

Runaway 3

Chapter 3 It was Irene's upperclassman, Zachary Slate. They had graduated from the same teaching hospital, though he was her senior by two semesters. Being a returnee, he was pretty famous in the country now, but he had always taken good care of Irene, and they were good friends.

"Shoot." Her reply was brisk.

"I have an outpatient visit to make, but something came up. Could you sub in for me?"

Irene glanced at that time. She only had two surgeries in the afternoon and now outpatient visits for the day, so she had time in the morning.

"Sure," she replied.

"The address is Unit 306, Section A, Rose Garden. Tell them that you're looking for a Mr. Hill Security will understand."

"Okay."

"Also, don't mention this case to anyone else at all, and don't ask your patient any questions. Just treat him that's all you have to do," Zachary instructed her solemnly.

"Got it," Irene replied, hung up, and headed straight to the designated address.

Rose Garden was a prestigious residential area, where privacy and security were maintained with maximum effort.

When the security guards stopped Irene at the gates, she told them that she was looking for Mr. Hill, and they made a call to confirm it before letting her in.

Reaching Unit 306, Irene pressed the door, which quickly opened to reveal Stan Hill.

He frowned when he saw that it was not Zachary. "Who are you?"

Irene knew from Zachary's call that the patient seemed to be the secretive type, and had her mask on since she did not want to bring trouble for herself.

"Dr. Slate sent me."

Stan glanced at the Gladstone bag she was holding then. "Do you know what you're supposed to do?"

"Yes. Dr. Slate has instructed me beforehand-your privacy will be protected." Still, Stan was a little upset since Zachary should not have sent a substitute out of the blue, but he allowed Irene in.

Leading her past the living room, they arrived at a room on the second floor, but the lights within were all turned off.

"It's so dark," Irene complained. "How am I going to do my work?"

Isaac happened to be inside, and when he heard a woman's voice, he picked up the jacket he had placed nearby and put it over his face while growling coldly, "Lights on."

Stan flipped a switch, and the room was illuminated in an instant.

At the same time, Irene found the voice rather familiar, but did not press the matter. She merely studied the man on the bed, whose white shirt was dyed maroon with dried blood.

She stopped looking at him for too long—she had a job to do, and she should be more self-aware since the man clearly did not want her to know who he was.

Opening her bag on the table, she took out a pair of scissors and cut off the fabric covering the man's wounds. She then quickly examined the wounds and saw that they were covered in simple bandages, which she removed as well, to reveal two cuts made by sharp objects.

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Putting down the scissors, she cleaned the wounds calmly and proficiently.

"Are you allergic to anesthetics?" she asked.

The wounds were not deep and did not reach any organs, but they needed stitching, which in turn made anesthetics necessary.

Her voice was very calm at the moment, unlike last night when she was panicking. That was why Isaac did not find it familiar hearing it now.

Noting that she was quick on her feet and therefore acknowledging her abilities, he coolly said, "No."

With that, Irene injected the spots around the wounds where she would stitch, and went to work two minutes later as the drug took effect. An hour later, she was done—a swift procedure on all accounts.

Her hands were wet with blood, so she said, "I need the washroom."

"It's downstairs. You can go on your own," Stan told her.

After she left, Stan stayed by the doorway for a while to confirm that she was downstairs, before closing the door and walking up to Isaac.

"We got a hit. Your assailants were sent by Quincy Moore — she must have panicked and tried to kill you since you removed her spies in your company."

Isaac sat up in response. His clothes were a mess, and he appeared frail and sickly, but there was a menacing presence about him regardless.

He then looked up with a gaze as dark as an abyss. "Was she the one who pulled strings and forced that marriage

on me?"

Stan paused for a moment, and quietly said, "Yes. I found out that Lionel Spencer had been in contact with her. The whole thing was fishy in the first place, but it's almost certain that she did something that's

why Lionel named you as the bridegroom he wanted, and not Ian."

“Well, since she’s been giving me one ‘present’ after another, it would be bad form if I did not return the favor,” Isaac growled—he had just left the country for an errand, and everyone else had been busy while he was away.

Though he appeared aloof, the coldness lurking in his gaze was unmistakable. “I heard Ian has been managing that nightclub called Charmed at Central Avenue, or am I mistaken?”

Stan understood his plan immediately. “Without any place for them in the company, that establishment is their only source of income. Life will be hard for them once we remove it.”

“Go,” Isaac said quietly.

Stan was heading downstairs when he found Irene heading upstairs.

Despite knowing that Zachary must have informed her about maintaining secrecy, he told her, “Remember

not speak a word of what you’ve seen or heard today, and you’ll die horribly.”

It was at once a warning and a reminder, but it was necessary – if Quincy or Ian were to find out that Isaac was hurt, they would definitely seize the opportunity to make a mess.

“I won’t,” Irene replied, keeping her head down. “I’ll leave after I get my bag.”

Returning to the room upstairs, she saw that the wounded man had taken off his bloodstained shirt, revealing the clean lines over his broad shoulders and slender waist that lacked any fat. His body proportions seemed neatly trimmed, and projected a sense of power.

“Aren’t you leaving?” the man asked with a hint of languid irony, seemingly sensing her stare.

Irene quickly shifted her gaze downward—she had definitely spaced out for a moment.