

Ex-Wife 1695

Chapter: 1695

The paramedics carried her to the stretcher and rushed her to the hospital where Stefan was.

Francine had watched the whole competition, so she knew that Renee was hurt.

She was worried about her, but didn't inform Stefan about the accident.

"Son, rest well. I'm going out,"

Francine said to Stefan, who was lying in bed and resting with his eyes closed.

"Go ahead. You don't have to stay with me all the time; I've got a professional caretaker," Stefan replied indifferently without opening his eyes.

He would recover in a few days but Francine insisted that he stay in the hospital so they could take care of him.

To Stefan, it was worse than being in jail.

Seraphina came after Francine left. She approached Stefan and asked gently,

"Stefan, how are you feeling? The weather is nice today. Do you want me to push you out for some fresh air?"

After her fight with Stefan, Seraphina had always been cautious around him in case he would ask to cancel their marriage again.

However, Stefan seemed to have gotten over it—he treated her nicely and didn't ask to break off their marriage.

"No, I have a friend who's coming to see me later," Stefan answered aloofly.

Seraphina immediately felt guilty, and almost got burned by the hot water she was pouring for him.

"Which friend? Xavier or Chris?" Her questions made him frown with displeasure.

"Do I have to report to you whenever I meet my friends now?"

"No, I'm just curious. I'll be glad if you're meeting Xavier because it's been a while since I last met him. I don't know why he's been so busy lately." Seraphina tried her best to sound casual as she pushed her hair behind her ear.

"No, I'm not meeting them. You'll know later if you're so curious," Stefan said calmly.

Right after he said that, he heard laughter outside the ward.

"Haha! Stefan, why do we always meet at the hospital?" A man in casual clothes walked into the ward, grinning mischievously.

He noticed Seraphina standing there, and smiled politely as he studied her.

"Hey, your fiancée is here, too?"

"You are?" Seraphina was also studying him, having never met him before.

"I'm Owen Wagner, a neurosurgeon." Owen adjusted his glasses and extended his hand to her politely.