

## You Just Got Exposed, Dear Chapter 19

### Chapter 19

“Prepare a car to send Grandpa to the hospital,” Mitchell ordered even as his expression darkened.

Due to his speedy action, Jennifer didn’t have the opportunity to furtively take Montgomery’s pulse.

She then wanted to tag along, but Beau stopped her.

At the hospital, Montgomery was sent directly to the intensive care unit after receiving emergency care. The top-notch experts from several hospitals nearby rushed over, but they all wore grim faces after checking him over.

Montgomery was in the military during his youth, so he had suffered multiple injuries in a dozen places, both major and minor.

Now that he was up in years, his body was no longer as strong as it was before. Hence, his old injuries flared up after he was ticked off by Lucas earlier.

The most severe old injury he suffered was a brain injury. For that reason, they didn’t have much confidence about the chances of success in regard to the operation.

“Mr. Mitchell, Old Mr. White’s condition this time isn’t promising.” Benjamin, a neurologist himself, was also one of the top-notch experts. “Even if my mentor is here, he might not be able to promise you anything,” he continued honestly.

Mitchell stared at Montgomery on the hospital bed through the window. With a resolute look in his eyes, he asserted, “I’ll save him no matter the price!”

After saying that, he whirled around and left.

As Benjamin gazed at the man’s disappearing back, he let out a sigh. *While he usually seems aloof and detached, he actually cares a lot about Old Mr. White.*

Very quickly, news of Montgomery’s illness spread among the wealthy families.

In the living room of the Young residence, Patrick sat on the couch with a chagrined expression.

Ever since the White family unilaterally terminated the collaboration with him,

other families followed suit. As a result, Young Corporation was currently performing dismally.

After the loss of their former glory, the Youngs rarely left the house. However, they were still keeping abreast of the latest happenings.

“Patrick, the fact that Old Mr. White fell ill this time is a perfect opportunity for us! If we can find a doctor for him—”A gleam of something flashed across Liza’s eyes.

Alas, Patrick’s expression darkened further before she could finish speaking, and he retorted, “Do you think the White family’s status and reputation at present is for nothing? Will we

be able to find a doctor to treat Old Mr. White when even Mitchell can't do so?"

Disgruntled at having been chided, Liza muttered, "I only said that for the good of the family!"

"Hmph!" Patrick snorted.

The tension in the air was palpable.

On the contrary, Juliet was glad about Montgomery's hospitalization.

*When he dies, I'll be able to be with Mitchell again! Ah, just the mere thought of it is delightful! I can't wait to celebrate with a bottle of champagne!*

"If modern medicine doesn't work, you can try traditional medicine!"

All of a sudden, a voice tinged with a dialectal accent sounded in the quiet living room.

"What did you just say, Winnie?" Liza turned and asked the servant who was cleaning the house.

At that, Winnie Wallace stopped cleaning. "Mrs. Young, were you saying that a relative of yours is ill? There's a miracle doctor in my hometown who can even revive the dead."

Despite her words, no one seemed interested.

Seeing that, Winnie grew frantic. “I’m serious! A relative of mine was repairing his

house in my hometown back then when he fell from a height of twenty meters! He was on the verge of dying, but fortune smiled on him, and the miracle doctor happened to pass by. The miracle doctor inserted a few needles into him and kept him breathing. That was the only reason he was still alive when he was sent to the hospital later!”

“Are you serious?” As though listening to a story, Juliet started developing an interest.

“Of course! That miracle doctor is very famous in my hometown! Not only can he save humans, but he can also save animals!”

By then, Patrick and Liza took it seriously since they noticed that Winnie didn’t seem to be making up stories.

“Where is your hometown, Winnie?”

“My hometown is three hundred kilometers away, in Tayhaven,” Winnie answered truthfully.

“Great! It’s a day’s commute!” Slapping his hands against his thighs in elation, Patrick sprang to his feet. Inwardly, a detailed plan immediately took shape.

Meanwhile, as Mitchell was wallowing in helplessness at the White residence because of Montgomery’s condition, James came over.

“Mr. Mitchell, Ms. Young is here,” he murmured.

Upon seeing that the man appeared unmoved, seemingly with no intention to allow Juliet entry, he added, “She said she has found a doctor for Old Mr. White.”

When Mitchell heard that, he lifted his eyes and glanced at James. “Let her in, then.”

Soon, Juliet sashayed in.

In order to establish an altruistic persona before Mitchell, she had deliberately put on some makeup that made her look pallid before coming over.

“How have you been, Mitchell?”

However, it was as though Mitchell didn’t hear her, for he demanded bluntly, “You claim to have found a doctor for my grandfather?”

“Yes, a miracle doctor. He also treated my grandfather a few years ago.”

In a bid to increase her credibility, Juliet mentioned David.

“A miracle doctor?” It was clear as day that Mitchell found that title quite an exaggeration.

“Yes, Carlson Frank. A few years ago, my grandfather also suffered from a grave illness. Fortunately, Dr. Frank treated him. He’s now hale and hearty, even traveling the globe!”

*Hmm ? Carlson Frank ?*

Unbidden, Mitchell recalled a renowned doctor in Jadeborough who was also known by the same name. However, the elderly man's whereabouts had been unpredictable all these years. Even the men he sent out to search for him couldn't locate him.

“Do you know where he is?”

“Yeah. He's in Tayhaven, which is three hundred kilometers away from here. The Young family is very close to this miracle doctor. Don't worry. He'll be here tomorrow to treat Old Mr. White.”

Juliet did not have any qualms about fibbing just to leave a good impression on Mitchell.

“In that case, I thank you in advance, Ms. Young.” Mitchell's expression improved slightly.

“Not at all.” Having garnered a courteous response from the man, Juliet put on a shy and demure expression.

Every single word from the conversation in the living room fell into the ears of Jennifer, who was behind the wall.

The corners of her mouth tilted upward as a sneer played on her lips.

*Well, well... She's even more capable than expected, given that she managed to locate my mentor for the sake of returning to Mitchell's side. Alas, she's destined to leave empty-handed this time!*

In the blink of an eye, the agreed-upon time for the appointment set up by Juliet came.

Everyone was waiting in the hospital to catch a glimpse of the renowned doctor's countenance.

Unexpectedly, they only saw Juliet approaching alone.

"Where's Dr. Frank, Ms. Young?" Benjamin asked as he hurried over to her.

With an embarrassed expression on her face, Juliet raised her eyes and glanced at Mitchell, who was a stone's throw away. "I'm sorry, Mitchell. I didn't manage to get him here."

Mitchell said nothing, but the look in his eyes was chilly and tinged with a sense of displeasure

At his stare, Juliet couldn't help feeling as though he had seen through her boastful lie.

*This isn't what I was hoping for either! I prepared a huge sum of money, but surprisingly, the damn miracle doctor remained unmoved. He wouldn't even see me, merely shouting through the door that he was dead!*

Recalling that, she took a deep breath. "Mitchell, when I arrived, Dr. Frank was already gone."

"Gone? What do you mean by that?" Benjamin was exceedingly frantic as he listened at the side.

“Gone as in deceased. Dr. Frank has already passed away.” Juliet simply drove the nail into the coffin, reckoning that the miracle doctor must be a quack doctor instead.