

Chapter 1188 Lead Ian Away

Ian's determination to prolong the quarrel remained steadfast, but Laney interjected, pacifying both parties.

"It's alright. I'll stay put in the ward. Ian, feel free to leave."

"But..." Ian hesitated, apprehension gnawing at his heart.

A lingering sensation tugged at him, warning that something ill might befall Laney.

Casually picking up a magazine from the bedside table, Laney reassured him, "I'll be engrossed in these pages until your return. Fret not, be on your way."

Reluctantly, Ian accompanied Lola to the attending physician's office, unable to shake off his lingering concerns.

Lola exhaled in relief, Kailee's scheme now partially realized.

Meanwhile, the attending physician had been anxiously awaiting Ian's arrival, growing

increasingly concerned that something had gone awry.

Upon the duo's entrance, the physician too let out a sigh of relief and promptly approached them, subtly signaling Lola.

Lola, catching the cue, guided Ian towards the couch, saying, "Let's pay heed to the doctor's counsel, ensuring the finest care for Mrs. Harding."

Ian's eyes narrowed, sensing that something was amiss as he observed the familiarity between Lola and the physician.

The physician produced a hefty pile of notes from his drawer and handed them to Ian with gravity. "These are crucial precautions for Mrs. Harding's delivery. Commit them to memory or you shan't leave."

Aghast, Ian stared at the stack, as thick as a novel, and stammered, "Memorize all of these?"

"Indeed. Every single word," the physician reiterated.

"Very well. I'll take them back to memorize," Ian conceded, rising with the notes in hand, "Mrs. Harding mustn't be left unattended."

Lola swiftly seized Ian's arm, insisting, "I shall tend

to Mrs. Harding. You remain here and master these guidelines."

Ian's suspicions flared as he observed their disarray, detecting a nefarious plot unfolding.

His eyes grew icy, glaring at Lola, "Why are you not the one to stay and learn?"

Lola's nervousness peaked as she averted her gaze, stammering, "I... I lack the medical expertise to grasp this material."

"Then you ought to be even more diligent in your studies to properly assist Mrs. Harding," Ian countered, shaking free of Lola's grip and striding towards the door.

The physician, sensing the situation spiraling out of control, clenched his jaw and blocked the doorway. "You may not depart until you have perused these documents in their entirety!"

Ian's departure threatened to derail Kailee's machinations.

"Make way," Ian demanded coldly.

Intimidated by Ian's imposing presence but unwilling to defy Kailee's directives, the physician obstinately obstructed Ian's path. "I reiterate, you must complete your reading. As Mrs. Harding's

attending physician, I..."

"Enough!" Ian's patience evaporated. He delivered a fierce punch, flooring the physician and departing without hesitation.

Having undergone professional boxing training, Ian's formidable blow bloodied the physician's mouth and rendered him unable to rise.

"Halt him!" the physician, gritting his teeth through the pain, shouted at the petrified Lola.

Lola had always perceived Ian as a gentle, well-mannered individual. His ferocity took her aback, leaving her too frightened to intervene. She could only stand frozen as he stormed off.

After incapacitating the physician, Ian swiftly navigated to Laney's ward.

As he rounded the corner, Laney's scream pierced the air, "Ah!"

"Damn it!" Panic gripped Ian's heart as he dashed into the room.

Entering, he found Laney on the ground, holding her stomach in pain, her countenance pale as she winced, almost frail. 1