

Chased 9

Chapter 9 Give Me Your Phone Number

Aubrey managed to keep a straight face until Isabella's keen eyes caught her in a moment of laughter. Isabella raised an eyebrow, her tone casual, "Time to fulfill your promise, Ms. Black."

Aubrey, caught up in her envy and jealousy, had completely forgotten about their bet!

Benjamin was right here, and Aubrey wouldn't allow herself to be embarrassed, no matter what! Absolutely not!

She decided to brazen it out, shrugging her shoulders, "What promise? What did I say?"

"Ms. Black, how could you do this..." the young nurse beside them couldn't help but said, "You said that if this young lady could save Old Mr. Mason, you would kneel and kowtow to her, and even give up your position as deputy director..."

"Did I?" Aubrey denied without hesitation, "Any evidence?"

She was so shameless that another doctor couldn't bear to watch. "You did say that, and everyone present heard it. If you don't want to kneel, at least apologize to her."

After all, Aubrey had spoken so rudely to the young girl earlier...

"Why should I apologize?" Aubrey carried on with her shamelessness, wearing a defiant expression.

Everyone present was left speechless by her shamelessness.

Just when everyone was at a loss on how to deal with her...

Isabella made a lightning-fast move, kicking Aubrey's knee.

No one could see clearly how she made the shot; they just heard the sound of her knee colliding with the ground. It must have hurt quite a bit.

"You, you damn girl..." Aubrey's lips trembled in pain, and she couldn't even stand up.

"As a doctor, it is your bounden duty to save the dying and heal the wounded." Isabella's eyes shone coldly, her voice carrying a trace of chill, "The scalpel in your hand is meant for saving lives, not for taking them!"

"You, you..." Aubrey trembled with anger, "Don't try to badmouth me in front of Mr. Mason. I didn't do anything!"

"Everyone knows whether you have done it or what you intended to do!"

At this moment, Mr. Selby rushed over after hearing the news, "Mr. Mason, is Old Mr. Mason okay? I'm sorry, I just came back from an academic exchange conference... Oh, what's going on here? Ms. Black, why are you kneeling on the ground?"

When Aubrey saw Mr. Selby, tears welled up in her eyes, and he couldn't stand up because of the pain.

Mr. Selby had high hopes for her, even praising her in front of many doctors, setting her as an example for others.

Just as she was about to complain, she heard Mr. Selby's surprised voice.

"Isa, why are you here? And still, wearing your sterile gown? You. you're not the high school student who operated on Old Mr. Mason. are you? I've heard all about it on my way here... So, does that mean Old Mr. Mason is okay now?" Mr. Selby exclaimed, leaving everyone in shock.

Not only did Mr. Selby know this young girl, but from his words, he seemed to highly approve of her medical skills.

Seeing that no one answered his words, Mr. Selby became even more puzzled, "Well, what's going on here? Isa, tell me."

"Mr. Selby." Isabella greeted him when she saw him, "Nothing's wrong. I just don't want to see her in this industry in the future."

Mr. Selby glanced at Aubrey, then back at Isabella, "What did Aubrey do to make you angry?"

"It's not anger," Isabella's unintentional aura revealed her strength. "It's just that I've never heard of a patient with heart failure

developing endocarditis and perivalvular leakage, yet still receiving sedatives and cardiac tonics."

"That will only prolong the dying process. Within half an hour, the patient would have been gone!" Mr. Selby turned to Aubrey in disbelief.

Isabella said indifferently, "I can only say that your hospital's admission standards are too lax."

"Ms. Black, why didn't you perform surgery on the patient?" Mr. Selby immediately asked.

"Mr. Selby, Old Mr. Mason's condition was very critical at the time, and there was nothing we could do..."

"If there was nothing you could do, why did you administer sedatives and cardiac tonics? You knew that if you continued, no one could have saved him! You're a doctor, but you gave up on the patient while there was still hope to save him! How could you do that?"

Before she could speak, Mr. Selby said disappointedly, "You can go now. Cameron Hospital won't keep you anymore. You won't be allowed to enter this industry in this future."

Such people who didn't care about patients' lives and only cared about their future didn't deserve to be doctors!

Mr. Selby was the chairman of the National Medical Association. With just one word from him, Aubrey would have no chance of working in this industry again.

"Mr. Selby, please give me another chance, Mr. Selby..."

Aubrey knew that Mr. Selby drove her away out of fear of punishment from Mr. Mason. After all, if Mr. Mason was the one to a*sign blame, the consequences would be even more severe...

But she was reluctant to leave this place.....

The salary here was high, and everyone treated her well. Her future was bright...

It was this damn girl's fault!

"Take her away!" After Mr. Selby finished speaking, he turned to Benjamin and apologized, "I'm sorry for what happened under my watch. I am deeply sorry. Fortunately, Isa intervened in time, and a big mistake was averted!"

"What's your name?" Benjamin's eyes fell on Isabella, and his voice was clear.

It was evident that he was usually a man of few words, even his expression was as indifferent as his speech.

Isabella responded confidently, "Isabella Young."

"Give me your phone number." Benjamin handed over his mobile phone and asked her to enter the number.

Isabella accepted the blank check, so she naturally understood what he meant. If there were any problems with Old Mr. Mason later, she would be responsible. Asking her to leave contact information was also for future contact.

Taking the man's phone in her slender fingers, she tapped the screen to input a string of numbers. Then she looked up, her beautiful face fair as snow, and returned the phone.

"Old Mr. Mason underwent thoracotomy many times, and early postoperative sternal instability can make healing difficult. There may also be discomfort in the lower left limb due to repeated intubations during extracorporeal circulation. These are all normal phenomena."

She wouldn't let anyone blame her for any medical mishaps.

Benjamin's eyes traced the girl's facial features, and his voice was deep and clear, "How to relieve the pain?"

Isabella glanced at the seven or eight heart specialists behind him, "They can take care of these small problems. Mr. Selby, if there's nothing else, I'll take my leave."

"Uh, alright..."

Isabella headed to the changing room to swap out of her sterile gown. Putting on a baseball cap and her backpack, she prepared to leave.

"Isa!"

In the corridor of the hospital. Bennett caught up with her. "Is your right hand okay? I've been wanting to ask since just now, what's wrong with your right hand? Why did you perform the surgery with your left-hand today?"

If everything went smoothly, a right-handed person would not be able to perform surgery with their left hand.

"I'm fine." Isabella moved her sore wrist, "Got into a fight last night."

Bennett's expression suddenly became complicated, "You also engage in fights?"

He was left in awe of this unbelievable individual who seemed capable of accomplishing anything with ease – obtaining an expensive miracle drug, performing surgery, and even fighting...