

Madly Yours

Chapter 4

A piece of shattered glass had grazed Juliette's ankle, leaving a few bloody scratches. It didn't look serious, but she sobbed as if she were dying.

Meanwhile, Nora lay on the floor, her vision swimming with dark spots.-

She tried to move her left arm. Her trembling fingers reached toward Edmond, her lips moving, but no sound came out.

Edmond had already scooped Juliette into his arms and was turning toward the door.

"Edmond! Nora looks hurt too..." someone finally spoke up, pointing at Nora huddled on the floor.

Edmond stopped and threw a hasty glance over his shoulder.

Juliette buried her face in his neck, whimpering. "Edmond, I'm dying. What if it's a broken bone..."

Edmond looked away, his brow furrowed. "You guys take care of Nora. If she's fine, take her home. I need to get Juliette to the hospital; she can't handle the pain."

The guy blinked, mouth open, before finally replying, "...Alright."

Edmond didn't linger. Clutching Juliette, he strode out of the room.

The remaining guys exchanged awkward glances. Seeing Nora still on the floor, a few considered helping her but hesitated.

"Nora, how are you? Can you get up?"

"Are you an idiot? She's deaf. She can't hear you. Do you know sign language?"

"Hell, no."

By then, Nora's vision had completely blurred. The voices around her sounded like they were underwater.

She watched their mouths move, but she couldn't understand a word.

The blood from her forehead flowed heavier, seeping into her eyes and turning the world a dark, murky red.

She wanted to shake her head, but she had no strength left.

She just felt cold.

A freezing chill seeped into her bones.

The room spun wildly, shadows overlapping.

Someone yelled, "Shit... she's bleeding from her head! That's a lot of blood!"

The voices faded in and out. Dark shadows pressed down on her, thick as ink, and her eyelids grew unbearably heavy...

"Call an ambulance!"

"Edmond is... why isn't he picking up..."

Nora woke up to the throbbing pain. She opened her eyes to blinding white light.

The sharp smell of antiseptic hit her.

She twitched her fingers, which pulled at her shoulder, sending a dull ache through her body.

Her forehead was bandaged, her left arm in a sling, and her head pounded relentlessly.

The room was quiet, save for the rhythmic beeping of the monitor.

She turned her head to look out the window. The sky was an overcast gray. She couldn't tell if it was dawn or dusk.

The door pushed open.

A young man in a white coat walked in. He was lean and aloof, wearing gold-rimmed glasses.

"You're awake?" He walked to the bed, flipping through her chart before checking the monitor. "How are you feeling?"

Dr. Harrison...

Nora hadn't expected to end up at Liam Harrison's hospital.

For the past six months, Dr. Harrison had been overseeing her hearing rehab. Thanks to him, she had finally gotten her hearing back.

She opened her mouth, but only a raspy breath came out.

Liam waved a hand. "Don't force it. Your vocal cords are fine. It's just acute laryngitis from the high fever. Rest your voice for a few days."

He pulled a pen and a small notepad from his pocket and handed them to her.

Nora took it and scribbled a few words: [Thank you for fixing my ears, Dr. Harrison.]

Liam glanced at the note and smiled. He handed the pad back, his tone carrying a hint of amusement. "Don't thank me. I was asked to do it. If I hadn't fixed you, someone wouldn't have let me return to San Francisco."