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Returning from the Dead: His Secret Lover Chapter 1144

Benedict couldn't move his eyes away from the doctor's pair of hands. It was evident he was afraid he would miss it, just like the time he headed out of the ward to answer the call.

A skin prick test was all it would take to determine if the young man was allergic to penicillin.

Silence remained in the ward as everyone held their breath throughout the session.

Once the doctor was done, he beckoned Edmund to hold on to the cotton bud and reminded him, "It's going to take twenty minutes until we get our hands on the result. If you feel uncomfortable, send someone to get me as soon as possible."

Edmund looked at the doctor in the eyes and took over the cotton bud as instructed.

On the other hand, the doctor paid no heed to him and marched out of the ward once he gathered the sample he needed.

Benedict, Edmund, and the one affiliated with the family were the only ones left in the ward.

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Edmund had a mouthful of apple and continued playing his game as if he couldn't care less of those around him.

Benedict and the one affiliated with the family were speechless because of the young man's behavior.

Twenty minutes was nothing much for an ordinary person. However, it felt as if it was an eternity for the ones in the ward, especially Benedict.

He couldn't suppress the urge to pay the doctor another visit and headed out to figure out the progress of the test.

Within five minutes, he returned to the side of his so-called son and removed the cotton bud against his son's will.

"Why are you still holding on to this cotton bud?"

Edmund rolled his eyes and asked in a sarcastic manner, "Are you deaf or something? Haven't you heard the doctor's instructions?"

As a result of his sarcastic remark, Benedict's lips twitched against his will. The thing irritating him the most was the fact the pricked wound hadn't reacted to the allergen.

How is that possible? Why isn't he reacting to the allergens?

When the observant Edmund noticed the man's eyes flickering in despair, he sat upright and asked with a scowl, "What's wrong? Are you upset I'm doing fine?"

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Benedict was at a loss for words to defend himself. Thus, Edmund added, "Were you the one who sent the nurse to administer penicillin? What? Are you trying to kill me merely because of the troubles I have caused you?"

Overwhelmed by angst, he cast the apple in the direction of his so-called father without holding back while yelling, "Why don't you go ahead and kill me?"

Benedict knew it was time for him to stop pushing his luck. Immediately after he evaded the apple launched in his direction, he leaned over and explained, "What are you talking about? You're my only son! There's no way I'm going to kill you!"

"Stop lying to me! If you're not going to kill me, what do you think you're doing? You don't think I'm a fool, do you?"

As he continued yelling hysterically, he smashed the nightstand with all his might and jumped out of bed.

"Mr. Edmund, you need to calm down because Mr. Cooper doesn't mean it—"

The one affiliated with the family couldn't even finish his sentence since the young man had rushed out of the ward.

The patient was nowhere to be seen anymore by the time they made it out of the ward.

Oh, God! Why has things turned out as such again?

He felt his heart aching when he wasn't even related to the Coopers.

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Meanwhile, Benedict started stomping and yelling the moment he figured out his son had fled from the hospital, "I'm going to teach him another lesson the moment I find him!"

The man next to him begged to differ and thought the one yelling would be the one suffering once the young man returned.

Meanwhile, Karl and the rest of his party came out of hiding the moment the young man rushed down the stairs from his ward.

"Edmund!" Karl yelled when he was about to address the man with a different name a split second ago.

He was astonished because the young man continued staggering his way down the stairs with his hands covering his mouth as if he couldn't hear Karl and the rest.

"Mr. Frost, why aren't we going after him?"

Once his subordinate caught up to him, they asked since they couldn't figure out the reason Karl remained standing when they were so close to their target.

Karl went dead silent and had his eyes glued to the surveillance camera a few feet away from them. His expression darkened as if he was ready to take someone out to vent his anger.

We can't afford to make any mistakes!

On the other hand, Edmund finally made his way out of the hospital according to the route he had in mind in spite of his blurred vision.

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He thought of traveling back to the hotel without the help of the others. Otherwise, he might not make it out alive if he failed to return within half an hour.

Honk!

Out of nowhere, he felt a strong gust on his cheek and took a step back when he was about to leave.

He leaned against the gate and started panting heavily in an attempt to catch his breath.

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