

Chapter 6 Why Bother With Me

Elsie bore wounds on her lower back, scattered bruises across her body, and suffered a head injury. She was also diagnosed with a mild concussion, and the doctor recommended a few days of hospitalization for observation.

But there was nothing physically wrong with her legs. She simply pretended she couldn't move.

Keaton requested that Joelle attend to Elsie around the clock. Despite Joelle's unwillingness, driven by her sense of responsibility as a doctor, she reluctantly agreed with a nod.

As Joelle walked towards the door of her home with a bag of nursing supplies, Keaton entered the house.

Joelle cast a brief glance at him, choosing not to engage. She departed without uttering a word.

Keaton forcefully seized her wrist, causing Joelle to release her grip, letting her bag fall to the floor.

"What's the meaning of this? Release me!" Joelle winced, furrowing her brow in pain, and vehemently tried to free herself.

"You didn't take my words seriously, did you? If you attempt to escape, I'll ensure you can't walk." Keaton's tone carried an edge of agitation.

"Where would I go? Weren't you the one instructing me to look after Miss Rowe at the hospital?" Joelle's eyes welled up with redness.

Keaton released his hold and explained, "She developed a high fever earlier today and is currently in the ICU. Going there now is pointless. You can begin tomorrow."

"Understood," Joelle responded, retracting her hand.

While attempting to retrieve her bag, Keaton abruptly leaned over, looming over her.

"You... release me!" Joelle exclaimed, taken aback. She automatically shielded her belly with her hands, her complexion pale. "Miss Rowe has returned. Why bother with me? Aren't you afraid she'll be dissatisfied?"

Annoyed, Keaton frowned and retorted, "Don't bring her up now."

Tears brimmed in Joelle's eyes. She bit her lip, opting to remain silent.

Being aware of Keaton's deep affection for Elsie, Joelle couldn't help feeling humiliated by the situation.

Evidently, no matter how shattered her heart was, the pain persisted. But who could she hold responsible? Only herself for not parting ways with him sooner. If she had done that sooner, perhaps she wouldn't be in such agony now.

"What's on your mind?" Keaton's breath became heavier, and his eyes grew cold and menacing.

"Keaton, if you have no trust in me, why do you insist on physical contact? It's repulsive!" Joelle seized his hand, expressing her discontent.

Keaton regarded her merely as a sexual object at this point, a form of humiliation she refused to endure.

Keaton was unfazed by her words. Their proximity remained. As their breaths intertwined, Keaton coldly remarked, "Joelle, you've been here for three years. You were aware that corner lacked surveillance."

"Elsie bribed the staff in the villa. They are providing false testimony for her!" Joelle's body trembled with disappointment as she made her assertion.

For three years, they had shared the same bed. Even if Keaton harbored no affection for her, how could he completely lack trust?

Elsie's scheme wasn't intricate; if Keaton were to probe deeper, he could easily uncover it.

However, he refrained from conducting any investigation. He placed

unconditional trust in Elsie.

"I've already looked into it," stated Keaton in a deep tone. "She is not acquainted with anyone in the villa."

"Impossible! Elsie must have employed some means to gain their cooperation. I will investigate it personally. Release me!" Joelle bit her lip in frustration.

Joelle pushed Keaton aside, attempting to stand, yet he seized her wrists and held them above her head.

Unexpectedly, Keaton's phone rang.

Amid Joelle's struggle, she noticed that the caller was Elsie.


Keaton cast a cold glance at her and answered the phone, saying, "What's the matter?"

"Keaton, I... I'm not feeling well."

"I'll come immediately." Keaton swiftly rose and glanced at Joelle, who appeared relieved. In a cold tone, he added, "You're coming with me."

Joelle didn't have the opportunity to compose herself. She trailed after Keaton to the car, her body still weak.



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Chapter 7 Responsibility

Elsie, in the hospital, anxiously glanced at the door, repeatedly messaging Keaton without receiving a response. Frustrated, she cursed at Joelle.

The idea of Keaton and Joelle's activities in bed during the night was unbearable for her.

She was determined to create a rift between Keaton and Joelle.

Keaton entered and inquired, "What's wrong?"

With tears brimming in her eyes, Elsie embraced Keaton's waist and said, "I'm sorry, Keaton. I didn't mean to disturb you. But I truly felt terrible just now. I thought I was going to die."

Joelle entered the room and witnessed the two of them embracing.

A fleeting trace of sadness crossed her eyes. She compelled herself to regain composure.

They were on the brink of divorce. It was Keaton's prerogative to act as he pleased, and she had no right to intervene.

"Joelle, you're here as well." Elsie not only maintained her grip on Keaton but also tightened it. "Joelle, in moments of sadness and fear, hugging Keaton always reassures me. Do you have any objections?"

Joelle responded apathetically, "I don't have any objections."

Elsie felt a twinge of disappointment at Joelle's composed response.

She yearned to witness Joelle's jealousy, hoping for a dramatic reaction that would intensify Keaton's disdain. Joelle's calm demeanor perplexed her.

Glancing at Joelle, Keaton placed a hand on Elsie's shoulder, assuring, "Starting today, she will be responsible for your care. You'll recover soon."

"Understood. Thank you, Joelle," Elsie responded with a weak smile, yet a hint of smugness glinted in her eyes.

Joelle lowered her head, opting to remain silent.

As he gazed at Joelle's lack of interest and reluctance, Keaton's unexplained anger surged once more. However, observing her pallid complexion, his words became lodged in his throat, leaving him speechless.

Keaton left.

Being the CEO of the Gordon Group with critical projects underway, Keaton often found himself working late into the night, leaving no room for him to be with Elsie around the clock.

Elsie felt a moment of sorrow. She cast her gaze downward, fidgeting with the sheet with her fingers, choosing silence.

"Miss Rowe, do you have any particular food preferences?" Joelle inquired, as was her routine.

Elsie lifted her head, responding with indifference, "I'm not choosy about food. Anything is acceptable. As a doctor, you must be more knowledgeable about this than I am."

"My specialization is tumor treatment. I haven't had experience caring for a patient like you before. Do you have any allergies?" Joelle inquired.

"No, I have faith in you." Elsie stared at Joelle, enunciating each word deliberately.

Joelle experienced a subtle sense of unease.

Without allowing Elsie to speak further, Joelle hastily left the ward. As she walked, Tony approached her.

"Joelle, are you alright?" Tony scrutinized her appearance, expressing concern.

Joelle nodded her head and assured, "I'm fine. I'll be looking after Miss Rowe in the coming days. The third-phase trial of new drugs, produced by Jensen Bio and our department, is commencing. You have plenty of tasks

ahead, and I'll join you soon."

Grace Hospital proudly marked its third consecutive year of securing the GCP certificate for clinical trials. The facility had become a thriving hub for numerous new drug experiments, fostering over twenty successful collaborations within the current year alone.

Presently, the tumor department and Jensen Bio were engaged in a collaborative effort to pioneer a novel medicine targeting advanced liver cancer. The launch of this drug held the promise of significantly enhancing treatment outcomes for patients in the advanced stages of liver cancer, thereby extending their lifespans.

Commencing her career after graduating from university at the age of twenty-three, she initially served in a county hospital. Two years later, with Tony's assistance, she transitioned to Grace Hospital. Now in her third year at the institution, she had borne witness to the hospital's remarkable evolution.

Joelle aspired for the hospital to achieve significant milestones in new drug trials while simultaneously aiming to evolve into an outstanding doctor herself.

Tony, six years older than her, had already attained the position of head of the tumor department in the hospital. Accomplishing much at a young age, he possessed a promising future, garnering respect as a senior and serving as a role model for Joelle.

Irrespective of whether she would divorce Keaton, Joelle was determined to exert her utmost effort in her work.

"Don't concern yourself. Have you informed Mr. Gordon about your pregnancy?" Observing Joelle's paling expression, Tony swiftly added, "I don't imply anything else. However, if you choose to keep the baby, I can give the slot for studying abroad this year to you. You can utilize this opportunity to proceed with the delivery."

After a brief pause, Joelle declined. "No. It's a valuable opportunity for you. Moreover, Keaton hasn't consented to the divorce yet. Departing from the Gordon family before that is impractical, let alone going abroad."

"But..."

"Tony!" Joelle gazed at him earnestly and said, "I don't want you to be implicated. You have a bright future ahead of you. Don't jeopardize it for my sake. I understand what I'm doing, and I'll handle my own issues. Don't worry."

Tony expressed helplessness. "You're still as stubborn as ever. Alright, I won't intervene. However, if you require any assistance, don't hesitate to reach out to me."

Joelle nodded in agreement and said, "Alright."