

To Be Yours Again by Taylor

Chapter 8 My Life Is Hard

When the equipment donated by Alec arrived at Parrington Hospital the next day, the director greeted Alec in person, showing how necessary the equipment was for them.

On the other hand, Jenny didn't care about it. She was busy studying the results of Faye's medical examination and discussing possible complications that may arise with other doctors in the department.

When the equipment had been installed two hours later, Jenny led her team to the operating theater, where Alec was waiting at the door. Seeing her, he immediately got up and asked, "Are you confident you can do this?"

Putting on her surgical mask, Jenny raised her eyes to meet his.

"If I say I'm not, will you transfer her away?"

Alec shut up, unable to form a response. Even if she said she was not confident, Faye still needed the surgery.

"Don't worry, Mr. Faust. I will do my best."

There was no way she would let Faye die on her operating table.

The surgical team entered the operating theater. As soon as the lights were turned on, tension began to build. Time slowly trickled by, and soon six whole hours had passed.

"Mr. Faust, why don't you rest for a while? I'll wait instead."

Vincent looked worriedly at Alec, who hadn't even so much as sipped water all day.

Shaking his head, Alec replied, "How can I rest when the doctors inside aren't taking a break?"

He was quite worried because he didn't expect the operation to last so long. He couldn't help thinking about Dr. Walter, who looked so tiny. Could she really perform such a lengthy operation?

"Get them some food. Make sure everyone can eat immediately after the operation," he suddenly instructed Vincent, which caught him by surprise.

It was his first time hearing of a patient's family ordering meals for their doctor. When did Alec become so kind?

Glancing at the operating theater and thinking of the person lying on the operating table, he immediately understood.

It was all for Faye. After all, Alec promised her brother he would take good care of her. Of course, he would do something for the doctors operating on her.

Half an hour later, the lights in the operating room were finally turned off, and the door opened.

A nurse asked, "Is Faye's family here?"

Alec got up immediately, asking, "Is the operation successful?"

“Yes, Dr. Walter said it was a success,” replied the nurse, who found it challenging to endure the operation that lasted several hours. “The patient will be transferred to the intensive care unit now. Please follow me to complete the admission procedures.”

Alec looked at Vincent, who nodded and followed the nurse. After he left, Jenny and the other doctors exited the room, all pale with exhaustion.

“Thank you for your hard work,” said Alec, approaching Jenny warily.

Although she seemed to have the occasional attitude problem, Alec decided to let it slide for Faye’s sake. Meanwhile, already exhausted from the operation, the sight of Alec left a bitter taste in Jenny’s mouth.

“My work isn’t hard. My life is hard.”

Why did her patient have to be Alec’s lover? It made her life so difficult.

“You all must be hungry. I have ordered some food for you. Please head to the office to eat,” Alec announced.

“You’re being too nice, Mr. Faust. It is our responsibility to perform this surgery,” one of the doctors responded, sounding rather flattered.

“Yes,” agreed another doctor, “it’s our pleasure to assist you, Mr. Faust.”

This was Alec they were talking about. It was a rare opportunity to see him, much less to be directly involved in helping him. However, Jenny did not agree with the rest of them.

Listening to them compliment Alec, she was dumbfounded. Was it really their pleasure to assist him? Well, someone could take that pleasure away from her because she didn’t want it, she thought to herself.

Vincent led everyone to the office for their meal while Faye was wheeled to the intensive care unit. It had been a long time since she had such a long operation, so she was drained. Rubbing her temples, Jenny got ready to head home to rest.

“Aren’t you going to eat?”

Seeing that she was about to leave, Alec reached for her hand instinctively, which he discovered was soft to the touch. Perhaps because she had just washed her hands, they were ice-cold.

For some reason, it stirred something within him. However, before he could process it, Jenny jumped away from him and stared at him warily.

“Watch yourself, Mr. Faust.”

Then, she wiped her hands, distaste written all over her face.

Alec was exasperated. What did he do to deserve such an extreme reaction?

Something within him snapped, and he glared at her.

“Dr. Walter!” he spat furiously through gritted teeth. The low timbre of his voice was bone-chilling.

Jenny raised her head to meet his gaze, unwavering as she stared back at him with her eyes blazing.

“Don’t think you can be rude just because you’ve operated on Faye. I’m telling you, you’re testing my patience.”

Was she testing his patience? What a joke! He was the one who was trying her patience.

“Really?” she asked. Suppressing her anger, she forced herself to smile as wide as possible. “Since that’s the case, let this be the last time we meet.”

“You—”

Before he could finish his sentence, Jenny had turned around and left, leaving Alec staring at her retreating figure. No matter how long he waited, he couldn’t shake off his exasperation.

“All necessary arrangements have been made for Miss Lawrence, Mr. Faust,” informed Vincent cautiously as he approached Alec from behind.

The truth was Vincent had completed the procedures a long time ago. However, from a distance away, he could sense the tension between Alec and Jenny, so he wisely stayed away.

“Do you think she hates me?” Alec asked suddenly as he continued looking in the direction Jenny had gone.