

The Wife He Forgot to Marry (Winona and Yule)

Chapter 33

Didn't she want to ask him anything? Wasn't she the least bit jealous?

A strange panic began to stir in Yulen. He set the water glass aside and took her hand. "Winona, if you're upset about this, you have to tell me."

Winona just smiled and changed the subject. "I have to go back to the factory tomorrow, so I can't stay and take care of you tonight. I'll have Cora come over."

Yulen froze. The last time he'd had acute appendicitis, Winona had burst into tears the moment she saw him at the hospital. She had fussed over him constantly, taking care of everything herself and never leaving his side.

Now, she was calmly saying she was going home?

Yulen was struck by the feeling that he was about to lose something precious.

"Yulen..."

Suddenly, Tallulah's voice came from the doorway. Her arm was in a sling, and she stood there, her face a mask of worry.

Seeing her, Winona stood up, grabbed her bag, and left.

Yulen wanted to say something more to her, but she was gone in an instant.

Tallulah walked over and sat beside him.

For the moment, Yulen pushed Winona from his mind and turned to Tallulah. "Are you alright?"

She shook her head. "I'm fine. Yulen, are you in pain?"

Yulen reached out and pulled her into an embrace. "I'm fine."

Tallulah buried her face in his chest and began to cry. "Oh, Yulen, I was so scared! When they told me you were unconscious, you have no idea how worried I was."

As he comforted her, Yulen couldn't stop the image of Winona's cold, detached face from floating into his mind.

His brow furrowed. Could she have found out something?

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As soon as Winona stepped out of the hospital, a sharp pain shot through her stomach, and her face went pale. If she had known Yulen's accident involved Tallulah, she wouldn't have come.

She took a moment to compose herself, then drove to a nearby pasta restaurant and ordered a meal.

She had little appetite and ate slowly.

Just then, the owner brought over a plate of beef, a side of greens, and a fried egg, placing them in front of her.

Winona looked up. "I didn't order this."

The owner pointed to a man paying at the counter. "That gentleman said it's on him."

Winona saw Stefan. Dressed in a bespoke suit, he looked sharply put together, his cool, polished presence completely at odds with the modest little restaurant.

Knowing she couldn't eat that much, Winona asked the owner to pack it to go. Holding the container, she caught up to Stefan and thanked him, lifting the box slightly. "Thank you for dinner."

Stefan gave a slight nod. Noticing her pale complexion, he asked, "Do you need a ride home?"

Winona was about to refuse, but her stomach was still churning, and she worried about driving while feeling unwell. So, she accepted.

Inside the spacious car, Winona placed the take-out box on the small table. She noticed Stefan had also gotten a take-out order and asked curiously, "Mr. Goddard, you eat at little places like this too?"

Stefan's thin lips parted, his voice clear and pleasant. "Yes. Did you think I only ate lobster and caviar?"

His response was so unexpected that Winona stared at him, stunned.

The surprise in her eyes seemed to amuse him, and the tension in his expression eased. "My grandmother likes their food. I was just passing by and decided to get some for her."

Winona nodded, careful not to pry any further into his family life, and sat up straight.

When the car stopped in front of her apartment building, Winona thanked him and got out.

Stefan instructed the driver to continue. Suddenly, his gaze was caught by a small, shimmering object on the seat. He picked it up and saw it was a pearl hair clip.

He sent a text to Winona, asking if she wanted him to bring it back.

Winona had just walked through her door when she received his message. Seeing it was just a hair clip, she couldn't possibly trouble him to return it. She texted back: "Please don't worry about it, Mr. Goddard. You can just throw it away."