



Chapter 278

Autumn forced herself up despite the pounding in her head and called toward the door, "Don't call the staff, I can open it myself."

She slipped on her slippers haphazardly and hurried over. The moment she opened the door, Keith's tall figure stepped right inside.

"Why are the lights off?" He reached out and flicked on the wall lamp.

Her small face was flushed crimson.

Keith touched her forehead.

It was burning hot.

His brows drew together in displeasure. "Autumn, you're running a fever. Don't you even realize it? Is this how you take care of yourself?"

Instinctively, she raised a hand to her forehead.

Her body had grown weaker and weaker—falling sick at the slightest trigger. No wonder she'd felt off all afternoon and collapsed onto the sofa as soon as she got home.

Without another word, Keith scooped her into his arms. "I'm taking you to the hospital."

Losing balance suddenly, Autumn clutched at his neck in fear of falling.

"I don't need to trouble you like that," she murmured weakly, struggling a little. "Some medicine at home will be enough."



"Your condition is complicated—you can't take medicine recklessly."

Keith leaned close to her ear, his voice low and warning. "If you resist again, I'll drop you right here."

The brush of his breath made her neck tingle, and she shrank it back instinctively. The words of refusal she had prepared caught in her throat.

Her head was too heavy, her energy drained. Keith carried her down to the underground parking lot swiftly.

As he started the car, he called Peter.

"Dr. Mills, I hate to trouble you again, but the girl is burning with fever. Could you come to First Light Hospital tonight?"

Peter had been walking with his wife when he picked up the call. Hearing Keith's anxious tone, he immediately agreed.

His wife glanced at him. "So late? Who's calling you to the hospital now?"

Peter patted her hand. "It's that Sinclair boy. He's dating a girl with cancer, and now she's running a high fever. He wants me to take a look."

In truth, fevers were common during cancer treatment. But with Keith so worried about his girlfriend, he couldn't refuse. ¹

His wife nodded. "The Sinclair boy, is it? Then you'd better hurry. Poor thing—so young and already battling cancer."



Peter went home to change clothes, then quickly drove to First Light Hospital.

At the hospital, it was the usual round of questions and answers with the patient, followed by a series of tests.

He prescribed Autumn some fever medication, and after the nurse set up the IV, he called Keith out into the hallway.

A faint unease stirred in Keith's chest, and for once, he sounded anxious. "Dr. Mills, you asked me out here... is her illness getting worse?"

Seeing Keith's worry, Peter shook his head.

"No. I've been considering a better treatment plan. My suggestion is that she undergo surgery to remove the cancer cells in about three months.

"Both chemo and anti-cancer medication place a strain on the body. What she's experiencing now is within the normal range. You don't need to panic.

"Talk it over with her. If surgery is possible, the sooner the better. Since the biopsy showed benign, if the procedure succeeds and there's no recurrence, her recovery afterward should be manageable." 1

The medicine he had prescribed for Autumn was imported, carefully chosen to minimize harm.

But even with minimized risk, there was still damage.

The cancer treatment process was long, grueling, and inevitably



painful—there was no escaping that. 1