

Chapter 18

"Yvonne Frey?" Henry frowned slightly.

The person on the other end of the line hummed in response.

"What is it?"

"I heard you are in the hospital. Are you feeling unwell?" Yvonne clutched the hem of her blouse as she carefully inquired.

On the other end of the line, Henry cast a sideways glance at the hospital bed as his eyes turned serious. "Yeah."

"Is it serious?" Yvonne straightened her back as her voice grew louder with worries mixed in it. "Which hospital are you in? I'll come over!"

"No need!" Henry's handsome face sank. "Have you finished your work?"

Words got stuck in Yvonne's throat.

"If you haven't finished, then hurry it up. I want to see it when I come back!"

After saying that, Henry ended the call.

"Henry, who's that?" A curious and weak female voice rang out behind him.

When Henry heard the voice, the cold expression on his face instantly softened.

"Did I wake you?" He turned around.

"No, the anesthesia just wore off. You haven't answered me yet." The woman lifted her bony hand and placed it on the back of his hand.

Henry could feel the coldness of her palm. He retracted his hand and put hers under the blanket. "Just a nobody. Don't worry about it."

"Is that so?" The woman smiled at her faintly and stopped asking. She turned her head to the side and started coughing so badly that she looked like she was about to cough her lungs out.

Pain flashed across Henry's eyes as he immediately pressed on the emergency button on the side of the bed.

A few doctors rushed in quickly, with Shane Summers in front of them. After checking up on the patient, Shane removed his gloves. "Nothing serious, but we can't keep delaying it. Henry, have her sign the bone marrow donor agreement as soon as you can."

"Bone marrow donor agreement?" Jacqueline Conrad sat up on her bed as her eyes lit up in surprise. "You found a donor, Henry?"

Unable to bear her disappointment, Henry slowly uttered a "yes" to her.

Jacqueline covered her mouth and wept in joy.

Henry helped her lie down. "Rest well and don't worry about anything. I have it all under control."

He wouldn't let her die!

"Thank you, Henry!" Jacqueline was touched.

Henry tucked her into the bed. "No need to thank me. I'm doing all this for you willingly! Alright, I need to return to the office now. Shane, please look after Jackie. Call me if anything comes up."

"Leave it to me." Shane gave him an assuring smile.

Henry nodded slightly back at him, then straightened out the wrinkles on his suit and left the hospital.

As soon as he returned, his assistant, Joe, followed behind him while reporting some of the things that happened in the company during his absence.

Henry responded to him faintly as he made his way to his office emotionlessly.

While passing by one of the secretary's offices, he saw Yvonne sleeping soundly on her desk out of the corner of his eye.

He frowned as his eyes dimmed. No one could decipher the emotions in them.

"Mr. Lancaster?" Seeing Henry had suddenly stopped, Joe closed the file in his hand and gave him a puzzled look.

Henry raised his hand. "Wait for me here."

After saying that, he went inside Yvonne's office.

It was cold in the office. Henry narrowed his eyes and turned his gaze to the air conditioner in the corner. The display showed that the temperature was only sixteen degrees Celsius. An unknown ball of rage suddenly rose in his heart.

Was this woman trying to freeze herself to death?

Henry walked up to her angrily and tapped her desk twice. "Yvonne Frey!"

Yvonne was startled awake and shot right up. "Here!"

"Are you a secretary who sleeps on the job?" Henry pursed his thin lips and spoke in an icy tone.

Yvonne helped and was fully awake now. "My apologies. It's my mistake..."

She accidentally nodded off because she had waited for him so long last night that she barely caught a few hours of sleep.

Little did she expect she would be caught red-handed.

"Write a self-reflection report of five hundred words and hand it in to me before getting off work today!" He ordered.

"Alright," Yvonne responded bitterly.

"Have you finished your work?" Henry asked again.

"I did." Yvonne hurriedly pushed a stack of papers on the desk toward him. Her eyes were shining, making her seem like a small animal who was asking for praise.

Henry's pupils suddenly dilated as words were clogged in his throat.