

Chapter 14 Birthday

There was only one room left in the homestay. Knowing they were a couple, the landlord warmly welcomed them.

The room was a little shabby. Eliam couldn't even find a place to sit down. He had never lived in such a wretched place before.

Noticing the disgust in his eyes, Rhonda borrowed a set of clean bedding from the landlord.

While Rhonda was busy making the bed, Eliam stood aside and watched her. He wasn't reluctant to help her, but he had never done household chores before.

Rhonda didn't complain. She was used to taking care of others. Under her meticulous care, both her brother Leonard Horton and ex-boyfriend Santino gradually became lazy. They depended on her for everything.

After Rhonda cleaned the room, the landlord sent them two bags of instant noodles and pickles.

Eliam lost his appetite when he saw junk food.

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His hands trembled

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He opened the e-mail and saw a familiar name: Diana Leslie.

"What are you looking at?" Seeing Eliam staring at his phone in a daze, Rhonda walked to him with the instant noodles.

Eliam immediately closed his mailbox.

"Nothing. A friend sent me birthday wishes," he answered.

"Today is your birthday?" Rhonda's eyes widened in surprise.

She glanced at the instant noodles in her hand and felt sorry for him. Today was his birthday. How could he only eat instant noodles?

Suddenly, something occurred to her. She put down the bowl and walked out of the room.

Soon, there was a rainstorm. The wind whistled outside. There was a flash of blinding lightning, followed by a loud rumble of thunder. The heavy rain fiercely hit the window panes.

Just then, a bolt of lightning struck the transformer substation of the fishing village. The village instantly fell into darkness.

Eliam, who was in deep sleep, jolted up in an instant.

"Rhonda, where are you?"

Eliam called her, but no one answered. He stood up to look for her.

Just then, the door flew open.

Rhonda walked in with a handmade cake.

There were candles on the cake. The faint light of the candles cast an angelic glow on Rhonda's face.

She slowly walked toward Eliam, humming the birthday song.

"Happy Birthday to you. Happy birthday to you..."

Eliam stared at her in a daze.

He hadn't celebrated his birthday for twenty years. Except for a few close ones, nobody knew his birthday. He didn't mention it to others either.

"Rhonda, thank you for your kindness. But I haven't celebrated my birthday since my parents passed away," Eliam said coldly, suppressing the pain in his heart.

Rhonda stopped and looked at the grim look on his face.

She could understand his feelings.

"Eliam, I know how much it hurts to lose your parents, but it's your birthday today. Your parents would be looking at you from heaven. They would want you to be safe and happy."

"They don't want to see you suffer like this. You must be kind to yourself, at least for their sake."

"You won't understand my pain."

"Yes, I do. I, too, am experiencing your pain. My grandma found me at the beach and took me in. When I knew my parents abandoned me, I was hurt and lost just like you. My parents may still be alive; who knows? But I have never enjoyed their love and care. I have never had the chance to know what it feels like to have parents and get their love and warmth. That way, you are at least luckier than me."

Eliam was moved.

"Don't you want to find them?"

Rhonda shook her head.

"The possibility of it is very less. Where will I find them in this enormous world? Even if I find them, will I get the lost love? It's too late."

"Do you hate them?"

"No, I don't. I believe there wouldn't be any parents in the world who don't love their children. Who knows what difficulties they must have gone through when they abandoned me? Nothing is in my hands. All I can do is cherish every moment of my life."

Rhonda placed the cake on the table.

"I don't know my birthday, so I've never celebrated it. How about we celebrate yours together today? I made this cake myself. Would

you like to taste it?"

Eliam walked over and looked at the birthday cake. It didn't look good, but he knew Rhonda must have put a lot of effort into making it. His heart melted at the gesture.

"Let's make a wish together." Rhonda closed her eyes and started making her wishes.

The room felt strangely silent as if only the two of them were in the world.

Seeing Rhonda's angelic face in the candlelight, Eliam slowly closed his eyes.

Rhonda made three wishes.

When she opened her eyes, she saw Eliam staring at her.

"Did you make your wish?"

Eliam nodded.

"Then, let's exchange our wishes. I'll send my wishes to you, and you send yours to me."

With that, Rhonda took her phone and sent a message to him.


However, Eliam didn't move.

"Why don't you send yours?"

"My wish won't come true." His only wish now was for his grandfather to live a long, happy life.

"Sometimes we make wishes not just to have

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them fulfilled."

 +120 Points at most

Eliam looked up and stared into Rhonda's eyes in surprise.

"Wishes are meant to give people the courage to live, become brave, strong, and face obstacles without any fear. Even if we don't get our wishes fulfilled, we won't have any regrets because we'd be glad that at least we tried. We are just an insignificant species in this enormous universe. Not everything is in our hands. All we can do is decide what's right for us and give it our best. So why make things difficult for ourselves and carry unnecessary burdens during our brief time here?"

Eliam looked at Rhonda in awe. He didn't expect a young girl to be so wise and mature.

He now understood why his grandfather chose Rhonda at a glance without thinking twice among the many women who had sent their profiles.

Perhaps Rhonda was not the best, but her experience and perspective on life made her the right match for Eliam.

Rhonda handed the knife to Eliam and asked him to cut the cake.

However, Eliam walked over, stood behind Rhonda, and held her hand. "Let's cut it together."

Rhonda's heart raced in her chest.

She didn't know if she was imagining, but she felt Eliam's heart racing as his chest was pressed against her back.

Besides, their hands trembled, and they couldn't properly cut a piece of cake.

Rhonda couldn't tell whose hand was shaking. She tried to focus on the cake, but Eliam's rhythmic heartbeat made her restless.

It barely took them a minute to cut the cake, but Rhonda felt it was longer than that because her palms started sweating.

Rhonda was eating a birthday cake for the first time, and she made it herself.

It was all because she carefully observed how the baker made cakes every time she walked past the cake shop for years. Coincidentally, the landlord's daughter sold handmade cakes online, so Rhonda could get all the ingredients.

The cake was delicious.

Eliam didn't like desserts, so he only ate two small pieces. But he ate the instant noodles Rhonda had made.

The storm was getting more violent with time.



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