

Help! My One-Night Stand Is Examining Me?!

Chapter 319 Between us

Cole snapped out of it and immediately walked over to Alana. “Lana, you’re back? When did you come back to the city?”

Alana replied succinctly, “Yesterday.”

Cole asked with concern, “Your grandmother...”

“My grandmother is currently being treated at this hospital.”

“Is that so? How is she? Is it serious?”

“She’s doing okay. She’s out of danger, but she’ll still need to stay in the hospital for a while.”

Cole noticed the faint worry in Alana’s eyes and couldn’t help but reassure her,

“Don’t worry. I’m sure your grandmother will be fine.”

Alana paused for a moment, then replied politely, “Thank you.”

After a brief pause, she asked, “Why are you at the hospital too?”

Cole pressed his thin lips together. “My sister. She was beaten up by a group of people. She has multiple comminuted fractures and is currently in the hospital.”

“What?!”

Camila, beaten up by a group of people?

And multiple comminuted fractures?

Who on earth would go so far as to beat up Camila?

Although, deep down, she felt a bit of schadenfreude.

But she didn’t show it on the surface; instead, she feigned concern, “Is your sister okay?”

Cole nodded. “She’s okay. They found her in time, she narrowly escaped death.”

Looks like she got beaten pretty badly.

Alana asked, “Did you find out who did it? Who beat her up?”

‘I’ll send them a bouquet later to properly thank them.’ This thought ran through her mind.

Upon hearing this, Cole’s eyes darkened slightly.

He was curious to know who those people were who beat up Camila, and who had ordered them to do it.

But the evidence had been thoroughly covered up, and he hadn’t found a single clue.

If he knew who was behind it, he certainly wouldn’t let that person off easily!

Seeing Cole’s reaction, Alana guessed that he hadn’t been able to track down those people.

It seemed Camila had inadvertently crossed someone she couldn’t afford to cross, someone even Cole was powerless to track down.

As the saying goes, justice will be served, it’s just a matter of time.

A woman like Camila, who was evil to the core, would get her comeuppance sooner or later.

Alana said, “That’s all for now. I have things to do, so I’ll head back.”

Hearing this, Cole couldn’t help but ask, “Lana, are you really planning to quit?”

“I was planning to quit anyway; it’s just that you never approved it.”

If he’d approved it from the start, she wouldn’t have had to stick around him for so long.

Cole swallowed.

Although he had already guessed as much, hearing Alana say it with her own mouth still stung.

He gave a wry smile. “Do you really want to leave me that badly? Don’t you want to be around me anymore?”

He had deliberately delayed approving her resignation request precisely because he wanted to spend more time with her.

Even if it was just to see her a little more often. But she wouldn't even give him that chance.

Alana paused for a moment. "Cole, I just want you to realize that it's impossible between us now."

Leaving was the best response she could give him.

Cole's Adam's apple bobbed. "So that's it, it's impossible between us now."

It felt as though his months of persistence in searching for her had, in the end, been nothing but a joke.

He was the only one who had gotten caught up in this, and he'd only sunk deeper and deeper.

As for Alana, the girl who once held him in her heart, she had long since pulled away.

Cole forced a smile. "Lana, the biggest regret of my life is that I didn't figure out my own feelings sooner and didn't treat you well." He paused, his gaze fixed intently on Alana, a faint sadness in his eyes.

"Do you know how deeply I regret hurting you?"

He deeply regretted it. How could he have said such heartless and hurtful words back then? How could he have made her feel important?

He knew full well that it was the deepest, most painful scar in Alana's heart, yet he let others expose it, and he even went so far as to rub salt into the wound... Come to think of it, he really went too far back then.

So much so that he wished he could go back in time and slap himself hard across the face.

But when Alana heard Cole say this, her eyes showed not the slightest flicker of emotion.

What's lost is lost; no matter how hard he tried to make amends, he could never go back to the way things were.

Cole stared at Alana, his heart yearning for an answer. "Lana, if... if you hadn't left you back then. If things had been perfect. Would you still be with me now?"

Alana pressed her lips together.

She didn't know. Maybe.

After all, back then, she had indeed harbored feelings for him.

But...

What she got instead was him and his friends treating her with contempt and humiliating her.

Alana didn't give him an answer. Instead, she said, "Cole, in this world, there are no 'what ifs.'"

Cole closed his eyes briefly. The sliver of hope he'd clung to was crushed by her own hand.

"Alright, I understand."

Alana gave a slight nod, her tone polite yet distant. "Goodbye."

Cole's heart ached. Though he was clearly reluctant to part with the girl before him, he had no choice but to say goodbye. "Goodbye."

Alana nodded again, walked past Cole, and slowly left.

Cole's breathing grew heavy.

Unable to resist, he turned around and watched the cold, indifferent silhouette she left behind as she walked away.

An image involuntarily surfaced in his mind.

The memory of that girl from years ago, with her delicate, pretty features and cute ponytail, appearing before him, holding a string of sandalwood beads in both hands and carefully presenting them to him.

"Cole, I'm giving you this sandalwood rosary as a birthday present. I prayed earnestly for these at a temple. I hope they'll protect you and keep you safe, carefree, happy, and blessed for the rest of your life."

His heart fluttered slightly, and he couldn't help but take the rosary from the little girl's hands. "Thank you. I really like this gift."

Hearing him say he liked it, the girl's nervousness vanished, replaced by a warm, radiant smile.

That sweet smile was etched deeply into his memory. At that moment, only one thought occupied his mind. That was, he wanted her, he wanted to be with her...

Suddenly, Cole was bumped into.

The sandalwood beads on his wrist were accidentally knocked loose. The beads clattered to the ground, scattering everywhere.

Cole's pupils contracted.

Looking at the sandalwood beads scattered across the floor, it was as if he saw the red thread binding him and Alana together snap in an instant...

"No!"

Cole couldn't help but crouch down and pick up the scattered beads. His movements betrayed a sense of helplessness and panic.

A passerby who accidentally bumped into him saw him suddenly throw caution to the wind, diving to the ground to pick up the beads, and couldn't help but apologize.

"I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to do that..."

The passerby quickly crouched down to help pick up the beads,

After a while, the passerby handed the collected beads to Cole.

Cole cradled them carefully in his hands, counting them over and over again.

But no matter how many times he counted them, the number didn't match the original count.

"There aren't enough, one is missing! There's supposed to be twenty in total, but now there's only nineteen! Where's the other one? Did you hide it?"