

Chapter 28 Going Home

Out of the school.

Julia was a little surprised when he didn't see the familiar figure after class.

Every time she finished class, Robert Adams would wait outside on time, follow her behind and send her back, whether she agreed or not.

She withdrew her gazes, thinking to herself that he really couldn't last long.

She took a few steps when a familiar voice came from behind her, "Miss. Smith, a ride?"

Julia turned her head, only to see Robert wearing a white shirt and a pair of khaki slacks. He must have cut his hair, too.

He was riding a bicycle, followed by a group of schoolchildren.

The other day he drove a sports car. Why did he ride a bike now?

Julia's eyes narrowed slightly. She didn't know why, but she felt this scene was so familiar as if she had seen it somewhere.

As she froze, Robert had already reached her: "Little girl, do you want a ride home?"

Little girl, want a ride home?

The files in Julia's hand suddenly fell to the

ground, and tears flooded her eyes for some reason.

Little girl, want a ride home...

Why did she want to cry so badly when she heard this sentence?

She covered her head with one hand and her shoulders trembled slightly.

"Julia, are you alright?" Robert dropped his bike and held her up.

A figure flashed through her mind. Julia slowly calmed down, looked up at Robert's mature and introspective face, and suddenly came back to her senses, then she pushed him away.

"Mr. Adams, I am not a little girl, and you should not be so childish. I will never like you."

After saying that, she picked up the files that fell on the ground and left in a hurry.

Seeing this, Robert carefully followed behind her.

Did Julia just remember something?

Julia walked briskly toward home; the figure lingered in her mind.

She wondered who that man really was.

Why can't she remember anything?

Are Robert and him the same person?

No, never, he is so gentle, he can't be Robert...

She suddenly stopped, turned to look at Robert, word for word: "I warn you, don't follow me..."

Her head was getting sore as if something was trying to escape again.

Noticing that she was not well, Robert quickly came to her and held her in his arms.

"Julia, I'm here, I'll take you to the hospital right away."

He looked around, there was no cab. Just the day he chose not to drive a car.

He picked Julia up, ignoring her struggle: "Julia, with me, you'll be fine."

The pain was too much to bear, her tears slowly sliding down the corner of her eyes.

Robert's shoulders were wet, and his heart was torn.

He was wrong, he shouldn't have tried to jog her memory, he deserved to be in hell.

Julia was completely unconscious, and she was leaning against Robert's shoulder, half asleep.

"Robert, can you stop bullying me. I'm a woman, I get hurt too."

"Robert, I have liked you since I was thirteen, I like you so much..."

"Robert, don't get married to Lauren..."

Robert's throat tightened.

"Okay, okay... I promise you everything, just please, stay with me, please..."

In Julia's dream, a youth in a white shirt was riding a bicycle towards her and waving.

"Little girl, do you want a ride home?"

Her hands were clenched tightly, and she couldn't stop the tears from slipping down her face.

What should she do? The little girl no longer had a home.