

Chapter 265

On the other end came Ginny's frail voice. "Autumn, how's your uncle? Is it serious?"

Autumn glanced at Henry's softened expression and answered, "Grandma, he's awake. The doctor said it's nothing too bad—he should be able to go home in a couple of days."

With Ginny's health already fragile, she could only spin it toward the positive, not wanting her to worry.

Ginny let out a long sigh. "That's good. I thought of visiting tomorrow, but if he sees me, it'll only upset him. Better I don't go."

"Autumn, tell your aunt to take good care of him. And don't tell them I called."

"Alright," Autumn replied softly.

When the call ended, she thought she saw Henry wiping at his eyes, though she didn't call him out on it.

Autumn sighed. "Uncle, all these years Grandma has still cared about you. She always asks me how you're doing."

"She's been very sick this time. Irene said it's serious—her condition could turn at any moment. I just hope you can make peace with her."

"Even if it's just sitting down for one meal together. Grandma doesn't have much time left. I don't want everyone left with regrets."

If possible, she truly hoped her uncle could forgive Ginny. She knew it was unlikely, but she had to try.

It was Ginny's greatest wish—to receive forgiveness from Henry's family.

And Autumn had already seen the signs; they still cared about Ginny, even if they refused to show it. Something held them back from taking that step.

Maybe Ginny's fear was right—that he would only grow angry at the sight of her.

On their mother's third memorial, Henry and his wife's attitude toward her had been harsh.

And Henry himself, for reasons Autumn couldn't quite untangle, refused to bow his head, refused even to look at Ginny.

Henry's eyes reddened as he gave a sharp snort. "Autumn, don't bother defending her. The grudge between us will never be resolved in this lifetime.

"I won't sit at the same table as her. Don't waste your breath playing peacemaker. No matter how sick she is, I won't feel pity for her."

Back then, if not for his mother's selfishness—insisting on sending Richard to a university they couldn't afford—their sister would never have been forced into that marriage, never buried with her child in the same grave.

Thinking of his sister's tragic death, Henry felt as if a knife were twisting in his chest. And the one he blamed for it all was his own mother.

Autumn was about to say something when her phone suddenly rang again—it was Keith calling.

She stepped outside to answer, and his tired voice came through. "What are you doing?"

Sitting down on a bench in the corridor, Autumn said, "I'm at the hospital."

His tone sharpened with alarm. "You've fallen ill again? Which hospital are you at?"

Realizing the misunderstanding, she quickly explained, "It's not me. My uncle collapsed and was brought here. I'm staying with him."

On the other end she could hear him let out a breath of relief. "That explains it. Zack said he couldn't get through to his parents. Call him back—let him know, so he doesn't worry."

"Alright," Autumn replied.

Once the call ended, Autumn immediately dialed Zack. He picked up quickly.

"Zack, Uncle and Aunt are at the hospital. Aunt dropped her phone, that's why she didn't answer your calls."



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