

His kiss 1201

Chapter 1201

Zhuoming lingered a moment behind Dr. Cheng, pausing to say quietly, “We’ll need to do another surgery on your eyes soon. Even in the best-case scenario, it’ll take at least two months to heal properly.”

Hearing his gentle voice, Aubrey froze for a beat.

It wasn’t until he’d left the room that it struck her — was he explaining himself, after Tessa’s earlier teasing?

Was he quietly letting her know the wedding date couldn’t be moved up, simply because her eyes needed the time to heal?

Her ears burned with embarrassment.

Would Dr. Su think she’d been too eager, too forward, after all?

Aubrey, usually so carefree and easygoing, found herself unexpectedly thrown off by nothing more than a few gentle words from Dr. Su.

With Dr. Cheng’s involvement and Dr. Fred’s sound advice, a new treatment plan had come together quickly.

Not long after, Aubrey went in for surgery a second time.

The operation went well, and as long as she took proper care of herself, the risk of permanent blindness had dropped considerably.

Gabriela arranged for a fresh rotation of professional caretakers, assigned in pairs to keep watch around the clock, ensuring Aubrey's comfort and safety.

It was a precaution against her parents causing more trouble at the hospital, which could easily have set back her recovery further.

They'd managed to keep her parents out — but they hadn't accounted for Kevin.

Somehow, he'd found out about the severance letter and rushed to see her, brushing past every other concern to get there.

Only days after her latest surgery, Aubrey lay in bed with thick bandages covering her eyes, her face pale and drawn.

Kevin approached, fury still hanging over him — but the sight of her softened something in his chest instantly.

His voice came out gentler than he'd intended. "Are you badly hurt? Does it still hurt?"

"It's okay," Aubrey said, calm. "Dr. Su says I'll recover soon."

The memory hit Kevin all at once — that night he'd left her stranded outside the apartment complex, the night that had ended with her getting hit by a car, her eye badly injured.

He'd been completely unaware, leaving her to face something that terrifying entirely alone.

He dropped his gaze. "I'm sorry."

"It's fine," Aubrey said with a faint smile. "Honestly, the injury wasn't that bad at first. It was my mom pulling on my ear after the surgery that made it worse."

The unspoken message underneath was clear enough — even if she did end up blind, it wouldn't have been his fault.

Sensing the distance in her tone, Kevin felt a flicker of irritation.

"Aubrey, I was exhausted from working overtime that day. I didn't mean to just leave you..."

"It's fine," she cut in quickly. "I was the drunk one, acting out. Don't blame yourself for it."

The more understanding she was, the more anxious Kevin became.

He tried again. "I heard you had a serious falling-out with your parents, over your eye?"

What he really wanted to ask was whether the severance letter was actually real.

Chapter 1202

But looking at how pitiful she seemed right now, all he wanted in that moment was to apologize, to make things right between them.

Nine years together, and he'd never once gone this long without hearing from her.

The longer they'd been apart, the more Kevin realized he genuinely couldn't stand to be without her.

He'd come here today with his mind made up — to offer the 880,000-yuan dowry himself and marry her.

With his current salary, paying that off wasn't out of reach.

Compared to the way Aubrey was acting now, the severance letter suddenly felt like a minor detail.

"Yes," she said, nodding seriously. "Kevin, I've cut all ties with my parents."

Hearing it confirmed, relief washed over him, and even his usual weary expression eased into a rare smile.

He reached for her hand, but she pulled away before he could take it.

His hand froze mid-air, his face darkening slightly.

"Aubrey, you keep saying the injury has nothing to do with me, but I know you're still blaming me for it, somewhere inside."

"When I said I wanted to break up that day, it was out of anger. I've been under so much pressure lately. Can't you understand that?"

Aubrey nodded.

"I know. My parents must have said some awful things to you that day. I don't blame you for it."

Kevin figured a few soft words now would be all it took for her to forgive him.

His smile widened. "Even if you've cut ties with your mom and dad, they're still the ones who gave birth to you."

He pulled out a bank card and pressed it toward her.

"There's 880,000 in there. Think of it as repaying them for raising you."

Aubrey didn't take it, only met his eyes steadily.

Kevin held her gaze.

"Aubrey. Marry me. I promise I'll treat you well, and I'll never leave you stranded on the roadside at night again."

"Is this the 880,000 they demanded?" Aubrey asked, taking the card in her hand and studying it. "Didn't you always tell me you had no money?"

Kevin nodded. "I've been saving for two or three years. Borrowed a little from friends, too."

Despite refusing that outrageous dowry demand, it turned out he'd been quietly setting money aside for their future all along.

Whatever else had happened, he had, at some point, genuinely tried for the two of them.

Aubrey suddenly laughed — but as she laughed, her eyes reddened.

Too late, though. It was all too late now.

Her strange reaction made Kevin nervous. "Aubrey — you don't want this?"

"I don't want it," she said, looking at him steadily. "I'm already married. I wasn't lying to you before."

Kevin's expression shifted.

"Who is it?"

“You don’t need to know,” Aubrey said, pressing the card back into his hand. “Kevin, let’s just say it wasn’t meant to be. Please, don’t come looking for me anymore.”

“Who is it?”

Kevin’s grip closed tightly around her wrist, refusing to believe his girlfriend of nine years could simply marry someone else without a word to him.

Chapter 1203

“We had one fight,” he said urgently. “Every couple fights. You don’t just end things over a single argument.”

“Aubrey, it was your parents who went too far. It isn’t fair for you to treat me like this over something they caused...”

Aubrey struggled to pull her wrist free. “Whatever you say, I’m a married woman now. Please, do me this one favor and stop coming to find me.”

“Tell me who he is.”

Something aggressive resurfaced in Kevin all at once, his expression darkening like a storm rolling in.

His grip on her wrist tightened until it seemed like it might snap.

Aubrey winced in pain.

“That would be me,”

a calm voice cut through the room.

The door swung open, and Dr. Su Zhuoming stepped in, still in his white coat, meeting Kevin’s gaze evenly.

“I’m Aubrey’s husband now. Whatever you have to say, say it to me.”

Kevin glared at him, eyes burning red with fury, looking like he might lash out at any second.

Aubrey’s alarm spiked. “Dr. Su!”

She hadn’t wanted Kevin to find out who she’d married at all, terrified he’d take his anger out on him.

Zhuoming gave her a reassuring smile. “Don’t worry. I’ll handle this.”

“What exactly are you going to do?” Kevin snarled, fists clenched. “You took advantage of the situation and stole my woman! You must have used your position to seduce her! Some doctor you are!”

“Kevin!” Aubrey couldn’t stomach hearing him slandered like this. “This has nothing to do with Dr. Su. It’s my family that’s to blame, not him!”

Watching how fiercely she defended him, tears of fury pricked at Kevin’s eyes, something in his chest burning like wildfire.

He fixed Aubrey with a bloodshot glare. “Shut up!”

Listen closely, and a raw, furious sob wove through his voice.

Zhuoming’s eyes flickered briefly before he said, level and calm, “Kevin. If you have something to say, let’s discuss it outside.”

Aubrey had only just come out of eye surgery, and the doctor worried that Kevin’s imposing manner might upset her.

Kevin glanced back at Aubrey once before gritting his teeth and following Allan out of the room.

Silence settled over the space he'd left behind.

The moment Kevin had shown up earlier, Aubrey had asked the two caregivers to step out.

Now she was alone.

A knock sounded at the door.

Without much thought, she called out, "Come in."

A middle-aged woman stepped inside.

Short hair, a grayish-white T-shirt, a basket of fruit balanced in her arms.

She seemed vaguely familiar to Aubrey, though she couldn't place her. Confused, Aubrey asked, "Who are you?"

The woman held her basket and looked Aubrey over slowly, top to bottom.

Something about that stare set Aubrey on edge, though she couldn't say why.

Politely, she asked, "Excuse me — who is it you're looking for?"

"I'm looking for you." The woman studied Aubrey's face. "Your eyes look pretty bad. Are you losing your sight? How many surgeries have you had?"

Chapter 1204

Unsettled by the odd line of questioning, Aubrey answered carefully. "It's not that bad. I've had three surgeries, but I'm managing fine."

"Three surgeries. That sounds serious," the woman muttered to herself. "So your parents weren't lying after all."

Unable to make sense of what she was saying, Aubrey instinctively pushed herself out of bed.

"Ma'am, what are you talking about? Who exactly are you here for?"

She reached for her shoes as she spoke, but before she could put them on, the woman pulled a fruit knife out of the basket.

The blade caught the fluorescent light with a cold gleam, and Aubrey's heart lurched. A startled cry escaped her.

"Ma'am, what are you doing?"

"Shut up! Don't scream!"

The woman's eyes turned vicious. "I swear I didn't mean to hit you that night! It was so dark, I couldn't see the road properly. You came out of nowhere..."

Despite her fear, the pieces clicked together for Aubrey — this was the woman who'd struck her with the electric scooter that night.

Gabriela had told her the woman had turned herself in the very next day, paid the fine, and even drained her own savings to help cover Aubrey's medical bills.

Gabriela had asked if there was anything else Aubrey wanted from her, but Aubrey understood the accident hadn't been entirely her fault. That night, fleeing from three drunken men, she'd rushed blindly into the road, leading straight to the collision.

Since the woman had already stepped up and covered the medical costs, Aubrey had chosen not to push the matter further. Later, with her eye worsening and her sudden marriage to Dr. Allan, she'd barely spared the woman another thought.

She never expected the woman to turn up at the hospital now.

Seeing how agitated she'd become, Aubrey tried to soothe her. "It's really okay. I've already let this go — I don't hold anything against you."

"Liar!"

The woman broke down suddenly, shouting. "Everyone said the same thing when I walked out of the police station after turning myself in. And look what happened after that!"

Aubrey's parents had tracked down the woman's address and started harassing her relentlessly, blaming her outright for their daughter's blindness.

They'd demanded a massive settlement and threatened to make her support Aubrey for the rest of her life.

The woman's husband was sickly, scraping by running a street stall. She had a young daughter still in elementary school, and her elderly in-laws struggled to make ends meet farming out in the countryside.

To keep the family afloat, the woman worked three or four jobs at once. On the night of the accident, she'd been rushing to a late-night food stall for one of those jobs, nearly late, which was exactly why she'd been speeding on the scooter in the first place.

Poor as she already was, Aubrey's parents had kept coming back, demanding more money, threatening to go after her daughter's school if she didn't comply.

Chapter 1205

Unfamiliar with the actual law, the woman had genuinely believed she'd be legally obligated to support Aubrey for life, permanently, if the blindness stuck. That was why she'd come to the hospital with a knife — to negotiate her way out.

Hearing the woman's story, something in Aubrey's chest sank further at the thought of her own parents.

She'd already been mourning the loss of them — and now she understood, with sickening clarity, that they'd apparently meant to squeeze every last drop out of her, and from anyone else within reach besides.

Caught between despair over her parents and fear of the knife in front of her, Aubrey forced herself to stay calm.

"Ma'am, you've misunderstood. My eyes can still recover. There's no world where I'd hold you responsible for the rest of my life. And you've already paid what you owed. I'm not going to ask you for anything more."

The woman eyed her warily, unsure whether to believe any of it.

“Really?”

“Really.” Aubrey reached out her hand gently, trying to reassure her. “Please, ma’am, hand me the knife. This is a hospital — if anyone sees you holding that, you could end up in real trouble. You have a daughter, don’t you? Think about her. If something happened to you, who would take care of her?”

Years of sales experience at Apex Group had taught Aubrey exactly how to talk someone down.

Watching Aubrey’s calm, harmless manner, the woman’s resolve began to waver.

“If you’re lying to me, I swear I’ll take you down with me, no matter what.”

“I work at a major company,” Aubrey said, nodding firmly. “I make good money. I have no reason to try and squeeze you for anything. You can trust me.”

The woman’s grip on the knife started to loosen.

Then the door burst open.

Kevin charged in.

“Aubrey, are you okay?”

Allan followed close behind.

The two of them had just been on the rooftop, working through their tension with fists, when Aubrey’s scream had reached them.

Without a second’s hesitation, Kevin had sprinted back, kicking the door in on his way.

Whatever fragile calm the woman had built up shattered instantly. Her emotions surged back up, and she began swinging the knife wildly.

Days of relentless harassment from Aubrey’s parents had left her genuinely terrified, boiled down to one thought:

if Aubrey died, the whole nightmare would finally be over.

She lunged toward Aubrey, knife raised.

Kevin’s eyes went wide with shock. He grabbed Aubrey and pulled her into the corner without a second’s hesitation.

Allan stepped forward instinctively, trying to defuse things. “Ma’am, please, put the knife down...”

But the blade showed no mercy, and the woman moved like a storm gone loose, striking without a hint of restraint.

Allan couldn’t dodge in time, and the blade caught his arm, drawing blood.

“Dr. Allan!” Aubrey’s face drained of color, her voice trembling. “Stay away from her! Don’t get close!”

She tried to push toward him, but Kevin held her fast, keeping her pinned in the corner while his eyes stayed locked warily on the woman.

Chapter 1206

Allan pressed a hand to the wound on his arm and retreated cautiously, careful not to provoke her further, his mind racing for some way to call for help.

But the moment he reached for his phone, the woman’s panic spiked even higher.

The sight of blood sent her spiraling into complete frenzy.

Now, only one terrifying thought consumed her:

she'd hurt someone.

And if these people survived, that just meant more debt she'd owe.

Seeing Allan reach into his pocket, she screamed and lunged straight at him.

Aubrey's heart nearly stopped. "Dr. Allan, watch out!"

Held tightly in Kevin's grip, Aubrey's chest burned with fury toward him.

Without thinking, she lowered her head and bit down hard on his arm.

She bit hard enough to nearly draw blood. Caught off guard, Kevin's grip snapped open immediately, the sudden pain forcing his hand away.

The moment she broke free, Aubrey didn't stop to think — she bolted straight toward Su Zhuoming.

In the next instant, before anyone could react—

She saw his face shift into something like pure terror, and he cried out, heartbreak and desperation tearing through his voice.

“Aubrey!”

She couldn’t understand why he looked so horrified. Sound itself seemed to slip further and further away, receding into the distance around her.

Then a searing pain tore through her chest, so intense she couldn’t keep her eyes open. Unable to hold herself up any longer, she crumpled slowly to the floor.

Zhuoming’s heart hammered wildly, shaken to his core. He didn’t care in the slightest that the woman was still there, knife in hand.

Without hesitation, he lunged forward and caught Aubrey in his arms. He pulled her close against his chest, shielding her, and without a second’s thought, turned his entire back toward the knife.

Consumed by her own irrational fury, the woman lunged straight at Zhuoming’s exposed back.

Thankfully, Kevin reacted in time, charging forward and slamming a powerful kick into her that sent her sprawling to the ground.

She hit the floor hard, but her strength was astonishing, fueled by sheer desperate momentum.

In the chaos that followed, one of the security guards who'd finally arrived took two slashes across the back of his hand trying to subdue her.

Meanwhile, Aubrey was sinking into total darkness.

She could sense figures moving around her, felt something being pressed against her body, as though someone were checking on her.

She heard voices too, including Zhuoming calling out — “Aubrey, hold on!”

His voice carried a raw ache, sounding utterly worn through.

She wanted to open her eyes, to answer him, but her eyelids felt impossibly heavy.

Something seemed to press against her throat, and no matter how she strained, no sound would come out.

Eventually, she sank further into that thick, consuming darkness, until even that faded into nothing.

She was rushed straight into the emergency room.

Gabriela got a call from one of the caregivers and left for the hospital immediately.

When she arrived, the first thing she saw was Zhuoming's tall, thin figure, standing frozen outside the emergency room doors.

Chapter 1207

His arm was badly wounded, still bleeding, and yet he refused to let anyone treat it, insisting on staying rooted right where he was.

His eyes stayed locked on the glowing light above the door, unmoving.

Not long after, his parents — Mr. and Mrs. Su — arrived, having heard the news.

Mrs. Su, visibly panicked, teetering on the edge of losing her composure, asked anxiously, "What's happening? Has Aubrey come out yet?"

Zhuoming said nothing.

“Zhuoming,” she pressed, worry cracking her voice, “Aubrey — is she—”

When he finally turned to face her, the bloodshot veins in his eyes startled her.

Tears spilled down her face, torn between worry for Aubrey and worry for her own son’s wound. “Zhuoming, please, at least let someone treat that arm. You’re a doctor yourself — what if there are lasting complications?”

Consumed entirely by fear for Aubrey, he’d had no room left to care about his own injury. But hearing his mother’s distress, something in him gave way. “Okay,” he said softly.

A nearby nurse wheeled over a supply cart and began tending carefully to the wound.

Mrs. Su, helpless to do anything more, stood by wringing her hands, utterly at a loss.

Feeling the weight of the moment, Gabriela stepped in quietly to try to soothe her. “Mrs. Su, please, try not to worry too much. The best surgeons in the hospital are in there with her. She’ll be all right.”

Familiar with Gabriela from her many visits to the hospital, Mrs. Su grabbed her hand and sobbed. “How did this even happen? How could she be attacked, right here in the hospital?”

Gabriela recounted what she’d learned from the caregiver, keeping the explanation brief.

Listening, Mrs. Su's fury rose steadily.

"Aubrey's parents are truly the worst. They took the dowry, signed the papers cutting all ties to her, and still they're out there using her name to extort money from other people!"

It was because of them that Aubrey had ended up in this disaster.

Poor girl — her survival at all felt like nothing short of a miracle.

"This is on me," Zhuoming said suddenly. "At the time, Kevin already had her safe, pulling her away from the danger. She ran back for me — that's why she got hurt..."

Kevin, who'd been waiting quietly in the corner for news, lifted his head sharply at that, his eyes fixed unblinkingly on Zhuoming.

It wasn't anger at him for failing to protect her.

If anything, the fury Kevin felt was aimed squarely at himself, for being so useless. He'd held her tight, kept her out of harm's way — and still, she'd broken free of him.

What he couldn't stand was the fact that she'd risked her own life for this doctor of all people.

Why?

By any fair measure, Kevin had known Aubrey far longer than Zhuoming ever had. He should have been the one she loved most in the world.

Why had some newcomer stolen the woman he adored, made her willing to throw herself into danger like that?

Chapter 1208

While Gabriela and Zhuoming kept talking, Mrs. Su could piece together just how dangerous the whole ordeal had been.

She turned to cling to her husband, gripping his hand tight, murmuring over and over, "Aubrey is such a good, brave girl."

If Aubrey pulled through this, Mrs. Su vowed silently, she'd treat her like a true daughter from that day forward, showering her with love and care.

Silent as always, Mr. Su held his wife and stared at the light above the emergency room door. Whatever lingering doubts he'd held about Aubrey vanished completely in that moment.

Bravery like that wasn't something you saw every day.

No one could say exactly how much time had passed before the light above the emergency room finally dimmed.

Dr. Cheng and another surgeon emerged, exhaustion written across their faces, though faint smiles broke through.

"The surgery was successful. Ms. Zhao is out of danger."

A collective weight seemed to lift off everyone standing there.

But Aubrey's injuries were severe enough that she couldn't be moved to a regular ward just yet. She'd need to remain in intensive care for observation over the coming days.

Zhuoming kept a sleepless vigil right outside her room, worry etched into every hour that passed. Kevin stood on the other side, silent, his presence heavy with everything he wasn't saying.

Neither man spoke much during that stretch of time, and no conflict flared between them.

To Zhuoming, Kevin was simply Aubrey's ex — as long as her feelings for him held steady, Kevin posed no real threat.

But to Kevin, Zhuoming was a genuine rival — the man who'd stolen the woman he loved most.

The bitterness of losing her was something he doubted he'd ever fully let go of.

Three days later, Aubrey was moved to a regular ward.

Not long after, she slowly drifted back into consciousness.

The moment she woke, a sharp pain shot through her chest.

Her brow creased, and a soft cry slipped out before she could stop it.

"It hurts."

"You say it hurts, but why did you throw all caution aside and run in like that?"

It was Zhuoming's voice.

Hoarse, exhausted, as though he hadn't rested in days.

Aubrey looked at him, startled.

"Dr. Su, you... why..."

Why did he look this disheveled?

His usually clean, fresh face was now shadowed with stubble, and it looked as though he hadn't washed in days.

Ignoring the shock in her eyes, Zhuoming stared at her intently and repeated the question.

"That day, knowing there was real danger — why did you run in without hesitating for even a second?"

Aubrey went momentarily still.

Her wound throbbed, her eyes ached, and having only just woken up, her thoughts still felt sluggish and slow.

She couldn't understand why Dr. Su was interrogating her the second her eyes opened, and he seemed genuinely angry about it. She decided to feign confusion and change the subject.

"Dr. Su, I'm thirsty."

Hearing the caution in her voice, something in Zhuoming softened. He turned to pour her a glass of water.

Chapter 1209

Once he'd checked the temperature, he brought a straw to her lips.

"Just lie still and drink slowly."

After a few small sips, the ache in her throat eased somewhat, though the wound seemed to sting worse than before.

Her frown was impossible to miss, and Zhuoming asked, concerned, "How are you feeling? Is the pain especially bad?"

If it was, he could increase her medication, within safe limits.

"It's fine. I can manage for now."

Aubrey studied him quietly, her eyes drifting to the bandage wrapped around his arm.

"I'm sorry, Dr. Su," she said softly. "I dragged you into all this."

He let out a light sigh and ruffled her hair gently. "This isn't your fault, dear girl."

"If my parents hadn't tried to extort that woman, none of this would have happened."

Talk of her parents left Aubrey burning with shame. In front of someone as composed and gentle as Zhuoming, she always felt like she couldn't quite lift her head.

"Aubrey, listen to me — no matter what happens, you don't carry the blame for someone else's wrongdoing. Even if they're your birth parents, that doesn't make it right."

He rarely spoke so sternly, and it left her a little shaken, nodding almost automatically. "I understand."

After a moment, she asked, "Dr. Su — how is she doing? The woman?"

She was, after all, just another person caught in something awful.

“The police took her in,” he said evenly. “She’ll go through the usual criminal process.”

Aubrey wanted to suggest leniency.

But her eyes drifted back to his bandaged arm, and the words wouldn’t come.

“Don’t worry,” Zhuoming said, seeming to sense exactly what she wanted to say. “The court will decide based on the severity of it. Since we’re not pressing charges, she may only face a few months’ detention.”

People couldn’t be allowed to make mistakes without any consequence at all.

Aubrey let out a small breath of relief. “Okay.”

“There’s something else I need to tell you.” His expression turned serious.

“We’re not appealing anything — but she is. She’s filing charges of her own, against your parents, for extortion and harassment.”

Aubrey's eyes widened slightly.

"Your parents wrote a formal letter severing every tie to you, and then still used your name to demand compensation from her. That qualifies as an especially serious case of extortion."

"Now that you're awake, I need your opinion on whether we should bring in a lawyer to push for a harsher sentence against them."

Zhuoming spoke each word clearly, deliberately, leaving Aubrey no room to dodge the question.

Writing that letter had already been hard enough. Now she was being asked to actively help prosecute her own parents. She simply couldn't do it.

"Aubrey, you might not realize it, but that letter carries no real legal weight. Something like this could happen again."

Aubrey blinked, caught off guard.

"No legal weight?" she murmured. "Then... why did you even pay them for it?"

And he'd paid so readily, too.

Chapter 1210

"Because it was the fastest way to pull you out of that situation," Zhuoming explained patiently. "I thought once they had the money, they'd finally leave you alone."

Anyone with a conscience would have felt at least some guilt, reaching this point with their own children. But it was becoming clear Aubrey's parents weren't ordinary people at all.

"If they believe that letter doesn't bind them, then it's time they learned otherwise."

Aubrey still hesitated.

Whatever they were, they were still her birth parents. She couldn't bring herself to send them to prison.

"That woman had already paid what she owed, and her family was barely getting by. Then your parents harassed her, extorted her, made her life unlivable."

"Now she's behind bars, and her husband, in poor health as he is, might not make it through the months ahead."

Zhuoming watched Aubrey closely as he spoke. All of this had come from her parents.

Her lips trembled slightly.

Outside, a commotion erupted, and irritation flickered across his face.

“Dr. Su, what’s happening? Who’s arguing out there?”

He paced the room, hands on his hips, before finally answering. “Your brother.”

While Aubrey had still been in the ICU, her brother had shown up at the hospital causing a scene, shouting and hurling accusations that she’d conspired with outsiders to hurt their parents.

Even after hospital staff intervened, he’d kept ranting outside her room. Thrown out once, he’d simply come back the next day to continue.

Aubrey frowned. “Dr. Su, let him in.”

Once Zhao Shanbao was allowed in, he launched straight into it. “Aubrey, what is wrong with you? Have you lost your conscience? Mom and Dad were just trying to get compensation for you, and you turned around and called the police on them?”

Lying in bed, Aubrey watched him quietly.

This was the brother she'd always given the best of everything to. Their father had planned to save toward his house and wedding, and she'd handed over most of her paycheck every month without a word of complaint.

And here he was, ignoring her injuries entirely, only interested in placing blame.

Her expression stayed blank. "Zhao Shanbao. Before you start accusing me of anything, shouldn't you first ask why I'm hurt at all?"

Only then did he glance dismissively at her injured eye. "That was the scooter woman's fault. Why are you telling me about it?"

Aubrey felt tears rising at his indifference. "I was stabbed. In the chest."

He remained unmoved. "Wasn't that the scooter woman too? You should be suing her—"

Aubrey cut him off. "It's because Mom and Dad harassed her — demanded she support me for the rest of my life — that she was pushed to desperation."

Even a cornered rabbit would bite. So would someone desperate and poor enough.

“Mom and Dad were doing all this for you!” Zhao Shanbao sneered. “Look at you now. Got yourself a doctor for backup, and suddenly you think you can just kick your own parents to the curb?”

“For me?” Aubrey shot upright in bed, seized a pillow, and hurled it straight at him.