

When the World's Billionaires Come Knocking by J.M.J

Chapter 31

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Chapter 31 **The** Doctor Becomes My Wingman

Greyson thought, "Am I that good-looking?"

"Can people become good-looking once they get rich?"

Greyson had always been curious about this.

The point was he kept it quiet. He wanted to be a low-key rich man.

He took out a pack of tissues and wiped off the blood for Bertha. Fortunately, it was just a scratch.

"Shall I take you to the hospital?"

Bertha glared at him. "What do you think? Are you expecting me to go there alone?"

"Can't you speak tenderly?"

"It doesn't fit your image."

Greyson said dissatisfiedly.

Bertha paused. She was curious about her image.

She was particularly curious about her image in these boys' eyes.

Yet now, she didn't ask him. Instead, she pouted, for she was really angry.

"I'll carry you."

Greyson helped her up and then squatted down in front of her.

She looked around. It was just dawn, and there were not many people on the playground.

She hesitated. "Just go and get my car."

"Amber has the keys."

He thought, "Fine."

Greyson came to the door of the girls' dorm. Amber just woke up, and she was still in a daze.

"You?"

Amber was surprised when she handed the car keys to him.

Greyson didn't say much to her. He turned around and went to the parking lot.

Amber rubbed her eyes. "What's going on? Why does Bertha want me to give him the keys?"

"Did they..."

Amber was frustrated. She thought, "What about our deal?"

"Isn't Greyson mine?"

"Bertha is so unreliable. She has so many wooers, and she won't even let me have the poorest one."

Although Greyson's family was poor, he still tried to get a driver's license.

It was the first time he had ever driven a fancy car like a Maserati.

He briefly familiarized himself with the steps and stepped on the accelerator carefully.

He heard that cars like this accelerated very fast, so he didn't dare to step on the accelerator hard at all.

Seeing him drive over, Bertha thought angrily, "If he gets any slower, my wound is going to heal!"

Humans were a kind of strange species.

Bertha loathed boys, but for some reason, she didn't repel Greyson.

Maybe it was because she saw him and Rebecca kissing passionately at the gate of the girls' dorm that day.

They pursued the dreams of the young free and unrestrained.

The scene aroused her longing.

She had always closed herself off before, but she wanted something deep down.

The plots of men and women in TV dramas breaking the world's limits. to pursue themselves were the most desirable for girls.

Perhaps Bertha was tempted and wanted to experience the joy.

Some people said that college time without relationships was a waste.

There should be relationships and happiness in college.

It was around 6:40 a.m. when Greyson drove to City Hospital. He took her to the ER.

The doctor was a beautiful woman, about 36 years old.

When the doctor saw that

Bertha's tender knee was bruised, she couldn't help but feel distressed. "How did this happen?"

The doctor glared at Greyson. "Aren't you a terrible boyfriend or what?"

"How could you fail to protect such a beautiful girlfriend?"

“It pains me to see her like this.

Greyson was embarrassed. “Doctor...”

“Enough. Hold her still. Say no more.”

Greyson was speechless. He could only support Bertha while looking at the doctor dealing with her wound.

Bertha looked up at him. “Doctor, he’s not my boyfriend.”

What?”

The doctor smiled awkwardly and sized them up again, “It’s fine. Relationships are allowed in college now.

“There’s no need to hide it from your parents. They’ll understand.

“Everyone is young once.”

Greyson was speechless again.

The doctor’s wild imagination impressed him.

Yet he saw how carefully the doctor treated Bertha’s wound and figured that the doctor should be a caring mother.

“Remember to bring her back to dress her wound again in two days, young man.”

When they left, she specifically reminded them.

Greyson nodded, held Bertha, and was about to leave.

The doctor said quickly, “Carry her. She’s not supposed to use her feet.”

Greyson said nothing.

He looked at Bertha awkwardly and thought, “I offered so, yet she refused me resolutely

.

“Who knows? The doctor becomes my wingman.”

Bertha looked back at the doctor, who gave her a gentle push quickly. “What are you waiting for?

“He’s crouched down already.”

Greyson was dumbfounded.

He thought, “Did I?”

Yet he had no choice but to crouch down.

Bertha blushed and leaned awkwardly on Greyson’s back.

“Be careful after you get back. Don’t go anywhere near water.”

The doctor reminded them.

“I see. Thanks, doctor.”

Greyson carried Bertha on his back and looked back in wonder.

The doctor was so warm–hearted.

“How much do you weigh?”

Walking out of the emergency room, he asked.

Bertha felt that her face was burning. “What do you mean? Put me down. I’ll walk by my self!”

“Don’t get me wrong. I didn’t mean anything.”

He was confused. Bertha looked skinny, yet she was kind of heavy on his back.

Her waist was so slender, and her figure was great. Why then?

After she retracted her hands propped up on his back, he suddenly realized something.

He thought, "Well, I get it now.

"She is as sexy as Rebecca.

"Are girls so well developed these days?"

Greyson was absent-minded and thought of Paloma that night.

Back then, the feeling was extraordinary.

As they approached the parking lot, Greyson suddenly wanted to go a little slower. He wanted the road to be a little longer.

Bertha's mind was in turmoil, and her head was buzzing.

She didn't even know what she was doing.

She kept asking herself, "Bertha, what's wrong with you?"

"He has a girlfriend.

"Are you nuts?"

Coming to the car, Greyson put her down.

He saw that her face was so red, and she didn't even dare to look at him.

He looked at his watch and found that it was 7:30 a.m. already. They stayed in the emergency room for dozens of minutes.

The second they got in the car. Paloma called. "Mr. Byrne, we're supposed to go to the Real Estate Bureau today. When are you free?"

"I asked them to meet you there at 8:30 a.m."

Greyson pondered for a moment and looked back, asking Bertha, "Can we go back later ? I have something to do."

"OK."

She had no objection.

Yet she was hungry. She hadn't had breakfast yet.

She asked. "Is it urgent?"

"No. As long as I can make it at 8:30 a.m."

"Then let's go somewhere to have breakfast. I'm hungry."

Greyson looked around and saw a lot of people buying snacks at the entrance of the hospital.

"Do you want some?"

"I want pasta."

Bertha was picky. She refused street food.

Greyson had no choice but to take out his phone to search the nearby pasta restaurants and drive to take her there.

After helping her into the restaurant, he checked out the prices and saw that a set of pasta cost 18 dollars, which was the total of his breakfast for a week in the past.

If he had not been rich now, he would not have been so extravagant.

When he was ordering, Bertha was sending Line messages with her aunt, Payten Hewlett.

Payten said: "Bertha, I think he's a nice boy. Go get him!"

Bertha replied nothing.

Payten continued: "Relax. I won't tell your parents. Your secret is fine with me."