

Chapter 279

Keith gave a small nod. "Thank you, Dr. Mills. I'm sorry for troubling you so late at night."

After seeing Peter off, he returned to the ward. Autumn was sleeping fitfully, her brows furrowed, her forehead damp with cold sweat. 1

He picked up a tissue to gently wipe her skin, then sat by her bedside, watching her fragile face.

Her fever had broken, and her complexion was calmer now. Still, fresh from the fever, her small face looked pale and sickly.

Autumn drifted in and out of sleep until eight the next morning, her fever rising and falling through the night.

Keith hadn't slept at all—he'd spent the hours checking her temperature, cooling her forehead with compresses.

When she finally opened her eyes, he touched her forehead again. At last, no fever.

Her voice was hoarse. "Senior, you stayed here all night?"

"Mm." He poured her a cup of warm water and handed it to her.

Still weak from the fever, she struggled upright, took the cup, and drank slowly.

Just then, Jesse came in carrying two thermos flasks and a briefcase. He set them down, then quickly slipped back out.

Keith ladled oatmeal into a bowl and passed it to Autumn. She

murmured thanks and began to sip. 1

From outside came Lily's anxious voice. "Henry, how could you have this illness? I thought it was just ordinary headaches—who knew it would turn out to be a brain tumor?"

"What are we going to do? Should we tell Zack, discuss with him whether surgery is an option?"

Henry let out a heavy sigh. "Don't tell the younger ones. It'll only make them worry and keep them from focusing on their work."

"Didn't the doctor say the tumor's in a tricky spot? The odds of surgery succeeding aren't high. 1

"If I don't do the operation, I can still be with you a few more years. But if I don't survive the table, what would happen to you then?"

Still uneasy, Lily's voice broke with helplessness. "But the doctor said if you don't go through with it, when the attacks come, the pain will be unbearable."

"No, I still think we need to tell Zack the truth. He's well-read and knowledgeable—maybe he can come up with other options."

Henry grew irritated. "What other options? The doctor already said it—either surgery or conservative treatment. There is no third way."

"Telling Zack will only add to his worries, nothing more. It's useless, better not to say anything."

Their voices faded gradually down the hall until they disappeared altogether.



Autumn froze mid-sip, her spoon suspended in the bowl, unable to recover from the shock.

Her uncle had a brain tumor—and he didn't even want anyone to know. Why was it that good people never seemed to have good fates, while the wicked lived so well?

Keith waved a hand in front of her eyes. "What's wrong? You in a daze?"

Autumn set the porridge aside and gripped his wrist tightly, her voice trembling. "You heard my uncle and aunt talking, didn't you?"

"Mm." Keith's eyes darkened as he gave a low reply.

"Why? Why is it that good people always suffer, while the bad ones live freely? It's not fair!"

She thought of her mother—such a kind woman yet fated to die young.

She herself had done nothing wrong, yet was struck with stomach cancer in her prime.

And now her honest, simple uncle had a brain tumor. 1

Meanwhile, those who had done countless cruel things lived in comfort and ease. The injustice gnawed at her, filling her heart with bitterness.