

Your Guise 971

Chapter 971

"Why isn't Mobius here yet?" Richard's concern for his brother grew as he realized Mobius hadn't shown up despite their earlier call.

Pearl, too, found it strange. It had been over two hours, so the race must have ended. She attempted to reach Mobius on the phone again, but there was no answer.

"No luck. He might still be occupied with something," Pearl remarked, trying to ease Richard's worry.

Richard couldn't shake off the feeling that something was wrong. "He wouldn't be this late without a reason."

Pearl attempted to reassure him. "Maybe his coach had something urgent to discuss with him. You heard how strict he is."

"But..."

Pearl tried to comfort him. "Don't worry. Mobius isn't a kid anymore so he won't do anything impulsive."

However, Richard's apprehension only increased when his phone rang, displaying a Wyncrest number. His heart sank as he answered the call.

The voice on the other end delivered alarming news. "Is this Mister Richard? Your brother was involved in an accident during the race and is currently in the ER."

Richard's blood ran cold upon hearing the news. He immediately stood up. "Which hospital?"

"Central Hospital."

Central hospital? It was this hospital.

After hanging up, Richard said to Pearl, "He was in an accident and is in the ER now."

Pearl's hand shook, almost dropping her phone. "What? An accident?"

"He might have been distracted by the news and ended up in an accident."

As Richard was about to leave, Pearl reached out and took his hand. "Why don't I go with you?"

"No, someone needs to be here for Esther. I'll go check on Mobius," Richard explained, trying to reassure Pearl.

Pearl glanced at Esther, who was soundly asleep. After considering his point, she understood and released his hand.

When Richard got to the ER, he found that the surgery was still underway.

A middle-aged man, clearly agitated, sighed in relief at the sight of Richard. "You're Richard Waldorf, right?"

Richard, unable to hide his irritation, responded with a menacing tone, "Yes?"

The man hesitated before explaining, "Your brother was speeding in the race and..."

"And? He was already not in the right frame of mind, and you still let him compete?" Richard clenched his fist, barely containing his anger.

If he were in Mobius's shoes and something happened to Pearl, could he still be in the mood to do anything?

Chapter 972

Richard's eyes were filled with hatred. Despite Mobius not being in peak condition, the coach demanded he participate in a risky race.

The coach tried to explain himself, his voice low with fear. "Mister Richard, please try to understand. We were in a difficult position. If Mobius had refused to race, it would have upset the organizers and jeopardized his future..."

"Future? Do you think my brother's future depends on racing?" Richard's voice was filled with contempt.

It was the truth. Waldorf Enterprises was a big company, meaning Mobius could live a carefree life without financial worries, even if he chose to do nothing at all.

The coach fell silent, realizing he had no valid defense against Richard's anger.

"If Mobius comes out of this unscathed, it's one thing, but if not..." Richard's voice trailed off, leaving an ominous implication hanging in the air.

Knowing Richard would not let him get away with this, all the coach could do was shut his mouth and pray.

Two hours later, a doctor emerged from the ER, prompting Richard to approach him.

"Is Mobius Waldorf's family here?"

Richard stood up and walked over. "Yes."

The doctor looked at Richard and sighed. "I'm sorry, we've done everything we could."

A vein bulged prominently on the side of Richard's forehead, and his eyes reddened, making him resemble more a beast in a frenzy than a human. "Say that again."

The doctor hesitated, clearly uncomfortable delivering such devastating news. "I understand this is difficult, but despite our efforts in surgery, the chances of Mister Mobius surviving are very slim."

"You mentioned there's a slim chance, so there's still hope." Richard's eyes blazed with anguish and desperation. "Save him at any cost. Money is not an issue."

This was his brother, the one who had looked up to him and followed him around since childhood. The thought of him potentially facing the end at such a young age was something Richard couldn't bear.

"Don't worry, sir. We'll do everything in our power to assist him. However, I must advise you that the likelihood of survival is extremely small." The doctor, looking somber, gave Richard a sympathetic glance before returning to the ER.

As the doctor returned to the ER, the coach couldn't shake off a sense of dread. Something terrible had happened to Mobius, and Richard's wrath was palpable.

Richard's attention turned to the coach, his expression cold and menacing. "Coach O'Hara."

The coach shuddered. "Yes, Mister Richard?"

"Do you have anything to say for yourself?"

The coach stuttered, "M-Mister Richard, I know I bear some responsibility, but I was only doing my job. I didn't cause the accident." He was almost crying. The situation wasn't directly his fault, so why did it feel like he was shouldering all the blame?

Yet, the man before him was known for his fiery temper. Having heard of Richard, he was hesitant to confront him aggressively.

Chapter 973

The coach could only apologize. "I know I shouldn't have persuaded him to race, but this isn't entirely my fault!"

Richard took a deep breath. "You should pay for this."

The coach's heart went cold. This would be the end of him. Not only would his own life be ruined, but the fallout might affect his family, including his innocent son.

"I heard you have a son." Richard smirked, his eyes narrowing in anger.

"Mister Richard, please spare my son. He's only eighteen, still practically a boy. He's not to blame for this!" His son was his world, and he couldn't bear the thought of anything happening to him; he would never forgive himself.

"My brother Mobius is only nineteen." Richard's words struck like a thunderbolt, sending the coach reeling.

He collapsed to the floor, tears streaming down his face. "Mister Richard, I'll take full responsibility. Please spare my son."

Richard ignored him and just stared at the door, waiting for the verdict on Mobius' fate.

The coach's wails attracted attention, and hospital staff intervened, escorting him away to prevent further disturbance.

Three agonizing hours passed before the doors reopened, revealing the same grim-faced doctor.

"I'm really sorry, Mister Richard. We've exhausted all our efforts." The doctor's emphasis on "truly" meant they had done their best. "If you wish to say your goodbyes while your brother is still conscious, you can gown up and join him in the room."

Richard felt a lump form in his throat. Death weighed heavily in the air, more palpable than ever before.

"Okay."

Quickly donning scrubs, Richard entered Mobius' room, his heart heavy at the sight of his brother hooked up to tubes.

"Mobius," Richard's voice trembled with emotion as he approached the bedside.

Mobius opened his eyes and managed a weak smile upon seeing Richard. "You're here. The doctors said I don't have a lot of time left. I'm glad I get to see you one last time."

Richard couldn't bear this, and there was a hint of reproach in his tone. "Don't say that. You'll be fine."

"You don't need to lie, Rick. I know what's going on. I can feel it."

Though usually brash and confident, Mobius now seemed vulnerable, reminding Richard he was just a child and a naive rascal.

He gently clasped his brother's hand. "Is there anything else you want to say?"

"Why are you crying, Rick?"

Richard realized his tears were flowing and took a deep breath. "Because I'm sad."

Though Richard's words were simple, Mobius could feel his sadness.

"I'll be alright, Rick," Mobius reassured weakly before breaking into sobs. "Before I die, please donate my bone marrow to Esther."

Richard looked at him in disbelief. "What?"

Chapter 974

"I said, I want to donate my bone marrow to Esther," Mobius replied.

"But you can't just donate like that. It has to be a match."

"I know. Esther and I did a test before. It's a match. We promised to help each other if needed."

Richard hesitated, feeling overwhelmed. "But you're not in the best shape right now, I'm worried..." He didn't spell out the rest but they both knew. The surgery could be fatal for Mobius.

Mobius understood the unspoken concern. "I just want to save her, no matter what happens to me."

As Mobius's breathing grew labored, he pleaded, "Please, get a doctor."

Richard, unable to refuse his brother's plea, called for the doctor immediately.

The doctor frowned. "Is this truly the patient's wish?"

"Yes, my brother wants to save the girl he loves by donating his bone marrow."

Moved by Mobius's sacrifice, the doctor agreed. "Let him know I'll proceed with the procedure."

"Thank you, doctor."

During their conversation, Pearl called urgently.

"Richard, Esther's condition is deteriorating." Her voice sounded anxious, with James chiming in worriedly.

"It's not looking good. We should prepare for surgery," the doctor advised Richard. "But first, let's conduct another bone marrow test to ensure compatibility."

Richard agreed.

The test confirmed they were compatible, shocking James and prompting Pearl to grab Richard's hand.

"Is Mobius really not going to make it?" Pearl asked.

"I know it's hard to accept, but it's the truth. There's nothing I can do." Richard's heart weighed heavy with sorrow. This was his brother, his companion for almost twenty years.

Pearl, too, was overwhelmed with sadness. With Esther's illness and now Mobius's imminent passing, her spirits were low.

Outside the operating room, Pearl sat on a bench, her fingers entwined in her hair. She didn't look like she was in a good mental state.

After many agonizing hours, the surgery was finally over. Esther was stable and transferred to a regular ward, but Mobius... never opened his eyes again.

Richard arranged for Mobius's cremation, while Pearl and James tended to Esther.

Twelve hours post-surgery, Esther woke up to find James asleep by her side. The sunlight illuminated his hair, and she couldn't resist reaching out to pat it gently.

Chapter 975

James stirred awake even with Esther's gentle touch.

"You're awake," James said, but his expression didn't match the expected excitement.

Esther asked with a little disappointment, "Why don't you look happy to see me awake?"

"No, not at all. You're overthinking." James forced a smile and stroked her hair.

"Did something happen?"

James hesitated, then decided not to burden her with worries while she was still groggy. "Nothing at all."

Esther always trusted him, so she sighed in relief and just chalked it up to him being tired after not getting enough rest. "By the way, am I going to recover after this surgery?"

James poured a glass of water for her, then held her hand tightly. "Yes, just focus on resting and preventing rejection. You'll be discharged soon."

Esther was so excited she almost sat up straight. "Really?"

"Absolutely. Rest well, eat on time, don't stress, and don't move around too much."

Esther nodded. "Of course I will. I'll get as much rest as I need." She added, "It's quite a coincidence that we found a bone marrow match. Who was it? I'd like to thank them."

Noticing the change in James's expression, Esther grew curious. "What's wrong? Did they want to remain anonymous?"

"Yes, they preferred not to reveal their identity. They simply said helping others was reward enough." James chose to withhold the truth to spare her grief over Mobius's sacrifice.

"Oh." Esther scratched her head. "But I still feel I should thank them." It was a bone marrow transplant, not a simple surgery.

"Don't worry, I've made sure they could live comfortably for the rest of their life."

Esther smiled, a touch of embarrassment coloring her cheeks as she saw him respond so earnestly. "I should have been the one to do that. Why did you do it?"

"You're my girlfriend. It would be the same if either of us did it."

Esther squeezed his hand gratefully. "Thanks, James."

"Don't worry about it. Now rest."

Pearl, noticing Esther was awake, entered the room, trying to maintain composure. "You're awake, Este."

"Yes, it feels like I've been asleep forever. I thought I'd never wake up."

"Don't say that. You're going to be just fine."

Esther raised her chin proudly. "Of course I'll be fine. I'm a lucky star."

Her companions chuckled at her remark.

Esther frowned at their laughter. "Why are you laughing? Did I say something wrong?"

"Of course not, lucky star," Pearl reassured her, patting her head. "Let's get you some food now that you're awake. I'll get whatever you're craving."

Chapter 976

"I want some roast pork, tofu, pulled beef..." Esther listed her desired foods with her fingers, but each one was rejected.

"As a patient who just woke up, you should stick to something light," Pearl advised.

Esther frowned. "You know I don't like that. I can't eat that."

"But oily foods could affect your recovery," Pearl explained.

Esther considered this and reluctantly agreed. "Fine, something light then."

James stood up. "Stay here with her. I'll go get something."

This proved effective as it provided Pearl with the opportunity to speak with Esther alone. After James left, she sat beside Esther, feeling hesitant.

"What's wrong, Pearl? Is there something you want to tell me?" Esther inquired.

"Yes, there is. Do you know who saved you?" Pearl asked, treading carefully.

Esther shook her head, confused. "I asked James, but he said the person didn't reveal their name and that he gave them money so I wouldn't have to worry about it."

Pearl paused, debating whether to tell her about Mobius's passing.

"Why? Do you know who it was?"

Pearl shook her head. "No, I was just curious if you did."

Since James had his reasons for keeping this information from her, Pearl decided to wait for the right moment to tell her.

"It's quite a coincidence. I got leukemia, and within days, we found a bone marrow match. I guess it was fate that I survived this," Esther remarked.

Pearl forced a smile. "Yes, things will only get better from here."

"Why don't you look happy? You and James are acting strange. Are you hiding something from me?" Esther sensed that something was amiss.

"No, don't think too much about it. Just rest," Pearl reassured her, rising from her seat. "I'll be back soon. Call the nurse if you need anything."

Esther nodded as Pearl left the room, leaving her alone with her thoughts.

Shortly after Pearl left, the doctor entered to check on her. Seeing she was awake and in good spirits, he asked with a smile, "Miss Esther, how are you feeling?"

Esther returned the smile. "Much better, thank you, doctor. I suppose I'll be discharged soon."

The doctor nodded, asking a few questions before preparing to leave.

"Wait, I have a question," Esther piped up.

The doctor turned around. "Yes?"

"Do you know who donated bone marrow to me?" Esther beamed and gave him the puppy eyes.

Unable to resist her charm, the doctor answered truthfully, "It was someone with the last name Waldorf. I believe it was... Mobius Waldorf."

Esther's face froze in shock.

Chapter 977

Esther suddenly remembered they did a bone marrow test when they were still together and ended up being a match.

She told Mobius that if one day either of them had a terminal illness, they would donate their bone marrow to the other person. But then, she ended up getting leukemia.

What was even crazier was that the person she received bone marrow from was Mobius.

"Which room is he in?" she asked. A marrow donor would be very weak and would need to stay in the hospital for some time. Mobius must be there too.

"Um... The man passed away," the doctor informed her.

Passed away? Esther sat up suddenly, feeling dizzy. She staided herself and asked, "Are you sure he's no longer around?"

Her heart went numb, and for a few moments, there was no relief from the feeling.

When the reality sunk in that Mobius was no longer alive, devastation hit Esther like a tsunami, followed by waves of pain crashing into her heart.

"Yes, he's a young man who got in a bad accident during a race. He didn't have much time left and wanted to donate his marrow to you before he passed. I'm really sorry." The doctor shook his head and sighed, then was about to leave when Esther removed the IV needle from her arm.

The doctor rushed over to stop her when he saw her trying to put on some shoes. "What are you doing, Miss Esther?"

"Please let me see him, doctor. Please."

The doctor shook his head. "You've been asleep for over ten hours, and it's too late. His brother already cremated him."

Cremated... So she wouldn't get to see him one last time?

Esther sat down on the bed, her eyes seemingly empty. Mobius was gone. He had completely disappeared from this world. How could that be? He was such a bright person. How could his life just end like that?

"I don't believe you. You're lying." She shook her head hard and was about to run out again, but her body was too weak, so after taking a few steps, she fell to the floor.

"Miss Esther, please calm down. You can't bring him back, so you shouldn't move around. You just woke up, and you're very weak now. Feeling too upset will affect your recovery."

Esther took a deep breath. "I don't care. I just want to see him."

"I'm sorry for your loss, Miss Esther. I know he meant a lot to you, but since he gave you his marrow, I'm sure he wanted you to be healthy, right?"

Esther froze. Yes, Mobius donated his marrow to her, and if she hurt herself, he would be upset.

She slowly knelt on the floor, covering her face with her hands as she sobbed.

Chapter 978

After Pearl returned from the bathroom, she saw Esther, who had been in bed when she left, kneeling on the floor and looking anxious.

Seeing the doctor standing there, she asked, "What's going on?"

"I told her the name of the bone marrow donor and she got upset," the doctor said, feeling helpless and guilty. "I didn't know how important the person was to her."

Pearl knew the doctor had no idea, so she didn't blame him. "It's fine, doctor. I'll take care of this."

The doctor nodded and left.

Pearl sat on the floor with Esther, reached out her arm, and hugged her around her shoulders. "Este," she gently called out her name.

Esther didn't respond; she just buried her face in Pearl's chest while her shoulders shook with sobs.

"I know it's really hard for you to accept this right now, isn't it?"

Esther didn't say anything and just kept crying.

"No one is happy with Mobius's death. We're all devastated. You, Richard, and even James. All of us are hurting." Pearl held Esther's head close to her chest and patted her back.

"But we can't bring back the dead. Life has its highs and lows, and we never know when good or bad times will come. We have to accept life as it is, but cherish the memories we make along the way."

Esther looked up, her eyes swollen like walnuts. "Pearl, I just can't accept that he's gone all of a sudden. He even remembered to give me his marrow before he passed, and that just makes me

even sadder."

Even though they weren't together anymore, the good memories they shared still lingered in Esther's mind. Mobius remained the same kind, gentle man she'd always known.

It was this kind, gentle man who quietly left the world while she was still unconscious. She didn't even get to say goodbye to him.

"I know he cared about you. That's why he worried so much and donated his marrow. But why do you think he did that? He wanted you to live a good life, free from suffering. He had so much hope for you, yet here you are, wearing yourself out and risking your recovery. Is this how you repay him? Do you think this is what he wanted?"

Esther froze as she realized how foolish she had been. She stood up and wiped away her tears. "I understand now, Pearl. Please help me with the IV."

Pearl nodded, helped Esther back into bed, and reinserted the needle into her arm. Then, she checked her forehead. "You don't have a fever. Take care of yourself and don't do anything rash. Treat this as Mobius's final wish.

Esther nodded, her eyes already dry but still trembling slightly.

"Pearl." Esther's voice was hoarse. "How did his accident happen?"

Chapter 979

Pearl hesitated, knowing that telling Esther the truth would weigh heavily on her conscience.

However, before she could decide, Esther spoke up, "It's okay, I know everything."

Seeing Pearl's reaction, Esther lowered her gaze. "It's because of me, right? He knew I was sick and wasn't focused, so he crashed."

She wasn't stupid, so she pieced things together. But she couldn't accept it. Mobius died because of her, making her feel like his killer.

"So if I weren't sick, Mobius wouldn't die, right?"

Pearl was a little angry. "That's not how it works. He died in an accident, and it's not your fault."

"But if I weren't sick, it wouldn't have affected his emotions. Mobius was a skilled driver. How could he just crash?" Esther was convinced it was her fault.

"We don't know the whole story yet, so don't blame yourself. If you insist, then I'm also to blame for telling him about you."

Esther didn't expect Pearl to take any blame. "No, that's not what I meant."

"Then it's not your fault. I don't want to hear any more about it, okay? I'll find out what really happened in the crash," Pearl reassured her.

Esther nodded, her eyes still swollen.

Just then, James came back with some food. When he saw Esther's red eyes, he knew she found out the truth.

"Why are you crying?" He set the table by the bed and laid out the food. "Don't cry. I brought your favorite dumplings and some soup with croutons. I heard this one is really good."

It wasn't easy to find their country's food abroad, so James must have gone to great lengths to get it. Moreover, the food was still warm; he must have gone and got an insulated bag. It was obvious how meticulous he was.

But Esther had lost her appetite and wasn't moved. "I don't feel like eating now."

"I know you're grieving, but please try to eat something," James urged, reaching for the bowl of soup to feed her. But Esther pushed his hand away.

Suddenly, Esther felt a surge of anger and swept everything off the table, including the hot soup which spilled onto James's hand. "I said I don't feel like eating. Are you deaf?"

He looked at her without saying a word, then wiped himself clean.

"James..." Esther realized her mistake, and her voice trembled with regret. "I think we should break up," she said, her voice barely above a whisper.

Chapter 980

"No." James took a deep breath, thinking she wasn't thinking straight. "Don't worry about it too much. Just eat something. I can get you something else if you don't like this," he offered, getting up to leave and buy more food.

Esther buried her head under the covers, sounding sad. "I can't do this. I can't be with you, James. You understand, right? Let's break up."

She didn't understand why she always felt guilty around James.

Mobius died because of her, and here she was in a relationship with another man like nothing had happened. It didn't seem fair to Mobius. She wasn't a saint, nor was she foolish. Yet, she couldn't come to terms with it.

James turned to look at her, his voice trembling. "Are you sure?"

Esther remained silent for a few minutes. Just when James thought she might reconsider, she replied, "I want to break up with you."

James froze, trying to keep his composure. "Okay," he said quietly, then left without looking back.

Pearl was aware that Esther wasn't in the best mental state, and she knew she couldn't change her mind, so she asked, "Are you alright?"

"Pearl..." Esther collapsed into her arms, sobbing. "I'm so sad. What do I do? When I think about Mobius, all I can see is him covered in blood."

"I know you're hurting, but James didn't do anything wrong, did he?"

Esther didn't respond.

"James came all the way from Enswood to see you. Do you think he's just playing around?"

"I know, I—" Esther began.

"I understand you're upset about Mobius's death, but you shouldn't act impulsively and push away someone who loves you," Pearl said gently but firmly.

Esther seemed to feel guilty about it, so she glanced at Pearl briefly before looking down again. "Okay, I'll think about it."

Pearl knew this wasn't something she could rush, so she didn't push her and just sighed.

Richard finished the paperwork soon after. He didn't send Mobius's ashes back home after the cremation, as he knew Dustan and Susan would be devastated. It was something he couldn't bear to witness; he would tell them when he returned.

Walking into the room, Richard saw Esther lying on the bed, looking defeated. Pearl was there beside her, but James was nowhere to be found.