

When She Unveils Identities

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Read When She Unveils Identities Chapter 551

Chapter 551

Chapter 551 First Love is Less Sweeter

Braden spoke, “You even have children?”

Braden’s heart was full of mixed feelings, and the expression on his beautiful face became more and more serious.

It was reasonable for Braden to be sad. After all, a couple would always have children. So it had nothing to do with Braden.

Braden thought, “Please be normal. It’s ridiculous for you to pay so much attention to a woman you don’t even know what she looks like. This is an insult to Alina and yourself!”

“Well, although Antwan is quite a scumbag, but our child is very cute. So I don’t really regret falling in love with him.”

Nonsense was nonsense, but these words came from the heart of Shirley.

Shirley could clearly feel that Braden’s face was as green as the green grassland. It was so green that it glowed. But Braden still couldn’t bear it. He said coldly, “Then you are lucky, and you can bring your children to play some other day.”

Shirley spoke, “Well, of course! Speaking of it, you are still my child’s uncle. Don’t you have to pack a big red envelope?”

Shirley held back her laughter and continued to challenge the man’s endurance limit.

She wanted to see how long Braden could pretend.

Braden was obviously about to die of anger, but he was still pretending to be elegant, calm, and dignified here. Wasn’t he tired?

“Uncle...”

Braden’s thin lips moved, chewing the ‘uncle’ between his lips and teeth, wanting to hit someone for some reason.

Braden thought, "Huh, Antwan is a psychopath and also has children?"

Shirley endured the heartache and persuaded Braden rationally. Shirley said, "Okay, don't be too envious. When your eyes are healed, spend time with Ms. Alina. I believe that within a year, you will also have a litter of cubs."

Shirley thought, "When Braden's eyes are healed, he will continue to return to his position and become the high-spirited king. The Gilmore family will be his best support.

Braden will marry Alina Gilmore, have children, and reach the double pinnacles of his career. And Shirley will disappear from his world and live a life of her own. They are intersecting parallel lines, and such a plot line is to everyone's satisfaction."

Braden accepted Shirley's blessing and said proudly, "That's right that we're a perfect match. I believe that the crystallization of me and Alina must be the most perfect."

They stayed silent.

Shirley got a broken heart and could only bite her lip and bow her head silently.

There was no need for Shirley to be sad about it.

This was the result Shirley hoped for!

Suddenly, both of them stopped talking, and the atmosphere was a bit awkward.

Shirley thought, "If you don't say it, don't say it. Anyway, we won't help each other. And there is nothing good to say in their mouths. It's better to shut the microphone so as not to hurt each other."

Shirley said, "Hey, the apricots over there seem to be ripe, I'll go pick some."

In order to escape the awkward and suffocating atmosphere, Shirley found an excuse and ran toward the center of the garden.

The garden environment of MTW Center was quite amazing. The garden was full of flowers and fruit trees. The pipa and mulberries just matured a while ago, and now the apricots were starting to turn yellow.

Each apricot was as big as an egg, densely hung on the branches. It could be said that there were so many fruits that it was impossible to pick them all.

Shirley carelessly tied his long hair into a bun with a tree branch, then lifted his cuffs, and began to work.

After a while, Shirley's pockets were filled with plump apricots. Under the mottled shadows of the trees, Shirley's fair cheeks were flushed red by the sun, making her extraordinarily pretty and lovely.

Shirley picked the biggest one, wiped it with the corner of her clothes, and eagerly took a bite, then...

"This is too sour, and my teeth are about to fall out!"

Shirley's face instantly wrinkled into a ball, like a round bun.

She stared at Yellow Apricot filling fully in her pockets, and smiled wickedly, "Huh, how can Shirley enjoy this kind of good thing alone? Of course, she has to share it with Braden, the arrogant king!"

"Braden!"

Taking yellow apricots with her, Shirley ran from in the beautiful sunshine to the handsome man standing in the gazebo. Her voice was as light as a bird, "I picked a lot of apricots, do you want to taste it?"

Braden was bathed in the soft sunshine, and listening to the woman's warm voice. His heart was inexplicably warm and at ease, and he said softly, "Is it sweet?"

"Of course, it's sweeter than first love!"

Shirley hurriedly picked the biggest apricot, wiped it clean, and handed it to Braden graciously. Then Shirley said, "Come on, try it!"

At the same time, Shirley turned on the camera of her mobile phone, ready to capture the moment when Braden tasted the sour fruit and jumped.

Needless to say, Shirley had collected a lot of photos and videos of Braden's ruined image on her mobile phone these days. Shirley was like a cancer patient who knew that her time is little, so she subconsciously wanted to record every vivid moment. It would be a good aftertaste in the future.

To some extent, the relationship between Shirley and Braden was an incurable 'cancer*. If it was destined to be incurable, then leave as much beauty as possible. Maybe the rest of Shirley's life would depend on these beautiful moments to go on.

"Thanks."

Braden took Myolie, took a bite gracefully, and chewed slowly.

Shirley said, "How about it?"

Shirley opened her eyes wide, her hands were almost numb, expecting the man to show an exaggerated expression.

“Not bad.”

Braden nodded, seemingly enjoying it, and took another bite. His handsome face was still elegant and calm.

“Not bad?”

Shirley frowned and doubted it.

Could it be that the one Braden took was extraordinarily sweet? What kind of physique did he have?

“You try it?”

When Braden said this, he naturally handed the half-bitten apricot to Shirley.

“Well!”

Before Shirley had time to refuse, the apricot was stuffed into her mouth. And then the apricot was so sour that she doubted her life again.

“Braden, you did it on purpose!”

The woman supported her teeth that were about to fall, and angrily questioned Braden,

“Isn’t it sweeter than first love?”

Braden’s lips curled up, and his cool and handsome face finally showed a faint smile. He spoke, ‘I sincerely let you savor the taste of first love.’

“You’re so annoying! You know that I am most afraid of acid, and you still treat me like this!”

Shirley was amused by Braden’s words, and couldn’t help but give him a big slap.

Braden was just as scheming as before.

Shirley lifted a rock and shot herself in the foot?

Who knew Braden fell like a piece of paper just by Shirley’s casual push?

Shirley was doubtful.

Shirley looked at the fallen man with questions all over her head.

Shirley's first reaction was that Braden must be pretending, trying to blackmail her!

"Hey, you're too good at acting. Are you so delicate? I just touched you lightly, and you just fell over. Get up quickly! I'll laugh my ass off when I see it."

However, no matter what Shirley said, the man on the ground just remained motionless as if dead.

Chapter 552

Chapter 552 Maybe My Blood Is More Useful Than Yours

Shirley said, "Hey, Braden, stop making trouble! Don't scare me!" Material © .

Shirley felt that something was wrong and her thin cheeks turned pale instantly. And she squatted down to search for the man's breath.

Shirley thought, "Fortunately, he is breathing. But he is a little weak, which was enough to prove that this guy is really weak. He's not playing a prank on me."

"Come on, someone!"

Shirley shouted in panic.

Not very soon, the staff of the nursing home rushed over and sent Braden to the medical room for emergency treatment.

Shirley followed behind and was panting. Her mind went blank, and she didn't know what to do.

Shirley herself had just recovered from a serious illness, and she was very uncomfortable. She didn't understand why she had been in a coma for three days. And when she woke up again, she didn't understand why Braden, who had recovered very well, turned out to be seriously ill like this.

Shirley grabbed Alice, the caregiver who was in charge of taking care of Braden's diet and daily life on weekdays. Shirley asked with a nervous expression, "Alice, what's going on? Isn't Braden getting better soon? Why?"

"This../"

Alice looked extremely unnatural, avoiding Shirley's questioning eyes.

May had told Alice before that Alice couldn't tell Ms. Wilson about the lack of medicine, so Alice didn't dare to say anything.

Shirley saw Alice's hesitation, and said solemnly with a cold face, 'You don't have to be afraid, just say what you know! And I will give you a hand. If it delays Braden's recovery, the consequences will be more serious!'

"Hey, Ms. Wilson! Since you insist on getting to the bottom of it, let me tell you the truth. In the past few days when you were in a coma, Mr. Stewart's medicine has long been insufficient. May loves you so much that she didn't continue to collect blood. So Mr. Stewart's situation took a sharp turn for the worse."

After Alice finished speaking, she shook her head again. Alice said, "However, we are just guessing like this. And it may not necessarily be because of a lack of medicine. Don't take it to heart."

"I always say that there must be not enough medicine left!"

Shirley glanced at the door of the medical room, and said to Alice, "You take good care of Braden for me. If there is anything wrong, please notify me immediately."

Then, Shirley rushed to the pharmacy without stopping.

On the way, Shirley bumped into Antwan who had just finished washing Braden's socks.

The man held the woman's shoulder and asked with a half-smile, "Shirley, even if you are moved, you won't throw yourself into my arms in broad daylight. What are you so anxious about? You're in such a panic!"

"Get out of the way, I don't have time to talk to you now!"

Shirley pushed Antwan away, didn't want to say a word, and continued to run to the pharmacy sullenly.

Antwan stayed silent.

Antwan frowned and followed Shirley silently instead of tangling like usual.

In the pharmacy, May was racking her brains to study new prescriptions for Braden's situation.

Her severing father didn't mention anything other than using the flesh and blood of a loved one as medicine.

But in the current situation, even if May broke up with Ms. Wilson, Alice couldn't use Ms. Wilson's flesh and blood as medicine.

Therefore, May tried to add new medicinal materials to replace the original medicinal ingredients.

“May!”

Shirley pushed the door open and entered, her brows frowned, and her face was not very good- looking.

“Ms. Wilson, what’s wrong with you?”

May hid the herbs behind her back with guilty and smiled unnaturally.

Shirley didn’t say much, just rolled up her sleeves and urged May, “Braden has fainted, the situation is urgent, so I won’t tell you anything. Hurry up and draw my blood!”

“This.... ’

May guessed that Shirley probably knew everything. May let out a long sigh, and resolutely refused, “I can’t draw your blood anymore unless you don’t look like you are going to die.”

“It doesn’t matter! I have strong blood-forming ability. I just need to eat more pork liver and red dates. It’s too late. Hurry up!”

When Shirley said this, her head was still dizzy, and she was extremely powerless.

Shirley’s body was not weak before. But after giving birth to two children, her blood had not been able to flow very well. Even if she kept replenishing her body, she couldn’t return to her previous state.

This time when Shirley was going to return to her previous state, she was drawn too much blood which was used as medicine, and suddenly became wilted again.

“Ms. Wilson, I can’t joke about this. I really can’t draw the blood.’

“May, don’t dawdle any longer. Braden can’t wait anymore, and I order you to draw my blood as the eldest lady of the Wilson family!”

Shirley had no choice but to reveal her identity and force May to draw the blood.

“Ms. Wilson, you are persecuting me. How do you make me explain to your parents?”

May couldn’t refuse Shirley’s order. So May turned around helplessly, took out the blood-drawing equipment, and prepared to draw blood from Shirley again.

Antwan walked in at some point, pulled Shirley behind him, then rolled up his sleeves, and said to May in a cold voice, "Just draw my blood!"

"You..."

Shirley was somewhat moved by Antwan's righteousness, but she still put on a cold look and pushed him away. Shirley said, "Don't make trouble, your blood can't be the same as mine. May said the blood of beloved ones was in need."

Antwan spoke word by word with unprecedented seriousness, "In terms of blood, I am his blood relative, maybe my blood is more useful than yours."

Shirley was about to refute when she heard May's excited voice, "Right, how could I have forgotten? Besides the blood of loved ones can be used as medicine, it seems that the closest relatives can also be used. Maybe we can try/

Antwan asked seriously, "Even if it's useless, my blood won't make people dead, right?"

"No. Even if it's useless, it's just that the medicine is most effective. It won't cause any side effects."

"Then don't delay, start drawing!"

Antwan had already made up his mind and urged with a cold tone.

"Okay, then you need to bear it. I'll start drawing blood now/

With the mentality of giving it a try, May cut open the flesh tissue of Antwan's wrist, took a palm-sized porcelain bowl, and began to take it.

This process was extremely cruel. Just looking at it made people feel pain.

"Antwan, don't you guys hate Braden the most? Why are you doing this?"

The man frowned, gritted his teeth, and said, "Of course I hate Braden, but I don't want you to suffer."

"You are really crazy!"

Shirley knew better than anyone how painful the blood collection process was. Antwan couldn't be able to do this without being moved at all.

After drawing enough blood, May quickly made a bowl of soup according to the newly prepared prescription.

“Ms. Wilson, hurry up and give it to Mr. Stewart to drink. If the effect is good, many problems will be solved.”

The problems mentioned by May included the problem of Braden’s eyes.

May had been having a bold idea for a while but had never dared to try it. Antwan’s behavior gave May courage and she hoped that everything would be successful!

Chapter 553

Chapter 553 A Man Shouldn’t Be Weak

Shirley entered the medical room, supported Braden, who was unconscious, and fed him a bowl of medicine.

“Victory is within reach, you rascal, you must hold on!” Material © .

She held the man’s hand, her eyes reddened.

In the blink of an eye, it was dark outside.

Shirley sat by the bedside, anxiously waiting for the man to wake up.

“Ms. Wilson, Mr. Stewart’s condition is relatively stable. Why don’t you go and rest for a while?” a kind nurse advised Shirley.

“It’s fine. I can rest here too. If I’m by his side, I’ll feel more at ease.”

“Take care of yourself. Let me know if you need anything.”

The nurse sighed deeply and left the medical room.

Everyone at the MTW Center knew that Ms. Wilson was deeply in love with Mr. Stewart!

After some time, Shirley dozed off, leaning against the edge of the bed.

Braden woke up and moved his fingers, easily brushing against Shirley’s hair.

Her silky hair lingered between his fingers, stirring his heart.

“You’re awake?”

Shirley was lightly asleep but immediately sensed something was amiss. She woke up abruptly and looked nervously at Braden, “How do you feel? Are you still uncomfortable? Do you still feel weak?1’

Braden felt embarrassed as if he had been caught stealing. He quickly withdrew his hand and coldly replied, "Who told you I felt weak? I'm fine."

Seeing that he had the energy to argue, Shirley breathed a sigh of relief and smiled, "Right, right, a man shouldn't be weak. It was my choice of words that was wrong."

"However, I do feel much better, as if I have regained some strength. I don't feel particularly dizzy anymore."

Braden moved his arm and felt an unprecedented lightness and comfort in his body.

"That's good, that's good."

Shirley was overjoyed, realizing that Antwan's herbal medicine was indeed effective!

Upon hearing the news, May hurried over to feel Braden's pulse. She was delighted and said, "Mr. Stewart's pulse is steady and strong. His condition is even better than before. It seems we've found the right herbs this time!"

"What herbs?"

Braden frowned slightly and asked in a serious tone.

"Um... Angelica, Lycium, and such. They are herbs that can cure you!"

Shirley made up a few names of herbs and said to the man, "Take good care of yourself. The day of your recovery is just around the corner!"

It was getting late, and Braden had some porridge before falling asleep again.

Shirley and May left the medical room and went to an inconspicuous corner.

"May, you didn't deceive me, did you? Is Braden really in a better condition than before?"

She couldn't believe that things would go so smoothly. Her intuition told her that May was lying to her to put her at ease.

"Miss Wilson, I assure you; Mr. Stewart's condition has improved a lot. Antwan's blood worked even better than I expected!"

May's tone was resolute. She was fairly excited as if a medical researcher discovered a new territory.

"But that's Antwan's blood. He hates Braden to death. How could his blood be effective?"

“Love and affection work wonders, even from those closest to us. Perhaps deep down, Antwan still has a great deal of respect for Mr. Stewart.”

“That’s true. Homophobia often hides in the closet.”

Shirley touched her chin and suddenly understood.

Antwan had looked up to Braden since they were young. Openly, it seemed like jealousy. Actually, it might have been a deep, intense love. Maybe he loved Braden even more than she did. Being a close relative, his blood naturally worked better than hers.

He said he was afraid of her suffering from pain, but perhaps he was also worried about Braden?!

Tsk tsk, the ultimate orthopedics indeed!

Shirley’s impression of Antwan became much more complex in an instant.

“Miss Wilson, this success is groundbreaking. I think... we can attempt to treat Mr. Stewart’s eyes now,” May said solemnly.

These days, she had been tirelessly researching and experimenting with her father’s formulas to restore Braden’s eyesight.

“Really? What are the conditions?” Shirley asked excitedly.

Great, after waiting for so long, this day had finally come!

“For this matter, we need the cooperation of both Mr. Stewart and Antwan. I estimate that it will be quite challenging,” May said with a worried sigh, “This method is my estranged father’s creation, called ‘Bloodletting and Bone-smoking’ therapy. Since Mr. Stewart didn’t reject Antwan’s blood, I thought we could try it.”

“‘Bloodletting and Bone-smoking’ therapy?” Shirley looked puzzled, “What kind of medical practice is that? Just by hearing the name, it feels terrifying.”

“It is indeed terrifying. Proper medical professionals wouldn’t use this method. They call it witchcraft. But if you are truly desperate to help Mr. Stewart recover, you could consider an unconventional approach to help him.”

“Of course. I’m willing. But, when you say it requires the cooperation of Antwan and Braden, could it be...”

Some images flashed through Shirley’s mind, and she furrowed her brows immediately, lacking the courage to continue her thoughts.

“You’re so smart; it’s exactly as what you’re thinking,” May didn’t confirm directly, but patted Shirley’s shoulder, “Miss Wilson, think it over carefully. If it’s feasible, we can prepare for Mr. Stewart’s

treatment.”

“I... I’ll think about it.”

Shirley bit her lip, gazing at the dark sky, her mood matching its darkness.

In the quiet of the night, she had no trace of sleepiness. Leaning against the pillar of the pavilion, she looked at the full moon in the distance.

The wind gently brushed her face, icy and cool, enough to keep her awake.

Sometimes, she truly wished that everything was just a dream!

“The moonlight tonight is beautiful, isn’t it?”

From behind her, a man’s playful and teasing voice sounded.

Without thinking, she knew it was Antwan, who just wouldn’t disappear. However, his voice was weaker than before after losing so much blood.

Shirley looked at his thin attire and the white gauze wrapped around his wrist and felt a twinge of self-blame, “It’s chilly at night. Would it kill you to wear an extra layer?”

Antwan’s pitch-black eyes instantly lit up like sparkling stars, “Oh, well, did the sun rise from the west today? You actually care about me?” he exclaimed.

“This is the moon, not the sun, you idiot!” Shirley retorted, giving him an annoyed glance. She stared at his wrist and asked softly, “How are you feeling? Is it still painful?”

“See, you care about me again and won’t even admit it!” Antwan responded. He wagged his metaphorical tail like an eager puppy, his face beaming with happiness, “Aren’t you touched? Would you consider being with me? I promise I’ll make you happy!”

Shirley remained silent.

Tsk tsk, she had felt a bit sorry for him just now. But now it seemed that this macho man had no capacity for pain at all!

Antwan regained some seriousness and asked Shirley, “So, how is Braden? Is he alright?”

“He’s not dead. On the contrary... your blood is more useful than mine.”

“See, I told you! My blood is precious!” Antwan exclaimed like a big fool, sharing in the joy.

Because Braden was fine, Shirley was fine, and if Shirley was fine, he would be fine too.

“But since he’s okay, why do you still seem gloomy?”

Chapter 554

Chapter 554 Shirley, You Deceiver

“Because I’m conflicted,” Shirley gazed at Antwan and said softly.

“Conflicted about what? Tell me, make me happy,” Antwan grinned mischievously as always, “Even though my wrist got cut today and it hurt like hell, I’m genuinely happy! The goddess cares about me, the goddess pities me, the goddess is willing to talk to me, and we even enjoyed the moon together... It’s worth the blood!”

“May said that Braden doesn’t reject your blood. She found a way to cure Braden,” Shirley’s gaze was profound.

Antwan’s puppy-like expression immediately dropped, and he coldly asked, “What way?”

Shirley relayed May’s words to Antwan.

After listening, Antwan fell silent for a long time. Then he sneered, “It sounds like using my bone marrow to save Braden’s life, exchanging my eyes for Braden’s eyes.”

“In theory, yes,” Shirley nodded.

Antwan was as intelligent as her. Just by hearing the name of this treatment, he knew what it entailed.

“Ridiculous!” Antwan’s face turned ugly, filled with mockery, coldness, and disappointment, “Shirley, why are you telling me all this? Do you think I can be so noble? Braden is the person I’ve always wanted to defeat. I’ve been waiting for this day for so long. Do you think I would give him a chance to live or sacrifice myself to give him a chance?”

“I know you won’t, that’s why I told you,” Shirley calmly replied.

She didn't expect Antwan to agree. She just didn't know why she had honestly told him all this. Perhaps, since the moment Antwan was willing to use his blood as medicine for Braden, she had concluded that this madman wasn't as bad as she had imagined.

At this moment, they weren't enemies; they were comrades standing on the same side. He had the right to know.

"Shirley, I advise you not to have wishful thinking. Although I'm fond of you, I haven't reached that level of fondness. It would be best for you not to test my patience. Submit to me sooner, or else... don't blame me for being ruthless!" Antwan spoke as if deliberately reminding Shirley how cruel he could be, his words icy and heartless.

"That's good. Don't have a change of heart. If you do, I won't be able to pay back the debt," Shirley replied strangely. She smiled at the man with red eyes, her usual anger absent.

"Don't worry, I absolutely won't have a change of heart. Even if we sever ties, I won't have a change of heart!" Antwan raised two fingers and solemnly swore.

Half a month later...

Braden slightly opened his eyes and saw the vast expanse of the ceiling.

"Am... Am I dreaming?" His pale lips quivered; his voice weak.

He thought, "It's like I've had a long, long dream. In the dream, it felt as if my bones were being stripped and reassembled, the pain corroding me to the core. That near-death feeling seems to have been etched into my very being. I'm afraid I won't be able to forget it in my lifetime!"

"Braden, you're awake. How... how do you feel?" Alina, Tracy, and the Stewart family surrounded his bedside, their faces filled with anticipation.

"Mom, when did you arrive?" Braden looked at Tracy, tears streaming down her face, and asked softly.

"Braden, you... Can you see now?" Alina reached out and waved her hand in front of him, eagerly and cautiously asking.

Braden turned his gaze to Alina, revealing a gentle and fragile smile as tears rolled down his cheeks, "I think so."

"That's wonderful! You have no idea how long we've been waiting for this day. Fate has finally smiled upon us!" Tracy cried, holding Braden tightly.

“Steven, you’ve suffered during this period. It’s all my fault for giving the enemy an opportunity. We must be good from now on!” Kenny choked on his words as he wiped away his tears.

“It’s me who made you suffer,” Braden coughed lightly, his handsome face appearing deep and heavy. His gaze swept through the crowd, searching for the person he wanted to see. However, after looking around, he only saw family and friends, no unfamiliar faces.

“Steven, what are you looking for?” Tracy noticed Braden’s distraction and quickly asked.

“I…” Braden pondered for a moment and asked, “Aren’t I at the MTW Center? Who brought me here?”

“Well…” Tracy and Kenny glanced at each other, unsure if they should tell the truth.

Alina held the man’s hand, lowered her head, and kissed it gently, “Silly, it was me and your uncle who brought you back, along with Tracy. We’re especially grateful to Dean Fuller and his team for taking care of you during this time.”

“Just Dean Fuller and his team?”

“Who else could it be?” Alina lied shamelessly without batting an eye, “Your eyes, we discussed with Dean Fuller and found a miracle doctor to treat them. I still can’t believe it, but it worked!”

“But I remember…” Braden frowned, a sense of indescribable disappointment welling up inside him, “I remember there were other people taking care of me, and she was the one who was determined to heal my eyes.” Content © 2024.

“I know who you’re talking about. Ms. Wilson, right?” Alina was aware that she couldn’t avoid mentioning this woman, so mentioned her directly..

“Where is she?” Braden’s eyes brightened slightly, asking eagerly. If he remembered correctly, he had made a promise to that woman. When he regained his sight, he would take a good look at her. What did she really look like?

It was because of this anticipation that he had regained hope and cooperated actively with the treatment, deceiving himself while hoping that he would open his eyes and see her. But she was nowhere to be found.

“She and Antwan went on a world tour. They had some conflicts before, but now they’ve made up and are as sweet as ever,” Alina said naturally.

“A world tour?” Braden’s gaze dimmed, his voice turning cold, ‘They couldn’t wait, huh?’

They had agreed that once his eyes were healed, he would be able to see her. But she just left without a goodbye. Shirley, you deceiver!

Tracy and Kenny had expressions that seemed like they had something to say, but in the end, they remained silent.

“Steven, you’ve regained your sight, which is a tremendously joyous occasion. Don’t dwell on the unhappy things. Just know that the people who love you are by your side. You’ve simply had a long, long sleep, and now that you’ve awakened, everything is as it was!” Tracy comforted him with aching concern.

“Yes, now that you’ve awakened, everything is as it was. Don’t think about those who aren’t worth it. We will always be there for you, supporting you,” Alina embraced Braden, sounding persuasive as she repeated her words.

“Okay,” Braden nodded, determined not to let his mind wander to other thoughts.

Chapter 555

Chapter 555 This Deal, No Loss!

Six months later...

In a small town in Northern Europe, the pointed-roofed wooden houses resembled something out of a fairy tale, scattered amidst the towering mountains in an orderly fashion.

The most beautiful wooden house was situated at the foot of the mountain, with a spacious courtyard filled with sun-loving flowers that swayed in the warm sunlight.

In the center of the flowerbeds, a handsome man sat in a wheelchair, tilting his head back, basking in the sensation of the sunlight on his cheeks. He breathed in the fragrance of the flowers, his face brimming with a contented expression of happiness.

“Are you thirsty? Would you like some water?” Shirley flicked the blanket on Antwan’s knee gently and asked tenderly.

“I want a cup of coffee made by you,” Antwan replied.

“Alright, enjoy the sun for a bit. I’ll go make you some coffee,” Shirley said before leaning down to place a kiss on his forehead as reassurance.

“You’ve worked hard, my dear,” Antwan held her hand and his voice overflowed with sweetness, mixed with a hint of playfulness.

Unbeknownst to them, half a year had already passed! When he cooperated with Antwan and finished the “Bloodletting and Bone-smoking Therapy, his legs could no longer support his body, his eyes could no longer see anything, and he even breathed harder than before, rendering him completely dependent on others. But he had never regretted it for a moment.

He sacrificed himself but gained the love of his heart. He believed it was a worthwhile transaction. Content © 2024 (

Shirley was grinding coffee beans in the kitchen with the same level of concentration as when she used to grind them for Braden. Half a year had passed, yet she still found herself trapped in deep self-reproach, never experiencing a day without regret.

She thought, “I am a selfish person, shamelessly putting Antwan at risk for the sake of making Braden better. I’ve ruined Antwan’s life, and no matter how much I serve him like a servant in this lifetime, I can never make amends!”

The television in the living room played international news.

“According to reports, the Stewart Group’s CEO Braden, along with his fiancée Alina, has embarked on a three-month honeymoon trip. Their first stop is the picturesque country of Norway in Northern Europe, known for its fairytale-like landscapes...”

With a loud clatter, the coffee cup dropped to the floor.

Shirley’s heart felt as though it had been injected with a special hormone, pounding intensely. It had been so long since she had experienced the sensation of her heart racing, as she had suppressed and carried such a heavy burden.

“My love, are you okay?” Antwan, in the courtyard, heard the sound of the cup shattering and asked anxiously.

He tried to get up, but as a useless person who couldn’t walk or see, he was powerless to do anything.

“I’m fine. My hand slipped, and the cup fell on the floor!” Shirley took a deep breath, trying her best to calm herself.

After brewing the coffee, she turned off the television expressionlessly, without even glancing at the handsome and carefree man on the screen.

Since the moment half a year ago when she decided to leave with Antwan, she and that man were destined to be two parallel lines that would never intersect.

It was just as well, as he deeply loved Alina.

It was just as well, as he had long forgotten about her.

“Sorry for keeping you waiting. How does it taste?” Shirley handed the freshly brewed coffee to Antwan.

“I don’t need to taste it to know that it’s definitely my favorite,” Antwan held the coffee cup and took a sip, “Super sweet!”

“You’re so childish,” Shirley couldn’t help but comment.

These two brothers had completely different tastes. Braden liked his latte bitter but authentic, while Antwan preferred caramel macchiatos with lots of milk and sugar.

Under the sunshine, amidst the flowers, they didn’t engage in many conversation, simply enjoying the rare tranquility.

Antwan ran his finger along the rim of the coffee cup, feeling the warmth. Then, in a casual tone, he spoke, “I heard that Braden and Alina are about to come to Norway for their honeymoon...’

Shirley paused for a moment, then nodded after a long while, “Mm.*

“If you want to go see him, you can go. I know taking care of me, a useless person, for the past six months has been hard on you. If seeing him can make you a little happier, I support you going to see

him,’ Antwan’s expression carried a hint of guilt.

Back then, he willingly cooperated with Braden for the “Bloodletting and Bone-smoking Therapy.” But the ones being punished were not just him alone, right?

His pain originated from his body, which could be alleviated with medication.

Shirley’s pain originated from her mind, and suppressing it for a long time would inevitably cause problems.

“No need,” Shirley decisively refused, “What’s the point of meeting him? We were never meant to be together. It would only bring more pain to myself.’

“What if I’m willing to let you go?” Antwan asked, his heart clenching as he uttered those words.

He had never been a generous person, perhaps even a hypocritically selfish one. But when he encountered Shirley, his destined “bane.” He was willing to give up everything.

“If you’re willing to let me go, I’m not willing to let you go,” Shirley embraced the man from behind, coaxing him like a child, “I went for fortune-telling recently, and our destinies align, making us suitable for staying together. Don’t pretend to push me away, or I’ll really leave, and you won’t even have time to cry.”

Antwan, feeling quite inadequate, had redness in his eyes as he choked out, “Although I know you’re just trying to comfort me, that statement is really uplifting!”

Before this, he had never dared to hope that Shirley would care for him so much.

Once again, it proved that this deal was not a loss!

“Actually, with your attentive care and companionship over the past six months, I’ve already recouped my investment. So if you really want to leave, I won’t hold any resentment. You don’t need to burden yourself,” Antwan spoke honestly.

“I don’t have any burdens...” Shirley’s gaze was serene, like calm water, “Half a year ago, after you cooperated with Braden for the surgery, I handed him over to Alina and Tracy. They helped me lie, saying that you and I were traveling the world. At that time, I didn’t leave myself any retreat.”

“Perhaps, in his heart at this moment, I’m just an insignificant passerby, an untrustworthy deceiver. He has long forgotten me and found the woman he loves the most. Even if we were to meet briefly, what could change?”

Antwan tightened his fingers silently, filled with guilt in his heart.

He couldn’t tell Shirley that the reason Braden forgot about her was not because he willingly forgot, but due to deliberate interference.

If one day Shirley found out this secret, she would probably never forgive him...

Several more days passed, and the food supplies in the refrigerator ran out.

“I’ll go to town to buy some vegetables and fruits. Mr. Jones, the neighbor, will come to keep you company.”

On an early morning, after Shirley admonished Braden, she hung a canvas bag on her bicycle and set off towards the town.

The small town in Norway had a sparse population, and the only market was also small, but it stood out for its cleanliness and tidiness, with many creative stalls.

After buying fruits and vegetables, Shirley ordered a cup of hot milk tea and planned to take a stroll in the market.

Chapter 556

Chapter 556 Ascension Perfected

The small market wasn't large, measuring only a few hundred meters in total length, and it had everything from clothing to handicrafts on display.

Shirley approached a ceramics stall where various cups and saucers of different shapes were arranged. These ceramics were exquisitely crafted with intricate patterns, giving off an ancient vibe and looking quite beautiful.

She immediately noticed a white cup, which had no complex patterns but was lightly dyed with black, evoking the meaning of Tai Chi.

"Shirley, this cup is quite interesting!"

Shirley pointed at the cup, speaking enthusiastically.

"Lady, you have a discerning eye!"

Although the stall owner was a foreigner, he had a deep interest in Eastern culture. Seeing Shirley's appreciation, he began to explain enthusiastically, "The pattern on this cup is very exquisite. In the distant Eastern country, it's called Tai Chi... Tai Chi is a profound concept that can explain all things in the world. It represents the coexistence of black and white, seemingly separate but actually fused, seemingly repelling but actually attracting.

Neither can suppress the other nor can they be apart."

"Tai Chi..."

Shirley gazed at the distinctly black and white cup, lost in thought.

This feeling inexplicably reminded her of herself and Braden. They were completely incompatible opposites, yet they couldn't resist being drawn to each other.

As Shirley was about to ask the stall owner to give her the cup, a cold voice descended from above, "I'll take this cup."

Shirley furrowed her brows and turned around with a stern expression, "Why? I saw this cup first!"

But as she turned, she collided with the deep gaze of a man. It was as if her soul had been sucked away, leaving her standing there dumbfounded, unable to think or act, unable to utter a single word.

Braden towered nearly thirty centimeters taller than Shirley. He was like a mountain, emanating an overwhelming pressure. The warm morning light behind him illuminated him, making him shine brilliantly and giving off an unreal sensation.

“But I paid first.”

Braden placed a stack of euros on the stall counter, looking down at Shirley in the same arrogant and conceited manner as always.

Shirley rubbed her eyes, thinking that she must be seeing things.

The man before her was the one who had disappeared for half a year and experienced a rebirth through fire.

Compared to when they were separated, he had become even taller, and more handsome. And his eyes, perhaps due to receiving Antwan’s eyes through a transplant, held a deep and cold gaze, but also an added touch of casual and unrestrained demeanor.

Although Norway was not large, she never expected that they would encounter each other in this remote market.

Braden had long forgotten Shirley’s face and deliberately forgotten her voice. Property © .

In his eyes, the fragile woman before him was merely a stranger from the East, just like him.

Seeing Shirley’s lack of response for so long, he couldn’t be bothered to pay further attention and urged her, “Please give me the cup; my fiancée is waiting for me.”

Alina was a person who paid attention to details and had good taste. He believed that she would love the cup he bought.

“Sorry, this customer saw and liked the cup first. I can’t sell it to you.”

The stall owner returned the thick stack of euros to Braden and smiled as he handed the black and white porcelain cup to Shirley, “Madam, I hope this cup brings you joy.”

“1-1 don’t need it. Give it to him!”

Shirley retreated like a coward, continuously backing away until she finally escaped from the market.

She had never imagined that she would encounter Braden again in this lifetime. Thinking about the past and the vows she had made, she felt like a ferocious beast. Only by staying far away from him could she keep him safe and sound.

Look at him now, how well he was doing after she left. Not only had he taken the Stewart Group to new heights, but he also found fulfilling love. Happiness radiated from his face, a happiness that she could never bring him.

Braden watched the fleeing figure of the beautiful woman and fell into contemplation.

Why did he feel a sense of familiarity with this stranger?

“Do you know each other?”

The stall owner wrapped up the cup and handed it to Braden, curiously asking.

“We don’t know each other.”

Braden shook his head, sounding very certain.

“Why do I feel like you two have known each other for a long, long time and have experienced many stories together?”

The stall owner smiled meaningfully, his words carrying depth.

“Why do you say that? Do you know her?”

Braden turned around and stared at the stall owner, filled with curiosity.

“In this small town, there’s no one who doesn’t know Shirley. She’s a strong woman...”

The stall owner recalled the scene of their first encounter, and his heart still ached.

On that day, a heavy rain suddenly poured down on the town. The city streets were uneven and full of potholes. She was pushing a man around, seeking help in the rain, saying that their car had broken down and hoping someone could give them a ride.

How could one not be deeply impressed by a weak woman taking care of a large man who had mobility issues and was visually impaired?

“And then?”

Braden stopped and hoped the stall owner would continue.

At that moment, Alina ran over from the other end of the market.

“Darling, where did you run off to? I couldn’t find you anywhere!”

She affectionately threw herself into Braden’s arms, acting like a spoiled girl. She held onto his arm and pouted, “There’s a famous cafe ahead.

Come on, let’s go and taste some coffee together.”

“I bought you a cup.”

Braden handed the black and white porcelain cup to Alina, “You’re such a germaphobe, and this cup would be perfect for drinking coffee.”

“Wow, it’s so beautiful! I love it. You’re so thoughtful!”

Alina hugged Braden tightly and showered him with kisses, melting with sweetness.

These past six months had been so blissful, almost unreal. Braden never mentioned Shirley even once. His heart and mind were filled with Alina as if that woman had never existed in his life.

Every day, Alina prayed, hoping that the story would end here, hoping that the woman would truly disappear from this world!

“Let’s go!”

Braden affectionately ruffled Alina’s hair and walked towards the cafe she mentioned.

He didn’t bother to listen to the stall owner any further. After all... that woman was just a stranger to him, and there was no need for him to invest excessive attention.

In an inconspicuous corner of the market, Shirley hid her body behind a wall, greedily watching the man’s figure grow distant. Her eyes silently filled with tears.

How wonderful, Braden, you had returned to being the proud son of the heavens as if you had gone through a calamity and now achieved perfect ascension...

She thought, “Braden, you must be happy!”

Chapter 557

Chapter 557 These Two Were True Love!

Shirley took the bus back to her small cabin at the foot of the mountain.

Neighbour Jones rushed out anxiously, his expression filled with worry, “Shirley, you’re finally back. Come and see Antwan. Something has happened to him!”

“What?!”

Shirley furrowed her brows, quickly got off the bus, and hurriedly ran towards the small cabin.

Because of her fast pace, she tripped halfway and scraped her knee, causing the fruits and vegetables she bought to scatter on the ground.

“I just turned around to pour a glass of juice, and Antwan somehow climbed up the cherry tree and fell, losing consciousness!”

Jones ran alongside Shirley, explaining the situation.

In the yard of the small cabin, apart from the radiant sunflowers, there was a tall cherry tree. Now was the time when the cherries were ripe, juicy, and as big as thumbs.

Shirley had been longing for that cherry tree for a long time, but it was too tall and not easy to pick. She had planned to borrow a ladder from Jones one day and have a good feast, but unexpectedly... Antwan beat her to it, taking the initiative.

“Antwan!”

Shirley spotted Antwan lying beneath the cherry tree from a distance. He still tightly held a few large red cherries in his hand.

“I’m not sure if he has any bone injuries, so I didn’t dare move him. Shirley, don’t worry too much. I’ve already called for an ambulance.”

Jones patted Shirley’s shoulder and comforted her in a low voice.

This pair of men and women had attracted the attention of the town since they moved here half a year ago.

Living as a fragile woman taking care of a blind and disabled man, one could imagine how difficult it must have been. Therefore, everyone was willing to help them.

“Antwan...”

Shirley, with red eyes, held the man’s hand and blamed herself, “It’s all my fault. I should have taken you to the market together. I was too negligent.”

The ambulance arrived quickly, and after providing basic wound care for Antwan, they placed him on a stretcher and headed to the hospital in town. Shirley naturally went with him.

After some running around, the doctor diagnosed Antwan with a back injury, requiring bed rest for half a month. Due to long-term anemia, his body was weak, which led to the loss of consciousness.

Shirley looked at the thick stack of examination papers, slumped down on the ground, consumed by guilt.

She thought, "Who would have known that the cost of Braden's recovery would be so great, equivalent to sacrificing Antwan's entire life? If I had known about these severe consequences, I would never have agreed to the surgery!"

At that moment, a commotion arose in the hallway.

"Doctor, please save my fiancée!"

Shirley found the voice familiar and turned around. It was indeed Braden, carrying a bloodied Alina in his arms.

Her heart tightened. What happened? Weren't they just fine, leisurely enjoying their coffee in the cafe? How did things suddenly become so tragic?!

"Make way! Make way!"

The medical staff was also in a hurry, shouting as they rushed Alina into the emergency room.

They disappeared from Shirley's sight just like they had never appeared before.

This was too coincidental...

It took Shirley a while to come to her senses, and she couldn't help but wonder if it was just an illusion.

But she didn't delve too deep into it and went to the nearby store to buy hospital supplies for Antwan.

Two sets of clothes, tableware, cups, a small cake, and a bouquet of flowers.

After receiving the nutrient infusion, Antwan had already regained consciousness. He was anxious and shouting to leave.

However, his entire body was restrained and he could only lie flat on the hospital bed.

"Where am I? Who are you? Let me out, let me out!"

Antwan despairingly pounded on the edge of the bed, his voice hoarse and veins bulging on his forehead.

For a blind person, the scariest thing was not being unable to see, but rather a change in the familiar living environment.

The small cabin they had lived in for half a year was his shell. He felt safe only when he was hiding inside it. Content © 2024 (

“Patient, please calm down. You have injured your back and need to rest for a while. Don’t worry, we will take good care of you.”

The nurse patiently reassured him.

But Antwan acted like a manic depressive, waving his hand forcefully, “Get away from me! I don’t need your care. All of you, get lost!”

“Where is my family? Where is my family? I just want my family!”

Amidst his restlessness, the man’s voice carried a sense of despair, like an abandoned child afraid of being abandoned himself.

The nurse was a bit embarrassed, “I’m sorry, family... we don’t know where your family is either. When I arrived, you were the only one in this ward.”

Antwan’s expression turned ashen, and he raised his voice, almost pleadingly, to the nurse, “I’ll give you money. Take me home. I can give you a lot of money. If I’m not home, she will worry. Please, I’m begging you!”

“Well... that really can’t be done. Do you have your family’s phone number? Otherwise, can I help you make a phone call to her?”

“Okay, her phone number is...”

Antwan was about to provide Shirley’s number when he suddenly realized something and pursed his lips, remaining silent.

“Sir, what’s your family’s phone number?”

“Forget it, it’s not necessary.”

Antwan suddenly went from restlessness to calmness.

He thought, “If she really wants to abandon me, then even if I ask her to come back, it won’t make a difference. With the intimate companionship and care of the past six months, I’ve already recouped my investment. If she really left, I won’t blame her.”

Carrying large and small bags, Shirley pushed open the door of the hospital room and saw that Antwan was awake. She immediately breathed a sigh of relief.

“Thank goodness, you’re finally awake. You scared me!”

Antwan, like a dead fish, suddenly came back to life. His handsome face immediately filled with vitality, “You... You didn’t leave, didn’t want to abandon me?”

Shirley was slightly stunned, then smiled and said, “You fool, do you think I, Shirley, would be that kind of person? If I wanted to abandon you, I would have done it long ago. Why wait until now?”

She held his hand while mocking him, “You, even though you’ve lost your sight, you still dare to climb trees. If I came back a little later, would you have climbed onto the roof?”

“It’s because you wanted to eat cherries. I thought of picking some for you so that when you returned from the market, you could eat them directly.”

“I want to eat them, and I can pick them myself. Your top priority now is to take care of yourself.”

Although Shirley was touched, she wasn’t accustomed to saying overly sentimental words.

“Yeah, being a burden like me not causing you trouble is the biggest help I can provide.”

Antwan weakly replied.

Although he had been reckless for many years, with an indifferent attitude towards everything, he had never felt so helpless as he did at this moment...

“Good to know!”

Shirley patted the man’s head, then got up and unpacked the small cake she had just bought, “Seems like you’re not in a good mood. I bought something nice for you. After eating it, I guarantee your worries will vanish!”

“What is it?”

“Open your mouth first.”

Shirley scooped a spoonful of cake and put it into Antwan’s mouth.

“It’s delicious.”

Antwan truly was like a child, easily pacified.

Sweet treats had the magical power to make people happy.

The nearby nurse looked touched and envious.

These two were true love!

Chapter 558

Chapter 558 This World, So Warm

Antwan finally fell asleep, a faint smile lingering on his lips, peaceful and sweet. He regarded Shirley as his strong backing.

He thought, "With Shirley around, the sky is clear, the wind is gentle, and even the air tastes sweet. Without her, it would be the end of the world, the apocalypse. I wouldn't even have the desire to live. Although it's sick to think this way, I've gradually become addicted and can't break free."

Silently, Shirley watched the sleeping man, sighing softly. Is she tired? Of course, she is. How could she not be? It's not just physical exhaustion but also mental fatigue. Antwan has always been a fanatic, extreme in his actions. He used to proclaim the value of "if one dies, we die together," always disrupting orderly situations and turning them into chaos.

Now, he had become a well-behaved child, restraining all his aggression, arrogance, and madness. He treated her as his world as if he had become a different person. But the more he changed, the greater the psychological burden on Shirley. She felt he was too pitiful, and his cautiousness under suppression was heart-wrenching.

And all of this was caused by her!

Thoughts of encountering Braden during the day resurfaced in her mind, causing her to feel inexplicably irritated.

She thought, "Why did someone who shouldn't have crossed paths with me intrude upon my peaceful life and disturb the calm lake of my heart?"

Ultimately, it's because I didn't sever my attachment completely... It's truly shameful, truly pathetic!"

Shirley stepped out of the hospital room and entered the dimly lit corridor, lighting a cigarette. The flickering flame and thin smoke scattered in the darkness. The taste of nicotine provided some relaxation to her mind.

In these past six months, perhaps due to the immense psychological pressure, she had started smoking. She knew it wasn't a good habit and would harm her health, but she

couldn't resist it. It was like some emotions -knowing they shouldn't exist, but once they do, they become a disaster, impossible to control.

At that moment, two nurses arrived, each lighting a cigarette and engaging in casual conversation.

"Hey, have you heard? The woman who was just admitted is Alina, the heiress of the Gilmore Group. And the man who carried her into the hospital is none other than the famous president of the Stewart Group, Braden!"

"Oh my God, that's the legendary Braden? He's so handsome, and his boyfriend material is off the charts!"

"No kidding. I heard Ms. Gilmore got hit by a car while trying to pick up a cup..."

"Tsk tsk, what kind of cup is so precious that the heiress risks her life to pick it up?"

"Who knows, maybe it was a gift from her lover, holding special meaning!"

Shirley stood a little below the corridor, clearly overhearing the conversation between the two nurses. Her heart tightened, filled with curiosity, and she asked, "How is the patient now? Is she okay?"

The sudden voice startled the two nurses. They couldn't quite make out Shirley's appearance, but one of the nurses honestly replied, "We... we don't know yet. Do you know Ms. Gilmore?"

"I... I don't know her, I was just curious," Shirley quickly denied.

"You're confused. This is Shirley, everyone in our hospital knows her. She has been taking care of Antwan all the time. There's no way she knows Ms.

Gilmore." The other nurse reminded.

"Oh, right, now I see clearly. You're Shirley, our old friend!" Both nurses became particularly friendly and enthusiastic toward Shirley. Almost everyone in the hospital knew Shirley because she had frequently brought Antwan for treatment in the past six months. She was a familiar face to everyone.

Shirley exchanged a few more words with them. Now, not only did she know where Alina's operating room was, but she also knew which hotel Alina and Braden were staying at in the town.

"You two continue chatting. I'll go check on Antwan," Shirley said after finishing her cigarette. She nodded at the two nurses and left the corridor.

She had originally intended to go to the floor where Antwan was, but somehow, as if compelled by an unknown force, she found herself on the floor where Alina's operation was taking place. She hid at the corner of the corridor, cautiously peering out, and immediately spotted Braden standing guard outside the operating room.

He was wearing the casual white shirt she had seen him in during their encounter earlier in the day. The shirt was now stained with spotty bloodstains, and his hands were also stained with blood. It was evident that he had been standing there without a chance to clean up. It was clear that he was extremely worried about Alina, pacing back and forth anxiously with a tense expression on his face.

Calculating the time, it had been five to six hours since he brought Alina to the hospital. In other words, he hadn't rested or eaten anything for five to six hours... This guy, who had only just recovered a little over half a year ago, was now neglecting his health again. Shirley couldn't help but feel anxious for him.

Biting her lip in contemplation, Shirley went downstairs and hurried to the nearby Chinese restaurant she often frequented. She packed a portion of seafood wontons. If she remembered correctly, although he didn't enjoy Chinese food, he had a special fondness for wontons, especially the seafood flavor. She believed that as soon as he caught a whiff of it, his appetite would return.

Braden was anxious at the entrance of the operating room. Time passed second by second, from dusk until dawn, but there was still no movement inside.

He thought, "Damn it, it's all my fault, all my fault! If I hadn't brought Alina that cup, she wouldn't have been hit by a car while trying to pick it up."

"It was supposed to be a sweet honeymoon trip, where they had agreed to choose the most romantic city for a century-long wedding."

"But who would have thought that they would encounter trouble on the very first stop?"

"I can't imagine what would happen if something happened to Alina. How would I face the Gilmore family, my parents?"

"Alina has been by his side, enduring so many difficult years. He can't be without Alina!"

At that moment, a nurse approached and gently patted Braden's shoulder.

"Mr. Stewart, the surgery is still going on. You must be hungry after waiting for so long. Take this bowl of wontons and fill your stomach."

Braden turned around, staring at the steaming bowl of wontons, feeling an inexplicable warmth.

The encounter with hometown food in a foreign land, especially in such a desperate moment, held a special significance.

“Thank you, is this from you?” Braden, who was usually cold and indifferent, couldn’t maintain his icy demeanor in the face of this bowl of kind-hearted wontons.

“Well...” The nurse’s gaze was somewhat awkward, stuttering, “It’s, it’s a special offering for our North American friends in the hospital, to let you taste the flavor of home and relax.”

“Thank you.” Braden took the wontons. Property © .

He was indeed feeling a bit hungry. Without hesitation, he opened the lid of the container and started eating.

“It’s delicious.” The man nodded; his throat slightly choked up.

This bowl of wontons hit the most vulnerable spot in his heart.

He had never revealed to anyone that his only favorite Chinese dish was wontons, especially the seafood flavor. The fact that the hospital provided this specific food, his favorite, could only mean... that this world was so warm.

Chapter 559

Chapter 559 “Are You Addicted to Eating?”

Shirley, standing at the corner of the corridor, watched as Braden happily finished the wontons, and she couldn’t help but smile with satisfaction.

That was right, people were made of iron and rice was made of steel. No matter how anxious the situation is, one mustn’t go hungry!

Several more hours passed like this, and finally, the door of the operating room opened. The doctor came out, and Braden hurried over.

“Don’t worry, she’s still alive. However, her waist and legs have suffered serious injuries and will require bed rest for some time.’ The doctor said to Braden, “During this time, it will be the family’s responsibility to take good care of her.”

“As long as she’s okay, as long as she’s okay,” Braden instantly breathed a sigh of relief, and the weight on his heart finally lifted.

In a corner, Shirley couldn’t help but swallow her saliva, “Wow, Alina also suffered injuries to her waist?! That’s too coincidental!”

Little did she know, what was even more coincidental was that the orthopedic wards were all on the same floor, which meant... Antwan and Alina's rooms were on the same floor.

In that case, with heads held high or lowered, she and Braden would inevitably cross paths sooner or later!

Shirley didn't want to encounter such an awkward situation, so she chose to come and go early and late, staying by Antwan's side throughout. If there were any needs, she would reluctantly ask the nurses for help.

And so, two or three days passed, and despite her deliberate avoidance, she and Braden somehow never bumped into each other.

On this day, in Alina's room.

Braden was attentively peeling an apple for Alina. Despite being in pain all over her body, she felt a sense of sweetness.

A nurse came over to change Alina's IV drip. She saw Braden feeding Alina the apple and couldn't help but sigh, "Mr. Stewart, you're fairly good to Ms. Gilmore. Is this how love is for all Easterners, warm and sweet?"

Alina smiled and said, "Isn't love warm and sweet for everyone? Does it really matter if it's Eastern or Western?"

The nurse explained, "Love is originally not defined by Eastern or Western. However, recently we've seen another loving couple, also of Eastern origin, so we've formed such an impression..."

"In our town, there's a couple who can be called a model couple. The woman's name is Shirley, and the man's name is Antwan. Their story is very touching. Antwan is a handsome man, but he has physical disabilities with his limbs and is blind. Shirley has been taking care of him meticulously, never leaving his side. It's incredibly moving."

"It is interestingly that Antwan got injured too, and he is currently hospitalized. Shirley, to make him happy, specially bought a small cake that can bring joy to people and fed it to Antwan bit by bit. The male doctors and male nurses in our hospital envy them to no end and dream of finding a girlfriend like Shirley."

The nurse vividly recounted the story, her expression filled with longing for love.

"A model couple?" Alina became interested and enthusiastically said, "If they're also from the East, we can be friends with them!"

“Shirley?” Braden had a good memory, and he quickly remembered the name. It was the woman he briefly crossed paths with at the stall, and an inexplicable emotion surged within him.

“What’s wrong? Do you know her?”

Alina keenly noticed Braden’s change in mood and asked tentatively, “Don’t you know her?”

Antwan shook his head, “I just find the name quite interesting.”

“Let me tell you, don’t take advantage of my temporary disability to flirt with other girls. I rely on you for the rest of my life,” Alina coquettishly teased the man and then asked him, “If one day I become physically disabled with blindness, would you take care of me meticulously or heartlessly abandon me?”

“Foolish girl, of course, I wouldn’t abandon you. I would take care of you like taking care of a child. After all, when I was at my lowest point, you never abandoned me, did you?”

“Yes, that’s right!” Alina replied somewhat guiltily. This relationship started in such an ‘improper’ manner, and she had always felt insecure about it.

Around noon, a nurse brought in a fragrant bowl of seafood wontons. These past few days, the seafood wontons were like a clock, either arriving at noon or in the evening, always punctual.

“Mr. Stewart, your wontons, please enjoy them while they’re hot!” The nurse placed the steaming wontons on the table.

“Thank you.” Braden nodded, already drooling. Habits are a magical thing-it only took a few days for him to develop one.

Alina glanced at the nurse and suddenly felt a sense of crisis. She coldly said, “Where did these wontons come from? I thought they were Chinese food. Can I have a bowl too?”

“Well, you can’t!” The nurse firmly refused. After all, these wontons were specially prepared for Mr. Stewart by Shirley. If she were to request another bowl, they wouldn’t be able to provide it.

“Why can’t I? Is this specially made for my fiance? You’re quite considerate as a nurse, aren’t you?”

“It’s not me, I...” The nurse stammered, feeling embarrassed and unable to explain.

Braden stepped in to defuse the situation, “Because you’re still in the recovery period, you can’t eat seafood. It may cause infection and scarring in your wound.”

“Yes, yes, your wound is still healing. Eating seafood can easily cause inflammation and scarring.” The nurse sighed in relief, thinking that Mr. Stewart was quick to react.

“Not eating is fine. But can you at least tell me where these wontons come from?’ Alina persisted. Now, every woman appearing by Braden’s side could be her enemy, and she had to be cautious and vigilant!

“They’re specially prepared in our cafeteria, specifically for North American people like you.’ The young nurse awkwardly explained. Lying wasn’t her strong suit.

“Really?’ Alina asked.

“R-really!” the nurse replied nervously.

“Well then, I want a bowl of seafood wontons right now. Even if I don’t eat them, can’t I at least smell them?’ Alina insisted.

“Ah, well, urn...” Braden saw that Alina was clearly making things difficult for the nurse, so he said in a deep voice, “Enough, don’t tease the girl. She’s been taking care of you and it hasn’t been easy for

her.”

Then he turned to the young nurse and said, “You can leave now. I’ll talk to her.”
Property © .

After the nurse left the room, Alina turned away in anger.

“What’s wrong?’ Braden patiently coaxed, ‘You can’t be angry with me just because I had a bowl of wontons. If you don’t like me eating wontons, I won’t eat them in the future.”

“It’s not because you ate wontons, it’s because... I feel like that nurse is trying to seduce you!” Alina pouted, angrily expressing her thoughts.

Braden was at a loss and chuckled, “Where did you get that idea? How do you think she’s trying to seduce me?”

“The wontons you had, they smell so authentic. They couldn’t possibly come from a cafeteria that serves mass-produced food. Moreover, we’re in a foreign country where you can hardly find an Oriental person in 800 years. How could they prepare an authentic Oriental dish just for you?”

“So?”

“So, it’s highly likely that she made those wontons specifically to seduce you. As they say, if you want to capture a man’s heart, you have to capture his stomach. Look at you now, addicted to eating them.”

“Hahaha, Alina, you’re really overthinking this. It’s just a bowl of wontons, how could they replace you.”

Although Braden reassured Alina, he secretly had some doubts in his mind, “Perhaps there is some truth to the origin of these wontons?”

Chapter 560

Chapter 560 “Are You Secretly in Love with Mr. Stewart?”

With such suspicions in mind, Braden deliberately went to the hospital cafeteria during dinner.

“I’d like a bowl of seafood wonton.” He said to the staff behind the counter.

“???”

The staff looked completely puzzled.

“Seafood wonton, don’t you have it?”

Braden emphasized once again in French to the person.

“We don’t have it.”

The staff stared at him with a dumbfounded expression and pointed to the menu, saying, “All the food is listed on the menu. Order whatever you want.”

Braden quickly scanned the menu with his eyes and indeed found only Western dishes. There was no trace of any Eastern food, let alone seafood wonton.

So, was the nurse lying?

Braden returned to the main building and found the nurse who had been delivering wontons to him every day.

“I think we should talk.” He said to her.

The nurse became a little nervous and her expression extremely unnatural, “Mr. Stewart, what do you want to talk to me about?”

“You know what I want to talk to you about.”

“I don’t know anything. I don’t know anything at all.”

The nurse shook her head, pretending to be oblivious like an ostrich.

Of course, she knew exactly what Braden wanted to ask her. He definitely wanted to know who had been sending the wontons. However, she had promised Shirley to keep this secret, as if she had made an oath to God. So... she couldn’t confess.

“If you tell me honestly where the wontons come from, I’ll give you a generous reward,” Braden said, hands in his pockets, acting like a savvy businessman.

“No!”

The nurse continued shaking her head, “I swore to God, I can’t tell you.”

“That’s fine. Just donate more money to God, and He will forgive you.”

“I’m guilty, I’m guilty. Please don’t ask me. I won’t tell you.”

The nurse made the sign of the cross on her chest and quickly ran away.

In the hallway, she found Shirley blowing smoke rings and urgently said, “Hey, I finally found you. I’m really sorry, but I can’t help you anymore.”

“What’s wrong?”

Shirley remained calm and blew a beautiful smoke ring.

“Mr. Stewart and Ms. Gilmore are suspicious about the seafood wontons you’ve been sending, especially Ms. Gilmore. She suspects that I made them specifically for Mr. Stewart to seduce him.

Either you confess to them or stop sending the wontons.”

The nurse sincerely advised her.

“Alright, then I won’t send them anymore.”

Shirley was quite nonchalant about it.

After all, Alina was no longer in danger, and she shouldn’t be so anxious that she couldn’t eat or sleep. Therefore, this bowl of seafood wonton no longer held any significance.

“But by the way, Shirley... do you know them? What’s your relationship with them? Could it be that you secretly have a crush on Mr. Stewart?”

The nurse couldn’t help but gossip.

“How could that be!”

Shirley firmly denied, “I just thought that we’re all Oriental people, and his fiancée had an accident. He’s so worried that he can’t even eat properly. I just wanted to give him some hometown flavors and stimulate his appetite.” Property © .

“I see...”

The nurse nodded thoughtfully, “That’s true. If you secretly love him, what about Antwan? Mr. Stewart can have whatever he wants, but Antwan only has you. If you leave, it would be so unfair to Antwan.”

“So, I won’t leave.”

Shirley smiled lightly as if she was saying it to the nurse and herself.

“I’ll go check on Antwan. Otherwise, that guy will start crying again.”

She stood up, silently extinguished her cigarette butt, and her slender figure disappeared into the darkness...

Braden waited for a whole day but didn’t receive the seafood wonton he had been eagerly anticipating. He could tolerate it during lunchtime, but it was already late at night and there was still no sign of it. He couldn’t bear it any longer.

“What’s going on? Why isn’t there any wonton today?”

Braden intercepted a nurse doing her rounds in the corridor while Alina was resting, adopting a confrontational stance.

“Well, urn...”

The nurse awkwardly touched her neck, “The cafeteria doesn’t serve it anymore, Mr. Stewart. Can you consider something else, like hamburgers, steaks, or pasta?”

“I don’t want anything else. I only want wonton, and specifically seafood wonton.”

Braden, disregarding his status as a CEO, acted like an unreasonable child, refusing to settle for anything but wonton.

The nurse was at a loss for words, “Have you not eaten anything all day?”

“That’s right. I’ve been waiting for a whole day. I’m starving, from the front to the back.”

Braden admitted openly.

If there was ever a dish that he loved the most, other foods would become compromises, but he... refused to compromise!

“Alright, wait here for a moment. I’ll go to the cafeteria and ask.”

The nurse reluctantly agreed, fearing that this stubborn man would have some problems if he went hungry.

“Fine, I’ll wait. Remember, my life and death are in your hands now.”

Braden’s handsome face turned serious, without a hint of joking.

Once the man returned to Alina’s room, the nurse breathed a sigh of relief. She hurriedly took a couple of steps and arrived at Antwan’s room on the same floor.

“Shirley, come out for a moment. I need to talk to you about something.”

The nurse stood at the door and beckoned to Shirley with her finger.

Shirley had just finished giving Antwan a muscle massage and reminded him, “It’s getting late, you should go to sleep.”

“Yes, dear. Goodnight.”

Antwan sweetly bid Shirley goodnight and closed his eyes, satisfied, ready to sleep.

Shirley walked out of the room, closing the door behind her, and looked at the nurse in confusion, ‘What’s going on now?’

“What else could it be? It’s all because of a bowl of seafood wonton!”

The nurse couldn’t help but complain about Braden’s childish stubbornness. She shrugged at the woman and said, “What do we do now? Mr. Stewart, being such a grown man, actually resorts to a hunger strike to threaten me.

Should I still give him the wonton?”

“Did he really not eat anything all day?”

“Absolutely. Not only did he not eat anything, but he didn’t even drink a sip of water!”

“How childish!”

Shirley couldn't help but curse. It was true that she shouldn't have cared about his life or death and denied him even a single bowl of wonton. But after much hesitation, she couldn't bring herself to be that heartless.

"You wait here. I'll go buy it for him. When the time comes, you tell him that this is the last bowl, and there won't be another hunger strike!"

After saying this angrily, Shirley faced the night and headed toward the nearby Chinese restaurant. Typically, Western restaurants don't operate at night, and it was already late, so she couldn't guarantee that the Chinese restaurant was still open.

About ten minutes later, she arrived at the Chinese restaurant. It was quite coincidental that the landlady was just finishing tidying up the tableware, preparing to close.

"Landlady, wait!"

Shirley gasped for breath and said, "I want a bowl of seafood wonton."

"Shirley, why did you come so late? Unfortunately, we're closing now."

The landlady looked at the familiar face with great regret.