

Chapter 37 Should He Pay Her A Visit

"I'm sorry, Mr. Watson. I couldn't keep him still," said the caregiver, her voice edged with worry as she glanced at Brandon.

With a quick, dismissive wave, Brandon motioned for her to step back and carefully rolled Derek over.

"I'll handle it," said Brandon, gently taking the towel from her hands so he could clean Derek himself.

She brought in a basin filled with water, and then slipped out of the VIP hospital room, leaving Brandon alone with Derek.

Brandon finished wiping Derek's back, and then positioned him onto his other side once again.

Derek remained completely unconscious, unable to help at all, so moving his solid frame proved to be a bit of a struggle even for a grown man like Brandon.

Having gotten Derek onto his back, Brandon focused on cleaning the front.

Only when he dipped the towel back into the basin did Brandon notice the water had grown cold. That meant he needed to fetch a fresh basin of hot water from the bathroom.

He carried on this way, repeating each step, until Derek was finally clean.

The entire process lasted nearly half an hour.

By the time he finished, Brandon's brow was damp with sweat, and he released a long, weary breath.

He stopped for a moment and realized just how much energy it took to look after an elderly person.

He knew he was stronger than Millie, but even he felt worn out.

How much more exhausting was it for her?

Watching Derek lying there, Brandon found his thoughts wandering to Millie and her tireless routine of daily care.

A beat passed as Brandon looked away, grabbed the basin, and went to empty the water. Then he decided to find the doctor and ask about Derek's condition.

However, before he reached the hallway's corner, he caught the sound of voices.

"My back's killing me. Taking care of a patient every single day is so tiring," remarked the caregiver he had seen earlier.

Next to her stood another caregiver, this one much slimmer.

"You think you're worn out?" the slimmer caregiver replied. "You're looking after Derek Watson, aren't you? Everybody knows he's the easiest to manage and he pays more than anyone else."

Derek's caregiver agreed with a slow nod. "That's right. Everything got harder when his daughter-in-law stopped visiting."

A spark of surprise crossed the slim caregiver's face. "Really? Is that so?"

"Absolutely," replied the caregiver as she reached behind to rub her aching back. "She used to come by often and handled a lot of things herself. Honestly, she's more attentive than most of us in this line of work."

The slim caregiver looked unconvinced. "Are you sure? I keep seeing people talk on the Internet about how her reputation's not great. There are rumors she ignores her husband's cheating just for a comfortable life."

A gentle tap from Derek's caregiver made her pause. "You actually listen to that online gossip? We caregivers know what it takes to look after someone who's sick. The Watsons have so much money. If she was really that selfish, why would she put herself through all this?"

Still, the slim caregiver seemed doubtful. "But what if she's just putting on an act?"

Derek's caregiver shook her head and kept rubbing her back. "If that were true, she'd only need to pretend for her husband. Nobody would go this far otherwise. Didn't you notice how often Derek's been admitted lately?"

The slim caregiver offered a small nod in response.

"It's because the servants at home weren't giving him the best care," said Derek's caregiver with a sigh. "They're not careless, of course, but she

always paid extra attention, so Derek was better off with her around. And her mother-in-law had nothing to worry. But now? The poor old lady was wearing herself out." ①

A look of confusion flickered across the slim caregiver's face. "I thought..."

They kept chatting, the conversation drifting further, while Brandon remained just out of sight, listening quietly.

His grandfather always meant the world to their family, so only the most trusted caregivers were chosen for him.

There were always enough doctors, nurses, caregivers, and servants at the family's disposal.

Even so, there was a clear gap between professional care and someone who truly paid attention.

Until now, he'd never given that difference much thought.

The memory returned as Millie took his hand gently and said with quiet reassurance, "Brandon, you don't need to worry. I'll make sure your grandpa's looked after."

He recalled seeing those stacks of care books she brought home, the pages covered in her notes.

She really had taken the time to study all those materials.

With a quiet glance downward, Brandon's thoughts grew heavier.

Everything she set out to do, she actually followed through. ②

Crobert Hospital was located just a short distance from the sanatorium where Derek was.

Brandon found himself wondering if she might still be at the hospital. ③

The idea crossed his mind—should he pay her a visit?

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Back at Crobert Hospital, the day had already reached midday.

Alexia explained that her friend still had not responded, so she chose to visit during her own lunch hour.

That meant Alexia's brother, Giffard, ended up with the job of bringing

lunch to Millie.

After leaving critical care unit, Millie was placed in a private room.

"Don't stress about your medical records. Reporters and paparazzi can't get your details easily. My dad runs the place, so there's nothing to worry about," said Alexia, who had been trying to comfort Millie earlier.

The post-production work for Heavenly Melody moved fast, and the episode they shot yesterday had already made it online by today.

As Giffard arrived with the food, Millie was already watching television.

She hoped to catch the edited version of her own performance and see how it turned out.

Sadly, it looked almost the same as the previous live broadcasts—poor sound quality.

It appeared Charles still had not found a way to handle Oakley.

To make matters worse, something downright sickening showed up on screen.

While Millie performed, the program suddenly shifted to Vivian, watching from the judges' backstage lounge.

Vivian, with eyes tinged red, remarked, "Her singing is wonderful. It brings back so many memories."

Even as tears gathered in her eyes, she managed to look strong while she talked about her life before she became famous.

"In those days, Vivian Floral Design was nowhere near as successful as it is now, and I was just another florist hoping to get by," said Vivian. "Then there was this chance and I decided to compete for the Watson Group's floral contracts."

The odds seemed against her, since plenty of people wanted the job. She added, "I honestly didn't think I stood a chance, but the contract ended up being split into several parts, and I managed to win a small section supplying flowers to the CEO's office and the secretary's department."

"That partnership is what gave me the chance to meet Mr. Watson in

person for the first time." Vivian gave a light laugh. "He's even more impressive personally than he is on television."

That was how her ties with the Watson Group first began.

Disgust twisted in Millie's stomach.

Now she knew they had a history that went way back.

Vivian kept reminiscing about her experiences with Brandon on TV, but then someone grabbed the remote and switched channels.

When Millie glanced up, she caught Giffard grinning at her, waving the remote playfully.

"Why watch her?" Giffard asked. "You'd have a better time looking at me."

At work, Giffard always got things done, but in moments like this, he was anything but serious.

Millie couldn't help but roll her eyes. "Why would I want to look at you?"

Raising the lunchbox for her to see, Giffard grinned. "How about looking at what I brought for you to eat?"

He brought the box closer and took in the scent. "It smells so good."

A laugh slipped out of Millie before she could stop herself.

Their conversation carried on, and at that same moment, an Aston Martin rolled into the parking lot of Crobert Hospital.

Brandon climbed out of the car and kept his gaze locked on the doors leading into the inpatient department.



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