

A Love Forgotten Chapter 8

An hour later, I arrived at Halton University Hospital's orthopedic department emergency room. There, an amicable-looking doctor with a head of white hair felt my arm.

He nodded at the gentleman standing in a corner. "It's a dislocation."

The gentleman hummed in acknowledgment. "You're renowned for fixing dislocations, Dr. Quinell. Could you do it for her, please?"

Dr. Quinell gave the man a meaningful look. "You keep owing me favors on other people's behalf, don't you?"

He slowly turned my arm as he spoke. "Was this brat the person who caused this, little lady?"

I sneaked a look at the gentleman before shaking my head. "No, no. I... I don't know him."

Dr. Quinell laughed. "You don't know him? Why would he be so worried about you if you didn't know him?"

I thought about how I'd lost control earlier and cried my heart out while clutching his suit jacket. Then, I lowered my head in embarrassment.

Just then, a crisp crack rang out, and Dr. Quinell released me before I could make a sound.

I then stood up and moved my arm.

I was surprised. It didn't hurt anymore.

What was this miracle that had just happened?

Dr. Quinell smiled. "Move it a bit more to test it out. You should be fine now."

I slowly stretched my arm and turned it around. Sure enough, it didn't hurt at all!

I hurriedly turned to Dr. Quinell. "Thank you so much for this, Dr. Quinell!"

I wasn't a fool. Dr. Thomas Quinell was renowned in Halton City for his expertise in orthopedics. Many famous and rich people would do anything to have him treat their orthopedic issues.

Dr. Quinell was a kind doctor who focused on treating regular patients. He only charged them a token sum for their treatment.

He'd been practicing for over 50 years and still believed in treating illnesses without profiting off his patients. He'd treated thousands of patients over the years. Yet, it was precisely due to his principles that made it harder to get him to treat patients who were cutting the queue.

At that thought, I couldn't help but look at the handsome gentleman beside me. He looked about 27 or 28 and seemed more mature and level-headed than Elijah.

His dark gray suit fit him well and perfectly showed off his trim figure. His features were chiseled, and a pair of half-framed glasses rested on his tall nose. They made his eyes seem even more deep-set than they already were.

He was chatting with Dr. Quinell, and as he did, his every action exuded confidence and charm.

I'd once thought that Elijah was the most handsome man I'd ever met. His cold gaze and dominating demeanor made him seem manlier than others.

However, the gentleman with me was Elijah's opposite.

Appearance-wise, he and Elijah were equals. If Elijah was sharp, this man was gentle and graceful. Elijah looked like he could take on the world with his attitude, while this man looked like he could accept the world with his gentility.

I couldn't tell which of them was more handsome, but judging from the current situation, I admired this man's gentility and composure more.

The man sneaked a glance at me in the middle of his conversation with Dr. Quinell. Suddenly, he asked, "Do you feel unwell anywhere else, Ms. York?"

This caught me off guard. I was about to shake my head, but I caught myself in time and nodded instead.

Dr. Quinell frowned. "Hurry up and show me where else you're hurt then. You don't want something minor to turn into something major."

So, I showed him the back of my waist and my heel. They'd begun hurting after Evan had shoved me last night. Then, I also asked him to feel the back of my head.

Dr. Quinell dutifully checked me before shaking his head. He said, "Oh, dear. Why are you so severely injured? Your waist is almost fractured. It's even a little dislocated now. I'll help you fix that in a while. Your leg isn't too bad in comparison. It's just a sprain.

"The back of your head though..." He felt it and suddenly became mad. "How can you take your body for granted like this?"

His response startled me, and I stammered, "I... I..."

Upset, Dr. Quinell wrote down his diagnosis and a prescription. “Your skull is fractured, and there’s inner swelling. You’re not afraid of dying, aren’t you?”

“You’ll be dead meat if the swelling doesn’t subside and causes your intracranial pressure to increase. To think you even got into a fight with someone and ended up having your shoulder dislocated... I can’t believe you.” Dr. Quinell sounded angry as he continued writing.

His lecture made my eyes turn red.

I had no idea I was so severely injured. Elijah hadn’t visited me at the hospital prior to me losing my memories. His hateful assistant had also urged for me to be discharged when my condition had improved slightly.

The more I thought about it, the more aggrieved I felt. I lowered my head like a child who’d done something wrong.

Just then, the gentleman broke the awkward silence and said, “Don’t be mad, Dr. Quinell. She must’ve left the hospital without receiving the proper treatment because she wasn’t aware of her condition.

“I’m sure she didn’t do it on purpose. Besides, why would anyone refuse to see a doctor when they’re so severely injured?”

Dr. Quinell’s expression softened as he finished writing the prescription. When he saw that I looked like I was going to cry, he hurriedly said, “It’s fine, it’s fine. Don’t cry, little lady. You were wailing so loudly when you arrived that everyone in the department heard you.

“Don’t cry now, okay?”

He then glared at the gentleman. “Hurry up and take her for her treatment, you brat! She’ll need to come back here for three consecutive days. I’ll personally administer acupuncture on her to ensure the injury won’t leave any lasting effects.”

After that, the man hurriedly took me to the debridement room. He and I simultaneously sighed in relief once we were out of Dr. Quinell’s office.

Dr. Quinell was scary! I didn’t expect him to be so terrifying when he was mad.

Feeling guilty, I looked at the man. “Sorry for dragging you into this. And, uh... I forgot to ask for your name.” I awkwardly fidgeted with my fingers while waiting for an answer.

The man chuckled. “Have you forgotten who I am?”

“Huh?” I looked up, confused. “I honestly don’t remember you. What’s your name?”

He smiled, his gaze gentle. “I know your brother, Jonathan. You used to call me Woody when you were a kid.”

Woody?

I stood there in a daze as waves of childhood memories washed over me. I vaguely remembered a period when Jonathan always had a tall, thin, bespectacled young man with him. He didn't talk much but was always soft-spoken when he did.

I'd been curious about him and wanted to get to know him, but the aloofness with which he carried himself had stopped me.

I remembered Jonathan later telling me that his surname was Wood. So, I'd mischievously called him Woody once.

"Are you... Woody?" I tentatively asked.

He smiled at me and held out a hand. "I'm Logan Wood, not Woody."

I felt my cheeks warm, and I hastily shook his hand. "Hi. Uh, sorry about earlier..."

I wanted to continue making small talk, but it was my turn for treatment. So, I could only apologetically nod at him before heading into the debridement room.

My treatment was done in a jiffy. My shoulder had been wrapped up like pasta around a fork, and the bandage slightly dangled from my neck. I couldn't help thinking that I looked silly.

As I came out with my medication, I saw Elijah waiting outside. He seemed impatient.

When he saw the bandage on my shoulder, he was taken aback for a second before his expression turned cold.

He strode over to me, wanting to grab me.

However, I backed away, feeling scared. "Don't come near me."

Elijah paused and tried to suppress his anger as he snarled, "Apologize to those people, Ariana! Evelyn's promised that she won't call the cops as long as you apologize."

His tone was filled with irritation. "All you do is cause trouble for me. When are you going to stop this?"