

Runaway 13

Chapter 13

“What? Why would you ask that, sir?” Irene asked, a foreboding sensation hitting her just then.

“You should know what it means to be blacklisted...” the chief said hesitantly. “Your career as a doctor—including your accomplishments—would all be erased, and no hospital would hire you.”

Irene was left flabbergasted by the situation that struck out of the blue. She clenched and freed her knuckles repeatedly, until she finally said, “Sir, I really love this job ... I can’t go without it.”

“I want to keep you, but there is nothing I can do for you.

In reality, the chief found it a pity—he acknowledged and admired Irene’s professionalism and abilities, but he did not have the ability to help her.

“If you want to keep your job, you have to talk to Isaac Jefferson . Apologize to him if you offended him, and it just might save your career,” the chief told her earnestly.

“I...” Irene was hesitant to say anything.

After all, could Isaac’s prejudice against her be that easily resolved?

She understood that he was coming for blood, not just

because he wanted to get back at her for touching something precious to him, but also because he was dissatisfied with marrying her. He probably would force her to ask for a divorce in the process as well.

Taking a deep breath, she said, “I understand.”

“You are on your own on this own,” the chief said, leaving her dispirited as she returned to her clinic.

She expected that things would not work out even if she begged Isaac for mercy, because he wanted her to divorce him...

But she had signed an agreement with Henry, and she would be violating that agreement if she gave in to Isaac.

She suddenly felt sick and wanted to vomit, though that moment lasted for a brief instant.

Turning on her computer after taking a break, she tried to send her resume to other hospitals, but all of them rejected her the instant they saw her name.

At that very moment, she genuinely felt the might of a black flag!

Even so, she could not go without a job, and she did not have many friends either. In fact, the only one she could go to now was Zachary.

After hesitating for a while, she eventually whipped out

her phone to call him, and he picked up soon enough. “Irene? What’s up?”

“Do you have time? I want to meet you,” she said, trying to keep her voice normal instead of raspy.

Zachary quickly agreed to it anyway. "Sure."

They were going to meet at a restaurant, and Irene left the hospital soon after washing up, so she arrived first.

When Zachary arrived, he was still under the impression that Irene was worried about getting a heart donor.

"I can't get a donor yet..." he said as he sat down.

Since it was the perfect timing anyway, Irene told him, "My mother had a transplant already."

"What?" Zachary exclaimed in surprise. "When did that happen? I had no idea!"

"Last night," Irene replied. "I couldn't tell you in time." Zachary blinked, but became relieved as he said, "Well, did the surgery go well?"

She nodded, but Zachary saw that she still appeared to be dispirited. "What's wrong?"

Having no other option, she admitted, "I'm going to lose my job."

Caught by surprise again, Zachary soon became indignant. "What? Is Dr. King firing you?"

"No, I've offended someone."

"Who?" Zachary pressed. "Who did you offend? I'll help you kick their butt!"

Irene hesitated since Zachary might be friends with Isaac, but eventually said it anyway. "Isaac Jefferson." Zachary almost spat out his drink. "Him? He's the reason you're going to lose your job?"

Irene nodded.

"Well, how did you manage to offend him? Was it Whitney Cox?" Zachary asked, since he could not think of any other reason.

He, like others, was unaware of Irene and Isaac's marriage. They never held a wedding, and since there was no publicity and Isaac did not acknowledge it anyway, only a select few knew.

Irene, knowing that Isaac would divorce her eventually anyway, did not tell Zachary either—which was why Whitney was the only connection between Isaac and Irene that Zachary could think of.

Before she could respond, he continued, "To be fair to him, it's the first time I've seen him get so obsessed with a woman... But he's still a blind fool – why Whitney Cox,

of all people?"

It did not matter to Irene who Isaac fell for, as it was strictly a case of to each their own.

Who knows? Whitney might really be Isaac's type.

Still, Zachary's outburst confirmed Irene's theory that he and Isaac were friends, so she asked gingerly, "The patient you asked me to treat in your stead... That's Isaac Jefferson, right?"

She had that hunch when she recognized Stan as Isaac's assistant, so she simply asked to confirm it.

“Yeah, but don’t tell anyone,” Zachary told her, having faith that she would not do so—or he would not have allowed her to sub in for him.

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Then, after some thought, he said, “I’ll talk to him in your stead.”

Irene wanted to stop him right then and clarify what was going on between her and Isaac, but she failed to put together the right words.

All she ended up saying was, “Thank you.”

“Oh, don’t get all mushy on me.” Zachary laughed. “Also ... weren’t you offering to treat me to a meal last time?”

Irene smiled. “Of course.”

At the Light Group offices, Isaac had just finished a meeting and returned to his office when Stan approached him.

“Sir, I just spotted Ms. Spencer having lunch with Dr. Slate.”

“What?” Isaac wheeled on him, surprise clearly showing in his eyes. “She’s acquainted with Zachary?”