

Cruel Gene

Ivy took a deep breath and decisively pushed away from Shawn's kiss. "I'll be back... I'll come to save you later."

With those words, she didn't dare to look at him and quickly walked out of the door.

Shawn watched as Ivy's figure disappeared outside, and his handsome face instantly darkened.

First, she had approached and gained his grandmother's trust, and now, meeting this stranger for the first time, she was asking for immediate marriage registration. It seemed like a calculated and strategic move, possibly part of her plan to control the situation.

....

Fifteen minutes later

Ivy parked her motorcycle in front of the clinic but heard commotion from inside.

"Ivy, get out here!"

The voice made Ivy's eyebrows furrow. As expected, as soon as she entered the clinic, she saw her father berating the doctors and nurses in the clinic with his hands on his hips.

"You bastard, do you know who I am? I'm the father of your Dr. Jones! She will stand there obediently and let me scold her when she sees me!"

Jessie's face was already swollen from Harry Jones' beating, and the fingerprints were clearly visible. When Jessie saw Ivy walk in, she shivered and called out her name.



"Dr. Jones..." Her eyes reddened instantly.

Jessie had been interning with Ivy after graduating, now saw her being beaten by her own father. Ivy's heart clenched, and she bent down to carefully inspect her injuries. 1

"Go clean the wounds, and I'll take care of the patients." Seeing that the injuries weren't too severe, Ivy patted Jessie's shoulder, then walked straight past Harry Jones and into the emergency room.

The strong scent of blood filled the air, accompanied by the painful moans and screams of the patients.

In her line of sight, a patient on the bed writhed in agony, his left leg showing a massive blood hole, a shocking sight.

"Doctor, please save my dad," the patient's son choked out, but upon seeing Harry Jones entering behind Ivy, he started shouting and rushed forward as if to attack him.

"You scum! Not only did you refuse to pay for the meal, but you also beat my dad like this! My dad has worked hard all his life, and if he becomes disabled for life because of you, I won't let you get away with it!"

He yelled loudly, pointing his finger at Harry Jones' nose, cursing him vehemently.

To their surprise, Harry Jones didn't show any remorse. Instead, he boldly stepped forward, pointed to the bloodstains at the corner of his mouth, and retorted, "I've been injured by you too. Watch, I'll get a medical assessment right now. My daughter is a doctor here. With her medical assessment, I will sue you to the hilt! I'll make you pay for the medical expenses, and you'll end up losing everything!"



"You beast!"

The patient's family members were completely enraged, and they were about to confront Harry Jones.

The on-duty nurse quickly stopped the agitated family members, while another group of people restrained Harry Jones to prevent him from doing anything more provocative and angering the patients and their families. 1

Ivy finally understood the whole situation.

It turned out that Harry Jones, her father, had attempted to dine and dash at a restaurant but was refused. Enraged, he had resorted to violence, leaving the restaurant owner in his current state.

"Hmph!" Ivy sneered inwardly. She no longer had any pity for this scumbag who shared a tiny bit of blood relation with her.

Seeing the nurses behind her hesitating and not taking any action, Ivy's gaze turned sharp. She said coldly, "What are you all waiting for? This man is causing trouble in the hospital, hindering medical treatment. Shouldn't we call the police?"

"What?" When Harry Jones heard that Ivy was going to report him, he exploded in anger. "You, a worthless piece of property, dare to call the police on me?! Today, I'll beat you to death, you ungrateful daughter!"

As he spoke, he raised his hand to strike her. Ivy abruptly turned and gave him a cold stare, which left him inexplicably chilled. Try as he might, he couldn't bring himself to hit her.

"Physically assaulting someone is already a criminal offense," Ivy reminded him coldly, "and if your disturbance causes a delay in the



patient's treatment, resulting in a permanent disability, you'll face even more severe consequences. You might spend decades behind bars."

"You..."

Harry Jones wanted to insult her, but he couldn't find the words to do so. He could only glare at her with wide eyes.

Ivy didn't pay his anger any attention. She turned back to the nurses behind her and instructed, "The patient has a severe comminuted fracture of the knee, and the injury is already infected. We need to perform surgery immediately to minimize further damage and functional impairments."

"Yes!"

The nurses acknowledged her instructions and began to prepare for the surgery. However, the patient's family was unwilling to accept her as the doctor.

As soon as they heard that Ivy was this scumbag's daughter, they decided to request a different doctor.

"I want a different doctor! You're his daughter; there's no guarantee you won't show favoritism towards him. If something goes wrong with my dad because of this, who will I talk to about it?!"

The nurse on the side quickly tried to calm them, saying, "Patient's family, Dr. Jones is very professional and rational. She..."

"Professional?!" The patient's family argued stubbornly. "They are father and daughter. She must have inherited Harry Jones' cruel genes. What if she tampers with the surgery for revenge? How can we trust your hospital? Don't you conduct any qualifications checks on your doctors?!"



The nurses were caught in a dilemma.

While the patient's family's words were not pleasant, there was a certain degree of logic in their argument.

Dr. Jones was usually quite stern, and it wasn't impossible that she might have a cruel and ruthless side. If she took advantage of her position to commit harm during surgery, then...

Thinking of this, the nurses couldn't help but shiver, and they tentatively suggested to Ivy, "Dr. Jones, maybe we should ask Dr. Ticko, who's the closest, to step in..."

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