

Billionaire's Unfortunate Marriage by Yu tanit Chapter 8

"Choco! Are you free on Friday?" Bell asked from the other end.

"Nope. I need to-" I was about to explain my situation when she interrupted me in mid-sentence.

"Is he overworking you?" Bell asked curiously and I flared up hearing the question.

"Why do you mean by overworking? He is not my employer." I get irritated whenever someone mentions that man.

"But you do work for his grandfather, don't you?" She reasoned out making me feel annoyed.

"Anyways, aren't you just a personal doctor? Why need to go there every day?" Again, she comes back to the same topic which I do not want to talk for the time being.

"That's just the cover for being their personal care taker." Which personal doctor needed to visit every day early in the morning?

"Don't tell me that-" Before Bell could use up her high imaginative skills, I cut off her mid-sentence.

"Actually, I'm a personal doctor plus physiother**** so I needed to report daily. Nicho has yet to fully recover his legs sensation." I explained my utterly confused BFF who had been nagging me to explain the whole ordeal.

"So, you could not attend Amanda's party?" Bell sounded disappointed but I could not do anything as I have 5-hour therapy session on Friday.

"Nope." Amanda is our cla**mate from high school and she is a famous blogger.

"Then I will also not attend. I will be bored without you." I could imagine her pouting and knew that she would be searching Amanda's contact number on her mobile.

"Don't. You can take one of your dates to the party." I suggested as Amanda had personally called us not to missed the party.

So, if I could not attend then Bell could and she could explain my situation. Only if I had not met that ungrateful jerk who had his way at last.

Well, when I had received the phone call from the hospital, I was expecting it to be an emergency call but when I listened to the information the person had spoken, I was enraged.

That jerk not only cancels my promotion but blacklisted my name. When I demanded an explanation, they just brushed it off saying it's an order from higher up.

Damn their higher up.

So, the next day I went to the administrative and requested to meet the director but I was politely declined.

I was infuriated with the hospital management that I looked for the job at another hospital but seeing the black-listed mark on my CV from the prestigious hospital no one hired me.

I thought of suing the hospital for the sudden action and I had also consulted the lawyer but he advised me not to make rash decisions as the Reghen was the major shareholder of the hospital and I couldn't win the case.

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I also opted to move out of the city but my parents declined my decision. Dean advised me to talk to that jerk and negotiate but I knew better than to talk with him.

So, I stayed at my home and accompanied my granny helping her plant some flowers. There is a small garden on our balcony and granny spends her days taking care of the flowers.

I was devastated when I couldn't continue my career and kind of missed doing my job even though it was tiresome.

So, I decided to look for the small hospitals where I could work but before I could search for one, a phone call changed my whole plan.

I was talking with my mom about my plans sitting on the sofa when my mobile rang and the call was from the private number.

"Hello. Is this Dr. Shalifa?" An elderly voice asked from the other end when I accepted the call.

"Yes." I replied feeling stuffy as it had been quite some time since someone has called me using that t**le.

"Master. She is on line?" I heard some shuffling sound and another voice greeted me.

"Dr. Shalifa. I'm Nicholas Reghen, the old man whose surgery you had performed." The old man paused as if waiting for me to acknowledge him.

"Yes. I remember." How could I forget the patient whose family destroyed my career?

"I'm sorry for what my grandson had done to you. Also, I thought that he has grown up now and knows how to appreciate others but that brat...I'm shameful to-" He indirectly apologize and I couldn't hear it as he was not the one who is wrong.

"Mr.Reghen. Sorry to interrupt but you don't need to apologize on his behalf. Also, I have just done what other doctors might have done in that situation." That's the thing I so wanted to explain to his grandson but that jerk wouldn't listen.

"Thank you Dr.Shalifa. I...I just didn't expect that...also that brat was worried about me and.." He trailed off sounding guilty and I also felt bad as someone who had not done wrong needed to explain for the one who does not know he is wrong.

Anyways, I couldn't fight with his power and money so I should not think about the things which I do not have control over.

"Mr.Reghen. How is your health?" I tried to divert his mind and being a doctor, I'm used to it.

"I'm getting well. Thanks to you. But.." He sounded hesitant and stopped talking.

"But?" I asked to know about his condition as I could tell that he was upset about his leg.

The surgery saved his leg but due to some complications, he couldn't move his legs properly. Even more, he couldn't move his entire right leg so most patients would be depressed about their condition.

"The ther*****, my grandson had hired was useless so that I fire him early in the morning. I doubt I will ever get better." I could feel the sadness in his voice and he reminded me of my grandpa who used to pamper me the most.

I do not know whether it's an emotional effect of having an elderly at home or being grown up in a joint family where grandparents spoiled their grandchildren that whenever I talked with them, I remember my own grandparents.

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"Mr.Reghen. You need to believe in the ther***** so that he/she could help you to get better. Also, you shouldn't think badly about your condition. It will get better once you take proper medication." I explained as the doctor talked to her patient.

"These days the doctor is not so reliable." He complained as if he is a child and I chuckled making my mom raise a brow at me.

"All doctors are not corrupted. Some are there who work sincerely." I defended my profession as a doctor, I should clear the doubt of the patients.

"Yeah. Just like you." The old man praised me and I felt uncomfortable while talking about it.

"So, Mr.Reghen-" I was about to say take care when he cut me off.

"Call me Nicho. Mr.Reghen seems old for me." I chuckled listening to the old man who does not want to admit that he is old.

"Dr.Shalifa. I-" This time I cut him off mid-sentence.

"You can call me Choco." If he is being informal then I can do the shame.

"Choco. Actually, I also want to talk about my grandson's proposal. You?" Nicho did not forget to bring back the topic and I had a bad presumption about it.

"Yes. I'm listening." I answered and then the old man again apologized on behalf of his spoiled grandson.

And being the business man he is, that too of the powerful family, he somehow convinced me to be his personal doctor. I do not know why and how I agreed but I worked under Nicholas Reghen, not for his grandson.

"Choco. You know Luim, he argued with the director for you. He was worried for you. I'm also worried." Bell's voice interrupted my thoughts and I looked outside the window to see the elite area.

"Tell him not to worry about me. And you know what? My car broke down and I need to hail a cab in the busy morning." I heard a nurse call from the other end and know that it's time to hang up.

"Bell! I'm okay with the job. I just arrived at the mansion so I will end the call." I hung up the call and was about to get out of the cab when the gate opened.

The cab driver drove inside and parked near the fountain. I saw a black Bentley parked on the other side and saw the owner walking out the front door.

So, the gate was opened for this man?

I saw him looking intensely at the cab as if some thief has entered his territory and I inwardly roll my eyes. I took out the money and paid the fare. Then I get out of the cab and walked to the front door.

I pa**ed by the boss and his a**istant and as usual, I greeted the a**istant, ignoring his boss. When I walked to the front door, Butler Tim was waiting for me at the entrance.

"Morning. Miss.Velour." Butler Tim greeted as usual.

“Morning Uncle Tim.” I greeted walking inside the mansion.

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“Where is Nicho?” I asked looking towards the dining room but the old man was not there.

“Master just had his breakfast. He is in the study.” Uncle Tim lead the way and I followed behind.

It has been almost a month since I have started my new job and this place is still a mystery to me.

The mansion has 3 floors and we are currently on the 2 floors. I do not know how many rooms are there in total but all the rooms almost look the same, so I usually get lost on the way.

Every time I told Uncle Tim not to e***** me out, I would be stuck in the middle so I had to depend on Uncle Tim to show me the room.

Also, it’s Nicho’s fault as the old man couldn’t stay at one place and would always change the practice room.

Uncle Tim opened the huge mahogany door for me and I entered inside the study. I saw the old man sitting in the wheelchair looking at some books.

“Morning Nicho.” I cheerfully greeted him to brighten his mood and he closed the book once he saw me.

“Good Morning Choco.” He sounded energetic and I knew he is ready for the new session.

I talked about the new session with Nicho and told him about its difficulties. Then we started the session and soon it was time for me to leave. Butler Tim helped Nicho to his room and I too followed him as I need to check his BP.

While I was checking his BP the door opened and came inside the least expected man. Since I have working here, I have not seen him during my working time but today the jerk showed up.

“Old man.” The jerk called his grandpa and walked near the bed.

My work was finished and his BP was normal so I packed the instrument placing it in the drawer. I was then about to head outside when Nicho called me.

“Choco! Can I go on a vacation?” Nicho asked making me confused.

“Sure. But you cannot exert your leg. You must take proper rest and take the medication on time.” His legs are in good shape now but one mistake can destroy them.

“See the doctor agreed?” Nicho smirked looking at his grandson who doesn't seem to be happy with my answer.

“Nicho. I will leave then.” I turned to walk to the door, not wanting to get involved with these pair of stubborn men.

“Wait.” The jerk's voice made to stop on my track.

“Oh! Yes. Choco! You will accompany me on the vacation. And you too my dear grandson.” I heard some excitement in his voice and I do not know whether to cry or laugh at my poor luck.