

Chapter 207 Visiting Elizabeth

In the afternoon, Veronica went to the bridal store for a meeting with the management team to finalize the advertising proposal. By the time she left the company, it was already six in the evening.

Just as she was going to grab a meal somewhere, her phone rang. It was Elizabeth. Staring at the serial number, she ruminated.

After what had happened at the wedding yesterday, Elizabeth was so livid that she fainted in a swoon. She wouldn't want to see Veronica for sure. Therefore, if she called Veronica by herself, it was highly likely that Matthew had explained the entirety of the situation to her.

"Yes, Grandma."

"You still know that I'm your grandmother? I'm in the hospital, yet I haven't seen a shadow of yours even till now."

Veronica let out a smile when she heard the jest, which had hardened her conjecture—Elizabeth was aware that she had nothing to do with the matter now.

She then made an excuse for herself. "What a coincidence! I'm already on my way to see you. It has been a hectic week, but I finally have the time now."

"Fine, fine. You think I wouldn't know what you're thinking? Matthew told me everything. You've suffered a lot."

"You're smart as always, Grandma." Veronica scratched her head sheepishly. "Which hospital is it? I'm on my way."

After inquiring about her room number, she hailed a cab and headed straight to the hospital. She bought some sustenance from a supermarket, which was located opposite the hospital, before marching toward her destination. As soon as she came out of the lift, she bumped into Conrad.

"Are you here to visit your grandma?" He was bringing food for the old lady and had not expected to see Veronica here.

She nodded and smiled in return. Glancing at the lunchbox in his hand, she couldn't help but feel impressed. Look. He's already here for Grandma, though he had just returned to the country.

As Matthew came into her mind, she sighed disapprovingly while concluding that Conrad would definitely be his biggest rival in the future.

"My schedule happened to be free this time round, so I've come to see her." Then, she stood to make way for him. "You must be on your way home. I'll see you next time."

She maneuvered the conversation to the end, leaving no opening for him to continue further.

Raising his head, he stared deeply at Veronica before smiling. "I shall get going now then."

Besides the empty smile, she couldn't see through his dubious yet undecipherable gaze. Nevertheless, she gave a polite nod without uttering a word. It was only until he entered the elevator that she carried the bouquet of flowers and stuff to Elizabeth's room.

After knocking on the door a few times, she opened the door and walked inside. "Grandma, you..." The smile on her face simmered immediately, and she frowned. "Matthew Kings, why are you here?"

Then, she realized that the question itself was strange.

"What's wrong? Can't I come when my grandmother is hospitalized?" Matthew was peeling an apple amidst the conversation.

The corner of her lips twitched as she regretted her blunt question, which sounded like an aggressive interrogation. Had she known that he was here beforehand, she wouldn't have come right now.

"What are you talking about? I was just wondering why you didn't call me to come along with you." She wrapped up the misunderstanding flawlessly before turning to Elizabeth with a smile. "Grandma, you look better now. How are you feeling?"

Despite the gunmetal gray hair and the hospital gown on her, Elizabeth was in high spirits. Leaning against the bedside, she was reading a book while wearing a pair of glasses, which she soon took off. "Veronica, you're here. I bet you wouldn't come if I hadn't given you a call."

She pointed at Veronica and feigned displeasure.

Veronica put down the things she brought before sitting next to the bed and clasping the old lady's hand. "Grandma, you don't know how much I miss you. But I was afraid that you wouldn't want to see me because of what had happened yesterday."

With pouty lips, she lowered her head in grievance and sighed, after which she seized the chance to sell Matthew off. "I intended to come yesterday, but Matthew said you didn't want to see me."

Clad in a striped shirt, the man, who was peeling the apple diligently, stopped in his tracks. He caught a glimpse of the impish woman before smiling. Instead of fuming in anger, he was reveling in her adorable affection. It was as if she was directing the grievance toward others so as to have him reproached as the wrongdoer.

Her little scheme worked as Elizabeth put down the book and glasses aside before glaring at him. "Why did you do that? Why did you stop her from coming to visit me?"

Though she had asked Conrad to investigate Veronica, she deemed her actions reasonable because she was a cautious person to begin with. The aroused suspicions were mainly due to the fact that Veronica had not visited the hospital after the incident.

"It happened all too suddenly and all the evidence was pointing at Roni. Thus, how can I explain to you without any proof?" The man laid out his reasoning calmly while slicing the peeled apple into pieces. It was nothing out of the ordinary, but his course of action was pleasing to the eyes, especially those slender hands. One could not possibly deny that they were showered with God's blessings. It was a shame that he wasn't a hand model.

Even Veronica couldn't avert her gaze from his hands. Then, she looked down at hers and murmured to herself, "Are his fingers long because of his tall height?"

"Huh?" Elizabeth could hear her muttering, but it wasn't loud enough.

"Ah? N-Nothing. I'm just wondering when you will be discharged. The day after tomorrow is your birthday. You can't possibly stay in the hospital."

"I was planning to discharge today, but Matthew, this brat, insisted on staying another day. Oh boy, the days feel longer here. It's more boring than I expected. Nothing beats home, seriously." The displeased old lady glanced at Matthew.

They said that although people grew older on the outside, one's heart would always stay young on the inside. Elizabeth was the perfect embodiment of that. Even if she exuded a formidable air around her with such sophisticated grace on a daily basis, she seemed amiable and approachable when acting in this manner.

"Your health comes first."

Then, Matthew placed a fork on the fruit plate before proffering it to her. "Have some fruits."