

Chapter 266

Autumn didn't get home until after ten. It was only because Lily kept urging her to leave that she finally went back.

As soon as she stepped out of the hospital, she saw Keith getting out of the car, travel-worn and visibly tired.

Right behind him was Jesse, carrying gifts.

Jesse greeted her with a smile, "Good evening, Miss Lewis."

"Good evening, Jesse." Autumn returned the smile.

Keith said to her, "I came straight here from the airport. Let's go see your uncle and aunt first. We'll head home together afterward."

At the words "head home together," Autumn froze for a moment, unsure how to react.

Keith took the gift box from Jesse's hands.

"You can clock out now. Thanks for the hard work."

Jesse blinked in surprise. Keith had actually said "thanks for the hard work"? That was rare enough to leave him stunned.

He quickly shook his head. "It's nothing. This is what I should be doing."

After Jesse left, Keith asked Autumn, "Do you want to go in with me?"

Autumn had been about to refuse, but when her eyes met his steady gaze, she ended up nodding instead.

They went into her uncle's ward. Since he was already asleep, they didn't stay long before leaving the hospital.

As soon as Autumn slid into the driver's seat, Keith's tall frame settled



into the passenger side.

She stared at him in surprise, "You're riding with me? What about your car?"

Fastening his seatbelt, Keith answered matter-of-factly, "Jesse took it. Guess I'll have to hitch a ride with you."

Autumn was speechless.

He always managed to find an excuse to hitch a ride, but she didn't argue and simply started the car.

By the time they got home, it was already past eleven.

Autumn opened the door and quickly slipped inside.

Behind her, Keith spoke up again, "I left my keys in the car. Give me the spare."

"Okay," Autumn replied.

When Autumn came out with the keys, Keith was already sitting comfortably on the sofa, drinking water from her cup.

She couldn't help but remind him, "That's my cup and my water. There are disposable cups under the coffee table—you can use one of those."

Keith lifted his gaze to her. "It's fine. I don't mind."

Was this really about whether he minded?

She minded!

Honestly, Keith truly didn't see himself as an outsider.

"Come here." Keith beckoned her with a wave of his hand.

What, she was supposed to go over just because he called? How



humiliating would that be?

Autumn resisted, reminding him, "It's already late, almost midnight. You should go back and rest."

"Are you coming over yourself, or should I go to you?" His eyes locked on her, voice tinged with impatience.

The heavy pressure of his presence made her realize he was actually angry.

Left with no choice, Autumn reluctantly shuffled over. She stopped at a cautious distance from him.

"If you have something to say, just say it." Autumn stared nervously at her slippers, not daring to meet his eyes.

Keith stretched out his long arm and pulled her into his embrace. Her heart nearly stopped from the shock.

Instinctively, she tried to push him away, her hands pressing against his solid chest, but her strength was no more than a kitten's scratch.

The light touch only made his heart itch, and he caught her restless hands in his large ones.