

# The Untouchable Ex- Wife

Chapter 1041

“What? She’s been discharged?” Seraphina felt a bit suspicious, torn between feeling happy and angry at her actions. “How can she just leave without saying anything?!”

She should’ve known that this woman couldn’t be trusted. They had promised to wait for Stefan to get better before leaving, but now, he was still bedridden and she had already left. She just couldn’t keep her promises!

“Are you Miss Murphy?” The nurse asked cautiously.

“Yes, what’s wrong?” Seraphina snapped at the nurse in irritation. She didn’t know why, but Renee’s abrupt departure made her feel uneasy. Renee wasn’t the type who would give up easily, so she had to be hiding an ace up her sleeve!

“I was told by Miss Everheart to give this medicine to you. She said it works wonders, and hopes that you brew it carefully,” the nurse explained, then handed over a cube of the medicine to Seraphina.

“For me?” Seraphina stared at the medicine in confusion, wondering what Renee was up to. She opened up the medicine, and saw that there was tiny text on the packaging that was completely indiscernible to her eyes.

‘Is Renee giving me this miraculous medicine so she can become the heroine who saves Stefan? No, there’s no way! This medicine could be poison meant to cause my downfall. I will never use it!’ Seraphina thought with a sneer. With a heavy heart, she returned to Stefan’s room.

Stefan’s gaze was dull, but his hearing was sharp. When he heard footsteps outside his door, his face lit up. “Is my medicine here?” He asked hopefully.

Seraphina felt even more agitated, and answered flatly, “No, she’s been discharged.”

She wasn’t stupid. She knew that though Stefan was asking about the medicine, he actually wanted to know about Renee. It hurt her pride.

“She was discharged…” Stefan’s expression visibly dimmed.

It was like being seated at an exclusive restaurant, about to take a bite of your delicious food, but before you could, it was taken away without warning.

It was terribly disappointing.

“Since she’s recovered, of course she has to be discharged. She has no connection to you, so she can’t be like me and take care of you throughout the day.” Seraphina’s voice was filled with jealousy. She then crumpled up the medicine instructions into a ball before throwing it into the trash can. She thought, ‘Hmph, regardless of whether this medicine is a miracle or not, I will never use something that woman gave me!’

Stefan’s face fell, and he raised an eyebrow at Seraphina’s tone, feeling like he had crossed a line. ‘Someone who has no connection to me doesn’t deserve my attention. I haven’t even seen her face! Only the person in front of me is worthy of my love and devotion!’

“Seraphina, you’re being petty. I was only dismayed at the loss of an attendant… Come here and give me a hug, don’t be mad,” Stefan cajoled her warmly, his arms wide open.

“That’s more like it!” Seraphina snuggled into his embrace, her heart flooding with happiness.

‘Looks like Everheart had some sense of self-awareness. She knew it would be beneficial for our relationship if she disappeared!’

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“Ahem!” Francine had entered the room and witnessed the scene before her, and her face was black as thunder. Behind her was the caretaker that she had personally picked out for Stefan.

Seraphina was mad that the happy atmosphere had been interrupted, so she was about to give the intruder a piece of her mind. However, when she angrily turned around, she was pinned by Francine’s sharp gaze.

She jerked away from Stefan immediately and stammered, “A-Aunt Francine, why are you here?”

She had been feeling guilty ever since she and Jovan had secretly bribed the neurosurgeon to give Stefan that brain surgery. She’d also been feeling paranoid and suspicious of everyone.

“My son is in a hospital bed, and you ask me, his mother, why I’m here?” Francine demanded, her voice tight with anger. She didn’t like how Seraphina had been going about this, so she started lecturing her. “You certainly have your ways, don’t you? You hid the fact that my son was injured for a whole week. Do you know that I was going crazy looking for him?”

Even though Stefan looked alright, Francine was still worried about him. Seeing her son in bandages made her heart ache. “I’m sorry, Aunt Francine, I was so shaken up that I didn’t think about that. I was afraid that you’d worry, so I-“

“Don’t give me excuses, unless... Is this guilt? Were you the reason why Stef ended up like this?” Francine asked suddenly, staring at Seraphina suspiciously.

“I didn’t, I...” Seraphina had no idea how to explain, and it made her look even more suspicious.

Stefan furrowed his brows then said seriously, “Mom, if you’re here to visit me, then just visit me. Why are you getting mad at Seraphina?”

Francine was stunned. She glanced at Stefan, then at Seraphina, looking confused. “Son, what happened to you? Why does it feel like you’ve become a different person? When did you become so protective over your friend?”

Not only was he being oddly protective, seeing them embracing earlier just made the worried mother even more bewildered.

“Seraphina is the woman I love, and I will also be making her my wife soon. Who else will I protect, if not her?” Stefan replied bluntly.

“What did you say? Seraphina Murphy, is the woman you love?” Francine’s jaw dropped.

“Is there a problem with that?” Stefan asked coldly. The love he felt for Seraphina was set in stone, and everyone knew it, so he didn’t understand why his mother would find it strange.

“There’s no problem, it’s just that hell seems to have frozen over.” Francine eyed Seraphina skeptically, and turned to the caretaker. “Layla, take Stefan’s pulse and see what condition his body is in.”

“Yes, Madam.” Layla nodded and walked over to Stefan, then said calmly, “Master Hunt, please hold out your left hand, I will take your pulse.”

“Okay.” Stefan was in a somewhat cooperative mood, and held out his left hand.

Seraphina stood nearby, sweating bullets. She sneaked a glance at Francine, “Aunt Francine, is this girl really trustworthy? Everyone says that Chinese doctors are a scam, and she’s so young, so what would she know?”

“Don’t you look down on Layla – her father is the famous miracle doctor, Karter Bridges. She learned everything she knows from him, and will be able to tell what is wrong with Stefan just from his pulse,” Francine replied smugly, seemingly proud of who she had chosen.

“Re...really?” Seraphina’s breath hitched. ‘Does that mean that the little ‘tweaks’ we’ve done will be blown right out into the open?’

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Layla expertly placed her slender fingers on Stefan's wrist, checking his pulse. After a few seconds, her delicate features wrinkled in concentration.

"What's wrong? Is my son's condition serious?" Francine stood beside her, feeling worried seeing Layla's expression.

After around a minute, Layla finally moved her hand away, and gave a long sigh. "Master Hunt's pulse is very chaotic, it was weak yet as fast as a rushing river. It seems like a typical case of cerebral hemorrhage. It's like it has recently been damaged or been through trauma. The situation is dire."

"Th... The brain has been damaged?" Francine looked at Stefan with a heavy heart, unable to process what her darling son had gone through.

Overwhelmed with guilt, Seraphina snarled at Layla, "You immature child! How dare you say such things when medical experts just reported that Stefan's body was in stable condition? Why are you scaring us with all this talk of cerebral hemorrhage? Are you cursing him?"

Despite looking young, Layla was calm and composed. "Well, this is what I diagnosed from the perspective of a traditional doctor. If you believe that it is incorrect, Miss Murphy, please feel free to switch hospitals and have another doctor do a full body checkup on Master Hunt. I believe that the results will be fair then."

"Easy for you to say! Stefan's body hasn't healed yet, and he's only just gotten better! If he switches hospitals now, he'll get even worse!" Seraphina could not allow Stefan to switch hospitals, at least not until the damage in his brain had healed. Otherwise, the things Jovan and her had done would be exposed, and they would be doomed.

"Miss Murphy, please believe in my skills. Master Hunt's pulse really is very unusual. Even if we don't switch hospitals, surely you would accept a traditional doctor's methods?" Layla's words made complete sense, which proved her right to be there. It also made it impossible for Seraphina to refuse, since it would seem like she was making a fuss again.

Seraphina's mind raced to find a way out of this. "Oh, I remember something. Last night, Stefan drank a cup of medicinal tea! Could it be that the tea had some issues that caused his stable condition to change?"

"That could be the case." Layla nodded. "If I could see the recipe for the tea, it would help."

"The recipe... Oh yes, there was a recipe!" Seraphina walked over to the trash can, and bent down to retrieve the paper she had crumpled up earlier. She then handed it to Layla.

"If you really are so renowned, then see if there's anything wrong with this medicinal tea... but I have no doubt that it must be the tea that caused it. How else could a perfectly healthy person suddenly get worse after merely drinking medicinal tea?"

Layla took the paper and started to read through it carefully before her expression turned into one of shock. "Wh...Who gave you this recipe?"

"I was right, wasn't I? It was all the tea's fault!" Seraphina cried out in triumph.

She thought to herself, 'Hmph, I should have known that Everheart would not have left anything useful in the recipe for that medicinal tea. Good, now I can manipulate them with ease.'

"What's wrong with the instructions?" Stefan, who had been quiet the entire time, asked in a frosty tone, his expression dark.

"To answer your question, Master Hunt, there is something wrong with this recipe... It's simply too good to be true! Each medicinal ingredient in it is nothing special individually, but when combined, they have miraculous effects. It must be the work of a genius doctor!"

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Layla's eyes were bright with excitement, and she was beaming as if she had just found treasure. "Whoever this is, they really are extremely skilled in their craft, even more so than my father. Where is this person? Could you please introduce me to them, Miss Murphy?"

"T-This can't be..." Seraphina gulped nervously, not expecting the situation to turn out like this. 'Everheart, you sneaky witch... She said she wanted to help improve our relationship, and then left us with a miraculous recipe! She just left without taking any credit!'

"How could it be impossible? It must be because of the kindness that Master Hunt has shown people throughout his life, which means that he must have met someone who was fated to help him now. Truly, as long as Master Hunt drinks this medicinal tea three times, he will recover and become as healthy as a horse." Layla's eyes sparkled, as if the instructions were out of this world.

Francine's expression softened, and she flashed Seraphina an appreciative smile. "Looks like you were kind enough to find an expert to cure my son."

Seraphina awkwardly rubbed her own cheeks, mumbling. "It was... just a coincidence. Stef is a lucky guy."

Layla stared at the crumpled paper, and frowned briefly. She then asked in an innocent tone, "But I really don't understand why you would crumple and throw away such a good recipe, Miss Murphy. Don't you want Master Hunt to get better?"

"I..." Seraphina felt the color drain from her face, and she was speechless.

She glared at Layla bitterly, cursing the caretaker in her mind. 'You little witch, you sure know how to find faults!'

Noticing her uncomfortable reaction, Francine let out a dry cough and helped smooth things over. "It's alright, I think Seraphina was just trying to be safe rather than sorry. Medicine isn't something one should consume casually."

"Mhm, you know me so well, Aunt Francine. It's not safe to let him consume random medicines. I didn't know that person was an expert either."

"Now that we have Layla here, we don't have to worry about meeting any quacks. How about this... Why don't you ask the expert to meet us? Maybe they can think of a way to help my son regain his sight with Layla's help?" Francine had always hoped that Stefan's eyes could be cured, and didn't want to give up the slightest chance to do so.

"Umm... Ah..." Seraphina stuttered, not knowing if she should agree to this or not. She had no reason to refuse, but doing so would only allow that woman to get close to Stefan again.

"Are you not able to?" Francine narrowed her eyes, her expression solemn.

"Not exactly, I just don't have her contact. She left the hospital earlier today, so I don't know how to find her either." Seraphina shrugged regretfully.

"Since they came to the hospital, they shouldn't be just anyone, right? Wouldn't it be quite easy to find them? Unless... you don't want to." Francine stared at Seraphina sharply, seemingly in deep thought.

"I heard that you've been pretty close to Jovan lately. You're not his spy, right? Are you trying to stall on purpose? Do you not want my son to see again?"

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Francine's words nearly scared Seraphina to death. She gulped, trying to explain herself right away. "I-it's not like that, Aunt Francine! It's just that the person who gave me this recipe has a... special identity. I don't think she should be near Stef at all..."

"Really?" Francine asked doubtfully. She wondered, 'The person wants to save Stef, but can't go near him. Isn't that just a contradictory statement?'

Seraphina sighed deeply and glanced at Stefan. She then leaned closer to Francine and whispered the truth to her.

The mother instantly understood, balling her fists as a conflicted expression appeared on her face. Finally, she said, "Whatever, this recipe came from unknown origins, so we shouldn't put too much effort into looking for that person. If that expert was just trying to reel us in with something good, then betrays us later, we'd be in trouble."

"You're right, Aunt Francine. I am worried that this person might plot against us, so I didn't dare to use the medicinal tea. Nothing comes for free after all – who knows what their intentions are?" Seraphina nodded eagerly.

"Mhm, let's not look for them," Francine said absently.

The two started cooperating with each other, trying their best to make their decision sound reasonable.

Layla instantly realized that this expert was indeed quite 'special', and chimed into their conversation as well, "This medicine isn't all that great, actually. If the ingredients aren't measured properly, it could be harmful to the body instead. Who knows if this person is trying to do good? We shouldn't trust them so easily."

Stefan was silent the entire time, his expression dark and unreadable. He wasn't stupid, especially when the three women had such bad acting skills. This only made him certain that Renee was special to him in some way.

They were not merely 'afterlife buddies'.

"Alright, alright, you guys are being too noisy. I'm getting tired, so please give me some space." The man chased them out coldly and shut his eyes.

"Stef, you..." Even though Francine wanted to talk to him, his sudden hostility made her keep her distance. "Okay, son, get some rest. I'll find a way to cure your eyes."

Francine and Layla then left the room rather unwillingly.

Seraphina let out a sigh of relief, her expression content. 'Phew, that was close, we almost got exposed. At least we're done talking about that now. Stefan is quite the trump card, as long as he protects me unconditionally, no one in the Hunt family can ever lay a finger on me! Conflict with in-laws is just a myth – conflict is only caused by the husband's incompetence. As long as a husband is willing to defend his wife, no in-law would be able to give her a difficult time.'

"Stef..." Seraphina felt happy as she thought about it, and leaned her head against the man's shoulder. She intended to continue showing him love.

Unexpectedly, Stefan became rather distant. "You too, give me some space."

"What's wrong, Stef? Are you mad at me for throwing that recipe away?" Seraphina asked quickly.

"No." Stefan comforted her. "My head is just a little fuzzy, so I'd like to be alone with my thoughts for a while."

"Your head... is a little fuzzy? Is it because you remembered something?" Seraphina felt her heart jump once again. "Should I have?"

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Stefan frowned deeply. He was slowly feeling more and more certain that he had lost some of his memories, especially those related to his 'afterlife buddy'.

Seraphina turned pale, a wave of fear consuming her. "N-No. You just need to remember who I am." Outside the ward, Francine paced about, looking extremely upset.

Layla nervously asked, "Madam, are you worried about something?"

"What do you think? Just look at what my son suddenly became! How could I not be worried?" Francine seemed to be rather disturbed, snapping at anyone she encountered.

She rambled on as she stared at Layla. "Did you not notice how weird my son's condition was?"

"You're right, especially his brain. It seems as though it had taken quite a serious injury. If it's possible, I'd really recommend getting a second opinion and a full body checkup."

"Yeah, you think something's wrong with his brain too, huh? I suspect..." Francine paused, scanning her surroundings nervously.

"What do you suspect?" Layla started feeling anxious as well.

Francine whispered seriously, "I think my son has been bewitched, and Seraphina is the one who cast the spell! She's intent on taking control of my son. Didn't you see how obedient and protective he was towards her? It makes no sense!"

"Umm, bewitched, you say?" Layla was quite taken aback. 'Why is this theory sounding like a fairytale?!'

"I don't care what it is, but I know my son cannot continue staying with Seraphina. If she really is Jovan's spy, we're done for. That's why we need to find a way to transfer him to another hospital. If we do this according to normal procedures, my son would never agree to it. So... you have to think of something for me." Francine was a cautious person, and could predict risks that might occur later on. However, she was sure that something felt off between Stefan and Seraphina, which was why she had to take further action to prevent any more catastrophes.

"Simple – I just need to give Master Hunt a sedative tea. He'll sleep through the entire night, and every worry you currently have would disappear the next morning," Layla exclaimed confidently.

"Good! I knew I was right to have chosen you, you're a smart child." Francine praised Layla and patted her on the shoulder. "Keep up the good work and help me find the leader of the Albus Order. As long as Stefan regains his sight, you will be the future matriarch of the Hunt family."

As night fell, Stefan didn't hold any doubts towards Layla and drank all the medicinal tea she made for him. As his eyelids slowly grew heavy, he fell into a deep sleep.

Seraphina intended to keep him company the entire night as usual, but was intercepted by Francine.

With that, Stefan was the only one left in the large ward, sound asleep.

"Thanks for the help, and be gentle. Master Hunt is injured." Layla informed the two burly men outside, as they were the ones responsible for transporting Stefan.

However, when the two opened the doors to the ward, they found that the bed was empty. Stefan was nowhere to be found.

"What?! Miss Bridges, Mr. Hunt is not in the room. Did you get his ward number wrong?"

"What? He's not?" Layla rushed in as well, realizing that they were telling the truth. Her mind went blank, and she was filled with disbelief.

'How on Earth did he disappear into thin air? Oh no, I'm done for... I failed the first ever mission Miss Francine gave me!'

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In the middle of the night, a black luxury car drove fast across the winding mountain roads, as if it were a phantom. It seemed to be heading towards the deepest corners of the forest.

Renee was holding the steering wheel with one hand, drifting through a 90 degree curve perfectly with ease.

She then looked at the rear view mirror, staring at the man laying in the back of her car. He seemed to be heavily affected by the sedative, remaining fast asleep despite the speed and bumps throughout their ride.

'Tsk tsk, Francine sure is cruel. How could she give her son such heavy drugs? Isn't she afraid that it might affect his brain?' Renee thought to herself, then called the dean of Greenwood Sanatorium, Sebastian Walker.

"Mr. Walker, I'm almost there. Sorry for the trouble, we might occupy the sanatorium for quite a while."

Sebastian, who was on the other end of the line, was warm and friendly. "Hey Ren, why are you being so polite with your old Uncle Walker? I was best friends with your father, you know? And he used to be one of our sanatorium's shareholders! I'd happily let you stay forever, let alone just a while!"

"Thank you so much, Uncle Walker." Renee felt reassured by his words.

The Greenwood Sanatorium was a hidden, high-end sanatorium within the mountains. It catered exclusively to the privileged, and was not open to the public, which was why many didn't know of its existence.

The place was abundant with vegetation. It was tranquil and elegant at the same time, with various precious herbs and a high concentration of negative ions. Not only that, it was equipped with the most advanced medical facilities.

More importantly, the dean, Sebastian, was a trustworthy person. He supported Renee's decision unconditionally, risking bankruptcy as he cleared the entire sanatorium to serve Stefan alone.

"Don't worry, Stefan, we have everything here. I will make sure you get better, no matter what!" She stared at the man lovingly, making a promise to him.

The car soon arrived at the entrance of the sanatorium, and several vintage buildings appeared before their eyes.

Sebastian and his staff had been waiting for their arrival for a while, and with them was Margaret, who quickly rushed over to welcome Renee.

"Miss Ren, you're finally here! You have no idea how worried I was the entire time, I didn't even dare to blink!" Margaret said, gasping as soon as she noticed Stefan in the backseat. "You're amazing, you actually did it! You brought him over all on your own!"

"Oh, I was just lucky. They were having some internal conflict, and I lucked out with him being unconscious." Renee shrugged, smiling as if she had just won the lottery.

"I was initially thinking that it'd be hard to force him out since he's pretty tall and agile, so I was going to knock him out before taking him away. But coincidentally, Francine ordered a young girl to drug his tea, and I just took the chance..."

"Maybe this is indeed fate. Miss Ren, please follow your heart, I won't stop you anymore." Margaret sighed deeply, choosing to compromise. At first, she didn't support Renee in saving Stefan at all. After all, the man was a ticking time bomb. Not only would saving him not bring her any good, she might put herself in danger by doing so as well. Hence, she had been persuading Renee to just hand the recipe over to them and to leave them alone.

Despite her efforts, seeing how heartbroken and dejected Renee clearly seemed, Margaret's stance softened, which was how the current situation came to be...

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However, Margaret never would have expected everything to turn out so smoothly, with so many coincidences on their side. ‘I guess it’s their destiny. The gods knew that they still had unresolved fate with each other, and forced the two together in their own mysterious ways.’

Sebastian chimed in warmly. “Ren, I heard about your situation from Margaret, and rest assured that the sanatorium will provide everything you need to help Mr. Hunt recover as soon as possible.”

“Thank you! Thank you so much!” Renee was so touched that she teared up, and bowed to everyone deeply.

“It’s getting late, so why don’t you and Mr. Hunt go get some rest for now? We have arranged the west wing suite for you – it has the coziest environment we can provide. Not only can you cook, rest, read freely, you can even take a hot bath under the beautiful night sky while listening to streams of water gushing gently. It is truly a place for relaxation.” The vice dean, also known as Sebastian’s wife, Yulia Norris, introduced the place warmly.

“Alright, thanks Mrs. Walker, and sorry for the trouble.” Renee looked at the woman gratefully. She used to be her mother’s best friend after all. ‘If Mom was still alive, she probably would look as peaceful and content as her.’

“Oh child, there’s no need to be so polite with me. Go get some rest. We still have a lot of time, so we’ll talk some other day,” Yulia replied as she stared at the woman sympathetically. She seemed as if she had a lot to say, but it could only be expressed through a silent hug in the end.

Led by the sanatorium staff, Renee passed the exquisite courtyard and arrived at their designated suite.

Since the sedative hadn’t worn off, Stefan was naturally still unconscious. Hence, they just gently placed him on the large bed within the suite.

Renee scanned her surroundings and noticed the rustic furnishings, along with the abundant greenery. It was indeed as Yulia had described, this was quite a comfortable environment, one that felt like home.

She then opened up the windows, allowing the gentle night breeze to brush through the white curtains. The fresh air felt as if it had been tinted by rain, gently arousing her senses and cleansing her fatigued body and soul.

“Phew, that feels great!” As she faced the lovely scenery, Renee spread her arms, embracing the nice breeze and relaxing completely. It had been quite a long time since she was able to rest like this. She seldom was able to stop and take in the scenery and the breeze, or merely enjoy a cup of coffee.

Time felt as if it had slowed down, as everything around her became slower.

After a while, Renee approached the bed. Seeing the man still sleeping soundly made her feel somewhat amused.

“Aren’t you a little too weak, Stefan? It’s just some sedatives, but you’re still sleeping! Hey, don’t tell me you died in your sleep when you survived that fall.” She laid next to him, greedily gazing at his handsome face like an addict.

‘His face was always so intimidating when he’s awake, so no one ever dares to come near him because of that. But... when he’s asleep, he’s just like a little child. He’s so cute that I can’t help but get close to him. Ugh, what a contradictory existence!’

“You could have just admitted that you’re a weakling, you know? Why did you have to act tough and jump down such a deep river? It’s not like you’re some reckless teenager, but you surely do act like one!” The woman continued rambling on while Stefan remained asleep, making one joke after another.

“Tsk tsk, it’s a good thing you only hurt your head and limbs. If something happened to your face, I wouldn’t like you anymore. Oh, just look at those perfect features...” Renee couldn’t help but get lost in her own desires, placing her hand on the man’s cheek and caressing him softly.

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“Dang, your face is smooth as usual. How can you have better skin than most women? I’m honestly impressed!” Renee murmured appreciatively as she touched the man’s face.

Stefan normally would act like a ferocious beast, refusing to allow anyone into his heart. Yet now, he just seemed like a tame little kitten, and wouldn’t fight back no matter how she caressed him.

Just as she was getting addicted to it, Stefan suddenly opened his eyes and jumped up, pinning Renee under him in the blink of an eye.

His long, slender fingers wrapped around the woman’s neck harshly. As he continued tightening his grip, he growled, “I’m a weakling to you, huh? And you could just shove me into a bag after knocking me out, huh?! You damned woman, how dare you?!”

“You...!” Renee coughed and choked. Her lovely neck looked rather fragile, as if one could snap it if they used just a little force.

The man was using so much of his strength that it was starting to suffocate her. Her face was flushing dark red, and she was unable to utter a single word. Truthfully, her martial skills were more than enough to deal with Stefan, who was heavily injured at the time. However, she did not resist, and was instead quite happy to see the man’s aggressive state since it showed that he was still willing to fight for himself.

‘As long as he refuses to admit defeat, there is a possibility that he’ll get better!’

“Tell me... What is your purpose?!” Stefan demanded an answer coldly as he let go of her, just as she was about to take her last breath. It seemed that he had given up on the idea of murdering the woman.

Renee immediately gasped for air, and the redness in her cheeks faded. She then burst into genuine laughter. “See? That’s more like it! Stefan Hunt, the CEO of H Group, the ruler of Beach City, is back!”

“Are you mad? I almost killed you. Were you not afraid at all?” Stefan pulled his brows together, his bright orbs staring at her blankly. His appearance was hauntingly beautiful. He had initially been confused, and the woman’s laughing only made him feel more suspicious.

“Of course not! Because I know you wouldn’t kill me, and I would never do the same to you. I don’t have any agenda against you.” Renee took a deep breath and stared at the man lovingly, hoping she could freeze this moment forever.

The warm lighting made his perfectly sculpted face appear much more softer, the few strands of hair hanging in front of his forehead only enhancing his elegance further.

Renee slowly reached out and patted his shadow on the wall, pretending it was him. She even tried to ‘help’ brush his hair back.

“That’s why you should tell me what your purpose is.” Stefan frowned deeply, still questioning her. He didn’t lack common sense or empathy, so he was able to feel the silent kindness this woman was showing him.

If she had truly wanted to kill him, she had many chances to do so throughout the night. Instead, she brought him to a high-end sanatorium, and insisted on curing him. Such ‘kindness’ was making him feel even more uneasy than the possibility of her wanting to kill him right then and there.

After all, people normally wouldn’t do such grand favors for free, and he doubted that she didn’t want anything from him. “Simple, I just want to help you regain your sight, and give you a second chance at a normal life,” Renee replied clearly.

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This made Stefan feel even more doubtful. “What is our relationship? Why would you put in so much effort just to treat me? Don’t you know the consequences of transferring me to another place in secret?”

“I don’t care as long as you can get better.” Renee said, determined. She knew that if Seraphina or Francine found out about her actions, she would have to take quite a heavy fall. However, Margaret mentioned that they needed him to be in a completely secluded area if he were to receive proper treatment.

With no other choice, she merely decided to improvise.

“Hmph, and yet you still refuse to reveal our relation to each other. No matter how generous and kind you’re being, all of this is just too odd for me to trust you.”

The only person Stefan could trust right now, was Seraphina. Hence, his tone was frigid when he spoke to Renee. “As long as you send me back to Seraphina’s side, I can consider letting you off.”

“Sorry, I won’t agree to that.” Renee stood up and patted his shoulder with a light smile. “You’re mine now. Now that you’re my prisoner baby, whatever I say, goes. Don’t try to escape or contact anyone. I won’t forgive you if you do that, and you wouldn’t want any punishments, now would you?”

“Damn it!” Stefan exploded, as no one dared to speak to him in such a cocky manner.

‘To think... To think she called me a prisoner baby?! I’d rather she end my life than humiliate me like this!’

“If that’s the case, then let us perish together!” The man snarled and lunged at her. Despite this, he failed to land even a single punch. With no vision and injured limbs, he ended up falling into Renee’s embrace instead.

“Pfft, it’s getting late, baby. It’s not time for you to give yourself to me. I’ll... I’ll come show you some love some other day, okay?” Renee tried her best to hold in her laughter, patting the man’s head as if he were a small puppy.

She then placed a blanket over him and continued, "Be good and get some sleep. I'm just in the next room, so if you need anything, just call me!"

"Renee Everheart! I'll kill you!" Stefan shouted hysterically, uncaring of his usual cold and elegant image. He finally realized that he was the epitome of one who had fallen from grace.

'What have I ever done to deserve this?!'

The next day, as warm rays of sunlight shone through the large windows, the air was filled with the light fragrance of nature.

Renee did some stretching after a good night's rest, which drastically relieved some stress and exhaustion.

'Greenwood Sanatorium sure is one of the top ten best sanatoriums in the world. It really is a great place to rejuvenate! It's like all my negative emotions cease to exist just by staying here! Man, it's not even a stretch to say that my lifespan would increase by ten years if I stayed here for another month!'

The woman then changed into some casual clothes and washed up, preparing to check up on Stefan right after.

Technically speaking, she was living in the same suite as Stefan, and their rooms were merely separated by a hollow wall.

It was designed specifically for the convenience of caring for the patient, as the caretaker would be able to keep their distance while being close enough to hear the patient's immediate condition.

"Are you up, my little prisoner baby?" She teased as she entered Stefan's room, only to be absolutely stunned.

The large room was empty, and the man was nowhere to be found!