as soon as I could.

Soon, a mouthwatering bowl of ravioli was placed before me.

“Don’t move, lie still,” Theo said as I was

struggling to get up to eat. After he placed the bowl of pasta in front of me, he walked over to raise the head of my bed by turning the foot crank clockwise. He then transferred the food to a bedside table.

He scooped up a piece of ravioli tenderly, blew on it to cool it down, then passed the spoon to me.

I had never seen such a patient and tender side of Theo before. Every movement of his was cautious and full of care. I felt suffused with affection as he pampered me. Anyone who had ever seen this side of him before would have instantly gotten addicted to the feeling. He was so handsome, so rich, and so loving. No wonder Cindy had fought with all her might to make sure they were attached at the hip.

“Open your mouth! What are you waiting for?” He saw that I had not moved, so he teased me with an exceptionally dazzling smile.

I accepted my fate, opened my mouth, and ate the ravioli.

I accepted my fate, opened my mouth,
and ate the ravioli.

Just like that, he fed me by the mouthful,
and soon a huge bowl of ravioli was gone.

Right after that, he passed me the
medication that I had been prescribed. I
grimaced. "Can I not?"

I hated pills. I despised the aftertaste of
pills in my mouth since it reminded me s
o much of what I had been through
before.

"No, the doctor said you have to eat
this." He passed me a cup of water and
the pills, leaving absolutely no room for
discussion.

Chapter 68

I made a face and kept quiet.

“Are you worried it’ll be bitter?” After a short while, he grinned. He lifted his eyebrows up a little, his eyes shining like the sun and his smile extremely alluring. It was a shame he did not smile often.

He got up, took a bottle of honey out of the fridge, scooped out a few spoonfuls, dissolved it in water, and passed the cup to me. He said, “It won’t be bitter anymore after this! Let’s eat that medicine now. There’s a good girl!”

I... Was he treating me like I was three?

Exasperated, I took the cup and gulped it down.

Once I was done with the medicine, he took the cup from my hands and washed it in the sink.

It was a surreal feeling watching him, with his tall and lanky frame, slave away in the kitchen. Tonight, he was giving me all his love, and it felt unreal, like a

an his love, and it felt unreal, like a dream I had stolen for myself temporarily.

There were ripples in my heart even though it was obvious he was only doing all of this for the baby.

“What are you thinking about?” While I was lost in my thoughts, Theo finished washing the cup. He walked over to me and hugged my shoulders.

“Nothing much. It’s getting late, I wanna rest soon.” I felt a tinge of guilt as I laid down quickly and pretended to be sleepy.

He climbed into my bed and wrapped his arms around me.

“Theo, you should sleep over there.”

There was a luxurious bed for carers right beside me. Why was he squeezing into my bed with me?

“Don’t move, let me hug you for a while.” My words did not sway him. He simply closed his eyes, still keeping me in his arms.

I raised my gaze to see that over just a night’s time, his razor-sharp jawline had

gotten covered in a layer of light stubble, making the usually fair-skinned Theo look a little more mature and sexy.

“You done watching me? Do you think I’m exceptionally handsome today?” He suddenly opened his eyes, humor glimmering in his gaze.

I felt embarrassed to have been caught red-handed by him, so I turned around and said in a low voice, “Don’t be narcissistic, who’s watching you? Leave me alone, okay? I wanna sleep.”

He nuzzled his face behind my ears and chuckled without restraint, just like a little boy.

Most people have two different sides—one of these sides is hidden from the world, only revealed on rare occasions. I reckoned this chuckling side of Theo was the side that he hid from the world!

I was speechless after I caught myself thinking such a thing. What kind of logic was I going off of? Those two things were completely unrelated.

Not wanting to mess around with him any further, I went to bed.

sleep.

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I could only drift off to sleep as the sun was rising.

When I woke up, it was almost noon. Theo had not gone to work and was working hard in the kitchen. He looked pretty refreshed despite the fact that he had not slept the entire night.

“Don’t you have to go to work?” I asked. He was usually very dedicated to his work, so him missing a day at the office was a rare sight.

“The company can still run without me. Come on, let’s have breakfast.” He served the breakfast he had prepared right in front of me.

“Can we go home after breakfast?” I asked hurriedly.

“Finish it all, and I’ll let you know,” he demanded.

I looked at the spread: buns, pastries, milk, and oatmeal. I forced myself to eat,

●lk, and oatmeal. I forced myself to eat, so I could go home earlier.

I was lucky that Theo did not insist on me staying in the hospital. Right after breakfast, he had the paperwork done to have me discharged.

The only thing I was embarrassed about was that he insisted on carrying me all the way to the car once again, despite my huge protest.

Needless to say, it was an attention-grabbing scene. All kinds of looks, from envious to mocking to teasing, were shot our way. A few people recognized Theo and were even more shocked. It was all Theo's fault. With that ridiculously handsome face of his, it was hard to avoid attention.