

# Medical Genius's Unspeakable Marriage Chapter 433

Hesitating for a moment, Steven leaned over to Crystal and whispered, "Miss Harrison, did Matthew threaten you? You can tell me anything. There's nothing I can't do in this hospital. As long as I'm willing, I can make that guy pack up and leave at any time!"

Crystal was absolutely furious. I wanted to make a good impression in front of Matthew, but this Steven is hurling all sorts of insults at Matthew! He is putting me in a difficult spot! Thus, she angrily yelled, "Dr. Newton, please leave!"

Upon hearing that, he was beyond humiliated. He gritted his teeth and growled, "Fine! Since you don't appreciate the kindness I'm showing you, I guess I was being presumptuous!"

I'm warning you; in this hospital, even the director has to show respect to me. How dare you disrespect me? Hmph; I'll make it so you can't even dream about getting a permanent position here!"

After that, Steven left in a huff. Then, Crystal apologetically said, "Matthew, I'm so sorry. That man was straight-up ridiculous!"

Matthew pursed his lips, feeling rather annoyed too. Steven, if you want to court a woman, then court her. Why did you have to insult me too? What do I have to do with your affairs? You're making it seem like I'm not allowing you to court her!

However, things were not over yet. Not long after Steven left, Tristan entered.

Tristan glanced at Matthew contemptuously. Then, he walked over to Crystal. "Miss Harrison, can I speak to you for a moment?"

She was surprised. “Dr. Fields, can I help you?”

He replied, “It has something to do with work. Miss Harrison, let’s talk outside.”

Despite her confusion, she put down the cloth in her hands. “Matthew, I’m going out for a bit.”

Matthew nodded in response. He couldn’t care less. Besides, Tristan probably came here for the same reason Steven did.

After that, Crystal followed Tristan out the door and saw a middle-aged lady standing there. The lady was dressed very extravagantly. She had two large diamonds on her fingers as well as a string of pearls around her neck. Thus, she gave off the sense that she was richly bejeweled.

All of a sudden, Tristan proudly said, “Miss Harrison, allow me to introduce you. This is my mother, Veronica Tuffin. She is the general manager of the Griffin Enterprise.”

Although Crystal felt very confused, she politely greeted the lady, “Nice to meet you, Mrs. Fields.”

Veronica sized her up and seemed rather satisfied. Nodding her head, she said, “Nice to meet you. Miss Harrison, your family is from this city, right?”

Crystal nodded. “Yes.”

Veronica asked, “What do your parents do?”

Crystal replied, “Uh... My parents are doctors.”

Then, Veronica’s eyes brightened. It was clear that she was happy with the answer as she continuously nodded her head. “I see. So, they are in the medical field. That’s good; that’s good. No wonder you entered this field too.”

Meanwhile, Crystal looked confused. What has my parents' work got to do with you?

Then, Veronica gently said, "Miss Harrison, my husband works at the Public Health Bureau. He is mainly responsible for managing hospitals. Tristan came to this hospital to work because he needs some training. In the future, we will transfer him to a better position.

Since your parents are doctors, you would be quite a good match with our family. Let's do it this way then; why don't you transfer over to Tristan's department and get to know him better for a period? If things work out, we can invite your parents over for a meal to get to know each other."

Crystal was at a loss. "Mrs. Fields, w-what is this about? I'm doing quite well in this department. I have no plans to transfer departments. Also, my parents are very busy. I don't think they can make time to join you for a meal."

Veronica frowned. "Busy? No matter how busy they are, can they be busier than us? My company is worth hundreds of millions. As the general manager, do you know how many things I am in charge of?

Besides, my husband is in charge of all the hospitals in the entire city! No matter how busy your parents are, can they be busier than him? We're willing to spare some time for a meal, but your parents aren't?! Child, where are your manners?! How did your parents teach you?!"