

## Runaway 4

### Chapter 4

Keeping her head down, Irene walked up to her gladstone bag, although she did not forget her obligation as a doctor.

“You shouldn’t let your stitches come in contact with water. Apply antiseptic once per day, and try to wear loose clothes that don’t brush against the stitches.”

Putting down several small packs, she added, “These are pills for oral use, and this is the antiseptic.”

“Okay,” Isaac replied flatly without turning around. Naturally, Irene said nothing in return, and left with her bag

It was already eleven after she caught a taxi to return to the hospital. She had a simple meal at the cafeteria, but was summoned to the hospital chief’s office once she returned to the clinic.

III

His expression was solemn as if there was something he was hesitant to say, but eventually told her, “I’m going to let Whitney Cox take the internship at the Second Militarized Zone.”

Irene was stunned, but she did not give up immediately. “Didn’t you agree before that I would be going?”

“Well... You know that the state-of-the-art equipment

we have in the hospital was donated by Light Group, don’t you? Isaac Jefferson told me to give the spot to Whitney, so there’s nothing I can do there.” Isaac’s name left Irene a little nervous. While his family and hers acknowledged that she was his wife, they had never met—she had only seen his face in magazines or on

TV.

Still... Isaac and Whitney?

“So, that’s how it’s going to be?” Irene asked calmly, although her heart was pounding.

“Yes, but don’t worry—we know very well about your professionalism and ability,” the chief assured her, because he held her in the highest esteem among her batch of young doctors.

IVT

Lowering her gaze, Irene murmured, “I understand.”

Even if she was Isaac’s wife, she was forced on him, and insignificant—anything she said would not hold sway.

As such, she understood perfectly that there was no salvaging the situation. She said, “I have two surgeries in the afternoon, so I shall get going.”

The chief sighed. "Of course. Go on."

Putting her full concentration on work in the afternoon,

Irene became exhausted after the two surgeries.

After washing her hands and taking off her blue scrubs, she was taking a break when Whitney entered the room. "Dr. Spencer," she smiled. "Let me treat you to dinner."

"Sorry, but I have something to do tonight," Irene said, turning down her offer.

IL

She and Whitney were colleagues and nothing else. They had never been close, even though they were students from the same university and of the same year. However, Whitney had always been domineering and a show-off, and loved to put herself against others.

Irene, on the other hand, kept to her books.

They were polar opposites, and certainly not besties.

"I see..." Whitney said, making a face. "There's something I wanted to tell you, actually."

Irene got up and hung her clothes without looking at Whitney. "Shoot."

For some reason, she felt even more eager to keep her distance from Whitney after learning that she and Isaac were connected

"You must have heard, right? I'm really sorry. I didn't know that the chief would"

"It's fine," Irene said, cutting her short.

Whitney lowered her gaze for a moment, though an idea occurred to her soon enough. "Also, could you not tell anyone that I wasn't actually in the hospital last night? I don't want trouble before my internship..."

It was a weird reason, but Irene was used to such eccentricity from Whitney. "Sure, I won't."

After all, it was common to take a shift for a colleague out of the blue, and everyone inevitably had emergencies.

Outside the hospital, the skies were darkening and the streetlights were lit. A luxury MPV was waiting outside the hospital. Zachary was inside, bragging. "So? My junior was good, don't you think?"

Isaac was loafing at the backseat, remembering how composed and nimble the woman tended to his wounds in the afternoon.

He certainly acknowledged her ability.

"There's Ms. Cox," Stan suddenly said in the front row. Isaac wound down his window as Whitney walked toward their MPV, and Zachary raised his brow when she saw him. "Whitney Cox?"

"You know her?" Stan turned to ask.

Zachary nodded. "She's my junior."

Isaac looked up, his eyes flashing.

She had saved him last night, and then tended to his injuries today as well?

She...

Even Stan was murmuring in awe. "Is this Cupid's arrangement?"

Zachary frowned in response. "What are you talking about?"

"Mr. Jefferson."

That was when Whitney reached them, cutting their conversation short.