

First-class Son-in-law By Drunk Alone Chapter 14

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As Henry expected, Rain's suspicion grew, and she started staring at him with a strange look on her face.

Even though she did not have a lot of knowledge about cars, Rain was not an idiot. There was simply no one in the world who would not be able to tell that the Porsche race car was expensive.

Henry felt resigned, and he could only say, "Um... Ms. Forest, you seemed to be in a hurry, so I asked my friend to bring a fast car over.

"He has a car rental business, so he drove a race car over."

The middle-aged man was not dumb. Once he heard this, he quickly said, "That's right. Ms. Forest, I was worried that you would miss your appointment, so I brought our fastest car. Go on, take it."

Rain did not think much about it. She immediately said to the middle-aged man, "Thank you, sir. How much is the rent? I'll transfer the money to you now."

"You don't have to, Ms. Forest. I'm good friends with Mr. Gian. We can talk about the car's rent later.

"Aren't you in a hurry? You should get in." The middle-aged man shook his head rapidly.

Since the man was adamant about not taking the money, Rain did not insist. She only said, "Henry, you have to thank your friend for me."

"Alright. Got it. You should go." Henry nodded.

Rain did not linger around. She quickly got into the Porsche 911.

However, a few seconds later, she got out of the car again while embarrassed.

“What’s wrong?” Henry asked.

Rain’s face was red, and she had her head bowed in embarrassment as she whispered, “I’ve... never driven a race car before. I don’t know how to drive one, nor do I have the courage to drive it.”

“It’s about the same as driving a normal car. You just need to get used to it,” Henry motivated her.

However, Rain did not feel like getting into the car. Instead, she looked at him and said, “I can’t. This car is too good. I don’t dare to drive it. What if I crash it? It’ll be bad if I do.”

The middle-aged man had been standing behind Henry, and he quickly spoke up. “It’s fine. Don’t worry about it. You can just drive it. If anything happens, it’s on me. In any case, the car is insured.”

Henry smiled and walked past Rain before he said bluntly, “Get in the passenger’s seat. I’ll send you to the place.”

Rain was stunned as she watched Henry’s tall and broad body get into the driver’s seat.

In an instant, she felt an unprecedented sense of safety.

It was a strange but happy feeling.

Ever since her father passed away, no other man had given her this sort of feeling, because she had always been prideful and never asked anyone for help.

Vroom...

The rumbling engine brought Rain’s mind back to the present.

She snapped out of her daze and did not hesitate any longer. She quickly got into the passenger's seat.

The next moment, the dazzling Porsche 911 turned into a phantom that charged down the road.

The great acceleration caused Rain to fall backward into her seat. The howling wind crashed into her body as the car charged down the road.

The car's lightning speed turned the scenery outside the window into a blur.

Rain had never ridden a car going at such a terrifying speed before. She was nervous, and her breathing quickened.

In her terror and shock, she looked toward Henry to ask him to slow down.

However, at a glance at him, Rain's racing heart calmed down.

Every movement he made while driving screamed practiced ease and was smooth as butter.

His movements were not sloppy, and he never did anything unnecessary. His level-headedness seemed to come straight from his soul.

Even though Rain had never seen professional racers, she did not doubt that Henry's driving skills were no worse than a professional racer's.

Surprised, she asked, "Henry, have you trained driving race cars before?"

"No." Henry shook his head.

"Then, why are you so good at it?" Rain was even more curious.

He just smiled. "It's talent."

Her face immediately turned dark.

The little bit of affection that just rose in her heart instantly dissipated as she thought. “He’s doing it again! He’s as arrogant as ever. How hopeless.”

She could only shake her head in resignation toward this and did not bother talking to him anymore.

Similarly, Henry felt resigned.

He was telling her the truth!

He was the strongest in the country. As the Heavenly King, he could use any item, tool, and machine with practiced ease.

He did not need any practice to master anything.

But Henry could not tell Rain this.

After all, even if he did tell her, she would not believe him. Instead, she would just think that he was boasting again.

Hence, Henry did not bother to explain himself.

The red Porsche charged down the congested road like a flash of red lightning.

The journey to the hospital was supposed to take thirty minutes, but Henry’s skilled driving and the Porsche’s excellent speed allowed them to reach it in a little over ten minutes.

While they were on their way to the place, Henry got the general gist of why Rain wanted to go to the hospital.

Her sister, Arwen, was hospitalized.

Her condition was not good. She had chronic myelocytic leukemia, and she was going through the blast crisis phase.

Based on Rain’s description, there was only one way for Arwen to get completely better—she needed a bone marrow transplant.

However, after a crossmatch test, they found that Rain and her mother's blood type did not match Arwen's blood type.

Hence, Arwen had to receive targeted treatment using expensive imported drugs every day in the hospital while she waited for a matching bone marrow.

At that moment, a different conversation was happening in a patient room of Eastlake People's Hospital's hematology department.

"What's going on, Bed 37? Can you pay the hospitalization fees today?"

"I've notified you about it before. If you don't pay before office hours are over, you won't be able to continue with targeted treatment," a bespectacled, short, young nurse wearing a white hazmat suit said coldly.

"Could you give us a few more days? My eldest will definitely pay up." Standing across from the nurse was a middle-aged woman in her forties, who still looked charming. She was currently smiling at the nurse.

The nurse's face turned dark. "Hmph. It's useless to say that to me. I'm not the one calling the shots. Go and speak to Dr. Crone about it."

The middle-aged woman could not help but beg the nurse to show mercy. "Miss, please make an exception for us. Our family is in financial trouble."

The nurse's face was full of disgust, and she shoved the woman away. "Let go. Stop wasting my time. How could you want to use imported drugs for targeted treatment when you don't have the money for them? Hmph. You must be dreaming."

The sudden shove caused the middle-aged woman to lose her balance, and she almost fell on the floor.

At that moment, someone suddenly cried out, "Mom!"

A tall, beautiful woman ran over and helped the middle-aged woman regain stability.

It was Rain.

