

I Married a Beautiful Boss After the Breakup by Seafarer's Strike Chapter 10

Chapter 10

Eric said, "There must be a mistake, doc! I just paid \$15,000 yesterday!" Eric was embarrassed to ask Sylvia for money again.

"A mistake? This is the bill, according to the billing system. We didn't expect the patient's condition to be so serious, and your account has run out of money."

Eric looked at the bill only to realize that they had spent all \$15,000 and owed the hospital a few hundred bucks.

David was delighted to see Eric panic.

"Eric, weren't you bold enough to hit me? Show us how bold you are and punch the doctor in the face, and I'll settle the rest of the outstanding bill for you!" David taunted Eric.

Eric clenched his fists tightly. David must be behind this, so he tried hard to avoid punching David in the face again.

"I demand to check the account! There must be a mistake!" said Eric.

He wondered if David had conspired with the doctor and handed him a fake bill. The truth would be revealed by going through the account.

The doctor smiled and said, "You're free to do so. However, before you review the account, we will have to cut your father's medication due to outstanding bills."

Eric panicked. His father's life was on the line, after all.

"Eric!" Mrs. Johnson stepped forward and handed Eric some money. "Take this and settle the bills quickly!"

"Mom!" Eric looked at his mother. He knew the money was meant for her medication expenses.

"No, I can't." Eric shook his head and looked at David.

"D-David!" Eric lowered his head and said, "I'm so sorry!"

The cruel and harsh reality compelled him to lower his pride and apologize to David. Unfortunately, he had underestimated David.

David burst into laughter and said, "Eric, your apologies are worthless. You must pay for your misdeeds!"

David felt a great sense of satisfaction. He was addicted to the exhilaration of controlling one's destiny.

Eric gnashed his teeth and walked up to David.

"David, hit me if you need to vent your anger. I'll continue to work for you until the compensation for your monitor is fully paid."

"I'm sorry." David waved his hand and said, "My conscience forbids me to lay a finger on my employees. Compensation is a must. I've spent thousands on it, after all. However, how are you going to continue working if you are already being fired?"

Eric was in despair.

"However! I'll give you a chance to redeem yourself," said David.

"What do you want, David?" Eric said solemnly.

He was willing to sacrifice anything for the sake of his parents' lives.

David sneered and said, "It's very simple. Just get on your hands and knees and bark three times, and I'll let things slide."

"What!?" Eric looked up and stared David straight in the eyes.

He was reminded of how David had humiliated him with Jasmine previously.

"Why are you staring at me?" David sneered. "Trying to act pitiful with your puppy eyes?"

"Go to h*ll, David!" Eric scowled and punched David in the face again.

He had come to realize that David would never stop harassing and threatening him, even if he obliged. David would keep coming up with fresh ideas to torment him.

David stumbled to the ground, pointed at Eric, and yelled, "Doctor Anderson, cut his father's medication immediately and let him die!"

David was fuming.

The doctor adjusted his glasses and replied, "Alright. I'll order the nurse to cut his medication."

David burst into a fit of laughter. "Eric, it's all your fault your father is going to die!"

David wanted Eric to live with regret for the rest of his life.

"Doctor! Mr. David!"

Mrs. Johnson knelt on the ground.

"Mom, what are you doing!?" Eric tried to lift his mother up hastily, but she pushed him away.

"Please, don't cut his medication! I apologize on behalf of my son! Please, don't do this, I beg you!" Mrs. Johnson pleaded with the doctor. "It's all my fault! I failed as a mother! Please accept my apologies!"

"Mom!" Eric was in shock. Tears began to well up in his eyes.

"Mom, please get up!" Eric tried lifting his mother again. "You don't have to beg them. I can handle this!"

Eric decided to swallow his pride and ask Sylvia for money. He did not want his elderly mother to kneel and beg David, that *sshole.

"Eric!" Tears rolled down Mrs. Johnson's cheeks. "We are deep in debt! Who else is willing to lend us money?"

Before Eric could respond, a voice suddenly echoed.

"What's with all this commotion in here? How is the patient going to rest?"

"Director!" Dr. Anderson ran up to Dr. Gray, the director of the hospital, but he was no match for Mrs. Johnson's speed.

“Director!” Mrs. Johnson wanted to kneel before him, but Dr. Gray stopped her.

“Ma’am, what are you doing?” asked Dr. Gray.

“They are going to cut my husband’s medication! Director, please don’t do it! I beg you!” Mrs. Johnson sobbed.

“Cut his medication?” Dr. Gray looked puzzled. “Ma’am, what is your husband’s name? Who gave permission to cut his medication?”

“My husband’s name is Blake Johnson. Dr. Anderson said to cut his medication!” Mrs. Johnson replied hastily.

Dr. Gray’s expression darkened.

“Mrs. Johnson, please stop crying.” Dr. Gray consoled Mrs. Johnson. “It’s the duty of the hospital to save lives and provide care for their patients. So it’s impossible for us to cut off a patient’s medication!”

“R-Really?” Mrs. Johnson stared at Dr. Gray eagerly as if he were a life-saver.

“Yes, you have my word.” Dr. Gray nodded. “I am the hospital director!”

At the end of his words, Dr. Gray glared at Dr. Anderson.

“You almost got us into a disaster, Anderson! Thank God I was here in time! Disciplinary actions will be taken against you, so scram!”

“D-Director!” Dr. Anderson was shocked.

“Enough is enough, Anderson!” barked Dr. Gray. “Mr. Johnson is supposed to be transferred to a private ward for special care, and you wanted to cut his medication? How dare you!”

“T-The private ward!?” Dr. Anderson was shocked.

Only wealthy and influential people had access to the private ward.

At the same time, David, Jasmine, and Eric were all in shock.

Then Sylvia’s image flashed in Eric’s mind in an instant.

Sylvia must have arranged with the hospital to transfer his father to the private ward while she was there yesterday—that was the only explanation that made sense.

‘Thank you, Sylvia...’