

Chapter 3

Even though I was young, beautiful, and in good shape, I was nothing more than just another body to him.

But still, when his hands touched me during the examination, I couldn't help but squeeze my eyes shut, my face flushing bright red.

Later, as I was leaving, I wondered if I'd imagined it or if the room's heating had been too high—Jonathan's ears also seemed a little red.

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"Jazzy, can we stop at the next service area? I need to use the restroom."

Kimberly's voice suddenly pulled me back from my thoughts. I bit my lip gently, trying to shift my leg.

But Jonathan's fingers only tightened their grip.

I lowered my lashes, not daring to move again.

Soon, the car pulled over.

Kimberly immediately whined, asking Jasper to accompany her to the restroom.

Jasper glanced back at me, looking slightly conflicted. But Jonathan spoke up suddenly, his voice low and steady, "She's asleep."

Jasper seemed to relax at once.

"John, I'll just go with Kimmy to the restroom. We'll be back soon."

Jonathan responded with a simple hum.

The car door opened. Then closed. Soon, their voices faded away, leaving behind complete silence.

"Katherine." Jonathan suddenly pulled the blanket off my legs.

"You're already sweating. Aren't you hot?" I lowered my head even more, not daring to meet his gaze.

I grabbed the water bottle, trying to mask my awkwardness by taking a sip. But he snatched it from me.

"Don't drink so much cold water. Have you already forgotten the medical advice I gave you?"

I didn't know where the courage came from, but I suddenly looked up and met his eyes.

"Dr. Clayton's medical skills aren't all that impressive."

"Oh?" His brows furrowed slightly. "And why's that?"

"I followed your advice, took the medication, avoided the foods you told me to... But it still hurts."

His frown deepened. "It still hurts?"

"It hurts right now, actually."

I pressed my lips together, tilting my chin defiantly. "Should I come in for another check-up, Dr. Clayton?"

Not far outside the window, Kimberly was clinging to Jasper's arm.

The two of them were so close that there wasn't even room for air between them.

Jasper kept pinching her cheek, ruffling her hair affectionately. They looked like the perfect, inseparable couple.

I felt a simmering frustration, anger trapped in my chest, desperately searching for an outlet.

Before I knew it, I grabbed Jonathan's hand. "Or maybe... Dr. Clayton can fulfill his duty as a doctor right now and examine me?"

When his hand was about to touch my chest, he quickly pulled away and immediately gripped the back of my neck firmly.

With just a little force, he pulled me right up against him. "Katherine."

He lowered his gaze to look at me. And I had to tilt my face upward just to meet his eyes.

"Don't try to seduce me here."

"Seduce you?" I met his gaze head-on, refusing to back down.

"Dr. Clayton, are you saying you have no medical ethics? You'd ignore a patient in discomfort and just sit there watching?"

Before I could finish, he suddenly took off his glasses and kissed me.

That taste was so uniquely his—a faint bitterness mixed with the sterile scent of disinfectant, like it seeped from every inch of his skin, completely enveloping me.

My eyes widened. Instinctively, I tried to push him away, but his hands only held me tighter.

A small gasp escaped me, but as soon as my lips parted, he took full advantage, deepening the kiss even more.

The air in my lungs was slowly drained away, making my head spin.

First, my legs gave out, then my entire body went weak as if my bones had been taken apart, leaving me unable to support myself.

His fingers gripped my chin, kissing me deeper and deeper.

Even my tongue felt numb.

At some point, my hands clutched at his shirt, wrinkling the fabric in my desperate grip.

Our ragged breaths tangled together, and tears prickled at the corners of my eyes from the overwhelming intensity.

Suddenly, Jonathan stopped.

I tilted my head back, dazed, my eyes still hazy as I stared at him—as if silently asking for more.

Jonathan smirked, his fingers brushing away the moisture from the corner of my lips.

"No need to rush, Katherine."

"Hm?" I stared at him, dazed, my mind still spinning.

He leaned down again, planting a soft, lingering kiss on my slightly swollen lips.

His forehead rested against mine, his voice low and husky against my ear.

"30 more miles. When we get there, I'll give you what you want."

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