



282: The Truth He Hid

"I know a method—stimulating certain acupuncture points can help bring a comatose patient back sooner."

Caitlin had learned various unconventional medical techniques during her time at Shadow Moon Pavilion. While she wasn't an expert, she had enough knowledge to try alternative methods when traditional medicine fell short.

She couldn't just stand by and watch Molly slip into a vegetative state.

Eliza, trusting Caitlin completely, nodded without hesitation.

"You should try it. Please, do whatever you can."

"Alright, but I need some time to prepare."

Eliza agreed immediately.

Caitlin then sought out Simon, discussing Molly's condition with him.

"I checked on Molly earlier. It's been three days, and there's still no sign of her waking up."

Simon was silent for a moment before he sighed and admitted,

"Caitlin, there's something I haven't told anyone.

"Molly might never wake up."

Caitlin's eyes widened.

"What do you mean?"

Simon rubbed his temples, his exhaustion written all over his face.

"I told everyone that we'd have to wait at least a week... but that was just to give them hope. The truth is—she may never regain consciousness."

He looked away, his voice thick with guilt and sorrow.

"Her head trauma was too severe, she lost an excessive amount of blood, and she flatlined in the ER. We pulled her back from the brink of death, but patients in cases like hers... they almost always end up in a permanent vegetative state."

Simon's hands clenched into fists, his self-reproach evident.

"I should've done more... I should've..."

Caitlin's heart sank. She had assumed that Molly's condition was stable—but in reality, Simon had been hiding the worst-case scenario from them all.

Even before she could process the gravity of the situation, Simon continued, his voice hoarse.

"And the worst part is... I was so blind, Caitlin.

"I knew Molly liked me—she chased after me so openly. But I was cold and distant, constantly rejecting her, pushing her away every time she reached out.

"I kept telling myself that we weren't from the same world, that we could never be together.

"But when I saw her lying there... when her heart stopped...

"It felt like someone had ripped mine apart."

His voice broke, and he covered his face with his hands, struggling to



keep himself together.

Caitlin exhaled slowly.

"Simon, let me ask you something—when you found out she got hurt, when you saw her covered in blood... did it hurt you more than anything else in the world?"

He nodded weakly.

"And if she wakes up, would you do everything in your power to make it up to her?"

Another nod.

Caitlin placed a hand on his shoulder.

"You've already answered your own questions, Simon.

"You love her—you just never let yourself realize it.

"Sometimes, when we have something right in front of us, we take it for granted.

"It's only when we almost lose it forever that we understand how much it meant to us."

Simon's throat tightened.

She was right.

He had spent so much time convincing himself that he didn't care...

But the pain he felt now? It proved otherwise.

He loved Molly.



And he had realized it far too late.

"But what if she never wakes up?" he whispered.

Caitlin met his gaze, unwavering.

"I'm going to try and wake her up."

Simon blinked in shock.

Caitlin explained her plan.

"I want to use an alternative technique to stimulate her neural pathways. It's not conventional medicine, but if it works, it could help bring her back."

Simon hesitated—then, without a second thought, agreed.

"Alright. Let's try it."

Even if the odds were slim, he had to do something.

Molly was scheduled for a hyperbaric oxygen therapy session—a treatment meant to reduce brain swelling and improve oxygen flow.

Once she was returned to the ICU, Caitlin suited up in sterile medical attire and brought in her acupuncture kit.

Eliza waited outside, her hands clasped in prayer.

Inside, Caitlin carefully selected nine golden acupuncture needles, inserting them into high-risk neural points that normal acupuncturists wouldn't dare touch.

Simon assisted, monitoring her vital signs.



Each delicate twist of the needle... each precise motion...

This wasn't just a medical procedure — it was a battle to pull Molly back from the abyss.

Finally, Caitlin performed the final rotation of the last needle.

Simon's breath caught in his throat.

"Molly's finger just moved...!"

Caitlin's eyes snapped to her.

And then — for the briefest second —

Molly's eyelids fluttered open.

"She's waking up!" Simon shouted in disbelief.

But the moment was fleeting — her eyes closed again.

Still — that was all Caitlin needed.

She carefully removed the needles and exhaled deeply.

"She'll wake up soon — I'm sure of it."

Simon's hope reignited.

Eliza rushed forward the moment they stepped out.

"Caitlin? Dr. Smith? How is she?!"

Simon smiled for the first time in days.

"She moved her fingers. And — she opened her eyes."



Eliza's hands flew to her mouth, tears spilling over.

"She's going to wake up," Caitlin reassured her. "It won't be long now."

Eliza broke down sobbing.

"Thank God... thank you, Caitlin... thank you so much..."

Not long after, Vincent arrived.

"Eliza... my father wants to see you. He said he has something important to tell you."

Caitlin and Vincent walked with her to Jasper's hospital room.

The moment Eliza stepped inside, Jasper attempted to sit up—but she stopped him with a wave of her hand.

"Don't get up. Just tell me what you need to say."

Jasper's eyes were full of complex emotions.

For a long moment, he just stared at her.

Then, with a heavy sigh, he finally spoke.

"Eliza... there's something I need to confess to you."

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