

CHAPTER SEVEN

Stella POV

After leaving the King’s building, I went straight to the hospital to pay for Stacy’s surgery and for the immediate begin of the surgery. I can’t lose her. I don’t know what I have done in Blake’s oce but I am sure going to regret it later. The only thing on my mind anyways is for Stacy to get better. When I got to the hospital and gave the nurse at the counter the card for payment. She looked at me like am some s**t. It then occurred to me that, Blake is known to be a playboy and I am dressed like a sexy goddess after leaving the hospital with rags about four (4) hours ago. I am someone who is sensitive to what people see her as but right now, I don’t care. I sold myself and my dignity already. What more do I have to protect.

“Please, I will like it if you stop looking at me like that and quickly make the withdrawal. The doctors need to start on the surgery as soon as possible.” I pleaded with the nurse at the counter. I didn’t want to stop her but she wasn’t making the payment and not any more time should be wasted when one’s life is on the line. She stopped looking at me weirdly after I made that statement and made the transaction quickly than I thought she would. Maybe she thinks am annoyed with her creepy looks. I so much careless now so she can look all she wants.

After the payment, I ran to Doctor Dave’s oce to inform him about the payment. I saw it right in his eyes when I opened the door. He ran his eyes from my head to my toe. His eyes asking what have you done? To be candid, I think Dave is kinda cute but I don’t have any interest in him and I act oblivious to the fact that I know that he has a thing for me. I wasn’t ready for a relationship but here I am a contract engaged woman. I am f*****g engaged. I like it or not, contract or not I am in some kind of romantic relationship already. Four (4) things do not belong to me again which is I, me, mine and myself. I am no longer the owner of myself. I signed it to someone else already but I care less. I needed Stacy to get up. Even if I don’t belong to myself again, that is much better than knowing I am all alone in this dangerous world. My multi- billionaire and business tycoon contracted husband will be with me for only the stipulated time on the contract before I am all alone again.

“I have made the payment for the surgery.” I said in a hurry bringing Dr. Dave out of his trance.

“What!!!! How could you have gotten that huge amount of money?” He asked me how I got that huge amount of money when I already told him that I am jobless.

I didn’t give him any reply and just looked down. I don’t know what he got, he just nodded his head and looked at me with disgust. What is wrong with people and their mind? I did no such thing that is running through your corrupted minds. He stood up and went to get ready for the surgery. Called his team and did their business. I wanted to go inside to see for myself how my sister’s body will be handled instead they told me to stay outside the surgery room and that everything will be ne.

I don’t know how much longer I have spent waiting outside the surgery room but it doesn’t seem like they will be ending soon. I sat down, stood up and walked around for hours and no one is out yet. Not so long after I decided to sit down and wait patiently, two (2) nurses came out the surgery room rushing out to take one thing or the other. I tried stopping one of them but they didn’t stay to listen to me. Something is wrong. I went closer to the surgery room door and saw how the doctors were not settled and they all looked panicked then I looked towards the direction where Stacy laid and I saw how blood was gushing out of her body. It was uncontrollable. I didn’t wait any extra second and went in.

“Sta Stac. Stacy.” I stammered. Upon hearing my voice, Dr. Dave said I should go out but I wasn’t listening.

“Take her out.” He yelled at one of his doctors. They pulled me out of the surgery room and locked me out. I was beyond broken. I became a nuisance instantly. I was not aware of what is going on in my surroundings. I became numb. Questions kept popping up my head. Is she dying? Is that the end for her? Will she never see what Africa and Paris looks like? What is happening to her? Is she alright? These questions were in my head. I was looking for whom to ask but none were ready to listen. I couldn’t feel my feet again and fell to the ground and I started weeping. I haven’t wept like this in years. The memories I dreaded the most started ooding into my brain.

~~~~~

I cried as I watched my parent burn to ashes right in front of me. Those guys set the place on re. I was starting to black out too because the smoke of the re was getting to me but all I could care for were my parent who is dying right in front of me. They were literally burning right in front of me and the little me who can do absolutely nothing sat there in the re and was crying. I was about to give in completely to darkness before a young guy came rushing into the re and I felt him carry me before I gave into darkness. I couldn’t see his face clearly before the black out.

~~~~~  
~~~~~

I decided not to give in to bad thoughts, so I stood up and went on my knees to pray for Stacy. I prayed with both my hands interlocked. Since the death of my parent, I never prayed and I never went to church but I wanted to believe He will save Stacy for me. I want to trust He will save her for me so I prayed with all my heart. I poured my heart into that prayer. After another couple of hours, the doctors nally came out. They all looked stressed and down. I started to search for Doctor Dave among other doctors and nally there he is.

I looked at him and didn’t say anything. Like he knew what I was going to ask, he nodded his head giving me a negative reply. He gave me a damn negative nod. After watching lots of movies, I know the meaning of this after someone’s surgery. If it was successful, the doctors will smile and if it was unsuccessful they will look down. I lost balance and fell to the ground.

Stacy is dead.