

## Chapter 704 Visiting Carson

Trevor entered the villa and a servant led him to an elegant room where Tasha was.

Lying in the bed was a sickly old man with gray hair. His smile was weak as he talked with Tasha.

"I guess I'm already old. I've been feeling dizzy and weak lately. My appetite has gone down as well."

Holding the man's frail hand, Tasha sighed faintly and didn't say anything.

Beside them in a white lab gown was the private doctor, examining the old man's chest with a stethoscope.

When Tasha saw Trevor come in, she forced a smile and introduced him to the old man.

"Mr. Ruiz, this is Trevor. He is the company's public relations director, and currently, he's acting as my assistant."

Tasha decided not to mention anything about Trevor being a part of the Sanderson family, fearing it might bring pressure to the Ruiz family.

Turning to Trevor, she continued, "And Trevor, this is Mr. Carson Ruiz, the patriarch of the Ruiz family."

Still wearing a weak smile, Carson nodded at Trevor.

Trevor returned the gesture politely.

Tasha held Carson's frail hand again, the expression on her face slightly sullen.

"It's been only two years since we last saw each other, Mr. Ruiz. I hope you get better soon. Please take good care of yourself."

Carson laughed lightly, sounding a little like a run-down windmill. He didn't seem at all crestfallen at being unwell, though.

"Well, I'm already over 70 years old, Tasha. This year I'll be... Maybe seventy-seven or seventy-eight? See, I can't even remember. It's just how it is when you reach my age. You get sickly and weak. I'm even losing a lot

of my hair lately."

As Carson touched his grey hair, a few strands fell off his palm.

Tasha sighed, lowering her head in defeat.

The private doctor also sighed and decided to step in.

"You still have to try and recover, sir. Please take care of yourself and get ample rest."

Carson knew they were only concerned about him, so he didn't say anything and just nodded.

After writing down a few notes in his notebook, the doctor excused himself and left.

As she watched the doctor's retreating figure, Tasha suddenly remembered Trevor's private doctor.

"Trevor," she said, turning to him, "Dr. Blakely is your private doctor, right? I remember he is an excellent doctor. Is it okay if you ask him to..."

Before Tasha could finish her words, Carson

waved his hand dismissively and cut in.

"Thank you, Tasha. I appreciate your thoughtfulness, but I don't need to see another doctor."

Carson let out an exasperated sigh and continued, "I've been examined by many doctors already. All of them are the best in the country. I also had foreign experts come over to get another opinion, but I still got the same response. They couldn't determine what exactly was wrong with me."

Tasha knew she couldn't convince the old man. She reached for Carson's hand and patted it gently, an attempt to comfort him.

"Don't worry, Mr. Ruiz. You're going to be fine."

Carson just returned it with a smile.

He knew his physical condition better than anyone. Almost every morning, he would wake up tired and weak.

He could feel his health deteriorating with each passing day, and he didn't know if he still had much time left to live.

"Anyway, have you seen the statue?"

Beautiful, isn't it?"

Carson changed the subject and pointed at the bronze wolf head statue in the corner of the room.

Trevor and Tasha looked in the corner and saw the realistic bronze statue.

Bradly, who was standing silently by the door, also turned to look.

Carson smiled broadly. "It's given as a gift, and I heard it's pretty expensive. The wolf's eyes glow at night. I must say, it is a rare piece. I've been doing antique business for many years now, but it's the first time I've seen this one. I didn't expect to see such treasure after reaching this age. It makes me feel like my life is worth it, you know."

"Of course, it's gorgeous," Tasha agreed reluctantly.

Both the Byrd and Ruiz families made their fortune by selling antiques and treasure pieces. The recent project they were going to cooperate on was related to antiques, too.

After some time, Carson looked a little tired.

Tasha and Trevor decided to leave and let him rest.

When Trevor walked out of the room, he noticed Bradly sauntering all of a sudden.

With a slightly opened mouth, Bradly looked at him. He looked like he was about to say something but stopped on second thought.

Curious, Trevor raised an eyebrow. He was about to ask Bradly about it when Mervin came in.

Mervin was wearing a suit and a polite smile as if what happened between him and Trevor earlier at the front door didn't occur.

He looked at Tasha and smiled even politely.

"The food is ready. Let's have lunch together."