

## **Spoiled 981**

Chapter 981: Where Does He Sleep?

"Mummy... is that okay?"

The children each blinked their puppy-dog eyes, looking at Charlotte Thompson innocently and pitifully.

Charlotte, helpless, held her forehead, "The beds at home won't fit everyone."

"It's all right, it's all right, we can sleep on the floor," Hank Thompson said, waving his hand dismissively.

"That's right, it's not cold now, sleeping on the floor won't make us sick," Grace Thompson chimed in to support the idea.

Charlotte really couldn't find a reason to rebut at that moment.

Just as Charlotte was about to give in, someone opened the door to the ward; everyone turned their heads to see Justin Battleson walk in.

Justin Battleson showed a hint of surprise when he saw Charlotte and the children.

He had intended to pick up Charlotte and Grace first and then go to the nursery to get the other children, but unexpectedly, the kids had arrived earlier.

"Daddy!"

Grace grinned as she walked up to Justin Battleson, extending her hand, gesturing for him to lift her.

Justin naturally followed Grace's motions and swept her up into his arms.

"How's Grace feeling today? Are you uncomfortable anywhere?" Justin naturally cared about Grace's condition, reaching out to pinch her little nose.

Grace wrapped her arms around Justin's neck, leaning back to dodge his gesture, then shook her head and said,

"The nurse who checked on Grace earlier said there's nothing seriously wrong with me anymore, and I can be discharged and go home tonight."

"Good, Daddy will take you home now."

Justin nodded and turned to look at the rest of the children.

Suddenly, Justin thought of Adam Ross whom he had seen earlier and asked, "Did Uncle Adam take you to the hospital?"

Hank stood up from beside Charlotte and nodded, "Uncle Adam was originally picking up Jack and Chad, but when he heard that Grace was hospitalized, he brought us all here. He also said Jack and Chad could stay with us this weekend."

"Did you see Adam Ross?" Charlotte asked while tidying up things in her hands, looking at Justin.

Justin listened and nodded, "I saw him when I arrived at the hospital."

"Daddy, Daddy, let's go home quickly, Grace wants to eat lots of delicious food today," Grace said out loud.

"Your great-grandmother knew you were being discharged today, so she's prepared a lot of delicious food at Stardust Garden, just waiting for Grace to return."

Justin put Grace down and ruffled her hair with his hand.

"Yay, yay, time to go back for a big meal," Grace said smilingly, clapping her hands.

Although Grace seemed lively, Justin noticed that her lips were slightly pale.

Justin walked over to Charlotte's side and took her hand, "Let's go."

"So Mummy, will you be with us today?" Olivia Thompson spoke from beside Charlotte.

Because of Olivia's question, the topic that was already being passed over was brought up again.

"If Mummy doesn't say anything, then it's a yes by default," Hank quickly piped up.

"You little rascals," Charlotte couldn't help but laugh and cry at the same time.

"What did you promise them?" Justin inquired.

"Mummy promised to sleep with us tonight," Grace said, lifting her cheeks, her smile revealing a shallow dimple.

"Sleep with them?" Justin was taken aback, "Didn't you use to lull them to sleep before?"

"This time is different, this time we want to sleep in the same bed with Mummy," Hank explained.

Justin furrowed his brow.

If Charlotte and the children are sleeping together, where does that leave him to sleep?

Chapter 982: You're Even Jealous of the Children

However, before Charlotte could say anything, Justin Battleson immediately spoke up in refusal, "No."

If these children slept with Charlotte tonight, what would he do when they found some excuse to cling to her every other day?

Besides, he and Charlotte didn't have just one child, these six little ones huddled together were indeed a headache.

"Why not?" Hank Thompson asked, not understanding.

"You guys aren't young anymore, why do you still need Mommy to sleep with you?" Justin spoke solemnly.

Grace Thompson and Olivia Thompson were little girls, and if Charlotte was with them, Justin had no objections, but as for these boys, Justin wouldn't agree.

The Battleson Family's upbringing required cultivating independence and strength from a young age.

But these reasons were secondary, the most important thing was, where was there such a big bed that could fit so many people?

Hank's face showed a momentary flash of disappointment.

After all, these children had all been brought up by the Thompson Family independently from a young age. Although they were still somewhat dependent on Charlotte, it wasn't as severe as that of ordinary children.

Moreover, these children had grown up together, each other's company was also comforting.

"Alright, children, let's go home. Your great-grandmother has been worried about you," Justin said.

"Let's go, we'll take Grace home."

Cyrus Thompson grabbed Grace's hand, and the little ones followed behind them, gradually leaving the hospital room.

"Come to think of it, I don't seem to have ever slept with the children," Charlotte blinked and said aloud.

"Other people's children grow up coddled in their parents' arms."

"Our children don't need that," Justin said.

Charlotte glanced at Justin.

Seeing this, Justin leaned down close to her ear and said softly, "Plus, I need someone to accompany me too."

The warm breath tickled Charlotte's ear, causing her to shrug her shoulders.

"Are you being childish? How can you be jealous of the children?" Charlotte pushed Justin's chest playfully and gave him a coquettish look.

Justin then clasped Charlotte's hand and boldly kissed the corner of her lips.

"You!" Charlotte was startled by Justin's action.

"Let's go, the kids must be waiting anxiously," Justin said, in a great mood, and took Charlotte's hand to leave the hospital room.

However, unexpectedly, as soon as Justin and Charlotte stepped out of the room, they saw Uncle Vincent standing in the hallway talking to the children.

"Are you getting discharged?" Vincent looked up towards Charlotte.

Charlotte smiled and nodded, "Thank you for your help before."

"I've told you, we've known each other for so long, no need to be so formal," Vincent said tenderly.

Feeling her hand being squeezed a little tighter, Charlotte curved her lips and lightly curled her fingertips around Justin's palm.

"Okay, children, say goodbye to Uncle Vincent."

"Goodbye, Uncle Vincent," the children obediently waved to Vincent.

Vincent also nodded with a smile, then watched as Justin and Charlotte took the children away.

But just at that moment, a huge noise suddenly erupted in the hospital.



Everyone was startled, but Charlotte's face turned pale instantly, and she turned her head to see Grace nearby.

"Grace!"

Chapter 983: Machine Explosion

The sound just now had startled Charlotte Thompson, let alone the condition of Grace Thompson's body...

Sure enough, when Charlotte turned her head to look at Grace, she saw her little face pale as chalk, with cold sweat densely covering her forehead.

She reached out to clutch the clothes over her heart, her gaze helplessly turning towards Charlotte.

"Mummy..."

Grace's lips trembled, her spirit visibly poor.

Before she could finish speaking, her body began to flop backward limply.

Charlotte nearly screamed in fright, but thankfully, Justin Battleson reacted quickly, stepping forward swiftly to catch Grace.

"Quick, take her back to the ward."

Vincent, who was standing nearby, hurried over and said to Justin.

Charlotte was terrified, watching as Justin held Grace and followed Vincent back to the original ward.

Vincent immediately contacted the nurse and checked Grace's condition himself, administering emergency aid.

The other children were also frightened terribly, their faces pallid as they stood next to Charlotte.

Charlotte clenched her teeth tightly.

How could this suddenly happen?

What was the source of that loud noise in the hospital?

Soon afterwards, the nurses arrived in the ward with emergency measures.

Grace's body shook slightly, her expression distinctly pained, with faint whimpers escaping her lips.

Her face was ashen, her brows furrowed tightly.

This sight painfully squeezed Charlotte's heart.

Justin Battleson put his arm around Charlotte's shoulders, his gestures consoling her though he remained silent.

And his brow showed no sign of easing.

Fortunately, Grace had only been slightly startled, and with the timely medical rescue, her condition quickly stabilized.

"Vincent, how is Grace doing?" Seeing Grace's breathing stabilizing, Charlotte quickly approached Vincent with an anxious expression.

"It was just a fright; there's nothing seriously wrong."

Vincent shook his head at Charlotte, signaling her to be at ease, "Sorry, I didn't anticipate such an incident happening in the hospital."

Charlotte looked at Grace on the hospital bed and wiped the cold sweat from her face.

She placed her palm on Grace's cheek, trying to offer her some warmth.

"But considering Grace's current situation, I think it's best for her to stay in the hospital," Vincent suggested, his eyes flickering slightly.

Charlotte's teeth were tightly clenched, her fingernails digging fiercely into her palm.

"Yes, mummy, Grace should stay in the hospital, it was really too dangerous earlier."

Thinking back to the loud explosion, even Hank Thompson felt a lingering fear, especially given Grace's heart condition.

Charlotte pursed her lips but remained silent.

At that moment, Michael Richard walked up to Justin's side and spoke in a low voice,

"I just investigated, it was an explosion caused by a machine malfunction in the hospital, very close to the corridor we were at, so the sound was unmistakably clear."

"A machine explosion?" A hint of confusion mingled in Justin's expression.

Such an explosion really was too coincidental.

"Look thoroughly into it," Justin's voice was laced with icy firmness.

Michael Richard acknowledged and quietly withdrew.

The nurse on duty also entered the ward, recounting the exact cause of the explosion to everyone present.

Charlotte listened, her eyes flickering.

Chapter 984: Listen to me.

Due to the accident, the idea of taking Grace Thompson home had to be temporarily dismissed.

Charlotte initially wanted to send the remaining children back to Stardust Garden, but unexpectedly, Jasmine Clarkson came over herself.

"Grandma, why are you here?" Charlotte looked at Jasmine with surprise.

"I couldn't rest easy about Grace. Yesterday, you all stopped me from coming, but today, since Grace is being discharged, I had to come and pick her up no matter what."

As Jasmine started to speak, she turned her head and saw Grace still lying on the hospital bed, her little face pale, which instantly darkened Jasmine's expression.

She walked over to the bed with the help of the butler, touched Grace's tender cheek, and then turned to look at Justin Battleson and Charlotte,

"Didn't you say Grace was getting better? What's happened now?"

"We were about to take Grace back, but who would have known that there would be an explosion of machinery in the hospital? The noise frightened Grace, causing her heart condition to relapse," Charlotte said, her expression showing great distress.

"How could such a thing happen in the hospital?" Jasmine's face was very serious.

This was the city's best central hospital, with medical equipment ranked among the top in Druarus, and yet now there had been such a ridiculous incident as a machinery explosion.

After considering her words, Jasmine finally said something that surprised everyone present, "Let's take Grace back to Stardust Garden first."

Charlotte looked up at Jasmine.

Jasmine's expression was very serious, "We've already brought in the best internal medicine doctors from abroad at home, along with the medical equipment prepared. The environment is no worse than the hospital."

Jasmine paused, then continued, "And there won't be any explosions like in the hospital at home, now I certainly can't dare to let Grace stay here anymore."

Charlotte didn't speak, her eyes showing a bit of difficulty.

"Just listen to me," Jasmine said.

Upon hearing this, Charlotte nodded. Since Jasmine had already said so, she had no reason to object.

Moreover, Charlotte had been hesitating about whether to let Grace continue to stay in the hospital.

But now, her only worry was what to do if something happened to Grace on the way back.

At that moment, Vincent, who had been silent for a long time, spoke up,

"If the medical equipment is ready, we can take Grace back, just don't move her right now. Wait a moment, let her stabilize first."

Charlotte nodded upon hearing this.

Jasmine also instructed the butler to keep Stardust Garden prepared.

"Madam, rest assured, Stardust Garden has already been notified."

Jasmine responded with a nod and then turned her gaze back to Grace lying on the bed, sighing uncontrollably.

Since Grace had collapsed yesterday, Jasmine hadn't been to the hospital and had been extremely anxious, only to find out that Grace had a congenital heart condition.

This news had frightened Jasmine considerably.

She could never have imagined that a lively and lovely girl like Grace could be associated with heart disease.



Jasmine's first reaction was one of disbelief, suspecting a misdiagnosis at the hospital.

But then she realized it was the central hospital, which should not make mistakes.

So in addition to her worries, Jasmine also began to use the Clarkson family's resources.

The Clarkson family already had a full set of medical facilities and private doctors, and Jasmine hurriedly contacted many top experts abroad, determined to cure Grace's disease.

Chapter 985 Sensible Grace

Everyone anxiously waited inside the hospital room, observing Grace Thompson's condition.

Fortunately, it wasn't long before Grace slowly regained consciousness.

"Thank heavens and blessings from the Buddha, my dear great-granddaughter, you finally woke up."  
Jasmine Clarkson had been by Grace's bedside the whole time and only relaxed when she saw her open her eyes, patting her chest with relief.

The nearby butler, seeing this, hurriedly advised Jasmine to take care of her own health.

Jasmine shook her head and touched Grace's cheek.

There was still a layer of haze in Grace's eyes, and her expression was a bit dazed. She stared for a long time before recognizing Jasmine in front of her.

"Great-grandma..."

Grace whispered softly.

Hearing this, Jasmine quickly responded and kept calling her endearing names.

It was heartbreaking for her.

"Mommy, did Grace faint again? I'm sorry for worrying you all." Grace blinked her eyes, also noticing that she was lying in a hospital bed.

She only remembered being excited to leave the hospital and return to Stardust Garden for a big meal, but then it seemed she heard a loud bang, followed by a pain in her chest, and then she lost consciousness.

Thinking back to that sound, Grace felt her heart rate speed up again.

"It's okay, it's okay, Grace, are you still feeling unwell?"

Charlotte Thompson quickly asked, but from Charlotte's expression, it was clear that she was feeling very upset.

This was a question she had asked Grace countless times, although each time Grace shook her head in denial.

But none of them knew when Grace might suddenly fall ill again.

"Grace doesn't feel anything wrong now."

Grace spoke, though her voice was still a bit weak.

She meant to lift her hand to hold Charlotte's palm, but her limbs felt as heavy as if they were filled with lead.

"Grace has suffered." Charlotte spoke with a hoarse voice.

"Then can Grace go home and have a big meal with mommy?" Grace didn't want to see Charlotte so upset, so she blinked her eyes with visible hope.

"Do you really want to go home, Grace?" Charlotte asked softly, reaching out to tidy the damp strands of hair at Grace's forehead from the cold sweat.

Grace nodded lightly: "Grace wants to go home, Grace doesn't want to stay at the hospital."

But Grace knew in her heart that she still had an untreated illness, and the best thing would be to stay in the hospital.

But she disliked the stark whiteness of the hospital, which made her feel empty and lonely.

Moreover, with the ticking sound of machines around, even with people beside her, Grace couldn't ignore such noises.

Grace felt she was being somewhat capricious.

Even though she wasn't feeling well, she wanted to return to a familiar place with familiar people around her.

"Can Grace go home?" Grace asked with trembling lips in a soft voice.

Charlotte poured a cup of warm water. She supported Grace's neck, helping her to lift her head to carefully sip the water.

"Okay, we'll do as Grace wishes. Since you want to go home, we'll take you home in a little while."

Grace took a sip of water, which soothed her sore and dry throat substantially.

She looked up at everyone in the room, her expression hesitating: "If Grace goes back, will it be too much trouble? If so, Grace can stay in the hospital."

"It's no trouble at all. Your great-grandmother came here to take Grace home."

Jasmine spoke with empathy.

Chapter 986: Emotions Run Deep

Grace Thompson's hand, which had been gripping Charlotte Thompson's wrist, finally relaxed at this time.

As long as she could go home, that would be good.

After a while, seeing that her daughter's condition had improved considerably, Charlotte personally held Grace in her arms and took her home.

The children, who had been giggling and laughing on the way, quieted down, each of them looking at Grace with great concern.

Grace obediently leaned into Charlotte's embrace, and seeing the concerned looks of those around her, the corners of her mouth lifted into a smile.

"You don't have to worry, I feel much better now."

However, Grace's words only pushed the children deeper into silence.

Charlotte, with her arm around her, was about to say something when Jack Thompson suddenly spoke up.

"Why do you have to go home?"

Jack's voice drew everyone's attention to him.

He hung his head slightly, but the hand by his side was clenched into a fist.

Then he looked up at Charlotte and Grace in her arms.

A pair of clear eyes misted with a layer of water.

"Why do you want to go home so badly?"

Actually, Jack couldn't understand it at all—clearly Grace was ill, and she should be treated in the hospital, but why did everyone, from her great-grandmother to Grace herself, want to go home?

Just earlier, it was their wish to go home that led to the incident with the explosion at the hospital, causing Grace to suffer another onset of her illness.

During the emergency treatment for Grace, Jack had almost felt like he was going to suffocate and pass out.

Now that Grace had awakened, she still didn't take care of herself to rest properly; instead, she insisted on going home.

Jack didn't understand.

Especially now, Grace was putting on a brave face and smiling—didn't she know how pale she looked, and why did she insist that she was all right?

Although Jack was young, he knew what illness Grace had contracted, and he understood what it meant.

All the way home, he had been barely suppressing his emotions until he finally couldn't hold them back anymore.

"Jack."

Grace blinked her eyes; she hadn't expected the usually gentle Jack to react like this.

"Grace, don't you know we're all worried about you? What if we go home and... what if the same thing happens at home?"

As Jack spoke, the other children also turned their gazes in his direction.

Initially, they indeed wanted Grace to be discharged from the hospital and go home, but that was under the condition that her health had nearly recovered, and she had enough energy to go home to recuperate.

But just now, Grace had gone through another emergency, and she hadn't yet recovered, yet she was already being brought home.

The children's thoughts were simple, and they couldn't contemplate too many complex issues; all they cared about was the situation with Grace in front of them.



In their eyes, being sick meant being treated in a hospital—that was the proper course of action, not being sick and yet insisting on going home.

They had lived together since they were little and were nearly inseparable, so their affection for each other was very deep.

Even though Jack and Grace weren't related by blood, Jack had long considered Grace as his family in his heart.

Although he was a few months younger than Grace, Jack still saw Grace as his little sister.

"Jack."

After hearing what Jack had to say, Grace propped herself up from Charlotte's embrace, her lips curving into a smile.

She reached out and took hold of Jack's palm.

Chapter 987: Is Grace Right?

"Jack, I know you're worried about me, I know I might be acting a bit rash, but I want to go home."

"Because I don't like the hospital, I don't like the environment there, and I don't like those cold machines."

"I like bright colors, I like lively places, I know I'm sick and need to stay in the hospital, but I'd rather have you all by my side."

"We can visit you at the hospital after school," Jack looked up at Grace.

"But even if you come to see me at the hospital every day, how long can you stay with me?" Grace blinked.

"Plus, since I'm staying in the hospital, Dad and Mommy don't have time for work anymore, Mommy has already spent a lot of time with me."

Speaking of which, Grace turned her head to look at Charlotte.

In fact, Charlotte's phone had been flashing continuously during the time she had been accompanying Grace.

Charlotte gently touched her smooth long hair, a tinge of distress passing through her eyes.

"If Dad and Mommy go to work, I'll be alone in the hospital, and that will make me lonely and sad."

A hint of grievance appeared on Grace's cheeks.

"But..." Jack tried to say something but was interrupted by Grace.

"Jack, didn't our great-grandma just say? We have doctors at home, it's the same as being in the hospital, I can be treated at home if anything happens."

As Grace spoke, she fiddled with her fingers, counting,

"Plus, with great-grandma at home, I won't be bored, and at night I can sleep with you all instead of being alone in the hospital bed."

At this point, Grace paused, then glanced roguishly at Jack, "Or is it that you're sick of me and don't want to share a room with me anymore."

"Who said that, no way!" Jack quickly spoke up in his defense.

"If that's the case, why can't I go home, where Dad and Mommy can work in peace, and I have great-grandma by my side, and get to see you in the evenings? If I stayed in the hospital, would that be possible?" Grace pouted.

"But, but..." Jack stammered for a while but couldn't come up with a convincing reason.

"Mommy, do you think Grace is right?" Grace then turned her head to Charlotte.

Charlotte didn't say a word but nodded.

If it weren't for the comprehensive medical facilities at Stardust Garden and the doctors Jasmine Clarkson had brought in from abroad, Charlotte would never have dared to agree to Grace being discharged now.

Jack didn't speak any further, just quietly stayed next to Grace.

The children and Charlotte took one car, while Justin Battleson and Jasmine Clarkson were in another.

Feeling the quiet in the car, Grace took the initiative to speak.

"I didn't go to kindergarten today, what interesting things happened there? Can you guys tell me about it, please?"

Upon hearing Grace's words, Hank immediately spoke up.

He even started recounting from the moment he stepped through the kindergarten doors that morning, not wanting Grace to miss the slightest detail.

The atmosphere in the car no longer felt as heavy as before, but the children all spoke softly, cautious not to startle Grace.

Grace listened carefully, but a hint of loss eventually appeared in her expression.

"What's wrong, Grace?" Olivia immediately noticed Grace's expression.

Upon her comment, the few children in the car became tense again.

Grace quickly shook her head.

"I just feel it's a shame that for quite a while, I probably won't be able to go to kindergarten."

Chapter 988: There is Only One Way

"So, so every day we'll tell Grace everything that happens at kindergarten, okay?" Chad Thompson finally managed to get a word in.

"Okay, it's a promise, you can't lie to me," Grace Thompson said with her little head tilted.

"Why would we lie to you?" Hank Thompson muttered.

As the children chatted among themselves, the car slowly made its way back to Stardust Garden.

Charlotte Thompson, seeing that Grace's condition was stable, felt her anxious heart settle down somewhat at this moment.

Meanwhile, Stardust Garden already had waiting servants, who promptly came to greet them as Charlotte and others returned.

"Madam, the doctors have arrived," a servant said to Jasmine Clarkson.

Jasmine Clarkson nodded and then turned her gaze towards Charlotte.

Charlotte, understanding the implication, carried Grace under the guidance of the servant to where the doctor was.

What Charlotte didn't expect was that, in addition to the waiting doctors, there was also an acquaintance in Stardust Garden.

It was Adam Ross, whom she had just seen.

Charlotte nodded at him.

And the doctors, at that moment, took Grace away for the examination.

"How come you're here again?" Justin Battleson glanced at Adam Ross and spoke in a faint voice.

"Again?" Adam Ross was slightly startled upon hearing Justin's words, as he thought he had only been to Stardust Garden once.

Justin Battleson raised an eyebrow and uttered, "The hospital."

"You saw me at the hospital? When? I didn't see you there," Adam Ross was slightly taken aback and went somewhat off topic.

Justin Battleson looked at Adam Ross with an impatient gaze in his eyes.

He felt that Adam Ross had been appearing quite frequently lately.

The look in Justin Battleson's eyes gave Adam Ross a chill down his spine, causing him to cough and then say, "Our family head heard that Grace fell ill, so he had me bring our family doctor here, hoping to be of some help."

After saying this, Adam Ross gestured to Jack Thompson and Chad Thompson, who obediently came to his side.

Charlotte's gaze was fixed in the direction Grace was taken; her palm resting by her side fretfully rubbed together.

Seeing this, Justin Battleson put his arm around Charlotte's shoulder and gently comforted her, "Don't worry."

Adam Ross, upon hearing this, came over as well, "Yes, madam. The doctors you requested are the top professionals in the industry. I believe everything will be alright."

Justin Battleson glanced at Adam Ross but said nothing.

Charlotte clenched her hand tightly against her chin and spoke softly, "But... what I'm worried about now is the treatment method for Grace."

As long as no heart transplant was involved, Charlotte was ready to accept any level of difficulty.



Grace was simply too young for a heart transplant surgery.

As minutes and seconds passed, Charlotte originally wanted the children to eat dinner first since it was already so late, and the children had been hungry all along.

But the children all shook their heads, signaling to stay by Charlotte's side, also waiting together for the results of Grace's examination.

How long it had been, Charlotte did not know, but finally, a few doctors came out, still discussing something and looking rather serious.

Charlotte quickly approached them.

"Doctor, how is Grace doing, what kind of treatment method does she need?"

Charlotte prayed continuously in her heart.

Among these people, the oldest was known to Charlotte. He was a top figure from overseas in the medical field, considered a grandmaster; among the doctors, he had the deepest qualifications, thus he spoke first.

"Miss Thompson, your daughter indeed has a congenital heart condition, but now, I'm afraid there is only one treatment option left."

## Chapter 989: Grace Will Always Be Healthy

Charlotte Thompson's heart skipped a beat.

"What method is that?" she forced her voice to sound less shaky.

"It's the heart transplant surgery that the hospital you took your child to for examination had suggested," the doctor spoke, his voice profound and low.

Charlotte's brows furrowed deeply, her teeth biting hard on her lip.

"Weren't there other possible methods?"

"There are indeed other methods. For this kind of congenital heart disease, early surgery can be a cure," the doctor's voice was slow, but it did not offer Charlotte any comfort.

"But now your daughter has surpassed the ideal age for surgery. If we proceed with surgery now, the risks are no less than those of a heart transplant."

The doctor removed his gloves, his eyebrows tightly knitted.

"Doctor, is there really no other way?" Charlotte's teeth gently trembled.

The doctor shook his head.

"It's just that, Miss Thompson, there's something I really don't understand: why is it that your daughter's congenital heart disease has only been diagnosed now? Children should receive comprehensive examinations after birth. Problems like heart disease shouldn't go undetected."

The doctor's question left Charlotte speechless.

"Before... before, the doctors said my children were very healthy, without any issues," Charlotte clenched her teeth.

"This is very strange," the doctor said, puzzled.

Grace Thompson's heart disease had only manifested at her current age, which suggested that the condition wasn't so apparent at the beginning, and therefore the hospital had failed to detect it.

But now, as the child grew older and the burden on her heart increased, the congenital defect had become evident.

Charlotte breathed deeply, but still could not calm her emotions.

"Doctor, Grace is so young now, finding a matching heart for her..."

"That is also a matter of concern for us. Generally, heart transplant surgeries are performed on adults. For your daughter's age, it is not just rare, it's almost nonexistent."

Charlotte's eyes were already becoming sore.

"Miss Thompson, rest assured, we will do our utmost to find a suitable donor heart for you and actively treat your daughter's condition to prolong her life until a suitable heart is available."

"Thank you, Doctor."

Charlotte took a step back and bowed deeply to the doctors, "But please, no matter what, take good care of my daughter."

"Miss Thompson, you don't need to do this."

The doctor hurriedly reached out to support Charlotte, "This is what we, as doctors, are supposed to do."

"Charlotte, don't worry. The Ross family will help you, and I'll also tell the Gibson family," Adam Ross spoke up, comforting Charlotte.

If several renowned families in Druarus were working together, they couldn't believe they wouldn't be able to find one small heart.

Charlotte leaned into Justin Battleson's arms, taking a deep breath to steady herself.

But the last glimmer of hope she harbored in her heart was completely extinguished by the doctor's words.

Noticing Charlotte's melancholy, the children approached at that moment to comfort her one by one.

Grace walked out following the doctor, and when she saw Charlotte, she reached out to hug her, lifting her face to look up at her mother.

"Mommy, Dr. Uncle said Grace is doing very well, Mommy doesn't need to worry," she said.

Charlotte nodded, "Mommy knows, Mommy knows everything. Grace will always be healthy."

Chapter 990: It's Not Your Fault

Just then, a rumbling noise came from somewhere.

Everyone cast their eyes over and saw Hank Thompson scratching his head, a blush spreading across his cheeks.

"It's not me."

Hank's denial only seemed to make things more evident, but no sooner had he spoken than another sound came from his stomach.

"Mommy, Grace is hungry, let's hurry up and eat," Grace Thompson tugged at Charlotte Thompson's hand and said earnestly.

"Yes, the food that's been prepared has already been reheated several times, hurry up kids, now that Grace has finished her check-up, let's all eat together."

Jasmine Clarkson hastened to say as she approached.

The children then went one after another to wash their hands and sat at the dining table. The dinner Jasmine had prepared was very rich, and the children had long been famished. Now, seeing the food, they couldn't help but eagerly dig in.

"Why are you still here?"

Justin Battleson glanced at Adam Ross, who was eating nonchalantly by his side, and asked indifferently.

"It just so happens I haven't eaten either, you guys were starting to eat, so I joined in for a meal," Adam Ross said with a smile and then turned to put some food on Grace's plate.

"Grace, this is nutritious, eat more of it."

"Thank you, Uncle Adam," Grace Thompson said.

"Mainly because I don't want to go back to see the old men at the Ross Family. It's always unpleasant with their sarcastic remarks every time we meet," Adam Ross turned his head and served more food to the other children.

Charlotte Thompson, however, seemed somewhat preoccupied as she ate her meal.

Justin Battleson noticed Charlotte's disposition, took her hand from under the table, and served her her favorite dish.

"Don't worry."

"I know, it's just that I feel uncomfortable inside," Charlotte replied softly.

"I know you're worried about Grace's health, but if she sees you like this, she'll be unhappy too," Justin Battleson whispered in Charlotte's ear.

Hearing Justin's words, Charlotte paused, then turned her gaze towards Grace.

Grace's plate was piled with food the children had given her, and she was earnestly eating, one bite at a time.

Seemingly noticing Charlotte's glance, Grace looked up, her face breaking into a radiant smile.

Charlotte's hand, holding her chopsticks, tightened unconsciously, and she returned a smile to Grace.

But while Grace's smile was genuinely beaming, Charlotte's appeared somewhat forced.

After dinner, the children all stayed by Grace's side watching cartoons, while Annie Anne also seemed to have received the news and called Charlotte.

"I've heard about Grace's situation, how could this happen?"

Annie had learned about this from Oliver Hudson and was very surprised when she first heard it.



After all, Grace Thompson had always been very healthy, and Charlotte had mentioned that Grace had never been seriously ill from childhood. How could she now have been diagnosed with congenital heart disease?

"It was my negligence; I didn't take Grace for a proper check-up earlier, and it has been delayed until now," Charlotte's voice was full of self-reproach.

"It's not your fault. If the original hospital had detected Grace's condition, it wouldn't have come to this," Annie Anne sighed.

Charlotte responded.

But the hospital where she gave birth was chosen by the Thompson Family, and among the doctors was Vincent. Now, it seems likely that Grace's condition was not obvious initially, just as the doctors had indicated.