

Chapter 124: The nurse and the socialite.

Vincent's POV:

Oh, What a joy! As if I don't have anything else to think about lately, Ethan drops this bomb on my hands!

Now, it was not just one but two investigations that were in my charge to do. The first one to find out who was doping Patrícia and the second one was to know how I would go about requesting the exhumation of a body. A super easy task, right?

Well, after all the confusion we had been through recently, I finally set up a meeting with Dean Mason to talk about the investigations and the conclusions I had reached.

Unfortunately, I had been away for quite some time, so I couldn't investigate more closely. But I had a couple of assistants working with me who I trusted the most and had privately investigated on my behalf. They got some interesting results.

We started the investigation with Nurse Johnson, who seemed like a good starting point, since she acted so strangely when I saw her. We put in a private investigator to know who she was talking

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to and even though I said to Ethan that he should be careful with his assumptions, Nurse Johnson had a lot of contact with none other than Tess.

Now, how could a nurse and a socialite have so much contact when there was no common background between them? It seems that the only connection was through Patricia.

It would be illegal to bug Nurse Johnson's phone without a warrant but the investigator that Ethan hired had a friend at the phone company who indicated several calls between them of unknown content, so for a change, the detective that Ethan put to follow Tess discovered that some of the conversations that they had revolved around taking care of someone who was sick or something related to that.

As this line of investigation was at a standstill due to lack of more details, I asked my assistants to check the hospital's medication record. Doctors and nurses must register each and every meds that they give to the patients not only in their medical files but also in the inventory at the hospital pharmacy.

And the team that took care day and night of the hospital's medication inventory was perhaps the most severe team I've ever met, because there

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was too many employees at the hospital and they could pick up certain drugs to sell in a parallel market or even eventually if there was an addicted employee working, this person could have an easy access to dangerous and addictive drugs, if the hospital didn't take care of the inventory, so even if she replaces the names of the drugs in Patricia's file it would be very difficult for her to do that in the hospital pharmacy.

Amanda, the assistant who I had left in charge of checking the pharmacy matter came to see me as soon as I had some free time the day I arrived. She didn't exactly look very alarmed, but I knew she was curious as to why I had asked her to do such a task. I knew that she was curious.

"Amanda! Long time no see you! Tell me, do you have the results of that research that I asked you to do while I was away?" I asked her.

"You've been gone for a while now, boss. Are you okay?" Amanda asked me a little concerned. She was a nice kid. One day, I bet that she would quit this assistant job when she was accepted at med school, and I would give her a farewell bonus for her efforts while she was here.

"Yeah, yeah, everything is fine," I told her without going into too much detail. "I had some personal problems and I had to go away for a while, but I need to know about the task that I left you to do. You know, it was kind of urgent. Did you had the chance to do it?" I asked her anxiously.

"Yes. I must say that that letter from Dean Mason opened several doors for me and helped this simple assistant do this task quickly, but you had said to me that I was not supposed to mention it to anyone, and not to comment to you over the phone, so I kept the results to myself until you came back. Another issue was that I didn't know exactly what to look for as you didn't give me names, so I searched for the medicine instead," Amanda told me.

"That's exactly what I needed, and believe me, I'm doing this is also for your safety, so you don't know more than you should, and you don't get in trouble for it," I told her.

"Okay, got it," she said.

"Alright, so let's get to the list," I told her anxiously.

Amanda took a thin folder out of her purse containing only one sheet of paper printed as a result of a search. I had asked Amanda to look for barbiturates on the list since Patricia had been brought into the hospital and thank heavens, the

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list wasn't very long, and not all people were allowed to get barbiturates from the pharmacy with ease, as I had imagined. Unfortunately, Nurse Johnson's name was not on that list, which left me to conclude that either she was getting barbiturates out of the hospital, or she had some

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accomplice who was a doctor.

"Please, tell me, Amanda, do you know a lot of people inside the hospital?" I asked her.

Amanda thought for a little while and then she said: "I know some people even outside our work circle, Doctor."



"And do you know a lot of nurses, giving that you are an assistant?" I curiously asked her.

"Yes, I do. I have lunch with some of them. Mainly those who are within my work shift," she told me.

"And do they tell you interesting stories about their jobs?" I asked her.

"Yes, most of them have some very funny stories.

Some of them get really annoyed by the patients...

There are a few that don't have stories, though.

There is a nurse from the coma unit that says that she doesn't have much to tell because her patients are maybe the quietest in the whole hospital," Amanda said and chuckled.

Coma unit? That sounds promising.

"And who would it be this nurse?" I asked her.

"Nurse Johnson," she answered simply.

"And do this Nurse Johnson tells you if she is close to one of the doctors?" I asked her with my heart pounding because of the suspense.

"Well, she has an affair with Doctor Caligari," she told me.

Bingo!

I made my best poker face and nodded at her. "

Thank you, Amanda. Your investigation work is done for now," I told her.

Amanda shrugged and murmured: "No problem. You know where you can find me if you need me," and left my office.

I looked into the list that Amanda gave me, and I certainly saw Caligari's name popping up here and there. If they are involved, he could be the one signing for the drugs that she administered.

With the new access that Dean Mason had granted me to verify the hospital files that were beyond my authority, I entered the system and checked the list of Caligari's patients for the period.

No one was really looking into it, but it was really strange to learn that an orthopedist was requesting drugs that induce people to the coma. Well, maybe he didn't need to show his department credentials to the pharmacy, or maybe he was well known there, and certainly the pharmacy staff also saw numerous doctors and nurses every day, so noticing that his request was obviously weird, I checked the list again to see who was the patient to whom he had requested the barbiturates.

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There was a name that appeared recurrently on the whole list: Pamela Smith. So, I pulled up the patient's file and her real file said that she had just sprained her ankle and that she should have her leg immobilized for two weeks.

This even opened up the possibility of the investigation reaching someone from the pharmacy, because frequently the drugs related to Pamela Smith also indicated that there was a specific pharmacist who released these medications, and his name was Jonathan Grey.

Everyone in the hospital knew Jonathan. Everyone had some anecdote about him because he was a funny guy and was always in a lot of trouble, but most of the time people took his actions in jest as if it was inconsequential that he had some gambling debts, or the fact that he was always trying to fool someone with his stories. But where there's smoke, there's fire, and I was pretty sure that his involvement in the case indicated that I was close to finding the fire source.

So, I gathered all the information that I got, and I immediately went to speak with Dean Mason about what I had discovered.

Maybe I had managed to solve my investigation problem. Now, I just needed to learn how to

