

Runaway 2

Chapter 2 The hospital chief said, “That’s her, Whitney Cox—she was on clinic duty last night.” Stan entered, glanced at Whitney’s name tag, and said, “Come with me.”

Whitney was puzzled. “What...?”

“Oh, just go,” the hospital chief pulled her along, seemingly not in the mood for questions. “Don’t keep Mr. Jefferson waiting.” Soon, Whitney was in the chief’s office, where Isaac was lying on the couch. One would notice his tall and broad frame immediately, and it would take a second look to see that his lips were pale and white. The thick smell of antibiotics in the hospital hid the scent of blood that lingered on him as well.

He was dressed in all black, and the sternness of his visage was like a terrible storm that strikes headfirst, with a single look enough to instill fear in a person!

Stan walked up behind Isaac, leaned downward, and whispered, “Your pursuers must have destroyed all the cameras to destroy any evidence of their presence. Also, this is Whitney Cox—the doctor on clinic duty last night. The hospital chief confirmed it, and I checked the records as well.”

As Isaac looked up at Whitney, she gasped—that man was the head of Light Group!

“You helped me yesterday?” Isaac asked as he studied her.

Whitney promptly lowered her gaze, afraid of looking straight into his eyes.

“Y–Yes...” She had no idea what had happened last night, only that it would not hurt if she managed to befriend him.

Moreover, it was now a vital moment – the higher–ups were going to decide who would be chosen for the internship at the Central Hospital of the Second Militarized Zone.

Though they called it an internship, everyone knew that the one chosen would get to stay, not to mention that the connections were far better than anything they had here.

If she could bring Isaac to her side, she definitely could get that internship!

Meanwhile, Isaac continued, “I can give you anything you want, including marriage.” His expression remained neutral, but a look of tenderness appeared when he remembered last night. “What... I...” Whitney stammered in gibberish since everything was happening too fast.

“Come to me when you made up your mind,” Isaac said

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as he rose to his feet, while telling Stan to give Whitney his contact method. “Mr. Jefferson...” The hospital chief stood up as well, seemingly intending to escort him out as well.

“No, it’s fine,” Isaac said, his usual aloofness returning, though he paused for a moment as he remembered something else. “Do take good care of her whenever she’s in your hospital.” “Don’t worry, I will,” the hospital chief said with a fawning smile.

After making sure that they were out of earshot, Stan quietly reminded Isaac, “Sir, you’re married. So...”
... He could not make good on his promise to marry Ms. Cox.

The thought of the woman who forced herself on him left Isaac glowering, and his lips curled up as he growled icily, “She asked for it.”

Stan shuddered, unsure if he was talking about the woman he was forced to marry, or the cause of the recent incident.

Irene returned to the mansion where she and her newlywed husband would be staying.

“Mrs. Jefferson,” Mrs. Watson greeted her the instant she entered. “Were you out for the night?”

“I had to fill in for someone,” Irene quietly replied, her eyes beady and looking quite worn.

Seeing that she was tired, Mrs. Watson did not press her further as she headed upstairs.

Taking a soak in the bathtub, Irene remembered what had happened last night, and buried her head beneath her hands while feeling her cheeks burning.

She was certainly feeling conflicted that she had given herself to a man, and without knowing what he was like.

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To make things worse, she was married, and it was a betrayal toward Isaac Jefferson, her newlywed husband!

After taking a bath, she got dressed and headed out again.

Mrs. Watson saw that and went up to her, asking, “Leaving again? Aren’t you going to have breakfast, at least?”

Irene glanced at the time and replied, “I’m going to be late for work.”

Mrs. Watson had known before that Irene was a doctor and what her work entailed, not to mention that it was a respectable job. As such, she brought Irene a glass of milk, saying, “It’s warm. You should drink it before you

go.”

Irene looked at Mrs. Watson then. The woman’s concern left her with warmth, and she nodded while saying quietly, “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” Mrs. Watson smiled, her round face showing kindness.

Irene quickly finished the milk, passed Mrs. Watson the glass, and headed out.

She did not start work immediately. In fact, she came to the hospital because she was visiting the Intensive Care Unit (ICU), where her mother was.

After she entered, she checked her mother's condition as she always did—her heart sank since her mother was not improving

Her mother was suffering from heart failure and was at a terminal stage. She needed a heart transplant to stay alive, but the surgery would cost an arm and a leg.

It was the reason why she had agreed to marry Isaac—her father had threatened not to pay her mother's medical fees.

And right now, all they had to do was wait for a donor match, and her mother would be saved.

Gazing upon her mother, she swore despite her bitterness, "I'll definitely get you better, Mom."

After all, she was the closest relation she had in the world.

Bzzt...

Her phone started to ring in her pocket.

"Irene? Could you do me a favor?" a voice spoke from the other end.