

Not One, But Two Chapter 18

Not One, But Two Chapter 18 The Operation Theater Is My Domain

The air around Greg dropped to sub-zero temperatures, and he looked murderous.

The pathologist shivered, but he braced himself as he asked, "Is there a problem, Mr. Buckley?"

Daggers were practically coming out of Greg's eyes as he regarded the pathologist icily and demanded, "Are you the only person who has touched this report?"

The pathologist nodded forcefully. "Yes, I'm the only person who has handled the report from beginning to end; there should be nothing wrong with it."

The more the pathologist insisted on this, the more ominous Greg looked. Finally, he shoved the report into his pocket and said coldly, "No one must know about this, or else..."

"I understand. I don't know anything, and you were never here, Mr. Buckley." With that, the pathologist left.

Greg's eyes were so dark that they looked like endless onyx pools. How could Alissa and I not be related? She looks exactly like me. Surely there has to be some biological connection to explain our resemblance! He refused to believe that there was nothing fishy about the DNA test results, but he couldn't come up with a reason to invalidate it.

An inexplicable rush of frustration seized him.

At that moment, Troy called him again. "Mr. Buckley, Dr. Kain is far too much work for us to handle, and we won't be able to subdue her for long!"

Troy felt like bursting into tears. He had thought of Abigail as nothing more than a demure woman, but she could wield a scalpel like it was a katana and had managed to keep everyone at a distance, giving her enough time and space to scurry into the aircraft with Alissa in tow.

However, the pilot dared not take off without any further instruction from Greg, so for the time being, everyone seemed to be caught in a tense stand-off.

Greg was already exasperated enough as it was with the DNA test results. When he heard about Abigail's mischief, he was close to the point of combustion. "I'll be right there and I'll skin that woman alive if it's the last thing I do!"

Following this, he was just about to leave when he heard Valerie's personal caretaker run up to him, panicking as he gasped, "Something's wrong, Mr. Buckley. The old madam is coughing up blood!"

"What did you just say?" Greg stopped in his tracks, and he quickly spun on his heels before hurrying back to the hospital room. As he did so, he said into the phone, "Troy, get Abigail back to the hospital right now! She's supposed to be the world's best surgeon, but why is my mom coughing up blood after the surgery? If anything happens to her, I'll make that wretched doctor pay with her life!" Having spat that out, he ended the call.

On the other line, Troy was astonished. Valerie meant a lot to Greg, and if she were experiencing any post-surgery side effects, then Abigail would have hell to pay. With that in mind, Troy hurried over to Abigail, who smirked at him as she asked, "What, are you here to get a taste of my scalpel?"

Troy felt a chill run down his spine, but he took a deep breath and said, "I'm sorry, Dr. Kain, but I'm afraid you really can't leave right now. The old madam is coughing up blood as we speak."

Abigail frowned at this. "That's not possible." She had been the one presiding over the surgery, and she knew the details well. While Valerie's operation had been a complicated one, Abigail was sure that there would be no post-surgery side effects. Why is she coughing up blood all of a sudden?

Abigail was a doctor; she would never leave until she had made sure that the surgery was successful, and yet, the old madam started coughing up blood not too long after Abigail had left. As things were, she would have to stay even if Greg hadn't put up such a fight to keep her grounded. If she left now, her reputation as a doctor would go down the drain.

At the thought of this, Abigail's gaze darkened, and she clutched Alissa's hand as she said gently, "Darling, I'm afraid we'll have to go back to Harrion."

"But Mommy, what about Aria?" Alissa was understandably worried about her sister.

"Leave it to me," Abigail reassured. She fished out her phone and turned her back on Troy and the others as she made a call. When she turned around once more, her gaze was clear and unwavering. "Don't worry about Aria for now; I've asked someone to take care of her. We'll have to get back to the hospital. I was the one who did the surgery, so I'll be the one to take full responsibility. Will you come along with me, Allie?"

While the little girl had no idea of the history between Abigail and Greg, she could tell from their animosity that they were not on the friendliest of terms. If that was the case, then it went without saying that she had to stay for her mother's sake. I'll make Greg pay if he gives Mommy a hard time!

Troy, on the other hand, was admittedly surprised to see Abigail being so cooperative.

“Where’s the car?” The fresh air greeted Abigail as soon as she stepped out of the aircraft, and she couldn’t help musing wistfully to herself that she wouldn’t be able to leave Harrion now. She was frustrated, but she had no outlet other than to frown and shoot a disparaging look at Troy while he stood behind her.

When Troy met her gaze, he thought it was akin to being sliced open by a cold scalpel. He swallowed and quickly paved the way by saying, “Please follow me, Dr. Kain.”

Abigail held onto Alissa’s hand and walked out of the airport.

The car sped down the road leading to the hospital. Along the way, Abigail replayed the entire surgery in her head, and once she was sure that nothing had gone wrong during the procedure, she leaned back into her seat and closed her eyes.

If the surgery wasn’t the issue, then the old madam’s condition could be caused by a post-surgery infection. But Abigail couldn’t be sure until she had seen the old lady for herself, and it wasn’t as if Greg would believe her otherwise.

For some reason, she found her luck this year to be rather rotten. In addition, she had never foreseen that she would be tangled up with a man like Greg.

Before long, the car pulled up outside the hospital.

Alissa had remained quiet throughout the whole ride, seemingly unaffected by everyone’s nerves as she clicked into her phone and played a round of video games.

Having gotten down from the car, Abigail turned to address Troy solemnly. She said, “I’ll go over to the operating room now. Keep an eye on my daughter. If anything happens to her, it will be on you and Greg, got it?”

Startled by the threat, Troy nodded hastily. In all the years he had worked for Greg, he had encountered all kinds of folks, but Abigail was a force to be reckoned with; it took all but one look from her to send a chill running down his spine. It was the first time an outsider had such an effect on him.

“Go on, Mommy. Don’t worry about me. I’ll be waiting in the lounge for you,” Alissa said as she waved Abigail off, looking obedient.

Abigail ruffled the little girl’s hair and pointed out quietly, “It’s not you I’m worried about, but those who are keeping an eye on you. Be good and stay out of trouble while I’m away, okay?”

“Okay.” Alissa was a little miffed that her mother had, in not so many words, made her out to be some kind of troublemaker. Nonetheless, it was the truth. But she didn’t have

to put me on the spot like that in front of everyone else. That being said, she knew better than to word out her resentment since Abigail could be rather sharp-tongued.

Once she was assured that Alissa would be on her best behavior, Abigail turned and brisk-walked over to the emergency room.

She had yet to enter the room when she barked imperiously at Greg, who was standing guard in the hallway. She ordered, "What happened? I'm going to need you to retrieve all the camera footage from after Old Madam Buckley's surgery."

"You'd better—"

She cut him off brusquely, "If you don't want your mother's condition to take a turn for the worse, then you'd better shut the hell up and do as I say. Keep in mind that the operating room is my domain, Greg!" She didn't care that she had forced him to swallow his anger, and with a loud thud, the doors to the emergency room slammed shut in his face.

Greg took a hasty step backward. He gaped incredulously at the tightly-shut door of the operating room and subconsciously touched his nose. He could still feel the cold rush of air that had hit him when the doors slammed shut. If he hadn't stepped back in time, he might have lost his nose.

This woman is as insolent as she is infuriating! In all his life, no woman had ever dared to speak to him like Abigail did, much less bark orders at him.

"Should we just heed Dr. Kain's orders, Mr. Buckley?" the subordinate who had been standing to the side asked hesitantly when he saw Greg's face darken dangerously.

This warranted a sharp look from Greg, and the subordinate gulped. Won't you two just leave me out of this clash of the titans?

"Get out of my sight!" Greg hissed. There was a rage burning in him that made his chest tighten, and it didn't seem like he could do anything to relieve it.

The subordinate immediately backed away when he heard this, though he was a little bewildered as he thought, Well, are we retrieving the camera footage or not? After debating with himself, he decided that it would be wise to do as Abigail had instructed and retrieve the footage.

Meanwhile, Abigail couldn't care less about how she might have offended Greg as she marched into the operating room and pulled on the scrubs the assistant gave her while asking, "Brief me on the old madam's condition."

"She appears to have had a mild aneurysm, but she was sent into the post-surgery infection ward due to underlying complications," the assistant informed grimly, looking

worried. “Dr. Kain, we were sure that the surgery had been successful, and the aneurysm shouldn’t have happened. I think—”

“We don’t have time to discuss theories right now; we have a life to save.” Abigail pulled on the surgical gloves and mask. Then, she bolted into the emergency operating room.

As of now, Valerie’s face was pale as a sheet, and the bloodstain on the corner of her lips was a dark crimson. At the sight of this, Abigail frowned and said decisively, “Let’s start.”

The few residents and nurses in the operating room began the emergency life-saving procedure.

Meanwhile, Greg was waiting anxiously out in the hallway. He took the camera footage his subordinate had helpfully retrieved and went through each scene thoroughly. His eyes widened when he noticed a suspicious figure going in and out of Valerie’s hospital room. “Rewind,” he said darkly, his gaze ominous.

The subordinate immediately rewinded.

“Stop!” When the frame was still, Greg pointed at the doctor wearing the surgical mask on the screen and ordered, “Check and see if this man here is a doctor working in the hospital.”

It was only then that the subordinate realized something was amiss. While the man in the footage was wearing a white coat, he had on a pair of military boots as well! What doctor would wear military boots while on duty? None, of course! The truth sent chills running down everyone’s spines.

As things were, someone had sneaked into Valerie’s room and possibly hurt her, and this was a severe oversight on the subordinates’ parts. Without another word, they immediately went to investigate this.

Greg narrowed his eyes as the realization dawned upon him that he had blindly accused Abigail. However, when he thought about how rude and insolent she was to him, he grew exasperated. She might not deserve the blame, but he thought it was justified since she owed him plenty of explanations.

He pondered on that as he leaned against the wall in the hallway and kept his eyes on the doors to the emergency room. He was admittedly anxious. Mom will be fine now that Abigail’s taking charge of things, right? For some reason, he found himself putting just a bit more faith in Abigail and her medical prowess.

Time ticked by slowly, and at the end of the procedure, Abigail let out a weary sigh as she declared to the nurses, “Done. I’ll leave the rest to you, and make sure to disinfect

afterward. The patient is in a delicate stage right now, so put her in the ICU.” She then walked out of the operating room, looking worn out.

When the doors to the operating room swung open, Greg sauntered forward. “How’s my mom doing?”

Abigail eyed the despicable man before her with disgust. She had half the mind to exaggerate the details just to scare him, but that would be unethical since she was a doctor. Thus, she told the truth instead. “She’s fine, but we’ll have to observe her for the next 24 hours just to make sure she pulls through. Have you gone through the camera footage, Mr. Buckley? Perhaps now we can discuss your accusations of me being inept as a medical practitioner.”

She was exhausted, but now that she was confronting Greg, she felt her adrenaline spike and her mind racing to come up with insults and arguments. I will make this man apologize to me by the end of the day!