

Chapter 364 The Long Lost Hug And Kiss

Roy's POV:

As memories of my past with Cynthia resurfaced in my mind, I had to reach up and wipe a tear at the corner of my eye. But it was no use. The tears flowed uncontrollably. I couldn't make up for my past mistakes, but the least I could do was prevent another tragedy from happening. That was why I spared no effort to help Jennifer and Anthony. I just wanted every couple who loved each other to have the happy ending I didn't deserve. To be honest, I really respected the love between Jennifer and Anthony. They had accomplished something I hadn't.

I was also moved by Morgan and Amelia's pure and sincere love for each other. In a way, I also envied them. I once had the same kind of love, but because of my cowardice, that love was lost and I had to live the rest of my life with regret.

"Cynthia..." I murmured her name under my breath.

Just then, I heard faint sobs coming from right outside my door.

Cynthia? She didn't leave yet? Was she crying?

I couldn't sit still any longer. I struggled to pull myself out of bed and stumbled towards the door.

"Cynthia?" I opened the door and found Cynthia crying.

"Cynthia! I'm so sorry! Don't cry, Cynthia. This is all my fault." Seeing the tears in Cynthia's eyes made me feel so sorry for her. I couldn't help but throw my arms around her tightly.

I didn't know where I found the courage to do so, but a small voice in my heart urged me to just do it. Maybe—just maybe—if we started again, things would end differently.

I thought of Morgan and Amelia. They had been separated for years and almost lost each other forever. Life was so short and fragile, wasn't it? If I didn't say what was on my mind as soon as possible, I might never have a chance to say it.

Whether Cynthia was willing to accept me was up to her, but I needed to tell her that I loved her more than anything else.

Cynthia's POV:

Suddenly, the door swung open and Roy stood before me. Before I could say anything, I was thrown into a warm embrace.

Oh, my God!

I was too shocked to react. That was when I heard Roy's soft voice.

"Don't cry, Cynthia. This is all my fault."

I raised my head and looked into his gentle eyes.

"Roy? Is that really you?" I stared at him in disbelief.

Didn't he feel awkward just now when I was treating his injuries? I thought he didn't want to see me. So why was he holding me in his arms now? This couldn't be real. I had to be dreaming.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Cynthia, if I offended you. I didn't mean anything else by it. I just wanted to hug you."

Roy suddenly let go of me and scratched his head with embarrassment, his cheeks flushed.

Only then did I believe that the man in front of me was really Roy. He actually hugged me.

I could no longer suppress my excitement and

threw myself into Roy's arms.

"I don't mind, Roy. Please hug me again. Don't let me go this time, okay?"

I held Roy tightly and squeezed my eyes shut as tears rolled down my cheeks. I didn't know why, but I just instinctively felt the need to get close to Roy.

To my disappointment, Roy didn't hug me back.

I realized my request might've been difficult for Roy. My body stiffened and I started to pull away from him. "I'm sorry, that was uncalled for—"

After all, we had broken up. I had no right to ask him to hold me in his arms again.

Just as I pulled away, I suddenly felt a pair of warm arms wrapping around my waist slowly. Roy was hugging me.

"Roy!" I was so excited that I hugged him tightly again and burst into tears. In this moment, our bodies intertwined, it was as though time stopped working properly.

The sweet memories we shared seemed to have happened only yesterday. Our hearts beat the same way they did all those years ago when we

were still together and in love.

"Roy..." I was crying so hard that I couldn't say anything else. I simply kept calling his name softly over and over again.

"Cynthia, you're still such a crybaby."

His teasing tone made me feel like he closed the distance between us and we were drawn close. I chuckled softly. "You used to say that you'd be by my side for the rest of our lives and that you'd never let me cry again."

Roy was stunned. "I...I..."

I looked up at him. "Roy, do you remember the last time we hugged each other like this?"

Roy sighed heavily. "That was many years ago."

Yes! It had been years. We had lost each other for way too long.

"It was twenty years ago, Roy. Twenty years!" I sighed, running my fingers through my hair dejectedly. "Now I'm old. I'm no longer beautiful."

"What are you talking about, Cynthia? You're still as beautiful as you were twenty years ago," Roy said firmly. "In fact, I think you're even more beautiful now. You used to be blithe and lively

before, but now you're elegant and dignified."

I blushed at Roy's praise. So many years had passed, but he was still so good with the sweet talk.

"You always said that I was the most beautiful woman in your eyes," I murmured shyly, lowering my head. "I also think you're the most handsome wizard in the world and no one can change my mind."

Both immersed in the past's sweet memories, we fell silent for a while.

"Cynthia, how come I never heard if you got married?" Roy suddenly asked, raising his head.

Stunned for a moment, I said slowly, "Since we parted, I never fell in love with anyone else. What about you, Roy? I heard you never got married either."

I looked at Roy from the corner of my eye, trying to observe his expression.

"I honestly started to think I'd never get married," Roy said with a sigh. His voice became hoarse, as though he was carrying such a heavy burden. "I waited for someone, but that someone never

came."

Then, he glanced at me.

What? Who was he waiting for? Could he be talking about me?

My heart suddenly fluttered in my chest, but I didn't dare to voice my thoughts. I just lowered my head silently.

Although I still loved Roy, I didn't want to be disappointed again.

Once upon a time, I had waited for him all night under a big tree in the garden, but Roy never showed up.

I never saw him after that. We had become strangers overnight.

"Cynthia!" Just as that sad memory started to overtake me, Roy called out my name abruptly. He stared at me intently and asked me, "Would you be willing to start over with me?"

My eyes went as wide as saucers and I couldn't believe my ears.

"Cynthia, I know it's a little sudden for a coward like me to ask this of you, but we're not young anymore. We're past the age of getting married..."

Roy's face turned red, yet he continued with fierce determination. "But I don't want to regret losing you again. Cynthia, I've always wanted to see you, but I never mustered the courage. I always felt so guilty. I'm a coward. I made you wait in the garden for me for a whole night! But I've already spent a lifetime living with regret. I still want to marry you. You're the only woman I have ever loved."

I covered my mouth and stared at him in shock. Then, I buried my face in Roy's arms and cried bitterly. "Roy, I love you, too. I've always loved you. Even when you stood me up that night, I thought about you every day, but I couldn't bring myself to look for you again. Roy, let's start over again. As long as you won't leave me, I'll be more than willing to be with you!"

"Cynthia!" Roy was so happy that he kissed me delightedly. "This is amazing. Amelia and Morgan got together again too after years of separation. They made me realize that I couldn't lose you again." 4

I kissed him back passionately. The feelings we had suppressed for years seemed to resurface in this kiss.