

Spoiled 961

Chapter 961: Heart Disease

"Yes, Mommy, Grace is definitely okay..."

Hank Battleson choked up as he spoke, breathing deeply while also holding back his own tears.

Aside from Cyrus, he was the oldest of these children, and although he was distressed, he knew he should first comfort his younger siblings who were quite frightened.

As he spoke, he walked over to Jack and Chad.

"Mommy knows, Mommy knows..."

Charlotte Thompson murmured softly, but she couldn't help tightening her arms, encircling Olivia in her embrace.

"Doctor Vincent, please go in and take a look now."

The nurse's urging voice sounded, and upon hearing this, Charlotte looked up to see Vincent heading towards the emergency room.

He seemed to have been called over on short notice, putting on his white coat as he walked.

"Charlotte?"

From afar, Vincent had already noticed the few people in the hallway; his gaze swept over Justin Battleson.

Just now, he had been wondering what kind of important people had managed to urgently summon several doctors to the hospital.

"Vincent..." Charlotte's voice was a bit hoarse.

Upon hearing this, Justin's gaze flickered slightly. How did Charlotte know this doctor?

"Don't worry, the child will be okay." Vincent had originally met Charlotte's six children when he was in Ashton, but now he only saw five.

Adding to that, the moment the nurse called him over and mentioned that a child needed emergency care, Vincent already had a suspicion.

Charlotte's lips trembled, but she couldn't utter a word.

Vincent didn't dare delay any further, gave Charlotte a reassuring look, and hurried into the emergency room following the nurse.

Charlotte's gaze remained fixed on the light of the emergency room, her eyes swelled with tears.

The children's soft cries gradually diminished, restoring the usual silence of the hospital corridor.

Never had Charlotte felt time pass so slowly, painfully squeezing her heart.

Until the moment the emergency room's light went out, everyone anxiously surged forward.

Vincent, wearing a mask, walked out from inside, and without a second thought, Charlotte grabbed his arm.

"Vincent, how is Grace doing?"

Her eyes still slightly red, she bit her lip as she spoke, leaving a pale mark.

"Relax, Grace is now out of danger."

Vincent, having removed his mask, spoke gently to Charlotte, but his face showed no hint of a smile, which made Charlotte's already tense heart tighten again.

"It's just..." Vincent looked at Charlotte in front of him, hesitating to continue.

"What is it?" Charlotte's throat felt dry.

Charlotte prayed incessantly in her heart that her daughter was all right, but seeing Vincent's serious expression, she felt incredibly tense.

She even thought about turning around and leaving immediately, fearful of what unbearable news Vincent might deliver.

At that moment, Justin Battleson, seeing her distressed, pulled Charlotte back into his arms, his palm gently stroking the outside of her arm for comfort.

"Doctor, what is the condition of my daughter? Why did she suddenly suffer a nosebleed and faint?" Justin asked solemnly.

"Charlotte."

Vincent lifted his eyes to look at Charlotte, seeming to have deliberated for a long time before deciding to disclose the harsh truth.

"Your daughter has a heart condition."

Chapter 962: Extremely Rare

Charlotte had countless guesses in her heart, but she had never anticipated that the outcome would be like this.

Her face was as pale as paper, and if it weren't for Justin Battleson's support from behind, Charlotte's legs wouldn't have been able to hold up her body, and she would have almost collapsed.

"You... what did you say..."

Charlotte's voice trembled, and the tightly stretched string in her mind finally snapped at this moment.

Even Justin Battleson, usually the most steady and calm, was full of surprise in his eyes after hearing Vincent's words.

Charlotte began to breathe heavily, her lips quivering as if she wanted to say something, but in the end, she could only open her mouth without making any sound.

Suddenly, Charlotte felt a sweetness in her throat and couldn't help but vomit a mouthful of fresh blood.

Charlotte was overtaken by anxious fury.

This scene undoubtedly terrified everyone present; Justin's pupils constricted as he held Charlotte in his arms.

"Charlotte!"

Charlotte looked up in pain, the veins under her fair skin tensing, her vacant eyes refocusing at Justin's call.

Charlotte pressed down on Justin's arm with the palm of her hand, stopping his subsequent actions.

"I don't believe it... how could Grace be so healthy and yet have heart disease?"

Charlotte's voice was unusually hoarse, as if there were grains of sand continuously rubbing in her throat, making it uncomfortable for anyone to listen.

Almost grinding her teeth to pieces, Charlotte's thin and frail body trembled, and her eye whites vaguely reddened with blood vessels.

Charlotte couldn't believe that Grace, such a lively and cheerful child, could have heart disease.

"There must be some mistake, it must be a misdiagnosis, I don't believe it! I don't believe it!"

"Charlotte, try to calm down a moment."

Vincent had known Charlotte for quite some time and naturally knew how much she cared about these children.

Seeing Charlotte in such pain, Vincent's heart also felt very heavy.

He originally wanted to put his hand on Charlotte's shoulder to comfort her, but was blocked by Justin Battleson.

"Doctor, what exactly is going on?" Justin's voice was chilling to the bone.

Noticing Justin's gaze, Vincent's eyes shifted slightly before he turned to Charlotte and said seriously, "Grace has congenital heart disease."

"Congenital heart disease?"

Charlotte looked up incredulously, "Why didn't I know about this? Grace was perfectly healthy when she was born, how could she suddenly have congenital heart disease?"

"Grace's case is indeed very rare. The characteristics of her heart disease were not very clear at birth, so it might not have been detected initially," explained Vincent, his brow deeply furrowed, his expression very serious.

He paused for a moment, seemingly giving Charlotte a chance to absorb the news, before continuing.

"However, as she grows older, the burden on her heart gradually increases, and following the recent examination I conducted on Grace, I found her body's absorption of nutrients to be very poor, especially vitamin B1. Its deficiency has caused damage to her heart muscle, which triggered her heart disease," Vincent explained seriously, discussing Grace Thompson's condition and inquiring Charlotte about some possible issues.

"Does she often pick her food and have a lack of appetite?"

Charlotte's lips pressed tightly together, but before she could speak, Cyrus Thompson had already spoken.

"I've seen Grace spacing out while eating before, and she barely touched the food on her plate."

Chapter 963: It's All My Fault

"Yes, yes, yes, she even said she was dieting! How could I have been so, so dumb to believe her words."

Chad Thompson was also very anxious as he spoke, even going so far as to slap his own forehead.

If only he had encouraged his younger sister to eat, perhaps what happened now wouldn't have occurred.

"Being picky is only a secondary issue, given Grace's current physical condition, her heart disease was bound to happen sooner or later."

Although Vincent's heart ached, he still revealed the harsh reality to Charlotte Thompson.

"Why, how could Grace have developed heart disease..." Yet, such a result was still too much for Charlotte to accept.

She couldn't imagine her child suffering from such an ailment.

"There are many kinds of congenital heart diseases. If it's not due to genetic inheritance, it's very likely that exposure to certain drugs or radiation during the mother's conception process damaged the child's heart development."

Vincent, being an internist, was very knowledgeable about these issues.

"So it's all my fault, it's because of me that Grace turned out like this... It's all my fault..."

Charlotte Thompson covered her cheeks with her hands, whispering to herself.

The feelings of self-blame, helplessness, and regret surged over her like a tide, threatening to engulf her entirely.

How had she managed to miss the signs for so long?

"Charlotte, don't talk like that," Vincent said in a soothing tone.

Charlotte's teeth were chattering as she straightened her back and said to Vincent, "How is Grace right now? I want to see her."

Vincent naturally wouldn't refuse Charlotte's request; he nodded and took her to the ward where Grace was transferred.

As Charlotte entered the ward and saw Grace lying on the bed, her heart felt as if it were being crushed with pain.

Charlotte pulled away from Justin Battleson's assisting hand and stumbled towards Grace's bed.

"Grace..." Charlotte knelt beside Grace's bed, very carefully clasping her little hand in hers.

Charlotte now wished more than anything to transfer all her child's pain onto herself.

Her daughter was only five years old, so why did she have to suffer from such a disease?

"Grace..."

Gazing at Grace's weak breathing, Charlotte's already wan face grew even more sorrowful.

"I'm not a responsible mother. I've failed my children..."

Tears streamed down through her fingers, spreading moisture on the cuffs and collar of her clothes.

It was just like in the beginning – if the members of the Thompson family hadn't told her, she wouldn't even have known that she was pregnant.

"Charlotte, don't say that."

Justin looked at Charlotte's self-blaming figure with a pained heart.

Seeing this, Vincent quickly said, "Charlotte, don't talk like that. You've always taken care of these kids earnestly; how can you say you're irresponsible?"

Justin's gaze briefly passed over Vincent as soon as he finished speaking, but then immediately returned to Charlotte.

This doctor named Vincent seemed too familiar with Charlotte.

But what concerned Justin more was Charlotte's current emotional state.

"It's all my fault, all my fault... I simply haven't taken good care of the children, I've let down Grace, let down all the children..."

Charlotte kept shaking her head, her thoughts drowning in endless self-reproach.

Just like before, when she faced the aggressive Ross Family, she hadn't protected her other children, Jack and Chad, either.

What right did she have to be a mother to anyone?

"I don't deserve it... I'm not worthy..."

Charlotte's recent work pressure was immense, and with the shock she had received today, her emotions naturally spiraled out of control.

She hung her head in defeat, and even let go of the hand she was holding, Grace's.

Chapter 964: Transplant Surgery

"Charlotte!"

Seeing something was wrong with Charlotte Thompson, Justin Battleson stepped forward and took her into his arms, only to touch her icy fingers.

"Justin, what should we do? It's all my fault, because of me..."

Tears kept rolling down from Charlotte's eyes, making her pale cheeks only appear more pitiful.

"Charlotte, no one blames you, this is not your fault." Justin Battleson felt a heart-wrenching pain seeing her like this.

"No... if it weren't for me, how would Grace have ended up like this..." Charlotte couldn't extricate herself from such regretful thoughts.

"Mommy."

It was then that Cyrus Thompson stepped forward and hugged Charlotte.

Though his voice was still young, his seriousness could not be hidden.

"You haven't wronged us. If it weren't for Mommy, we wouldn't have come into this world and lived happily."

"That's right, Mommy, you have always been taking such good care of us, how could you have wronged us?" Hank Thompson also quickly nodded in agreement.

"Mommy, don't be sad. If Mommy is sad, Annie will be sad too." Olivia Thompson's emotions still hadn't settled.

She looked at Charlotte sorrowfully, her little hand tightly clutching her own skirt, repeatedly telling herself not to cry anymore in her heart.

Because she knew that if she cried, it would make Mommy Charlotte even sadder.

"Mommy, we will definitely cure Grace!" Jack Thompson spoke, "This is the hospital, all diseases can be cured here."

Charlotte's thoughts returned, and she looked at her children in front of her, her heart full of a sour feeling.

Now it was even the children who were comforting her.

She, as a mother, really failed her duty.

"I'm sorry..."

Charlotte embraced the children in her arms, her cheeks pressing tightly against their soft hair.

The children all gathered around Grace Thompson's hospital bed, and Justin Battleson went to take care of some hospital admission procedures for Grace. Charlotte took this opportunity to beckon Vincent to step outside the hospital room with her.

Charlotte leaned against the corridor wall, giving herself something to lean on.

"Charlotte, don't be too sad, and be mindful of your own health."

Vincent was filled with concern, as he had not forgotten the scene of Charlotte coughing up blood due to the overwhelming stress earlier.

However, how could Charlotte care about her own health now? She directly looked up and asked Vincent.

"Vincent, how can Grace's disease be treated? Tell me, no matter what you ask me to do, no matter what kind of price I have to pay, I want to cure Grace."

"Surely there is a way, it's just..." Vincent's gaze shifted away quietly, and his voice gradually weakened.

"Vincent, what are you saying?" Charlotte didn't catch what Vincent said afterward.

"Looking at Grace's current condition, I'm afraid she may need a heart transplant surgery," Vincent said through clenched teeth.

And his hand, hanging by his side, tightened abruptly as he uttered those words.

Heart transplant surgery.

Those words weighed down heavily on Charlotte, as if they each carried a thousand pounds, intensely pressing on her shoulders.

"And besides that..." Charlotte felt her teeth trembling.

"Besides that, there is no better way." Vincent was also feeling helpless now.

"Grace... such a young child, has to undergo a heart transplant?" Charlotte couldn't believe it.

There were so many treatments for heart disease, why did it have to be this one?

Chapter 965: Just Two Short Years?

"Charlotte, don't worry, there must still be a way,"

Vincent placed his hand on Charlotte Thompson's shoulder.

Charlotte clenched her fist and pressed it against her chest. Vincent was among the top internal medicine physicians in the industry, and even he was saying this...

It seemed that the only feasible solution for Grace's condition might indeed be this one.

"When should the heart transplant surgery be performed at the latest?" Charlotte gnashed her teeth.

Vincent pondered for a moment, furrowing his brows, "Right now Grace's situation is still relatively optimistic, her body can hold out for some time, but ultimately it's a heart disease. If conditions permit, it would be best to find a suitable heart source and perform the surgery within two years."

"Two years... only a mere two years?"

Charlotte gripped Vincent's wrist that was laying on her shoulder.

Matching hearts weren't so easy to come by.

After all, a heart is not like other organs.

"Charlotte, rest assured, I will definitely find other methods to treat Grace's heart condition."

Other methods?

Charlotte's lips were devoid of color, and she forced a smile that looked more painful than crying.

"Thank you, Vincent..."

Charlotte was well aware of how slim the chances were, but she still said the words.

"Don't cry, if the children see you like this, they will be even more saddened," Vincent reached out, wiping away the tears at the corner of Charlotte's eyes.

But Charlotte, in her sorrow, paid no mind to Vincent's intimate gesture.

She nodded at Vincent, but the thought of Grace lying unconscious in the room drained all her energy.

"Charlotte, the children have just settled down their emotions; seeing you in this state would probably upset them too," Vincent whispered.

"I know."

Charlotte nodded, she understood that she must also keep a strong spirit for the sake of the children.

"Vincent, I want to ask you to also check Cyrus and Hank,"

Charlotte hesitated to continue, having given birth to triplets, and now with Grace's illness, it was impossible not to worry about the health of the other two children.

"You can rest assured,"

Vincent quickly nodded, "Even if you hadn't mentioned it, I would have taken the children for check-ups."

Charlotte sighed, a heavy feeling in her chest that made it slightly difficult to breathe.

She hesitated, then finally decided to speak, "Vincent, there is another thing I need to ask of you."

"We've known each other for so long, just tell me directly," Vincent responded.

"I hope not to let the Thompson family know about Grace's situation for now," Charlotte bit her teeth hard.

Charlotte knew very well the extent to which the Thompson family doted on their three children, and with grandfather's increasing age and minor health issues in recent years, hearing about Grace's illness now would certainly cause a lot of worry.

However, upon hearing her plea, Vincent shook his head without hesitation.

"Grace, how can we not let the Thompson family know about this? I understand your concerns, but right now, the most important thing is to find a suitable heart source for Grace."

Charlotte pursed her lips, remaining silent.

"And do you think the Thompson family will never find out? If you choose to hide it, your relatives will also be hurt,"

With these words from Vincent, Charlotte raised her hand and rubbed her swollen temples.

"Sorry, my thoughts are a bit jumbled right now."

Chapter 966 Grace Will Definitely Be Alright

As the saying goes, care leads to chaos.

The events of today had such a profound impact on Charlotte that she was at a loss.

"Charlotte, I know you are very worried about your daughter, but right now, what's more important is that you need to adjust your own state of mind. Do you realize how haggard you look right now?"

Charlotte opened her mouth but really didn't know what to say.

Seeing this, Doctor Vincent reached out and tidied Charlotte's somewhat disheveled hair.

"All right, Grace is out of danger now and there should be no issues for a while. You should go back and stay with her."

Charlotte nodded and listlessly went back to the sick room.

With his hands in his pockets, Doctor Vincent watched Charlotte's retreating figure, a touch of indiscernible emotion flickering through his deep blue eyes.

Just as Vincent turned around, he noticed Justin standing not far away.

Their gazes met in mid-air and in the end, it was Vincent who first offered Justin a faint smile.

"I'm very thankful for you today, Doctor Vincent," Justin stepped forward and spoke in a gentle voice.

"Of course, as they say in your Druarus, this is the duty of a healer," Vincent said with a smile and then walked away.

Justin withdrew his gaze and pushed open the door to enter the sick room.

Charlotte and the children were all gathered around Grace's hospital bed. Justin stepped forward, took off his coat, and draped it over Charlotte's shoulders, taking her somewhat cold hand in his.

"I have already contacted a doctor, Grace will be fine."

Justin had already asked Michael Richard to contact the world's top cardiologists.

Charlotte nodded, her gaze fixedly on Grace the entire time.

On the bed, Grace's complexion had regained some color, and her breathing had gradually steadied, indicating that she likely wasn't in major trouble anymore.

Charlotte leaned on Justin's shoulder, "What about Grandma..."

At first, Jasmine had wanted to bring a few children to the hospital herself after instructing the butler to prepare the car.

But Jasmine was of an age where such a journey could be too much for her to bear, so the butler had to take the children to the hospital first.

After hearing about Grace's heart condition, the butler hurried back to Stardust Garden, and by now, Jasmine was probably aware of the situation.

Just like her grandfather, Charlotte was concerned about Jasmine's health.

"Don't worry, upon hearing the news, Grandma had the Clarkson Family contact a doctor to treat Grace."

"It's all my fault, making Grandma worry like this." Charlotte felt guilty thinking about the stress Jasmine must be enduring because of this.

"Don't say that, how could this be your fault."

Justin hugged Charlotte, his voice tender as he comforted her.

After all, Grace's illness was something that no one could have foreseen.

Charlotte, filled with sorrow and guilt, leaned on Justin's shoulder, and Justin felt the same way.

Charlotte looked at the children beside her and whispered, "Babies, it's already so late. You should go back to Stardust Garden with dad first."

The children's emotions had also fluctuated enormously today.

"Mommy, I'm not going back. I want to wait for Grace to wake up," Chad shook his head repeatedly.

"That's right, we have to wait for Grace to wake up," Hank echoed.

"My sister is uncomfortable now, I should stay by her side. When I'm sad, my sister always stays with me," Olivia rested her palm on the edge of the bed, her expression very downcast.

Chapter 967: Mommy is Here

Charlotte Thompson couldn't resist the children, so she allowed them to stay by her side.

"Grace, please wake up," Chad Thompson and Olivia Thompson murmured softly by the bedside.

Jack Thompson reached out and gently tugged at Chad Thompson, shaking his head, signaling him not to disturb Grace Thompson.

Chad Thompson blinked and finally closed his mouth obediently, silently chanting in his heart.

Charlotte Thompson lowered her eyes and swept aside the stray hairs on Grace Thompson's forehead, her fingertips gently gliding over her delicate cheek.

"Grace..." Charlotte's eyes were full of sympathy.

At that moment, Grace Thompson's fingertips twitched, and the closest to Grace Thompson's hand was Hank Thompson, who rubbed his eyes, fearing he had seen incorrectly.

Noticing Hank's movement, Charlotte thought he was tired and reached out to touch his little head. Just as she was about to speak, Hank grasped her fingers.

"Mommy, I think I just saw Grace's hand move," Hank said earnestly.

Charlotte's expression sharpened, and she quickly turned to look at Grace Thompson.

And it seemed as if Grace Thompson had indeed heard Charlotte's earlier call, her eyelashes trembling lightly, like a butterfly with dew-drenched wings, as she opened her clear, bright eyes.

"Mommy..." The first person Grace Thompson saw was Charlotte and she naturally called out.

In that instant, Charlotte felt an overwhelming sourness at the tip of her nose; she squatted in front of Grace Thompson's hospital bed and took her small hand.

"Mommy is here... Mommy is here..."

The other children, seeing Grace Thompson awake, all showed expressions of joy, and Olivia Thompson's lips pursed as if she was about to cry again.

Cyrus Thompson, nearby, noticed and gently wiped the tears from Olivia Thompson's eyes, his gaze tenderly soothing her.

Olivia Thompson then grasped Cyrus Thompson's sleeve and stood by his side.

"Mommy... why are you crying..." Grace Thompson noticed Charlotte's moist eyes and asked concernedly.

Her voice was still weak, and her dry throat could only barely make a sound.

"Mommy isn't crying. It's because Mom is so happy to see Grace awake," Charlotte pressed Grace Thompson's small hand against her face.

Grace Thompson blinked her almond-shaped eyes slowly and said, "Mommy, is Grace sick...?"

In fact, Grace Thompson had felt somewhat unwell a few days ago, but she hadn't told Charlotte.

Because she noticed Charlotte had been very busy with work lately and didn't want to be a bother.

If Charlotte knew what Grace Thompson was thinking, she would feel even more distressed.

"It's all Mommy's fault. Mommy hasn't taken good care of Grace," Charlotte spoke up.

"Don't be sad, Mommy, Grace is fine..." Grace Thompson smiled at Charlotte, "Look, Grace is smiling. Mommy, you should smile too."

Grace Thompson intended to reach out her other hand, but accidentally tugged at the needle, causing her to tremble in pain.

Yet, she still smiled at Charlotte, her eyes rimming with red.

Charlotte saw this and felt her heart breaking.

"Yes, Mommy knows, Grace is the best."

Charlotte nodded, pressed the call button beside Grace Thompson's bed, and asked for the doctor and nurse to come.

"Grace, if there's anything that feels uncomfortable, you must tell Mommy."

Grace Thompson shook her head.

Just then, Vincent walked in with the nurse and hurriedly examined Grace Thompson.

Chapter 968 Grace is Awesome

"Grace's condition has stabilized, so don't worry," Vincent told Charlotte.

Although Vincent had said this, Charlotte felt no relief at all.

She knew that the most important thing for curing Grace was finding a matching heart for the surgery.

"Mommy, look, Grace is fine now. You all don't need to worry," Grace also spoke up at that moment.

Charlotte clenched her teeth and gently stroked Grace's soft long hair, "Yes, Grace, you're awesome."

Finally, Olivia could lean close to Grace and reached out to embrace Grace's arm, her voice choked as she called, "Grace... Grace."

Olivia, like her mother Annie Anne, had a fragile and sensitive nature.

Among the children, she was closest to Grace, and now that Grace had woken up, Olivia's previously restrained emotions were released.

The rest of the boys also gathered around Grace's bed, but they all tacitly chose not to speak, afraid to disturb Grace who had just awakened.

"Annie, don't cry, didn't the doctor uncle say I'm fine?" Grace gently pinched Olivia's face.

Although Grace said this, her voice still held a hint of weakness.

Olivia shook her head but did not speak.

Suddenly, something seemed to occur to Grace, and she turned her head to look at Charlotte:
"Mommy... can I still go to the amusement park this weekend?"

But before Charlotte could speak, Cyrus had already said, "No visiting the amusement park, Grace, you must rest well."

"Right, rest. We'll all stay with Grace and take care of her," Chad also nodded.

Grace's face fell, just when she had been looking forward to going to the amusement park with both dad and mom, she had fallen ill.

This made Grace feel very sad.

"It's okay, once Grace is healthy, we can go play," Jack comforted Grace while leaning against her bed.

"Really?" Hope flashed anew in Grace's eyes as she looked at Charlotte.

Charlotte pursed her lips slightly and nodded, "Of course it's true. Once Grace recovers, dad and mom will immediately take you guys to have fun."

After a moment of thought, Grace's eyes shifted as she said, "So does that mean if Grace is discharged from the hospital, it signifies that she is healed?"

Charlotte certainly knew what Grace was scheming. She extended her hand to press Grace's hair gently and softly said.

"Hmm, so Grace needs to behave and heal completely, understand?"

Since Grace had just awakened from a coma and had been talking with the other children for a while, she naturally felt tired and laid back down along Charlotte's hand.

"Grace will be good, and then go to the amusement park healthy and whole," Grace said.

Charlotte tucked Grace in and turned to look at the other children, squatting beside them.

"Alright, now that Grace is awake, can you all go home with dad?"

Charlotte couldn't help but worry about the other children.

"But mommy, we want to stay here with Grace," Hank hesitated before speaking.

"Yes, we can also help take care of Grace, so mommy won't have to work so hard," Olivia said softly, nodding beside Charlotte.

Chad took the opportunity to chime in, "Right, mommy needs to rest too."

Chapter 969: Is My Illness Very Serious?

"You really are Mommy's good babies."

Charlotte felt touched by her children's concern.

"Mommy knows you're worried about Grace, but you have to go to kindergarten tomorrow, so you need to go back and rest early."

Charlotte adjusted her position and spoke to the children seriously, "How about this, after you get out of school tomorrow, come to help Mommy take care of Grace, okay?"

"Okay, we'll listen to Mommy," Cyrus, as the eldest brother, spoke first, and the other children naturally agreed.

"Such good children," Charlotte stood up and turned to look at Justin Battleson.

Only if Justin Battleson took the children back would Charlotte feel at ease.

"Mommy, don't worry, I will take good care of my brothers and sisters."

Cyrus clenched his fist and said in front of Charlotte.

Although Cyrus was still just a child, he clearly understood that Charlotte was already very worried about Grace's situation.

As the oldest among the children, he definitely couldn't let his siblings cause Charlotte any more trouble.

"Cyrus, you're amazing. Thank you for your hard work," Charlotte nodded; she was never stingy with her praise for the children.

"It's not hard," Cyrus quickly shook his head.

Compared to Dad and Mommy, what would a child like him find hard?

"I'll be back soon," Justin said softly, standing beside Charlotte.

He could hardly bear to see Charlotte so weary and worried.

But Charlotte shook her head, "There's nothing to worry about here, Vincent is with me; take care of the children."

However, Charlotte did not notice the flash in Justin's eyes when she mentioned Vincent.

Justin opened his mouth to say something more, but Charlotte already pushed his arm, "Hurry and take the children back, otherwise Grandma will worry even more."

Seeing this, Justin no longer found it appropriate to say anything else, and prepared to leave with the children.

And as they were about to leave, the children began to admonish Grace.

"Grace, you can't be picky with food anymore, understand?" Hank was the first to speak up.

"Grace, you have to take care of yourself. We'll come to see you tomorrow," Chad also wished her well.

"Grace, get well soon!"

Olivia waved at Grace, who could not respond, so she just nodded, and that made Olivia very happy.

Just as Justin and the children were leaving the room, the smile on Charlotte's face suddenly fell.

"Mommy..."

Behind her, Grace's tiny voice like that of a kitten came through, pulling the stunned Charlotte back to reality.

"What's wrong, baby?" Charlotte immediately turned and went to Grace's side.

Grace was clutching her blanket, her large eyes blinking as if she was hesitating about something, but in the end, she decided to voice her question.

"Mommy, is my illness very serious?"

Charlotte's figure swayed, but she quickly composed herself and sat down beside the bed.

"How could that be? Grace's illness will be cured very soon," Charlotte said.

"But..."

Grace raised her eyes to look at Charlotte, but after a long pause, she ended up not articulating anything else.

The truth was that she had woken up once after being rushed into the emergency room, which was exactly when Vincent came in.

Although her thoughts were somewhat muddled, she did overhear some of their conversation.

Chapter 970: Matching Hearts

"How could it be congenital heart disease... this child..."

"But no matter what, it can still be treated."

"The child is already nearly six years old now, the risk might be a bit high if surgery is to be done."

Grace Thompson actually didn't understand much of what they were saying, but in the end, she still caught the words "heart disease."

So it turned out that this painful illness had appeared in her body.

"Grace."

Charlotte Thompson's words interrupted Grace Thompson's thoughts, "Your illness will be healed soon, now you just need to rest well, be good and eat, and sleep."

"Okay."

Grace Thompson agreed, feeling very exhausted at the moment so she naturally closed her eyes following Charlotte Thompson's movements and soon fell into a deep sleep.

However, sitting at the bedside, Charlotte Thompson couldn't completely hide the expression on her face.

She originally wanted to reach out and touch Grace Thompson's cheek again, but fearing she would wake her up, her palm just stopped in mid-air.

Such a kind and lovely child, now she could only lie in the hospital bed.

A sourness pressed on Charlotte Thompson's heart, her mouth twitching into a wry smile.

Charlotte Thompson kept thinking, if she had done something wrong, why didn't fate punish her directly instead of hurting the people she cared about the most.

It was like an invisible blade, relentlessly cutting at the places where she could least bear the pain.

The hand resting on her thigh involuntarily tightened, Charlotte Thompson pinched her somewhat sore nose tip and finally tiptoed out of the ward.

The temperature in the corridor was somewhat cool, causing Charlotte Thompson, who was lightly dressed, to shrink her shoulders slightly.

She took out her cellphone from her pocket and ended up unknowingly walking to the end of the corridor window.

Outside, the sky was a pitch-black, with Charlotte Thompson only able to see her own reflection in the glass.

She gently lowered her head and eventually dialed Henry Thompson's number.

"Brother..."

As soon as Charlotte Thompson spoke, she realized her voice was terribly hoarse; she didn't give herself time to recover, almost as soon as Henry Thompson answered the call, she told him everything that had happened today.

"Grace, she's been diagnosed with congenital heart disease."

"What did you say?" Henry Thompson couldn't believe his ears for the first time.

"Today, Grace suddenly fainted at home, Justin and I brought her to the hospital, where they discovered she has a heart condition."

Charlotte Thompson spoke painfully, each time she mentioned this matter, it felt as if a wound that hadn't yet healed was being cruelly ripped open again.

"How could this happen... Which hospital did the examination?" Henry Thompson was immediately doubtful.

Why hadn't Grace Thompson's heart condition been discovered before?

"It was Vincent, someone you know," Charlotte Thompson said dryly.

After a moment of silence on the phone, Henry Thompson's voice finally came through again.

"Is there any way to treat it?"

"Vincent said, the best option is to perform a heart transplant within the next couple of months," Charlotte Thompson slowly said.

How old is Grace Thompson now, to already need a heart transplant?

Upon hearing this, Henry Thompson's brow furrowed tightly involuntarily.

"Charlotte, don't worry, I will definitely find a matching heart for Grace," Henry Thompson said.

"I'm sorry, brother..."

Charlotte Thompson couldn't help but apologize, "Did I cause more trouble for the Thompson Family again...?"

"Charlotte, what are you talking about? You are a member of the Thompson Family, even if the sky falls down, you have your brother to support you, don't be afraid."