

MRS. HUO IS A CRYBABY

Chapter 15: Call A Helicopter To Take Her To The Hospital

Song Yaoyao's hand froze and her expression sunk.

Amputation?

She looked at her leg and actually contemplated the possibility seriously. If her leg was amputated, would she be at least 1m tall?

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While she was deep in thought, she heard Huo Yunque say to Huo Qi, "Call a helicopter to take her to the hospital for an examination."

Alarm bells rang in Song Yaoyao's mind.

"No!"

Song Yaoyao quickly tried to stop him. Filled with grievances, she looked at Huo Yunque and said, "Gege, my leg isn't numb anymore."

Huo Yunque flipped a page and held back a smile. "Okay, return to your car then."

Huo Qi watched this scene through the rearview mirror and thought to himself, *I never knew you were like this, Sir.*

You're awful!

Song Yaoyao sniffed. She noticed Huo Qi's gaze and immediately glared at him fiercely as she threw a light punch threateningly.

Huo Qi felt a pain in his back.

"Goodbye then, Gege," she bid farewell obediently as she stepped out of the car unwillingly.

"Yes."

As he looked at Song Yaoyao's gentle and obedient expression, Huo Qi wiped away a bitter tear. However, he had no idea that something worse was waiting for him at home.

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After Song Yaoyao stepped out of the car, she didn't get very far before the old man from earlier stopped her.

The old man grinned like a blooming flower with a kind expression. “Young lady, thank you for saving my life. What’s your name? Are you from Feng City?”

Song Yaoyao nodded her head, “Yes, my name is Song Yaoyao.”

“Father, we really need to thank her properly!” the middle-aged man said with gratitude as he supported his father.

“Of course, must you state the obvious?!”

The old man glared at him fiercely, but when he turned to look at Song Yaoyao, he immediately smiled. “Young lady, thank you. Let me give this to you as a gift. If you need my help in the future, you can find me at Yuhua Primary School.”

Song Yaoyao was gifted an old fountain pen from the old man’s shirt pocket which he obviously cherished.

Song Yaoyao’s eyes curved. When she smiled, she looked polite and gentle. “This isn’t necessary, Sir. I’m sure anyone that understands medicine would have helped in that situation.”

“Really?” the old man humphed as he shoved the fountain pen into Song Yaoyao’s hand. He then glanced at Song Jingwan and said in a dull manner, “You sisters are nothing alike. Your older sister...”

He shook his head and did not say anything else.

Song Yaoyao’s smile increased; she liked this old man’s personality.

As the old man looked at her, Song Jingwan felt so awkward, she wanted to dig a hole to hide in. Her eyes were red as she looked at Huo Ningxi beside her and whined unfairly, “Ningxi...”

Huo Ningxi sighed. He couldn’t bear to see her like this. “Don’t be sad. I know you meant well. Let’s go back to the car.”

If they stayed there, people would continue to criticize her and she would only feel worse.

When she heard what Huo Ningxi said, Song Jingwan felt a lot better. With teary eyes, she said softly, “Ningxi, thank you for believing me.”

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The beauty’s appearance was elegant and delicate, and her eyes were misty. As she glanced at him, her eyes contained a sense of gratitude and inconcealable admiration.

Huo Ningxi's heart fluttered and softened even further.

"Let's go. Return and get some rest."

However, Song Jingwan had other thoughts. She looked at Song Yaoyao and bit her lower lip. "Ningxi, I think Song Yaoyao has a deep misunderstanding toward me. If we don't clarify it, my heart won't be at peace. You go back to the car first. I'll have a chat with her, okay?"

The sadness between her eyes made it impossible for Huo Ningxi to object.