

Ex-Wife 1696

Chapter: 1696

"A...A neurosurgeon!" Seraphina trembled and dropped the glass in her hand.

"What's the matter? Why are you so scared of me?" Owen was baffled by Seraphina's reaction.

Most people were either jealous or admiring when he mentioned his profession, but he had never seen a reaction like this before.

Seraphina was scared out of her wits, and didn't even dare to look at him.

"T-It's nothing" Seraphina forced herself to calm down and faked a smile.

"I just find doctors a bit scary, especially neurosurgeons because they operate on people's brains."

Seraphina swallowed nervously, and asked him carefully, "Why did you come to see Stefan?"

"Well, your fiance had a brain surgery that made him lose a part of his memory, right? I'm thinking of checking him to see if I can help him regain his memories," Owen told Seraphina honestly, putting his hands in his pockets casually.

The blood drained from Seraphina's face, and she blurted out, "No, you can't!" Owen raised a brow, dumbfounded by her response.

"Aren't you Stefan's fiancée? Shouldn't you be encouraging this? I only took this job because Stefan and I are friends. If not, I wouldn't have come."

"No, you've got me wrong." Seraphina swallowed and lied smoothly,

"Stefan is finally cured, and I don't want him to suffer again. It will affect his thinking. Plus, I'm afraid something bad might happen if we keep tampering with his brain."

"Oh, that's what you're worried about. There's no need to worry-just look up my name, and you'll see that I've never made any mistakes. You can just look forward to your fiance regaining his memories." Owen patted his chest proudly. He was confident in his surgical skills and fishing because he never

failed in them.

Of course, Seraphina had heard of him. When she conspired with Jovan, they had considered bribing Owen, who could do a better job at it. However, after asking around, they learned that Owen was a weirdo who didn't care about money or fame. He treated patients based on his mood, so it would be difficult to bribe him. Hence, they chose the second best neurosurgeon, someone who was not as skilled as Owen but could be easily controlled. Owen's confident assurance filled Seraphina with anxiety.

"You might be right, but Stefan's condition has finally become stable. He shouldn't be going through surgery again. I just want to see him healthy, and it's not important for him to regain those memories," Seraphina said hypocritically.

"You don't have a say in this-only the patient's words matter here," Owen said bluntly, and turned to Stefan who had been quiet the whole time. "Do you want to regain your memories, Stefan?"

Stefan replied casually, "I called you here, so of course I do. No one wants to live like a fool. I'd rather suffer in pain instead of having numb happiness."

His life seemed perfect with his smooth career, and caring family and fiancée. There seemed to be nothing to upset him, but he felt like a caged animal. He didn't know what was going on outside, and everything he saw and touched was not what he truly wanted.

Besides, he used to be in complete control of his life, so how could he accept being controlled by others instead?

“Numb happiness?” His words made Seraphina’s eyes water. She walked up to him and held his hands. “Do you think being with me is numb happiness? I’m alive, and I’m your fiancée. I’ve soldiered through a lot of hardships with you, you know. Do you have any idea how much you’ve hurt me?”

“I’m sorry...” Guilty, Stefan looked at Seraphina’s pained expression. “I just don’t want to live life blindly... not again.”

Seraphina said desperately, “There’s always a price to pay. Do you insist on opening Pandora’s box?”

“Yes!” Stefan sounded firm, and his tone brooked no arguments.