

Chapter 2 Not in the Mood for Love

At midnight, Selen was jolted awake by a terrifying nightmare. Her forehead was drenched in sweat as she sat up abruptly.

In the next moment, she caught the familiar scent of disinfectant, the odor she loathed the most.

For a brief moment, Selen was bewildered. Wasn't she supposed to be dead? Why was she still alive?

Suddenly, with a clicking sound, the previously dark hospital ward was flooded with blinding light, making it difficult for her to open her eyes.

A cold voice rang out, "Did you have a nightmare?"

Approaching the hospital bed with long strides, a tall figure blocked the harsh light, completely overshadowing her petite frame.

"Ze... Zeke?" Selen raised her head, and as she saw the man's face she abhorred to the core, her eyes widened in horror, "Stay away from me!"

Why did she have to encounter this devil again?

Instinctively, she retreated and her mind in turmoil, suffocating in fear and despair at the sight of Zeke.

Zeke's movements halted, and a layer of cold frost covered his long, narrow eyes as he glared unhappily at her. His handsome face became overcast with clouds.

"I'll call a doctor to check on you."

His indifferent and hoarse voice felt like a guillotine, sending out a dangerous signal.

When the door was closed, Selen's tense nerves finally relaxed.

Once the man left, the feeling of oppressive presence in the room dissipated, and Selen hastily threw off the blanket in panic. Suddenly, a sharp pain shot through her wrist.

She looked down, her wrist was wrapped in gauze, did she cut it?

Enduring the pain, Selen switched to her other hand, picked up the PHS from the bedside table, pressed the button, and glanced at the calendar.

The moment she saw the time, Selen was too dazed to think about anything.

It turned out to be the year 2000 when she was eighteen years old.

Selen tried her best to recall her current situation. It seemed to be the time when Zeke was forced to confess his feelings to her because she was cutting her wrist.

Zeke was the adoptive son of Selen's father, Archie, when Selen was just ten years old.

Selen was sure that she fell in love with him when she was fifteen years old, during an incident with a Tibetan Mastiff raised by her family. The dog suddenly went berserk and rushed to bite her.

It was Zeke who saved her and protected her. His arm was bitten tightly by the dog, causing it to bleed profusely.

His voice reassured her, "Don't be scared! Close your eyes."

Selen trembled, feeling the warmth in her eyes as she recalled what happened on that day.

Now she could not forget the sense of security that Zeke brought her, and she became extremely attached to him.

Zeke, now in his twenties, possessed the stability and maturity of a grown man, with a striking face featuring sharp eyebrows and stary eyes. He had a strong build with wide shoulders, a thin waist, and narrow hips, but he always appeared cold, keeping a three-point distance from everyone, never smiling.

Just a few days ago, on Zeke's birthday, she wanted to give him a surprise gift and lay on his bed naked, believing she could do anything because she was an adult.

However, when Zeke came back early in the morning, he found her on the bed and threw her out with disgust, calling her shameless.

That was the first time Zeke had ever been so angry with her.

Zeke slammed the door and disappeared for several days to avoid her.

Selen could not get any news about him, so she resorted to cutting her wrist to force him to show up.

Selen was scared as she thought of all the consequences that followed her actions.

After a few minutes, several doctors rushed into the room.

Zeke stood at the door with a gloomy expression, his black eyes coldly glancing at Selen's pale face.

When Selen woke up, her eyes were filled with fear and despair.

Why was she so afraid of herself?

The doctor examined Selen's physical condition and discussed it with his colleagues before saying, "The patient's fever has subsided, and they can be discharged from the hospital for surgery tomorrow. As for the wound on the wrist, remember not to get it wet after going back. Come back in a week to have the stitches removed."

A slight relaxation appeared on the man's originally stern face as he said, "Thank you."

The doctor did not stay long and left the ward after a few instructions.

After they were gone, only Selen and Zeke remained in the small room.

Selen lay on the bed, feeling cramped, and closed her eyes, not wanting to look at him.

Zeke checked the time on his wrist and spoke softly, "I have a meeting in half an hour, and I need to go back to the company. I'll pick you up at eight o'clock tomorrow to complete the discharge procedures."

Selen could not help but twitch her lips. Zeke was always like this, rejecting her while still showing kindness, making her believe that he loved her.

She did not want to talk, or more precisely, she did not want to say anything to Zeke.

She did not even want to look at him.

The pain from her wounds had not dissipated, and she could not face Zeke with composure.

Seeing her silence, Zeke narrowed his eyes, displaying some displeasure.

"Don't do stupid things like hurting yourself the next time. Find someone else to love. I'm not right for you."

Selen's heart tightened as she heard those words, which were exactly the same as what Zeke said in her previous life.

In her previous life, Selen vividly recalled the moment when Zeke uttered those hurtful words. She cried herself to the point of despair, and the pain drove her to think of jumping off a building. Then, Zeke replied indifferently, saying that she could die however she wanted.

Which further deepened her anguish.

But now, as she lay there, having already experienced death once, her feelings for Zeke had been erased over countless days of despair. Selen opened her eyes, her face still pale, yet a newfound sense of tranquility emanated from her.

With calm determination, she gazed at Zeke and declared in her heart.

From this moment on, I don't love you anymore, Zeke.