

## **Surprised 1111**

### Chapter 1111 Unwilling to Move out

Nothing had changed in the room. Jennifer's photos from her childhood were hanging on the wall, each of which clearly reminded her about the occasion.

The lamp belts on the wall emanated warm light.

The birthday presents from Zack to her were placed neatly with the year labels.

Jennifer felt moved again while entering.

Zack had been searching for her all through the years, so she decided to do something for him.

The paternity test showed Eason was Zack's biological son, which delighted Jennifer greatly.

She was determined to repay her father's deep love for her.

Noon.

A car was parked in the yard of Rowan's villa.

Daphne got off while holding a bag, walking towards the living room while humming a song.

She had stayed in Rowan's house recently without moving out.

"Rowan, I brought you some spaghetti. The sauce is separated." She quickly put down the bag. "Hurry.

It's still warm. I guess you haven't had lunch yet."

"How is your house hunting going?" asked Rowan.

Daphne darted at him. Although she promised to find an apartment to move into, she didn't.

She only wandered into a bookstore in the morning.

"No need to rush, right? It's convenient for me to stay here." She beamed at Rowan and tested him

again while mixing the sauce with the spaghetti. "Why? Are you kicking me out?"

"I'm not. You need to move out sooner or later." Rowan picked up his fork. "You can find an apartment

nearby the hospital. Then it's convenient for you to go to work."

His words sent Daphne into disappointment. Still smiling, she said, "I see."

"The spaghetti is a lot. Do you want to have some?" Rowan picked up a plate and a fork.

"Rowan." Daphne stared at him and changed the topic. "May I be your assistant after joining the

hospital? You need someone to assist you. I'm fast in learning."

"I will find a male assistant," Rowan replied bluntly, "No worries. I'll let you choose from a bunch of

positions."

He had tried his best to help her.

Daphne was upset but refused to tell him. She believed it would be an excellent beginning to work in his hospital and see him daily.

She reminded herself to be patient and take it easy instead of being too greedy.

"Eat the spaghetti." Daphne shifted their conversation in another direction. "It'll take time to find a good apartment. I'll keep searching."

Rowan stopped urging her.

After leaving Clarke Villa, Jennifer went to the Clarke Corp.

Tristan returned to his office after the transfusion was finished in the hospital. Zack didn't assign many jobs to him, but Tristan wanted to share his burdens.

He reviewed several files and replied to a few emails.

"This is for you, Tristan." Jennifer passed him an ointment.

Tristan looked up and met her dewy eyes, surprised to see her appear in the company.

With a bright smile, Jennifer explained, "I got it from Rowan Watson. Apply it to your wound once daily.

You'll recover pretty soon."

"Thank you, Ms. Brooks."

"You are welcome. Where's my father?" Jennifer looked around.

"Mr. Clarke is in the room next door."

Nodding, she said, "OK. I'll go talk to him." She turned away.

Tristan didn't withdraw his gaze until she vanished from his sight.

"Dad?"

Zack had just finished a call. Sitting before the window of the conference room, he turned around.

"Here you came, Michelle."

"Ehn." Jennifer strode towards him. "I got a special ointment for Tristan from Rowan earlier. Then I

studied Eason's condition for a whole morning and recorded it. From now on, I'll try my best effort to

cure him."

Chapter 1112 Evident Rejection

Zack was pleased. "Thank you so much, Michelle." He appreciated her kindness.

Eason was only her half-brother from a different mother. Instead of detesting him, she cared about him.

Zack was moved by her kindness.

After knowing she had a brother, she never grumbled and even didn't ask Zack why.

"We're family, Dad. You make me feel as if I were still an outsider."

Jennifer's ink-black eyes glittered with kindness. "Please don't worry, Dad. Rowan and I will try our best effort. Eason is still young, and his life hasn't begun yet. We'll make him normal, at least, so you don't need to worry about him all the time."

Sharing her father's burdens was also a kind of love.

Zack nodded tearfully. "Tristan and I saw Georgia in the hospital earlier," he said.

Jennifer was slightly taken aback, looking up at him. "How's she doing?"

"She's gone crazy." Zack heaved a sigh. "She held a pillow and called it her baby."

Jennifer was shocked, disbelief flashing through her eyes.

Zack continued, "She didn't let any doctors get close and insisted her baby's father was a general. Her hair was messy, and she was spirited. She was already out of her mind."

His words made Jennifer's jaw slack.

Zack added, "After the doctors from the mental hospital injected the tranquilizer in her, she was taken away."

Jennifer felt a lump in her throat with an indescribable feeling.

Zack knew she was kind-hearted, so that might not be the ending she wished for Georgia.

"Michelle," he called her.

Jennifer was brought back to the present, staring at her father.

"It's all her mother's fault." Zack gripped her shoulders. "I'll never let anyone hurt you. In the future, we'll

have a peaceful and happy life."

Jennifer also treasured everything after many difficulties, nodding to echo him.

"Dad." She wrapped her arms around his waist and embraced Zack. "Trust me. I'll definitely cure

Eason."

She promised readily but was the only one to know what difficulties she would confront during Eason's

treatment.

A few days later, Rowan's hospital was opened as planned. It was located in the downtown center and

named Charity Medical Center.

It wasn't the biggest in Arkpool City but one of the top three. The hospital had the most advanced

equipment, powerful technology, and complete medical service facilities.

Moreover, Rowan worked there.

Hence, on the first day, many patients arrived. The departments of gynecology, pediatrics, and orthopedics were all fully packed.

Daphne put on a dress under her doctor's white gown and wore delicate makeup, looking spirited.

"Morning, Rowan. I brought you breakfast..."

She broke off at the door as Rowan wasn't alone in the office.

Jennifer took Eason to see him. All looked back at the woman in a dilemma at the door.

Daphne hurriedly plastered a smile. "Good morning, Mrs. Marsh." Then she entered the office. "You've arrived indeed early."

"Please call me Jennifer." Jennifer beamed at her. "We're friends."

They used to have a barbecue together, so it was their first time encountering each other.

Daphne put down a bag, feeling awkward due to Jennifer's identity. "Ahem... Jennifer, have you had breakfast?"

"We have. Thanks for asking." Jennifer looked at her gently.

Rowan ignored Daphne, focusing on Eason's checkup.

Daphne felt embarrassed, so she whispered sensibly, "All right. I gotta go. See you later."

"Stop sending me breakfast," Rowan said without raising his head or stopping what he was doing.

"During office hours, you must stay in your position. It's a doctor's duty. You can't let your patients look for you."

Chapter 1113 Feeling Is Essential

"OK." Daphne didn't feel ashamed and answered sweetly, "I'll go back to my work."

Before leaving, she waved Jennifer goodbye.

Jennifer smiled at her.

Daphne strode out of the office and recalled the scene earlier, feeling upset.

Rowan seemed gentle when facing Jennifer, which he had never shown to others. Daphne could tell

his eyes were lit up.

She thought he looked charming while wearing a white gown under the light.

Doctors were thought to be the most kind-hearted.



Therefore, Rowan's impression in Daphne's mind was perfect.

A car parked in the yard of an Ocean View villa.

Claire got off the car and walked towards the living room. "Mya, I'm here. Are you ready to go?"

Mya came out of the house while holding her handbag. "Yep."

"OK. Let's go."

Claire took her arm on the way and turned around. "From now on, I'll look after you. I'll accompany you through the pregnancy care. Then we'll have spicy hamburger later."

"Stop luring me."

Mya gazed at her on alert. "I've become a foodie recently. Whenever I smell the chili, I want to eat it."

"Ha ha ha... Is that because of your pregnancy? Do you suffer a lot?" Claire asked, tilting her head.

Then she pulled the passenger side door for her. "Sit in, Mya."

After helping her get in protectively, Claire reminded her, "Buckle your seat belt."

"I don't suffer but always drooling for food." Mya fastened her seat belt and smiled at her.

Claire closed the door and returned to the passenger's seat. "That's why I don't want to get married and give birth. I was born a foodie. I'll suffer if I can't have junk food for three days. I'll feel like being sick."

"You stay home too much," Mya said, "You always write novels at home and can't meet any men, let alone someone you love."

"I always go on business trips with my supervisors, OK? I enjoy traveling."

"Are your supervisors old? Aren't they supposed to be married already?"

"Some of them are single. Some supervisors are young." Claire started the engine. "However, the feeling is the most critical. If I don't have a crush on someone at first sight, I won't keep in touch with him. I can follow him on Facebook and never talk to him for decades."

Mya also thought the feeling was essential.

Finnley was on a business trip and asked Claire to accompany Mya through the pregnancy care.

Ten minutes later, they pulled up to a newly opened hospital.

"Where are we?" Mya peered out the window. "It's not the Healthstone Hospital."

"It's the Charity Medical Center," said Claire joyfully, "A newly opened one. It's the closest to your house. Besides, they have the most advanced equipment here. Their medical skills are as good as the Healthstone Hospital."

"Hurry. Let's go off," Claire prompted.

Mya unbuckled her seat belt, exited the car, and walked towards the lobby with Claire. "You are indeed

Miss Know-all. How did you know a new hospital had been opened?"

"I accidentally found it. I helped register online. Let's go straight to the examination room."

Once they entered the lobby, they saw Rowan heading their way.

He was tall and handsome, walking elegantly.

"Morning, Dr. Watson."

"How are you, Dr. Watson?"

All the doctors and nurses greeted him.

Rowan nodded at them in response, wearing a charming smile that sent warmth into the chest of the person looking into his eyes.

He also noticed Claire and Mya. Although they were not close friends, they met a few times. Relatively,

Rowan knew Mya better because Finnley used to take her to see him.

"Hi there." Rowan strode towards them with a polite smile. "Why are you here? Are you not feeling

well?"

## Chapter 1114 I don't Want to Date a Doctor

"You..." Mya looked at him up and down and noticed he wore the doctor's white gown. "Are you working

here, Dr. Watson?" she asked in surprise.

"Right," Rowan answered gently. He wore a shirt inside, looking self-restrained and neat.

Mya gaped at him, feeling touched.

Claire looked at his charming face from a short distance and replied, "We're both well. I took my sister-

in-law to have pregnancy care here. Which floor shall we go to, please?"

Rowan stared at her. "The fourth floor."

"Thanks." Claire smiled at him and tugged Mya's arm. "Shall we go now, Mya?"

"Sure." Mya darted at her, waving Rowan goodbye. "See you later, Dr. Watson."

Rowan waved at them in response and watched them leave. Then he turned away.

While walking forward, Mya repeatedly looked back at him until he went farther.

Then she stared at Claire and asked in a low voice, "Claire, are you interested in a man like Dr.

Watson?"

"I don't want to date a doctor," Claire answered without hesitation. "A man like him must be too busy to care about my feelings."

Mya seemed to understand some implications. "So, you like him and have considered dating him, right? After thinking about his occupation, you gave up, huh?" she asked joyfully.

"Honestly speaking, I worship him," Claire answered bluntly, "I always admire doctors. They save lives, help the injured, and contribute to human health all through their lives. They are respectable."

Mya asked thoughtfully, "Shall I understand in this way? You worship him. As long as he has a crush on you, you guys will be together soon."

Claire replied expressionlessly, "Not that easy, Mya."

"All right. All right. I've been nosey." Mya entered the elevator with her and ended the topic.

Jennifer's team had been working hard in the past few weeks, so they finished the design of Clarke Corp's annual party dresses earlier than planned.

Therefore, they returned to the Marsh Group.

As the vice president, Jennifer focused on curing Eason, so she spent most of her time at the Charity Medical Center.

Ivan fully supported her.

Eason checked into the hospital. Rowan got him a special ward with all facilities needed, and it was quiet.

His health check results were available gradually. Rowan and Jennifer had a consultation with famous domestic and international experts, planning to provide Eason with the best treatment. Jennifer and Rowan would be in charge of researching and developing the medicines.

Zack was still busy at work. Occasionally, he went to check on his son in the hospital. Zack fully trusted Jennifer and Rowan, appreciating them intensely.

"Rowan, this is Eason's bone age report."

Daphne held a file to enter Rowan's office. Sitting at his desk, Rowan was looking for some information online.

Hearing her voice, he looked up. "Why do you have the report?"

"Dr. Gilkes had something urgent, so he let me bring it to you. He said you might need it ASAP," said

Daphne while gazing at him without blinking, although he didn't know if she was lying.

"All right." Rowan took it over and withdrew his gaze without sparing a glance at her.

Daphne didn't leave right away. She carefully chose her dress and earrings. "Rowan, you should take a break occasionally. Don't work overtime anymore."

She hadn't seen him at home during the evenings in recently few days as Rowan arrived home at two in the early morning. She was worried about him.

"I won't work overtime today," said Rowan. Then he darted at her and said, "Go back to your work."

When their gazes met mid-air, Daphne felt a heat in her heart. Warmth traveled through her veins.

Chapter 1115 Helping Her Bestie

Since Rowan said he wouldn't work overtime, Daphne got off work earlier than usual.

She went shopping in a supermarket to buy fresh ingredients, aiming to cook for him.

She couldn't help imagining they dined and chatted during dinner.

In the afternoon, in Ocean View, Claire accompanied Mya all the time after receiving some bribe from

Finnley.

Right then, they were watching cartoons.

"Claire, don't you need to update your novel?" Mya darted at her while holding the tablet. Claire was a

romance writer.

"No, I don't. The money Finnley paid me is much higher than the payment for my stories."

Claire bit the apple in her hands and added triumphantly, "If Finnley goes on a business trip every day

and pays me well, I'll accompany you all the time without writing a single word."

"Your readers would be mad at you. Be careful."

"They won't find me, anyway. Ha ha ha..." Claire patted her shoulder and said solemnly, "No worries,

Mya. I've written more chapters than needed. The platform will automatically publish my saved drafts."

"That's better." Mya didn't want to stop her from working.

Finnley would be gone for two days and return home the following afternoon.

Suddenly, Claire heard the ringing tone of her phone.

She picked up and checked the caller ID. When she swiped to answer, she complained, "Saskia Holt!

How long haven't you called me?"

"I'm surprised you still remember me."

"You are so heartless. You treasure your boyfriend more than your bestie."

"How dare you forget me after dating a man! I wish you all the worst. Humph!"



"Boohoo..." The girl on the other end of the line burst into tears. Claire could tell she wasn't faking it.

She was frightened. "Hello, Saskia? Why..."

"Boohoo..." Saskia Holt was howling miserably.

"You scared me, Saskia. What happened?" Claire hurriedly put on her slippers. "What's wrong? Who bullied you?"

"Parker Stone cheated on me..." Saskia sobbed, "He checked into a hotel room with another girl. I saw them personally. Boohoo..."

"Where are you now?" Claire's heart tightened. "Stop crying. It won't solve any problems. Where are you?"

"I'm... I'm at..." Saskia muffled an address.

Claire recalled they used to go there with her. "Wait for me. I'll be there soon."

Claire bid Mya farewell and drove towards the address immediately.

"Gosh! Your makeup is a mess." Claire planted her hands on her hips angrily. "Why are you only crying instead of fighting for yourself?"

She looked down at her sobbing bestie sitting next to the parterre. "Stand up!"

Saskia couldn't help shedding tears, feeling heartbroken. "What should I do, Claire? I love him. Since we were in high school, I've loved him. I don't want to date another man in my life."

"Where are they?"

"In that hotel." Saskia pointed at the hotel, trembling while crying. "Room 221. I watched them enter."

"Let's go!" Claire lifted her. "Don't be a coward. Even if he dumps you, we can't let go of them easily."

Claire had been a romance writer for a long time, so she had many ways to deal with such shameless people.

However, Saskia had never encountered such a matter before. Earlier, she had thought Parker Stone would propose to her for marriage, so she was always a happy woman. The sudden incident gave her a heavy blow.

"I've never prepared for it. Boohoo... I never thought he would betray me."

Claire was a girl with righteousness.

She was sensitive and short-tempered. In her novels, the male and female lead roles were loyal to each other.

In her opinion, love was pure and untainted. Therefore, she couldn't tolerate her bestie being cheated on.

The next second, she dragged Saskia into the hotel and arrived at the door of Room 221.

Chapter 1116 You Need to See a Doctor

Claire unlocked her phone screen and tabbed the camera, ready to take photos as evidence.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

In anger, Saskia wiped her tears and pounded on the door.

"Who is it?"

No one answered, but the door was still pounded on. It wouldn't stop until the door was opened.

"Coming. Coming. Too annoying!" a man shouted in irritation.

As soon as the door was opened, Claire lifted her foot and kicked it open. Off guard, Parker flinched to keep his balance.

Meanwhile, Claire took photos in the room.

"You shameless bastard!" she roared angrily without pausing.

"Wait! Stop it!" Parker realized what was happening and was about to grab her phone, but Saskia held

him to stop.

"How dare you do this thing to me, Parker Stone! You scumbag!"

Claire took the photos of the scattered clothes on the ground, the panicked girl covered with a quilt on

the bed, and the man who only wrapped his lower part with a bath towel.

Seeing her take many photos, Parka pushed Saskia away forcibly.

"Argh!"

Saskia almost hit the table corner. Claire reacted quickly and caught her, but the force made her head

hit the wall.

Claire frowned in pain.

"Give me your phone!" Parker strode towards them to grab the phone.

"Are you all right, Claire?" Saskia asked worriedly.

Claire dragged her away. "Let's go. Run!"

When they turned away, Parker kicked Claire's knees violently. Claire let out a scream, feeling the

piercing pain.

"Take my phone. Run!" Claire shoved her phone into Saskia's hands, standing at the door to block Parker's way.

Saskia looked back and ran towards a hotel staff nearby. She hurriedly told them what was happening.

The hotel staff strode towards the room immediately.

"Parker Stone, I won't let go of you easily. You shameless son of bitch!" Claire stood upright with difficulty. "Whore!" she darted at the bed and cursed.

Parker couldn't do anything as her phone was taken away. "I've stopped loving her. I told her to break up, but she refused. What else could I do?"

He looked aggrieved. "I cannot marry her and aggrieve myself all my life, can I? I'm still young. I can't get married after dating only one girl. That's not worth it."

"You douchebag!"

Claire slapped him across his face. The hotel staff stopped him when Parker was about to fight back angrily.

"Mister, beating another person is against the law."

"She hit me." Parker went ballistic.

Claire glared at him. "Wait and see!" Then she turned away. Whenever she took a step forwards, she hissed in pain and frowned.

In the corridor, Saskia hurriedly trotted to help her. "Are you OK, Claire? You seemed to be injured seriously. Does it hurt a lot?"

"I'm OK," answered Claire, but she could hardly stand the pain.

They took an elevator to the first floor. Saskia said worriedly, "I don't think you can drive. Did that jerk break your legs?"

"My legs have never been broken. I don't know." Claire was also frightened, as she couldn't tolerate the pain.

"Sit in." Saskia pulled the door open and helped her sit in the passenger's seat. "I'll send you to a hospital."

Saskia sat in the driver's seat and started the engine immediately. "I'm sorry, Claire. I didn't expect him to be so brutal."

"Give me my phone, Saskia."

Claire took her phone over. "Son of bitch! I'll ruin him. No girls in Arkpool City will marry him. I'm gonna make him die lonely."

Compared to her disappointment in love, Saskia was more worried about Claire. "I'll take you to the

Charity Medical Center. It's the closest one according to the GPS."

Chapter 1117 She Was Hit

The Charity Medical Center.

All the doctors saw patients accordingly. Many patients came a long way to the hospital after hearing about its fame. The shifts had been finished. All the buildings were lit brightly, though the night wasn't out yet.

Before leaving, Rowan deliberately checked on Eason and reminded his nursing worker and the doctor on duty.

After he left the elevator, he saw a girl helping Claire walk into the lobby.

He could tell Claire's right leg was injured. She limped without putting down her right foot. Frowning in pain, she looked around.

"Where is the department of orthopedics?" Saskia sighed, "This hospital is huge. There's an instruction

sign. Wait for me. Let me check."

Then she released Claire and trotted away.

Claire didn't have a chance to stop her. She tried hard to keep her balance, shaking among the crowd.

Rowan quickened his pace while striding towards her. Before she fell, he grabbed her arm and helped

her keep her balance. "Watch out!"

Claire looked up at him. "It's you!" She was surprised, feeling embarrassed.

"Claire, the department of orthopedics is on the fifth floor."

Saskia trotted back while holding her handbag. Seeing the scene, she slowed down. "Your friend,

Claire?"

Rowan withdrew his hand gentlemanly, letting her help Claire.

"What happened to your leg?" His gaze fell on her injured leg.

Before Saskia answered, Claire replied immediately, "I'm OK. Just a minor injury." She beamed at him,

looking relaxed.

Rowan looked into her eyes and saw her embarrassment.

"Let's go, Saskia." Claire waved him goodbye. Then she repressed the pain and dragged her friend



away.

Whenever Claire took a step, she felt a sharp pang. However, she didn't look back and behaved bravely.

Rowan watched them leave and noticed Saskia's gaze at him.

Then he walked towards another elevator.

Meanwhile, Daphne was busy cooking in the kitchen of Rowan's villa.

Wearing an apron, she tied her hair in a ponytail to make her look spirited. She prepared the ingredients, rinsed them, chopped the food, and put them into plates.

In the pot, she made chicken soup with 17 mushrooms. The kitchen was full of food fragrance.

Like a loving housewife, she turned down the gas while waiting for Rowan to return home.

The Charity Medical Center.

The elevator stopped on the fifth floor, and its doors slid open.

Saskia helped Claire walk out.

Seeing her painful look, Saskia asked, "Do you have a crush on the man just now?"

"You've been injured severely but pretended to be fine in her presence. Your right leg should be lifted.

Why did you walk normally?"

"It'll worsen your condition. Probably, your leg will be cut off."

While bitching about her bestie, Saskia helped Claire to arrive at the department of orthopedics. Before

Claire retorted, they saw Rowan sitting at the desk.

Unlike earlier, he had put on a doctor's white gown.

"Are... Are you a doctor?" Saskia gaped at him and checked the sign above the door. "Are you working

in the department of orthopedics?"

Rowan nodded at her gently. "Ehn."

Claire felt embarrassed somehow. However, Saskia was excited. "Great! You are Claire's friend. Please

check up on her. She's injured."

She helped Claire enter the office and sit opposite Rowan.

'Now she won't pretend to be OK. She should be severely injured,' Rowan thought to himself.

"What happened?" Rowan lifted Claire's right leg and gently put it on a stool. Staring at Claire, he

waited for her answer.

When Claire felt too shy to answer his question, Saskia replied honestly, "She helped me catch my boyfriend who cheated on me. He hit her."

Chapter 1118 Shall I Carry You

Claire almost stopped breathing, feeling the stiffness in the air.

She slowly looked up and met Rowan's gaze.

He beamed at her. "All right. Go take the X-ray. I'll check if your leg bone is cracked. You could hardly walk."

His words eased the embarrassment in the air.

"Please go ahead," said Saskia, "I'll go downstairs to pay the bill."

"You don't need to." Rowan operated on his laptop and printed a piece of paper with a QR code. "Scan it. You can pay here."

"Let me pay it myself, Saskia." Claire pulled her phone from her handbag, grabbed the paper, and scanned the QR code.

Suddenly, Saskia heard her phone ringing. She swiped to answer and was quiet for a long time. Finally, she replied, "OK. I'm in a hospital with Claire. Will be back later."

"What's wrong?" Claire asked.

"My mom called." Saskia didn't leave her alone in the hospital. "It's alright. Let me take you to the X-ray." Then she helped Claire up. "Where is the X-ray room, Doc?"

Rowan pointed at a room inside. "This way."

"Will you do it personally?" Claire was shocked. "It's supposed to be done in the radiology department, right?"

Rowan asked, "Why? Afraid I'm not professional?"

Their gazes met again. Claire could feel his gentleness and kindness.

Rowan was a genius pharmacist, famous in the medical field. How could he be unprofessional?

Claire blushed in embarrassment, choking her words

"Come on in. At least I could afford more equipment." Rowan stood up and strode into the room behind the curtain.

Claire and Saskia saw the huge, new equipment inside as soon as the curtain was lifted.

"Let's go." Saskia helped her enter the room.

Rowan adjusted the machine. His doctor's white gown was carefully buttoned, and so were his cuffs, making him look fastidious. "Lie on it. You don't need to take off your shoes."

Claire instinctively felt scared when confronting such a massive machine in a big room.

After adjusting the equipment, Rowan looked back at her. "Why are you still standing there? Shall I carry you?"

Claire was shocked, looking into his eyes again.

From her face, Rowan saw horror, realizing she hadn't been injured before, so it should be her first time taking the X-ray.

Saskia helped her sit up and said, "It won't hurt, Claire. Just like taking a photo."

The piercing pain in the leg made Claire move carefully. Besides, she wore a short skirt, feeling awkward lying down.

Rowan picked up a blanket and covered her thigh completely without touching her.

"Thanks." Claire was surprised, feeling moved by his action, staring at him gratefully.

Rowan didn't look back while adjusting the camera's position. He would try his best not to move her injured leg.

Saskia didn't pay much attention to Rowan's appearance, still bothered by the disappointment in love.

Parker was her first boyfriend since high school. She thought they would get married and had never expected to end up in this way. Saskia didn't think she would believe in love again.

The thought brought tears to her eyes, and she wiped them secretly.

Claire watched her under the equipment, feeling sorry.

She decided to tear Parker up after recovering and not let go of him easily.

Suddenly, Saskia's phone rang again.

"Is your mother urging you?" Claire said, "Go home, Saskia. I'll be fine. If I need to stay in the hospital,

I'll check in. I'll be cooperative."

"But..."

"No buts. You are not a doctor. I don't think you can help much when staying here." Claire was

considerate. "Your mother has called you twice. It must be something urgent."

Chapter 1119 Do You Want a Discount?

The phone repeatedly rang. Saskia swiped to answer without leaving the room. After her mother spoke,

she muttered, "I'll be right back, Mom."

Claire watched her hang up. Saskia put her phone away. "Parker Stone went to my house for an apology and insisted on seeing me. He won't leave unless I go home."

"You know what? You can't forgive him. All right?" Claire was too agitated, almost sitting up. "You haven't married yet, but he cheated on you with another woman in the hotel. What will happen after you

marry him? He's already betrayed you. Dump him!"

Her legs moved, so Rowan had to adjust the camera again. "Stay still," he reminded her.

Claire glanced at him and added, "Saskia, you cannot forgive him, OK? No matter how much you love him."

"I got it." Saskia was anxious. "Sorry, Claire. I must go home. Call me when you're done."

"Go ahead. I'll be fine."

Saskia bowed at Rowan, "Doc, I'll leave Claire to you. Thank you so much." Then she turned away hurriedly.

Claire lay still. Rowan adjusted the equipment to avoid moving her injured leg.

Meanwhile, the kitchen of his villa was full of food fragrance. Daphne checked the time several times,

thinking he must be on the way home.

The hospital.

Claire hopped on her left leg after finishing the X-ray. Rowan didn't help her. While studying the radiograph, he left the room.

"Your bone is fine. It won't be difficult to deal with it." Rowan carefully studied it. "It has a sign to crack, though. That's why it hurts so severely."

"What?" Claire sat in a chair. "Do I need to stay in the hospital?"

"You'd better check in," Rowan answered gently, "You cannot walk by yourself. It's better to rest on the bed."

"But..." Claire was anxious while thinking about her pregnant sister-in-law.

Rowan leaned against the table, holding his arms across his chest while staring at her, waiting for her decision.

After a thought, Claire looked into his eyes. "I'll take my doctor's advice and check in."

"There's a ward next door. Go ahead to lie down." Rowan sat in his chair. "I'll set up your profile before



prescribing you the medicine."

"I heard you were researching special medicines." Claire suddenly became excited. "Will it stop hurting after I use the medicine?"

"You still need to rest in bed." Rowan typed the keyboard with his slender fingers with a smile. "I'm not God."

Ignoring her, he started to enter her data seriously. "Name."

"Claire Russell." Claire was about to hop out of the door. Looking back, she asked, "You don't know who I am?"

Rowan raised his head while staring at her in confusion.

"I mean, we met before. Don't you remember?" Claire suddenly thought he must be too busy to remember her.

She chuckled, "You should know Finnley Russell. He's my cousin. I came here with my sister-in-law for pregnancy care this morning. We met a few times before."

"So?" Rowan answered, "Do you want a discount?"

Claire was slightly taken aback. "No. No. No. I don't need a discount. Thanks, though," she explained.

"I know how tough your job is. You must live on commissions." A bright smile remained on her face.

"I'm not too poor to afford the medical fee. Please print the check. I don't mind the fee."

Rowan frowned. After darting at her, he loosened his eyebrows. "Go to the ward. You can scan the QR code after the bill is available."

"OK."

Claire turned around and hopped out. Holding the door frame, she looked back and asked, "Left or right?"

"Right," Rowan answered simply without raising his head.

Chapter 1120 It's Not Your Fault

After Claire left the ward. Rowan heard his phone ringing.

He checked the caller ID and continued entering the patient's information. Soon, a medical bill with a QR code was printed.

It was for Claire to check into the hospital.

Rowan picked up his phone and swiped to answer, "Hello."

"Rowan, why are you still out?" Daphne asked gently, "Didn't you say you wouldn't work overtime

tonight?"

"A patient came before I left." Rowan tore off part of the medical bill for the profile. "Anything else?"

Daphne didn't mention cooking for him but asked, "When will you probably knock off?"

"Not sure yet."

Daphne thought for a moment. "OK. I see." She ended the call.

In the villa, Daphne put the dishes into lunchboxes after putting her phone away. Without being angry, she smiled as if she was happy to do such a thing.

She prepared dinner and would personally deliver the dishes to him, wondering if Rowan would be moved.

If the patient's problem was severe, she would also help him.

Daphne quickly put the lunchboxes into a bag, cleaned the kitchen, and drove towards the hospital.

The hospital.

The ward was only big enough for a bed. Next to the window was a couch. It was a suite with a restroom and a kitchen, like an apartment.

"Dr. Watson, the ward design is quite patient-friendly." After removing her shoes, Claire leaned against the bedhead, watching Rowan apply the medicine to her knee.

"Thank you. I'm glad you like it." Rowan accidentally found a hole in her sock, which exposed her big toe.

He was slightly taken aback, looking up at her. The next second, he was attracted by her eyes full of smartness.

Claire pressed her lips together, a smile touching her eyes.

Rowan said, "This medicine works well. I've sprayed it to your injury tonight. Tomorrow I'll do it again.

Let's see if you'll recover tomorrow afternoon. If you get better, you can check out then. If not, you have to stay another night."

"All right."

Claire pulled out her phone and called Mya. "Hello, Mya. I can't go home tonight. Something happened.

I'm afraid I cannot stay with you tonight."

"What happened, Claire?" Mya was worried. "Where are you?"

"I'm with my friend now." Claire didn't want to worry her and answered, "I'll probably go back to your

house tomorrow afternoon."

"No problem, Claire. It's good you are with your friend." Mya told her, "My mom has come over. She'll stay at my house. In fact, I'm OK with being alone."

After exchanging a few words, they ended the conversation.

Claire found the hole in her sock after putting down the phone. She widened her eyes in embarrassment.

Subconsciously, she pulled her leg back into the quilt.

Rowan lifted the quilt and tucked her in. "You should cut your nails often. Or it'll break your socks."

Claire was amazed by his straightforwardness, looking embarrassed, unable to retort.

"Anything else?" Rowan asked seriously while holding the medicine bottle.

"When... When will you go home?"

Rowan could tell she was at a loss from her tone, thinking it must be the first time she had checked into a hospital.

"Where are your family?" he asked. "Why don't you call your parents? Ask them to watch you."

His questions upset Claire, although he didn't mean it.

A trace of sorrow flashed through her eyes. "I don't have parents. They passed away in a car accident when I was little."

Rowan stared at her. "Sorry."

"It's not your fault." Claire looked up, her eyes glittering. "Can you lend me your laptop, please? I haven't published my novel chapters today."

Rowan didn't answer her immediately as his laptop was critical to him.

There was too much important data.

In a short moment of silence, Claire also realized it. She said apologetically, "Please forget about it."

That's too much. It'll be fine if I stop updating it for just one day. Thank you all the same, Dr. Watson."