

## Chapter 06 You Made Me Sick

His act of coughing blood on tissue caught Grace off guard, momentarily freezing her in place. She glanced at the tissue in his hand and asked with concern, "What's wrong? Are you alright?"

Xavier fixed her with a sullen gaze. "Grace Everly! You made me sick!" With those words, he stood up and stormed off.

Grace watched him recede, tears streaming down her face. 'Xavier, I'm sorry for hurting you so deeply.' Quickly, she wiped away her tears and kept on devouring her meal.

In the restroom, Xavier discarded the blood-stained tissue and slammed his fist forcefully against the wall. He despised her to the core! Yet why did her words continue to ignite his anger? This was not how it should be! He should have gradually tormented her, returning all the humiliation she had once inflicted upon him!

Returning to the table, Xavier discovered that Grace had already left. Glancing at the empty plates where the spinach and coriander once lay, his eyes glinted with rage again.

Damn it, she really finished all spinach and coriander! She fucking loves that man!

In the hospital.

"Mr. Brooks, your anger has affected your heart. Please refrain from getting so infuriated, as it will do no good to your lungs!" The doctor advised Xavier after conducting an examination.

"I understand. Please keep this matter confidential." Xavier said so before rising from his seat and departing.

Returning to the hospital, Grace hurriedly proceeded to the blood donation room and then made her way to the ICU. Unbeknownst to her, as she stepped out of the elevator, she coincidentally caught the attention of Xavier.

Noticing the anxiety on her face, Xavier narrowed his eyes slightly and silently followed in her footsteps.

Outside the ward ward, Grace peered through the glass at Jam's little face, exhaling a gentle sigh of relief. Every day, just one glance at her son would make her feel at peace.

"Your son?" Suddenly, a cold voice reached her ear.

Grace stiffened, hastily wiped the tears from the corner of her eyes, pulled down her sleeve to cover the red dots on her arms caused by allergies, then turned around.

"Mr. Brooks, you're not gone yet?" Grace greeted the man with a forced smile, as she saw him have a sullen expression on his face.

"Your son?" Xavier repeated coldly, his sharp gaze landing on the child on sickbed.

"He's not my son! He's my father's mistress's child, my half-brother." Grace lied.

Xavier's gaze slowly shifted towards her. "So you work so hard just to pay for medical fee of this bastard child?"

He knew about Everly company's bankruptcy, allegedly caused by her father's mistress.

Bastard child? Grace's heart ached at those words. How ironic! To think that her son would be called a bastard child by his own father! Xavier, if only you knew that it was me who caused our son to be born with a strange illness, would you kill me?

At the thought, Grace smiled softly. "I don't earn money for him, of course! He has insurance, I don't need to take care of him! I just want him to get better so I can send him to an orphanage! Then, I can travel the world with other men!"

"Huh!" Xavier sneered in disgust. "Your little brother is still in the ICU, and you're thinking about traveling? You'd send him to an orphanage when he's so young? Aren't you afraid your father would never rest in peace if he knew? You're truly despicable!"

His words, sharp like knives, tortured Grace's heart.

Seeing the contempt and ridicule in his eyes, she clenched her

fist but still smiled casually. "I have always been such a cold and heartless person. Mr. Brooks, you should have known that." With that, she turned and left.

As she turned around, tears streamed down her face, but she didn't bother to wipe them away. A sad and self-mocking smile played on her lips.

Xavier, do you know that there is a truly cold and heartless woman in your home? She's controlling my sick grandmother to threat me not getting close to you! If there had any chance we could be together, I wouldn't have concealed the truth...