

Chapter 263

After paying the fees, Autumn followed Lily to the emergency room just as the light above the door clicked off.

Lily rushed forward, clutching the arm of the doctor who had just removed his mask. "Doctor, how's my husband? Is he alright?" 1

The young doctor's expression was grave. "The initial diagnosis points to a neurological issue. To confirm the exact cause, he'll need a brain CT tomorrow.

"Has he experienced dizziness or headaches before? Has he been taking painkillers long-term?" 1

Lily froze for a moment, then quickly answered. "He's had headaches for a while now. At first, we thought it was just a minor cold, so we didn't pay much attention.

"Not until he collapsed this time did we realize how serious it might be. Doctor, please, you must save him!"

They'd always had yearly checkups—how could such a serious illness suddenly appear?

The doctor removed his mask completely.

"Don't worry. Once tomorrow's results are out, we'll do everything we can. For now, once the patient wakes, he can be transferred to a ward, and you'll be able to see him there."

After the doctor left, Lily stood in a daze, murmuring under her breath, "It was just a little cold... how could it turn into something like this?" 1

Autumn stepped forward to comfort her. "Aunt, don't worry too much. He'll be fine. The tests aren't done yet—don't frighten yourself before the results even come out."

She hadn't expected her uncle's health to falter either; she'd always assumed he was strong.

Together, she and Lily went in to see Henry. His face was pale, eyes shut, an IV drip running into his hand.

The sight made Lily's tears spill again. "Henry, please get better soon. Don't scare me like this."

Autumn steadied her, staying by her side. Half an hour later, Henry finally stirred awake.

Just then, Autumn's phone buzzed with a call. She stepped out into the hallway to answer.

Ethan's voice came through. "Autumn, why haven't you come back for the meeting yet? Did something happen?"

Autumn glanced at the busy corridor around her and replied, "Yes. My uncle suddenly collapsed. I won't be coming back to the office tonight.

"I'm sorry, Ethan, but I'll have to leave tonight's meeting to you."

The incident had happened so suddenly, and she had been so focused on comforting her aunt, she hadn't had a chance to tell him sooner.

Now that he had called, she could only explain the truth.

"It's fine, just take care of your uncle. I'll head into the meeting," Ethan said before hanging up.

As Autumn slipped her phone back into her pocket, her gaze fell—almost by accident—on a VIP ward nearby.

Inside, she caught sight of Susan spoon-feeding oatmeal to Luna.

Her eyes narrowed when she noticed the familiar thermos container. Wasn't that the food box she had prepared for Ginny?

She walked closer, and before she even reached the door, the mother and daughter's voices carried out.

"Mom, this oatmeal is delicious. It can't be something Irene made, can it?" Luna asked.

Susan thought for a moment before replying, "Of course it's not from Irene. Autumn made it for that old woman. I saw it and just picked it up.

"Autumn doesn't have much in the way of talent, but her cooking isn't bad. If not for the old lady, you wouldn't even be eating it now.

"Hurry and finish. Once you're done, I'll return the box. If Autumn finds out you ate her oatmeal, she'll throw a fit, you know what she's like."



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