

Impulsive Vow to an Enigmatic Husband (Cornelia Stewart)

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Jeremy hadn't replied yet, but Cornelia chuckled, "I know there's no chance for us anymore. I'm just saying. Don't take it to heart."

They had already ended their marriage. She understood this irreversible fact. But then, Jeremy softly asked, "Would you still accept me? A disabled, unhealthy me?"

"What do you take me for? Do you think I'm after your wealth? Or do you think I'm with you because of your looks?" Cornelia glared at him. After saying this, Jeremy painfully took off his coat with his right hand, revealing his usual white shirt underneath. He strained to unbutton his shirt, revealing his peculiarly shaped left arm.

The skin on his left arm looked like it had been bitten by bugs, all pitted and lumpy, as if it was crawling with caterpillars.

"What..." Cornelia felt goosebumps all over her head.

Seeing Cornelia's shocked reaction, Jeremy chuckled and quickly buttoned up his shirt again. "It's not just this arm, my chest is the same. I find myself disgusting in this state."

Cornelia suddenly grabbed his shirt.

"Scared?" Jeremy asked.

How could she possibly be scared!

"I won't let you belittle yourself like this." Cornelia suddenly yanked open his shirt, determined to see just how disgusting his chest was.

In a flash, Comelia saw his chest. His once sturdy and warm chest now looked like it was crawling with caterpillars, giving off a chilling sight. But Comelia wasn't scared. She reached out her hand and gently placed it on his chest, asking, "Does it still hurt?"

His once healthy arm and chest had turned into this. Cornelia couldn't even imagine how he had managed to get through these months. It must have hurt a lot.

Cornelia's nose tingled, and she couldn't help but let the tears flow again, "Tell me, does it still hurt?"

How could it not hurt? Whenever these wounds acted up, they were painful enough to feel like they could take his life. But Jeremy just laughed and grabbed her hand on his chest, "It doesn't hurt anymore, or hasn't hurt for a long time."

Comelia lifted her head, looking at him through her tear-blurred eyes, "How could it not hurt? You're not made of iron. You're a normal person, of flesh and blood, how could it not hurt."

Jeremy laughed and said, "Looking at me now, does it look like it hurts?"

"Yes! Comelia said.

'My wounds have healed. I'm really fine now.' Jeremy didn't want Cornelia to worry, and he didn't want to see her tears, "What about you, are you feeling unwell anywhere? Are you hungry? What do you want to eat?"

Comelia looked at him, speechless. This man, always unwilling to let her see his vulnerable side.

While Comelia stayed silent, Jeremy was trying to find a topic to talk about, "Cornelia, you haven't seen the baby yet, how about I have Patricia bring the baby over for you to see now?"

Mentioning the baby. Cornelia realised she hadn't met her child yet, so she nodded. Jeremy immediately texted Patricia. Soon, Patricia came over with the baby in her arms.

Patricia's eyes were red and swollen, obviously she had been crying, but now her face was full of smiles, "Nelly, the baby's here."

She brought the baby in front of Cornelia, "It's a boy. He'll definitely be as handsome as Marc when he grows up."