

## Chapter 4 Was She Serious This Time

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Giselle's keen gaze shot up. "What's the matter?"

Nellie brushed her short hair behind her ear, stating, "It's about the property in the western outskirts. The contract signing was set for three days from now. But, Mr. Stark's assistant just called. He says the Clifford Group has made a better offer than ours."

"Clifford Group." Giselle chuckled with a hint of disdain.

Seeing this, Nellie sighed inwardly. She knew all about Giselle's personal business with Lucian. She bowed her head slightly and continued, "They've scheduled a lunch meeting today to finalize the deal."

Giselle's expression turned stormy. "Find out which restaurant they are going to."

Nellie was a little surprised. "Are you planning to..."

In the VIP ward on the top floor of the Hedsall No. 1 Hospital, Erin was lying in the bed, her face pale, seeming extremely frail.

A tall man was sitting beside her bed. Somehow he looked gloomy and absent-minded.

Erin's eyes flickered with a hint of reluctance. The fact that Giselle finally asked for a divorce should have been good news for her. However, the fact that Lucian had been ignoring her for so long was an unprecedented situation.

Did he really fall in love with that bitch?

No, she couldn't let Lucian think about Giselle any longer!

Erin suddenly convulsed into a fit of coughing.

Lucian was jolted back to reality. He looked at her, his voice gentle, "Are you feeling unwell? Is it due to the blood transfusion?"

Erin shook her head, her voice tinged with regret, "I'm sorry, Lucian. If not for my poor health, Giselle wouldn't have lost faith in you and sought a divorce..."

Lucian frowned slightly. "What are you talking about? The only reason we were able to maintain this marriage was because of her blood donations to you. Otherwise, she wouldn't even be fit to be my wife."

Again, Erin shook her head. She raised her hand to her forehead, voicing her distress, "No, it's all my fault. If not for me, you wouldn't be this upset today. Lucian, please let me be in the future. Go and bring her back. I don't want your marriage to end because of me..."

Lucian immediately took her hand, comforting her with a gentle voice, "It has nothing to do with you. Had she not tricked my grandpa into coercing me into marrying her, she would never have been my wife. The only thing I feel for her is disgust. I am not in a good mood today only because she doesn't provide you with blood anymore. The donor I found this time isn't healthy and can't be a long-term solution for your blood transfusions. I'll have to find another source for you."

A spark of happiness ignited in Erin's eyes. It seemed she had misinterpreted. Lucian was downcast because he was concerned about her.

She smiled softly, expressing, "That's a relief, as long as I'm not the reason for a rift between you and the one you truly love. Lucian, thank you for looking after me all these years. But you really don't need to worry so much about me. I don't want you to overexert yourself."

"You almost gave your life to save mine. How can I abandon you?" Seeing that Erin wanted to continue, Lucian gently persuaded her, "Alright, rest now. I'll stay here with you."

After uttering those words, Lucian brought out his phone, clearly not in the mood for further conversation.

Upon checking his phone, he noticed no new messages or missed calls from Giselle.

He'd purposely set his phone on silent, wary of Giselle's interruptions, but she hadn't made any attempts to reach out! He frowned and suddenly felt irritated.

Was she serious this time?

But the next moment, a smirk flickered across his face. Impossible! She must be playing hard to get. He was intrigued to see how long Giselle could maintain this act!

The moment he set his phone down, the screen lit up. He hastily grabbed it, eyes falling on the caller ID.