

Chapter 27 Hospital

In the hospital.

Julia woke up slowly, lost in thought, staring at the ceiling.

Dave was silently watching over her, and when he saw that she didn't want to speak, his eyes were full of concern, "How are you? Does your head still hurt?"

Julia heard his voice, came back to her senses, and turned her head to look at him.

"Dave, why didn't you tell me that Robert Adams is my ex-husband?"

Dave's warm face showed a moment of stiffness.

He calmed his mind and held Julia's hand, with anger hidden under his eyes: "Because he is not worthy to be your husband."

After the words, he looked deeply at her, his adam's apple rolling slightly: "In my eyes and your sister's, you will always be a little girl, not his, Robert Adams's wife."

Julia has never heard Dave say anything bad about anyone.

Even if someone came to him with a dirty case, he was all smiles and politely refused to take the case.

Julia felt that among the people she knew, no one could be more gentlemanly and polite than Dave.

She took a deep breath and smiled, "I know, I'll stay further

away from him in the future, I promise not to let him near me."

Dave nodded slightly.

"So, can we go home now? I don't want to stay in the hospital."
Julia shook his hand and pouted.

Dave dotingly rubbed her hair: "Fine."

Julia pressed her wig, her hair has not yet grown long.

...

Dave feels that men like Robert Adams will only pretend to be tender for a moment.

As long as he sees that he and Julia are already together, he will give up after a short while and leave of his own accord.

However, as time passes, Robert Adams not only did not leave but also opened a branch here.

His company is on Julia's way to work.

Every morning, Julia would receive a large bouquet of flowers and gifts.

The chef in school prepared them lunch, and in less than a month, each of them became chubby.

This day.

Julia, in front of everyone, once again threw the gifts and flowers into the trash without mercy.

The students waved their hands towards Robert regretfully.

Robert's smile went wider because Julia looked at him for two more seconds.

Afterward, he went to work as usual.

The assistant came back and looked at the new company, and thought, Mr. Adams was really able to make a living wherever he was.

Robert stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, his hand holding a glass of whiskey. He did not spare any effort to mock his assistant: "It has been a month. I doubt your ability, Mr. Ulysses. Are you like your name, useless?"

Ulysses, useless...

His assistant has long been accustomed to his boss's mean words: "Sir, ten years and then another ten years, the prosecution period is over, you should be satisfied."

Robert turned around; Ulysses immediately shut up.

"Anything?" Robert asked.

Ulysses became serious at once.

"I found that the person who saved you in the first place was Madam, who happened to be spending the summer at her uncle's house at that time."

"Madam used to be the champion in the Piano Competition, but she hasn't touched the piano since around ten years ago."

"Also, Lauren's middle school teacher said she can't play the piano at all."

"Crack!" The glass of whiskey was smashed, shattered all over the ground.

Robert Adams's heart was like the broken glass.

Ulysses lowered his head and secretly wiped his forehead, not daring to look at Mr. Adams's face.

His boss was so stupid that he even confused his savior. How did he get to the top of the company?

Robert's eyes were covered with fury: "Go and get Lauren to me, I'll make her pay."

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.