

To Be Yours Again by Taylor

Chapter 2 Showing Up

On the next day, at the president's office of the Faust Group, Vincent Duncan hung up the phone. He turned to look at the man sitting behind the desk, who was preoccupied with work.

"Mr. Alec, I received a call from home informing us that the divorce decree has been issued."

The words did nothing to stop Alec's hands from busying themselves with work.

"Okay. How much money did she want?"

"Warren said that she didn't ask for a single penny."

Hearing that, Alec frowned immediately.

"Not even a single penny?"

"Yes, Warren told me that Old Mr. Faust wanted to pay her a sum of money, but she refused it."

Even Vincent, who was Alec's assistant, was surprised by the turn of events. After all, according to his sources, Jenny was from the countryside and was very likely from a poor family. Why did she ask for nothing?

Alec stopped paging through the documents as he pondered for a moment. Finally, he said, "Find out where she is and give her the house in Charmford."

His ex-wife had been quiet for the past two years and never caused him any trouble. In addition, the divorce was completed smoothly, so there was no reason for him to treat her harshly.

Vincent nodded in acknowledgment of his instructions. However, he did not leave the room.

"Anything else?" asked Alec with a deep frown when he saw him standing there.

"Yes," replied Vincent. Under the intense gaze of the Faust Group's president, cold sweat broke across his skin. Hurriedly, he continued, "I just received news that Dr. Walter has finally reappeared after disappearing two years ago."

Vincent noticed a change in Alec's expression.

"When did this happen?"

"I was notified this morning."

"Get someone to investigate the matter immediately. Make sure you find Dr. Walter at all costs, dead or alive!"

Vincent quickly replied, "Sure, Mr. Alec."

Early in the morning, everyone in the Parrington Hospital was engaged in a deep discussion.

"Who do you think the new deputy director of the neurosurgery department will be? Do you think it's a man or a woman? Do you think they'll be easy to get along with?"

"Who knows? Given the fact that they landed such a high position, they are either an expert in their field or..." answered a female staff member, giggling. It was clear what she implied.

"I heard that they're very young. I think they got the position through their connections."

"I think so too," agreed the rest.

After all, working in the medical industry was no different than working in other sectors—experience was the key to promotion. Since many of the staff members at Parrington Hospital could not assume the role of the deputy director despite working there for decades, the newly elected deputy director was the newest subject of their gossip.

Amidst their discussion, a nurse ran over to them.

"The deputy director is here! She's really beautiful!" said the nurse.

Surprised to hear that, the crowd flocked to the Department of Neurosurgery, hoping to witness the divine beauty of the department's new deputy director.

Under their curious gazes, Jenny exited the director's office and walked into the deputy director's office, which was exclusively dedicated to her.

After closing the door, she sat at the desk and began to work without taking a break.

She never wanted to remain in Parrington. After all, she used to work abroad; hence, going abroad was the best option given her reputation and background. However, Parrington Hospital obtained her contact information and called her in hopes that she would stay.

Appealing for her to join them through reason and emotion, they had described the embarrassing state of neurosurgery in Parrington Hospital to her. They told her that many people could be saved if she stayed, and their words caused her to waver in her decision. In addition, her brothers had openly expressed their hopes for her to stay. In the end, she relented.

"Wow, she's so young! Is she even 30 years old?" exclaimed someone in surprise and disbelief.

"30 years old? I heard that she is only 26 years old."

"Impossible!"

None of them could believe it.

“How is it impossible?” retorted Morgan Golding. “Don’t be fooled by her young looks. According to my sources, she graduated with a Ph.D. Haven’t you heard of Dr. Walter?”

They looked at her in confusion, and Morgan couldn’t believe their ignorance.

“Dr. Walter? Is she a force to be reckoned with?” they wondered.

Rolling her eyes, Morgan said, “Search it up on the Internet, you ignorant bunch.”

With that, she trotted towards Jenny’s office and rapped the door till she received permission to enter.

“Hello, Dr. Walter, I’m Morgan Golding, an intern here. The hospital director has appointed me as your temporary assistant to execute any tasks you have for me. If you need anything, just let me know!” explained Morgan with a smile, her eyes shining with admiration.

Jenny was her idol. Rumors had it that she was a profoundly gifted student who skipped multiple grades. She was only 22 years old when she obtained her Ph.D—a genius among geniuses. It was the dream of many aspiring doctors to work alongside such a legend, even if it was just for executing menial tasks.

Oblivious to whatever was going on in her head, Jenny said, “Well, hello. Thank you in advance for your hard work.”

“Oh, no problem!” Morgan shook her head, although she was thoroughly enjoying it.

“Okay, please sort out the neurosurgery medical records in the last ten years of this hospital and bring them to me,” instructed Jenny. Before Morgan could respond, she continued, “Also, bring me the information of the neurosurgery patients currently on the surgery waitlist.”

Since she was new to the hospital, Jenny was not familiar with the hospital and its patients; hence, she needed to familiarize herself as soon as possible.

“Any problem with that?” asked Jenny, stopping in the middle of her work to look at Morgan.

Morgan immediately grew tense. Even though Jenny appeared very docile and gentle, she carried herself with an imposing, powerful air.

“No problem, I promise I’ll complete and deliver the tasks!” She nodded immediately.

Jenny nodded too. Without another word, she returned to work. Meanwhile, Morgan headed to organize the information Jenny had requested.

Jenny spent the entire morning studying the medical records in the office, and Morgan even bought her lunch because she worried about Jenny. She

held the medical records in one hand and her food in the other, so engrossed in her work that she forgot all about Morgan, who was still standing in the office.

“Dr. Walter, have you...have you always been like this?” Morgan couldn’t help but ask.

Hearing that, Jenny glanced at her, “What do you mean?”

“Have you always been...” Morgan paused before continuing, “so busy that you skip your meals?”

“I guess.” She shrugged indifferently as if it didn’t really bother her.

“You can’t do this, your body—”

Before she could finish her sentence, they were interrupted by the siren of an ambulance.