

## **Ex Wife 1357**

### Chapter 1357

Renee soon found Joanne's attending doctor.

"Doctor, may I know where the patient in ward 1206 is? Did she move to another ward?" She remembered Joanne's ward, which happened to be on the same floor as Quinton's former ward.

However, both Quinton and Joanne had never got to see each other even if they were only a few dozen meters apart.

The doctor was not surprised by Renee and Quinton's visit, and even seemed as if he had been waiting for them.

He adjusted his glasses and told them calmly, "You're late— Miss Garcia has already been discharged from the hospital." "What? She's been discharged?" Renee spluttered, feeling her hope fade.

"Wasn't her case pretty serious? I heard that she has to be hospitalized for at least three months, and it's only been around two weeks since then.

Why was she discharged? Can her body take that?" "Well, I couldn't say anything since it was the patient's choice.

I did try to dissuade her, but she insisted.

I can only respect her wishes." "It was her idea?" Renee's confusion grew deeper.

"Are you saying that Joanne is awake? Did she recover well? Is she out of danger?" She recalled that Joanne's case was much more serious than Quinton's.

When Joanne arrived at the hospital, she was admitted to the ICU and was in a coma.

Even the doctor hadn't known when she would wake up.

Since Joanne had asked to leave, it meant that her condition was better.

To Renee, it was good news too.

"Miss Garcia recovered fine, but she would be better if she stayed for treatment.

She has too many injuries, new and old, and the incision on her abdomen is too large.

It'll be lifelong damage if she doesn't take good care of it.

If it were up to me, I would've never let her leave so soon..." The doctor sighed heavily.

Out of all his patients, Joanne had been the most pitiful.

He couldn't imagine why a frail woman like her would have so many scars, cuts, scratches, and cigarette burns.

"It's already a miracle that she survived, but she's really pushing her luck by leaving the hospital like this," the doctor muttered, looking concerned.

Quinton had been unusually quiet, and he dug his nails into his palms as he choked out, "When did she ask to leave?" "Yesterday, at half past ten in the morning," the doctor replied.

He remembered it because Joanne had insisted on leaving out of the blue.

"Wasn't that when we left too, Quinton? We left maybe half an hour after that," Renee said slowly, realizing that it probably wasn't a coincidence.

It was clear that Joanne had purposely left at that time, and her reason for doing so was quite obvious.

"I might not have seen her, but she saw me that day.

That's why she left..." Quinton hung his head sadly.

Joanne chose to run away without giving him a chance to find her.

When Renee left the hospital with Quinton, Quinton was still downcast and quiet.

Renee turned to him and tried to comfort him.

"Quinton, stop overthinking.

I'm sure she's just scared and wants to protect herself; it's normal."