

# Journey to Happy Ending

Chapter 313 Wild Cat To Charcoal Cat (Part Two)

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He kissed her lips softly. Her usual aloof disposition disappeared, and now her frail body was a tender sight. She was just like any other woman, soft and fragile, almost breaking Edward's heart.

'My little wild cat, be well soon! I can't get used to you lying next to me so quietly. I would rather have you use all your fury on me.

At least you will be lively. I guess I am just a masochist. I want you to kick me around all day long. Tell me, am I being too goddamn insatiable?'

Edward didn't eat much at dinner, probably because he was worried sick for Daisy. After a few quick bites, he went upstairs to her, leaving Tom alone with a table full of food. Tom was not pleased, muttering to himself that thank goodness Daisy was only down with a cold. If it were some serious illness, he might have to give up on Edward.

The night felt endless to Edward. He was feeding medicines to Daisy, changing the IV bottle, wiping her sweat while responding

to her spontaneous murmuring. He barely got a moment to relax, yet Tom didn't show up even once as long as Edward didn't call for him. Edward guessed that he must have fallen asleep in the guest room.

By the time Daisy's body temperature dropped back to normal, he was too tired to go on. He carefully changed her pajamas and held her in his arms. He closed his eyes and fell asleep because of exhaustion.

Daisy's circadian rhythm jolted her awake at the usual time. She slowly opened her eyes after a night of deep sleep. She tried to

move her limbs a little but found it difficult to exert any strength. She wondered what had happened to her. The last thing she remembered was taking a bath in the bathroom.

Then how did she get in bed?

She looked around and immediately noticed Edward's extraordinarily handsome yet frowny face.

She felt that she had lost a part of her memory. She couldn't seem to connect the dots and explain how she ended up here. Daisy had no idea what had

happened. She didn't want to think that she passed out. That'd be impossible! She had been healthy for years. Other than some

injuries suffered during missions, she didn't even have a slight cold. How could she pass out for no reason?

Daisy turned around, unsure why her whole body was sore. She couldn't even tell the time. Was it evening already?

"Honey, you're finally awake. How do you feel?"

Edward couldn't sleep too soundly, so her slightest movement was enough to wake him up. The first thing he did was to feel Daisy's temperature by touching her forehead. He was relieved that the fever didn't return.

"What happened to me?" Daisy asked in confusion. She seldom lost her consciousness unless, of course, she suffered some serious injury. She remembered that she had once fallen into a week-long coma after being stabbed by a thug. Justin cried his eyes out when that happened; the memory made her heart ache. He was only two years old at that time, so he didn't understand what was going on exactly. But he did know that his mother wasn't responding no matter how hard he tried to wake her. That was one of Daisy's most severe injuries. There was also a gunshot wound beside this knife wound. That time she had to stay in the

army base hospital for two months before she fully recovered.

"Silly girl, you fell asleep in the bathtub. You had a cold because of that!" Edward gently pinched Daisy's pink cheek. Her goofy look was adorable.

"What? You mean I have a cold? How's that possible?" Daisy couldn't believe she had a cold. Was that why her body felt so weak, and her head hurt?

"Yeah! The little wild cat was almost baked into a little charcoal cat. You were burning to a crisp."

Realizing that Daisy was no longer feverish, Edward joked with her comfortably.

"How come I don't remember a thing? You looked after me?" Daisy asked as she saw Edward's tired face. Before she realized,

her hand was already caressing his face. She didn't like it when he furrowed his eyebrows. So she carefully brushed her fingers between Edward's eyes.

"You had been burning up all night. You must be hungry. I'll get you some porridge. The butler has kept it warm for us." Edward held her hand, asking her pleadingly.

"No! Get some more sleep. You clearly didn't sleep much because you had to take care of me last night. Besides, I should get

ready for work anyway." As she spoke, Daisy tried to get up, but Edward wrapped his arms around her waist.

"Don't go. You are really sick. You can't go to work like this. Rest at home. I've already called the army base for you." Edward never held Daisy back from her work. It was his promise to her from the very beginning, but he couldn't allow her to neglect her health. Edward insisted on this. So he already had Mark call in sick for her last night.

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