

Chapter 67 Getting Sick

Rhonda reflected on the events that had transpired between her and Eliam since their marriage. She felt that Eliam had never genuinely cared for her.

Initially, he was wary of her, but later he began to trust her. He even gave her a ring and confessed his love for her recently. However, it seemed he did those things under pressure from his grandfather.

Even if there was a hint of affection in his eyes when he looked at her occasionally, it was likely just a hormonal response.

As Rhonda was lost in thought, Eliam entered the room.

His face was flushed. Rhonda initially assumed he was drunk, but he didn't appear to be.

"Why are you here? Didn't you say you were tired?" Rhonda walked over and touched his forehead. His temperature was high.

"Do you have a fever?"

"I'm freezing. Can I sleep here tonight?" Eliam asked with a raspy voice, looking quite uncomfortable.

"You're cold because you have a fever. Get into bed now." Rhonda prepared the bed, helped Eliam lie down, and covered him with a blanket.

Then Rhonda fetched some antipyretics, only to find Eliam's temperature had risen further.

"I hate taking medicine." Eliam scowled at the medication in Rhonda's hand.

"These are antipyretics. If you don't take them, you'll feel even worse." Rhonda didn't expect him to act so childishly when sick.

"Can I skip it?" Eliam tried to negotiate.

"No way!" At that moment, Rhonda resembled a stern mother forcing her child to take medicine.

However, Eliam refused to open his mouth.

In the end, Rhonda had to crush the pills into powder, and mix them with sugar, and only then did Eliam reluctantly take the medicine.

Afterward, Eliam made an unreasonable request.

Claiming he was too cold, he asked to sleep in Rhonda's embrace.

Since he was sick, Rhonda took pity on him and agreed, but she insisted he drink a large glass of water.

Eliam refused to drink water.

"You need to drink water. How else will you lower your fever?" Rhonda didn't understand why Eliam became so emotional when he was sick.

"Feed me, then." Eliam played the rascal again.

The patient was the most important. He finally found a way to do what he wanted to Rhonda.

With a sense of resignation, Rhonda used a spoon to feed him water.

When only a mouthful of water remained, Eliam requested Rhonda to give it to him mouth-to-mouth.

At this point, Rhonda lost her patience.

"If you continue like this, I'll throw you out."

"This is my home, and you're my wife. Where would you throw me?"

It had to be said that, despite Eliam's usual serious demeanor, he had the capacity to be a total rascal.

Rhonda found herself at a loss for words. She wasn't usually tongue-tied, but when it came to Eliam, she couldn't seem to refuse his unreasonable demands.

"Fine, if you don't want to feed me. Just come to bed and hold me. I'm freezing."

Rhonda breathed a sigh of relief, put on her pajamas, climbed into bed, and embraced Eiam through the quilt.

"Should we go to the hospital?" Rhonda was concerned when she felt Eiam shivering, fearing that his fever could develop into pneumonia.

Eiam shook his head and rolled over.

They lay facing each other, Rhonda feeling the warmth of Eiam's breath.

She pressed her forehead against his, feeling the heat from his fever.

After another half hour, his fever hadn't subsided, so Rhonda hastily got up and used a damp towel to help cool him down.

Eiam felt dizzy because of the fever. He seemed to have dreamed of his mother. She gently touched his forehead and used a damp towel to help cool him down.

Rhonda spent nearly the entire night caring for Eiam, and finally, his fever subsided.

The next morning, Eiam was woken up by a phone call.

Rhonda was asleep, holding his arm.

He hung up the phone in a hurry.

Diana called him repeatedly, but Eiam didn't pick up, which infuriated her.

She had been awake all night, her eyes were red. Richard had been restless, vomiting anything he ate and groaning constantly.

Just as she was about to take a nap, Richard cried out for water. However, after a few sips, he began to vomit once more.

Diana wanted to ignore him but couldn't. Eiam had placed Richard in a special care ward with cameras in every corner. It wasn't easy for her to get an opportunity to win Eiam's favor, and she couldn't mess it up.

Rhonda awoke to the sound of the phone ringing. Realizing she was holding Eliam's arm and resting her head on his shoulder, she quickly rolled over and sat up.

How could she interrupt Eliam's rest when he was still recovering?

"Good morning." Eliam still had a headache.

"Are you feeling any better?" Rhonda touched Eliam's forehead. It was cool, indicating his fever had subsided.

Eliam nodded.

"You can rest a bit more. I'll take over Diana's duty. She has been looking after Grandpa all night." Eliam made an effort to sit up.

Rhonda considered offering to take care of Richard, but she hesitated when she remembered the threatening message and decided against it.

"Don't worry. Grandpa will be alright." Eliam observed the concern on Rhonda's face.

"Do you blame Grandpa for breaking you up with Diana?" Rhonda asked.

Eliam hesitated before forcing a wry smile. "I believe everything happens for the best."

"I thought you'd be angry with Grandpa." Rhonda was surprised by Eliam's open-mindedness.

"Without Grandpa, I wouldn't be who I am today. I can't blame him. Now, I'm starting to trust Grandpa's judgment." Eliam affectionately rubbed Rhonda's nose.

They exchanged glances, and Rhonda felt warmth in her heart.

Even after Eliam left, Rhonda remained in a daze for quite some time. She couldn't believe he could fall for her.

After all, everyone believed Eliam and Diana were the perfect couple, and Rhonda felt like an intruder between them.

Rhonda touched her nose, remembering Eliam's gentle touch, and sensed

that he had feelings for her.

What should she do?

Should she give in to her heart, or should she escape this complicated relationship as soon as possible?

Her thoughts were in turmoil.

In the hospital, Diana was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Holding a bowl of porridge, she roughly shoved a spoonful into Richard's mouth from an angle hidden from the security camera.

"Swallow it! If you dare to vomit again, I will starve you to death!" Diana said fiercely.

"Why are you staring at me? You never thought I'd have the upper hand one day, did you?" Diana desperately wanted to hurl the bowl at Richard's face.

She acted on her thoughts.

She splashed his face with porridge.

"Eliam won't leave me. No one can tear us apart."

"You..." Richard lifted his trembling hand in fury.

"How does it feel? Awful when you can't fight back, right? I'll make you experience a hundred times the pain you inflicted on me back then."

Just then, a man in a black suit entered. "Miss Leslie, Eliam is on his way."