Chapter 22

Joe seemed to have realized something. He cast a glance at Henry who was fuming, then pushed open the door.

Yvonne stood at the door with her head hung low and her frail shoulders shook with her sobs.

"Yvonne Fr… no, madam, why are you here?" Joe forced an awkward smile on his usually stern face.

Yvonne ignored him. She lifted her tear-stained pale face and gave the man in the study room a wounded look.

The man instantly felt conflicted when he saw her like this.

"Leave now." Henry waved to his assistant.

Joe was long ready to leave. He picked up his briefcase and quickly left.

Henry went over to Yvonne and glanced down to look at the mess on the ground. Emotions flickered through his eyes. "You heard everything?"

Yvonne clenched her hands and choked. "Why… Why are you treating me like this...?"

"I'm sorry." Henry's eyes dimmed.

His apology only made Yvonne feel even worse. She knelt on the ground and started crying loudly.

Henry reached out and wanted to pull her up, but perished the thought when he saw her crying so badly. He clenched his hand into a fist and retracted it into the pocket of his pants.

No one knew how long had passed when Yvonne's crying gradually ceased.

Henry pursed his thin lips. "Since you've heard everything, I won't hide it from you any longer. Yvonne Frey, I need your bone marrow!"

Yvonne felt a shiver down her spine as her voice turned bitter. "So… you've only remembered me because of my bone marrow?"

Henry held her gaze and slowly uttered a single response, "Yes."

He didn't want to deceive her or himself.

If it wasn't because she was the only one who could save Jackie with her bone marrow, he might never even have shown up in front of her.

"As expected…" Yvonne took two steps back. Her eyes were red. "I should have thought of it. You never cared about me. There was no way you would suddenly appear before me without a motive."

Henry moved his lips, but found no words.

Yvonne wiped her tears with her sleeve. "Who is Jacqueline Conrad?"

If her ears didn't fail her earlier, Henry needed her bone marrow to save this woman by the name of Jacqueline Conrad.

She must be a very important person to him.

"She's…" Henry lowered his gaze to conceal all the emotions in his eyes. "A friend of mine."

"Friend?" Yvonne repeated, then suddenly smiled sourly. "Are you sure she's just a friend?"

What kind of friend would make him scheme against his own wife like this?

"What do you mean by that, Yvonne Frey? Are you doubting me?" Henry frowned at her.

It was true that he couldn't let go of Jackie, but there was no future for both of them anymore.

"I'm not doubting you." Knowing that Henry was angry because she had questioned him, Yvonne shook her head and waved her hands. "I just never heard of any female friends of yours and couldn't help but overthink," she explained.

"I know exactly what I should and shouldn't do!" Henry pursed his lips and gave her the side-eye.

Was he trying to reassure her?

Yvonne felt slightly happy deep in her heart and couldn't stop the smile from reaching her eyes.

"Come with me." Henry turned around and went into the study.

Yvonne fidgeted with her fingers and quickly followed him.

Henry opened the desk drawer, took out a file, and pushed it toward Yvonne.

"Look at this."

Yvonne opened the file and was taken aback. "Bone marrow donor agreement?"

Henry hummed in response. "Read it until the end."

"...Alright." Yvonne pursed her lips and forced herself to read the document.

When she was done reading, she closed the file and handed it back to Henry, feeling rather shocked. "So Miss Jacqueline Conrad is diagnosed with late-stage leukemia?"

"Yes. Jackie only has a sixty percent chance of being cured with a bone marrow transplant." Henry clenched his fist, unable to hide the worry in his voice.

Yvonne heard it too as she bit her lip sourly. "Why must it be my bone marrow?"