

THE SUBSTITUTE WIFE: MY POOR HUSBAND IS A BILLIONAIRE

CHAPTER 799 THE LIVER DONOR

Vivian hung up the call.

Right now, she was in the VIP ward. The facilities were better than ordinary ones, and the doctors and nurse treated her quite well.

At this moment, a nurse entered the ward. It was time to change the dressing.

"How are you today, Miss Cooper? Do you feel any better?" the nurse asked Vivian with concern.

With a faint smile, Vivian slowly sat up and answered, "I feel so much better now."

Without further ado, she unbuttoned her clothes, revealing a long, gauze on her right upper abdomen.

The nurse carefully removed the old dressing and cleaned Vivian's wound with a cotton swab dipped in iodine.

"Since you had just undergone the surgery, you should eat a lot of nutritious food to help you recover faster. And when you get discharged, you should rest until the wound heals. You can't do any strenuous exercises just yet," the nurse advised while changing the dressing. She then tidied Vivian's clothes and added, "It's so good to be young. With your age, you'll quickly recover. I'm sure you will be discharged from the hospital soon."

Vivian just smiled and did not say anything anymore.

A few moments later, the nurse finished what she was supposed to do. But before she left, she decided to ask Vivian a question she had been dying to know.

"Are you perhaps related with Mr. Turner? It's just that your blood type is very rare. I'm in awe. You're still young, yet you're willing to donate a part of your liver to him."

Donating an organ was not a small thing.

Vivian smiled and pulled up the quilt until it covered herself.

Without a word, she looked out of the window. The rain had lessened, and the whole city seemed to have been washed by the rain.

"No. The truth is, I was an orphan sponsored by Mr. Turner's daughter. She's gone now. And since her father needs help, I believe that it's only right for me to repay her kindness by doing this for her father."

"Oh, I see," the nurse uttered, taken aback. She was

silent for a few seconds and looked at Vivian with respect. To somehow ease the awkward silence, she sorted out the tools in the tray and said, "There aren't many people like you who know how to be grateful. But just so you know, the Turner family is also lucky to meet a girl as kind-hearted as you."

"It was Miss Turner who helped me first. Without her, I won't be who I am today. This is the right thing to do," Vivian replied with a modest smile. Suddenly, she realized something. She looked out of the door with a sad expression and continued, "But I might leave Mr. Turner and Mrs. Turner soon. I'll say goodbye to them once I recover. I don't want to disturb their lives anymore."

As soon as she finished speaking, the door of the ward opened from the outside.

"You're not going anywhere, my silly girl," Catherine

said while rushing in. When she saw the melancholia on Vivian's face, her eyes turned red again.

Meanwhile, Vivian feigned surprise. She pretended that she did not know Mrs. Turner was eavesdropping outside. At this moment, she lowered her gaze and said in a low voice, "Mr. Turner has just gotten better. I don't want to make him angry again. I will leave as he wishes. But bear in mind that I will always be grateful to you."

Catherine sat on the edge of Vivian's bed and sighed. She was at a loss for words.

Just a few days ago, she had planned on transferring a large sum of money to the liver donor.

However, the hospital told her that the donor had refused to accept the money.

That did not stop Catherine from finding out who the donor was. She even hired someone to investigate the person. It turned out that it was Vivian.

Catherine was both shocked and moved. She immediately asked someone to move Vivian into the VIP ward.

"Let bygones be bygones. You saved Luke's life. He won't drive you away anymore." Catherine turned around and took the thermos from the servant who was standing behind her. "The doctor said you should consume nutritious food, so I brought you some soup."

Catherine opened the lid of the thermos and poured out a white thick soup into a bowl. It turned out to be a fish soup. It was still steaming. It had green scallions, and it looked appetizing.

Just as Vivian was about to take the spoon, Catherine took it and started feeding her instead.

"Don't move. Your wound hasn't healed yet. Come on. I'll feed you."

Vivian pursed her lips, and her eyes suddenly brimmed with tears.

"What is it? You don't like fish soup? I'll get you something else then," Catherine gently urged.

"I'm just touched, Mrs. Turner. I grew up without parents, and I often got bullied in the orphanage. To tell you the truth, you and Miss Turner are the only ones who have treated me so well."