

She is a ceo Chapter 481

Lucia returned to the hospital when Arthur and Eduard had not yet returned. She entered the door to see Theodore had fallen asleep, but his face, which should have been innocent and childish, slightly wrinkled because of the ongoing pain. Lucia gasped and her eyes instantly turned red ...

She did it right ... She was right ...

Now Lucia can only tell herself this to be able to continue to hold on.

Daphne was lying on the edge of Theodore's bed and had been sleeping. When she heard the sound of footsteps, she immediately looked up and saw Lucia standing at the door. She stood up and asked anxiously.

"Lucia, where have you been tonight? We're all so anxious!"

"Shhh ..." Lucia made a silent gesture to Daphne, signaling her not to wake up Theodore. Daphne immediately shut up, but the next second scampered to Lucia like a rabbit, asking her with her eyes what was going on.

"Daphne ..." Looking into Daphne's simple but anxious eyes, Lucia really did not know what to say. If she knew what happened in the hotel, will she still look at her like this and call her? Lucia thought bitterly in her heart.

"Lucia?" Daphne, who had never seen such a complicated look in Lucia's eyes before, called out to her in confusion, and as soon as she said so, she looked away and said with excitement,

"Eduard, Arthur, Lucia has returned."

It turned out that Daphne had seen Arthur and Eduard, who had just returned.

Lucia's body shook slightly. Her nails poked into her palms, and she bowed her head to conceal all the emotions.

Seeing Lucia again, although only seeing her back, Arthur felt like a century had passed so long.

Sensing that Arthur had stopped, Eduard immediately and thoughtfully stepped forward, crossed over to Lucia and pulled Daphne out of the room, saying.

"Daphne , Lucia is back. Let's go too."

"Huh?" Daphne was confused about the current atmosphere.

"It's late. We have to take a plane tomorrow. Come on, come back to the hotel with me." Now it was impossible to explain anything. Eduard simply took Daphne's hand and went to the other side of the corridor. Daphne dared not shout in the hospital, but can only keep looking back to Lucia. Stammering, she can not say complete words.

The sound of Eduard and Daphne talking faded away, leaving Lucia and Arthur alone at the door of the ward.

Even without turning around, Lucia knew that Arthur had been watching her. Her palms had been pierced with deep nail marks, but this was still not as bad as the pain she felt in her heart by a billionth.

Someone had to break the silence, and Lucia chose to let herself do it.

Turning her head slowly, there was no warmth in Lucia's eyes. She coldly opened her mouth at Arthur, "Why are you still here?"

Arthur really never tried this feeling. Being treated coldly by the woman he loved, his heart hurt so much.

“Theodore is my son, too.” Arthur replied so with a sense of pleading.

Lucia responded directly to Arthur’s remark with a sidelong glance, seemingly not bothering to talk to him about the issue. She turned back and simply walked into the ward and sat down on the edge of the bed, holding Theodore’s small hand and gently rubbing it. Only she herself knew how painful the nail marks on her palm were.

Arthur wanted to follow her in, but he found himself struggling, and his feet seemed to weigh a thousand pounds.

But in the end, he walked into the room, only no longer near the bed, but leaning on the wall opposite the bed. Looking at Theodore, his eyes were still gentle and loving.

Lucia’s hands began to tremble slightly as she caught a glimpse of Arthur who carefully kept distance from her, and her grip on Theodore’s little hand was uncontrollably strong. Theodore seemed to feel it and frowned and whimpered in his sleep. Lucia noticed it and immediately let go of her hand, while Arthur was nervously leaning over to check on his son’s condition. The distance between the two was instantly closer.

Lucia gently patted Theodore’s arm carefully, waiting for him to look soothed before she sighed in relief, but sensing that Arthur had come closer, Lucia’s heart fluttered with pain. She bit her lower lip, turned her head to Arthur and said,

“Can you leave? There’s no need to stay here and make the atmosphere so awkward!”

Arthur did not expect Lucia to suddenly snap, and turned his head to look over, only to see Lucia impatiently glaring at him. He simply did not know that Lucia’s irritable expression was actually because of fear that she can not pretend.

Tearing off the pretense, did he really disgust her that much?

Arthur's bitterness in his heart was overwhelming, but on surface he can only say, "I am Theodore's father ... he is still very sick. I can not leave."

Arthur had put himself on the humble side of emotions to pray for Lucia.

"There's no use for you to stay here." Lucia gave Arthur a glance and didn't hesitate to say the most hurtful words.

Arthur wanted to say something but didn't know what he could say.

"And your parents and brothers," Lucia seemed to feel that she was not cruel enough, and continued, "Let them also leave. Without cover, seeing again will only be more awkward. I know you have the kindness to give Teddy life. Don't worry. In the future I will let you know his condition changing through Eduard."

Kindness to give his son life, the phrase sounded impressive, but in fact it was also the most cruel. Arthur merely provided life to Theodore.

Arthur smiled bitterly and stood up straight. Perhaps not wanting to make things difficult for Lucia, or perhaps he really couldn't stand the impatient look she had, he nodded and whispered,

"All right, I'll leave."

Arthur was so decisive. Lucia choked instead, and almost can't breathe.

Before she could realize what happened, she heard the sound of footsteps. By the time Lucia turned her head, Arthur was gone.

Almost at the same time, the tears in Lucia's eyes slipped down.

At this time, Theodore moved around. Lucia cried silently and continue to give him a gentle pat on the arm. Like a puppet, she repeated this action mechanically. Her empty eyes were constantly shedding tears. And the whole ward was filled with a low, depressing atmosphere.

On the other hand, Arthur's situation was not good either. Walking in the quiet corridor, he felt that the whole world was slowly disappearing and everything he perceived was meaningless anymore.