

CH 21: A Treasure Chest Had Been Opened

Nick's POV

"Ah, I'll cut to the chase. I am Mr. Jay Lee Adams' assistant and surely you must already know who he is. Mr. Adams' driver accidentally saw a boy who had the same face as his daughter. And that boy is Piper Smith's son. Surely this is a big question mark and a mystery that Mr. Adams must solve. Isn't it?" I asked. To be honest, Doctor Sara quite impressed me. She was so careful. 1

"I know Mr. Adams is famous throughout Valdirra. He's the number one richest young businessman in the entire country, with untold wealth. I apologize if I have been presumptuous. I hope you understand that all the questions I'm asking are merely part of the job and the rules," she replied.

"Oh, of course, I understand and I appreciate that very much. So, am I able to get the full information today?" I asked.

She smiled as her hand on the mouse pressed something and there was a 'click', but I couldn't see what page she had opened on her computer screen. A few moments later, she turned the computer screen around to face me. 1

Hospital patient data from six to seven years ago. Incredible.

"May I?" I asked as I looked into her brown eyes.

Doctor Sara nodded. "Type in the name Piper Smith and you'll find all the data there. And here she is."

A treasure chest had been opened, and Sir Jay would be delighted to receive this news. It turned out that the woman Sir Jay spent the night with that night was not Madam Megan but Piper Smith. So, where was the woman from the brothel that Madam Vanessa had hired? Was there a conspiracy going on? Perhaps I should dig deeper.

I should warn Sir Jay that Madam Megan is no ordinary woman, she should be watched out for. So, where has Piper been all this time? Didn't she know she had spent the night with Sir Jay? There were still many mysteries to be solved.

"Have you read enough information?" Doctor Sara asked.

"I have a question. May I?" I asked as I looked up into the face of the duty doctor. Her eyes looked straight into mine.

"Please," she replied.

"Did Piper Smith's baby girl die that day? What caused her death? Why did the hospital records only say the baby died and not the cause? May I know where Doctor Kevin is now?" I asked.

I suspected that Doctor Kevin had done something to Piper and the baby and it must have something to do with Madam Megan. Maybe I should see Doctor Kevin.

"Yes, isn't everything written in the hospital records? I've only been at this hospital for two years, so I don't know what exactly happened. And most of the doctors and nurses here are new. Maybe you can see Dr. Kevin's assistant to find out the doctor's whereabouts. I'll give you the address," she replied as she wrote an address on a piece of paper, then gave it to me.

"Ah, thank you. I'm leaving now. Thank you for your help," I said.

"You're welcome."

On the way, I called Sir Jay to give him the good news.

"Yes, Nick," he greeted.

"Sir, I have good news for you," I said enthusiastically.

"Tell me quickly."

Sir Jay was getting impatient.

"The woman you spent the night with seven years ago at the Peony Hotel was Ms. Piper, not Madam Megan. It's all clear from the hospital records. Ms. Piper gave birth to twins, a baby boy, and a baby girl. So, the boy seen by Ken is indeed your biological son. It's just that I'm investigating the exact story of how this all happened. Give me some time to tidy up the loose ends," I said.

Sir Jay's joyful laughter could be heard on the other end of

the line, and I could feel his happiness. Sir Jay's wish had come true. He had hoped that Jensen was his son from the beginning.

"Thank you, Nick," Sir Jay said.

"You're welcome, sir. So, what do you plan to do next?" I asked curiously.

"I'll think about it first. The most important thing is Piper was the woman that night and her son was our son. Continue your investigation and then report to me as soon as possible," he said.

"Ok, sir."

After hanging up, it wasn't long before I arrived in front of Doctor Kevin's assistant's house. It turned out that her house was quite far from the city center. I had to take an hour's drive to get to her house.

Her house looked nice and big in front, but with her salary and position as an assistant gynecologist, there was no way she could have a house this nice and spacious. I guess I shouldn't get prejudiced before asking and talking to her.

I stood in front of his front door with my face staring at the CCTV screen after a voice asked me to show my face. The person didn't open the door for me for a long time. It was suspicious.

A few minutes later, the door opened and a middle-aged woman stood in front of me. Her clothes were neat and

quite elegant. For the second time, I was surprised.

She invited me in and sat down in the living room, which was not large enough. I looked around the room. It was quite cozy and nice, but what caught my attention was the furniture. The furniture in the living room was special-order furniture and not bought on the spur of the moment and their factory charged a high price because they guaranteed the authenticity, beauty, and quality of every piece of furniture produced by their factory.

So, how could a gynecologist's assistant have all these things? I stood my ground and my suspicions didn't go away.

That night, we sat facing each other. She looked at me quizzically.

"What's your name?" she asked.


"Oh, I'm sorry I haven't introduced myself. My name is Nick Harrison," I replied, extending my hand.

"Gina. Can I help you?" she asked, shaking my hand.

"Oh, I have some important questions. I came here on behalf of my boss. His name is Mr. Jay Lee Adams. You must already know about him."

"Yes, I know about him. I think everyone knows him. Are the questions related to him?" she replied.

"Yes. Exactly."


 +5 BONUS

"Say, I'll answer as best I can," she replied.

"Did you assist in the delivery of a woman seven years ago who gave birth to twins, a boy, and a girl, at Valdirra General Hospital? Was it true that the baby girl died of respiratory distress?" I asked.

Her face paled, and her eyes widened. She clasped her hands together. She was agitated, and it was a sign that she had something to hide. It turned out that this was not as simple as I thought. This common thread involved several people.

 Comments

 Vote (2.8K) 