

Chapter 14 Throwing Away What Jackson Brought?

Jackson touched the surface of the food container. It was still warm. Drew and the others could still have a good meal. They walked quickly towards the hospital while carrying the container.

With a creak, Jackson pushed open the door of the ward. Snowie was in a single room, and her injuries were not serious, just some bandages on her injured leg.

Snowie's friends surrounded her, and they all dressed stylishly. The men and women were wearing branded clothing. There were also gifts they had brought, including a box of Organic Valley milk, a beautifully packaged fruit basket, eggs, and supplements.

Everyone was chatting and laughing, but when Jackson entered with his food container, everyone shifted their focus on him.

Jackson was taken aback by them. He did not expect that many people would be in Snowie's ward.

Jackson only brought food for Drew and the others, but seeing that Snowie was injured and there were so many people looking at him, he smiled and greeted Snowie,

"Snowie, are you okay?"

Snowie did not respond and looked coldly at Jackson as if she was quite unhappy with his presence.

"What do you have there?" Wendy pointed to Jackson's food container and asked.

"Oh, I brought some food for Drew..." Jackson glanced at the food container in his hand and said casually.

"Are you here to bring 'food' for Snowie?" Wendy was surprised, considering people usually bring nutritious supplements instead of food when visiting patients.

"This isn't for..." Jackson was about to explain that the food was for his dormmates, but Drew quickly approached, patted Jackson on the shoulder, and smiled at the others, "Just in time, Jackson. We haven't eaten yet. It's the perfect time for everyone to dig in!"

If Jackson had come to visit Snowie without bringing anything, would her snobbish friends have made fun of him? He had to say that the food was for Snowie although it was for his dormmates now.

Food was better than bringing nothing, right?

"Haha, I've never heard of anyone bringing food when visiting a patient."

"I have heard of it, but it was always the patient's mother who brought the food. You're a university student, and you brought food? Don't you feel embarrassed?"

Some of Snowie's friends started talking.

"Hey, did anyone see him carrying this thing in earlier?" Snowie asked irritably. It was embarrassing to have a classmate bring her food.

"We saw it," Jackson felt uneasy. Even if the food was not intended for her, it still represented his goodwill. It should not be looked down upon, right?

"How embarrassing!" Snowie snorted and turned her head away.

"Why don't we see what kind of good stuff he brought?" Wendy walked towards Jackson and was about to open the food container.

"No need to look. What kind of good stuff could he bring? I've heard of this guy before. His family is very poor and they never eat out."

"I think I know him. He used to be a delivery guy outside our school. I ordered food from him before. He was in charge of delivering food to small stalls outside the school, like fried rice and noodles!"

"What? Those small stalls outside the school only charge 7 or 8 dollars for a plate of fried rice or noodles. Are you sure the food in his container is not just fried rice or noodles?"

"Definitely. With his poor appearance, even if it's not fried rice, it must be some meal that costs no more than 10 dollars. Snowy needs nutrition now, and he sends this over. What's the point?"

"Just thinking about the scene is embarrassing. If the nurse comes in later and sees everyone in the ward eating 7 or 8 dollars worth of fried noodles, we'll really become a joke of the hospital."

Snowie's friends continued to talk without any regard for Jackson, who was still present. Several of them had eaten together at Cianwood residence last time and knew

Snowie's attitude towards Jackson, so they did not hold back. Jackson was speechless at this group of people. He did not need to stay anymore, so he ignored everyone else and only told his roommate Drew to eat the food while it was still hot, and then turned and left.

Snowie frowned as she watched Drew holding the food container.

"Don't eat it. You're gonna have a bad stomach. You can eat with them later. Leave the food on the ground. I'll feed them to dogs when the cleaning lady comes ."

Drew felt uncomfortable, but he could not say anything in front of everyone and put the food container on the ground.

At this moment, someone else walked into the ward.

"Snowie, it's my fault. Are you okay? Were you seriously injured?" It was Wilbur, with bandages on his head and hands, but his injuries were not too severe.

"It's nothing. Just a few scratches and a minor fracture. The doctor said I can leave the hospital in two days. What about you?" Snowie's coldness disappeared, replaced by a sweet smile.

"Are you okay? You were unconscious yesterday. How do you feel now? It's all my fault. I was sitting behind you and affected you..."

Snowie then began to ask about Wilbur's well-being.

Upon seeing this scene, Drew and his friends felt uncomfortable. When Jackson was here, Snowie was cold towards him, while everyone else spoke so harshly and did not try to ease the situation. On the other hand, Snowie's injury was caused by Wilbur, but her attitude towards him was so good. She even took responsibility for her injury.

However, no matter what, Wilbur had saved Snowie's family's company this time, so it was understandable that she treated him well. Drew and his friends could only sigh with dissatisfaction.

Just then, another woman rushed into the ward.

"Snowie, what happened? How's your injury? Look at all the bandages on your arm. What did the doctor say?"

The woman rushed to Snowie's bedside and looked at her with concern. She was wearing a light blue pinstriped suit and had short hair, fair skin, and slender eyebrows.

"Aunt Tiffany!" Snowie's big eyes shone as she looked at the woman, and she grabbed her hand.

The woman who came was Snowie's aunt, Tiffany. Although she was Snowie's aunt, she was only four years older than her, so their relationship was more like sisters. After the accident, Snowie called Tiffany.

"The doctor said it's not a big problem, Don't worry, Aunt Tiffany. It's my fault for not calling you so you don't have to visit." Snowie looked into Tiffany's eyes and spoke calmly.

Hearing this, Tiffany breathed a sigh of relief. When she entered, she noticed that Wilbur next to her had a bandage on his head. She turned to him and furrowed her

brows, "It was you who caused Snowie's accident on the motorcycle, right? You went out for a joyride in the rain yesterday when you had nothing else to do. You thought you were skilled, huh? Thank goodness, nothing serious happened this time. Can you handle the responsibility if something did happen?"

Tiffany's words made Wilbur feel ashamed in front of so many people. He coughed and looked around, who all seemed to be embarrassed as well.

"Aunt Tiffany, please don't blame Wilbur. It wasn't intentional. He even helped us with our family's problems. It was his father who handled it for us," Snowie whispered while holding Tiffany's hand. Wilbur had done them a great favor, and it wasn't appropriate to criticize him like this.

Tiffany was surprised to hear that Wilbur had helped with their family's issue. She knew about it when she heard that Snowie had gotten into trouble with the Sky Corporation. She was very worried and tried to use her connections to help, but none of them worked because Sky Corporation was too powerful. Later, her sister called and said that it had been resolved.

Tiffany was relieved, but also curious. Who did her sister and Ethan-in-law find to resolve the issue within less than a day? Was it really this young man in front of her? But he didn't look like it.

"Aunt Tiffany, Wilbur's family's company is not small. His father also had dinner with Mr. Torres, the president of the Chamber of Commerce. Helping us was nothing to them. It's impolite to doubt Wilbur like this," Snowie said, displeased with Tiffany's skepticism.

"Silly girl, it's not that simple. Do you know what kind of person the president of the Chamber of Commerce is? Do you think it's easy to get him to do something with just

a couple of dinners?" Tiffany was much more mature than Snowie and had dealt with the Chamber of Commerce before. She knew that it was not easy to get things done through complicated channels.

"When your family was helpless, I helped you with such a big favor, and you still treat me like this. Do you have any shame?"

Wilbur spoke up, feeling humiliated by Tiffany's words.

"I was just making sure. It's not easy to get Mr. Torres to do something..." Tiffany said, her face was serious.

"Don't believe me, huh?" Wilbur chuckled and took out his phone, glancing at Tiffany with a smirk. "I'll call my dad right now and confirm it in front of you and Snowie, okay?"

Wilbur laughed and dialed his father's number.

"Hey, Dad, I have a question for you. Yesterday, I asked you to help out with Snowie's family, did you go to see Mr. Torres as I suggested? Did he agree to help?"

"Ah, I forgot to tell you about that, son...."

Wilbur's father did not forget in fact, he just felt embarrassed and did not dare to tell Wilbur about it. "I did go to see him, but his secretary said he was busy and couldn't see me. I finally managed to see him, but he was too busy to talk to me, so I came back..."

Wilbur's father did not know what was going on with Wilbur, so he told him the truth.

Wilbur's heart sank, and he suddenly felt a little embarrassed. It turns out that his father didn't play a role in this.