

Chapter 136: Bring the paperwork.

Vincent's POV:

I was never one to accuse anyone. Whenever I could, I avoided direct confrontation, and I'm not one to report people for their wrongdoing, but in this case, I wasn't reporting a wrongdoing. I was denouncing a very serious breach of the Hippocratic Oath.

I gathered all the material I had: the patient's files that were being used to cover up the requests to the pharmacy, medication withdrawal schedules, system records, in short, everything I could to assemble my case. I even got the footage from the hospital security staff that proved that Nurse Johnson had been there at that exact time. There was no justification for what they did. Once everything was ready, I immediately went to Dean Mason.

"Hi Vincent, it's good to see you again. I haven't seen you in a while. I hope everything is ok," Dean Mason told me.

"Hi, Dean Mason. Yeah, it's been a while since we've seen each other. I've had some complications in my life, and I had to ask for a...

Chapter 136: Bring the paperwor...

[More Rewards >](#)

er... leave to deal with them," I told him.

"But now it's everything okay, I hope...?" Dean Mason asked me worriedly.

"Well, now I think it's safe to go back, but some of these complications are still being investigated," I

Ad

[Ads-free >](#)

replied to him.

"And speaking of investigations, how are those investigations I asked you to do? Have you discovered anything relevant yet?" Dean Mason asked me.

"That's exactly what I came here to talk to you

about today," I told him.

"Oh really?" he asked me warily.

"That's right, sir. I have some answers for you and I'm afraid to say that unfortunately they may not please you, sir," I told him seriously. And then, I gave him my report.

Dean Mason briefly studied the report for a minute or two and then he finally said to me, "So... Nurse Johnson wasn't alone?"

"No, sir. Given the level of security that the hospital has with its pharmacy, she could hardly have acted alone. However, I don't think it was that difficult for her to get a partner for her... er... activities," I told him.

"And who is this Dr. Caligari?" Dean Mason asked me.

"Apparently, sir, this doctor has a relationship with Nurse Johnson. And by the looks of it, those two are getting outside money to do this," I explained to him. "Well, I'm not capable of breaking bank secrecy, but... I can tell there's something going on," I told Dean Mason.

"Yes, absolutely," he said thoughtfully.

"What about Johnathan Grey?" Dean Mason asked

me.

"Oh yeah, he seems to be involved too. He's always been an odd guy. You know, always been in trouble, and he's known by the hospital staff as someone who can't be trusted," I told him.

"Because of that and because the system records are in his name, I believe he really was involved."

"Oh, I think I get it. Now, everything seems to finally fall into place. The doctor signed an order for a fake patient, the pharmacy worker gave the medicine to Nurse Johnson, and she administered it to the victim. This is not a huge mistake. It is a violation of the code of ethics, the Hippocratic oath and it should not be taken only to the ethics board. It needs to be taken to the common justice!" Dean Mason exclaimed. "But for our part, we need to continue investigations and hold a hearing with those involved."

"Yes, it sure is a serious case," I agreed with him.

"Well, anyway, I brought you the documents for your review," I told him.

"But that's not all, is it?" Dean Mason asked me.

"What do you mean, sir?" I asked him without understanding.

"I mean, you're involved in this case, Vincent,"

Dean Mason told me. "You brought the suspicion, investigated, and brought me evidence."

"And that was all sir, wasn't it?" I asked him.

"No, Vincent. You're involved. At the very least, you'll have to testify in the case," Dean Mason told me.

"But sir, what if they find out it was me?" I asked fearfully.

"Your deposition will be anonymous. Don't worry about it," Dean Mason told me. "But I need to ask you. Why are you asking not to be involved in the case?"

"The reason I left, sir... was because somebody broke into my house," I told him. "And I'm pretty sure they did it looking for Patricia."

"Oh, my God! Are you okay? Is Patricia okay?" Dean Mason asked.

"Yes, we're all fine, but the matter is still being investigated. One of the criminals dropped blood in my house. The police department is analyzing the sample and checking if they find any suspects already registered in the database," I told him. "But something tells me, though I can't prove it, that the two episodes are connected. I just don't know how

yet."

Dean Mason nodded seriously and said to me, "If by any chance there is anything in your investigation that is related to this investigation of ours and of course, if you want to share with us what was found, feel free."

"Thank you, sir. This means a lot to me," I said to Dean Mason and shook his hand.

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That afternoon, I called the police department to see if there had been any developments in the investigation.

"What can I do for you, Dr. Schitz?" The police chief answered the phone and asked me.

"Well, I'd like to know if there's anything new in my case," I replied to him.

"I was going to call you in a few days, but since you called, yes, I have some news on your case. These are preliminary results, but I'd like to share them with you, if that's okay. We can talk over the phone or in person. Which do you prefer?" he said.

"Well, since we're here, I don't see any problem with us talking on the phone," I told him.

"Very well then," the chief said. "We found DNA

traces from two different individuals in your house. Blood collection and fingerprints. We sent it for analysis and the database informed us of one of the names. The other one we are still looking for."

"And who is the known name?" I asked him.

"His name is Daniel Sutherland. We found out that he's already been registered in the police database and that he's already been in trouble," the chief told me. "That was the name we found on the fingerprints," he said.

"I see. And what about the analysis of the blood sample?" I asked him.

"Well, you're a doctor, so you probably know that these procedures take time, but the lab has already informed us that the blood belongs to a different person," the sheriff told me.

"Ok. So, we're now waiting for the final result of the exam. What I would like to know from you now is what we are going to do now with this Daniel Sutherland," I questioned the chief.

The chief paused for a moment and then finally replied: "There are two possibilities. We can proceed with his arrest and investigation, or we can wait and arrest both suspects at once."

Chapter 136: Bring the paperwor...

[More Rewinds >](#)

"I don't know if I have any choice in the matter, chief, but I think the best way to resolve this would be to arrest them both on the same date, so one doesn't warn the other," I told him.

"Oh yes, of course. This is what we intend to do"

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[Ads-free >](#)

he told me.

"Fine. Well, of course, you're the one with experience in these cases," I told him.

"No problem," the chief muttered to me. "I'll get back in touch with you as soon as there's news. But we'll only know the reason for the invasion

when they're questioned," the delegate said.

"Thanks, chief," I told him.

"Well, if that's all..." the sheriff told me.

"I'm afraid not, sir. I have another case I'd like to bring to your attention," I told him.

"Really? What do you need?" The delegate asked me.

"Sir, I have a very close friend whose grandfather passed away a few months ago. The man was sick, and I believe that for that reason and because the family is very reclusive, nobody suspected anything. However, due to a recent private investigation, my friend came to suspect that his grandfather didn't die from illness or natural causes," I told him.

"Really? Tell me more about it," the chief said. He seemed interested in the case.

"Well, his grandfather had a very tough cancer and was treated secretly. He had a lot of pain, but he did not admit to being treated in a hospital. As he was an important man in the business world, he had his own medical unit organized at home. "

"Right," the chief muttered. "What else?" he asked.

"But unfortunately, he didn't resist. As he was

already old, nobody suspected anything. He was buried in a closed ceremony soon after. However, my friend was suspicious of being betrayed and put a private investigator on his personal case and they overheard a suspicious conversation.

Although nothing was recorded, both he and the investigator believe that someone may have harmed his grandfather."

"I see. What do you need?" the delegate asked me.

"I need an autopsy warrant as if I'm going to scientifically investigate the body for cancer. Can that be done, sir?" I asked him.

"Well if you believe there was a crime in the case, you should take the case to the police," the sheriff asked suspiciously.

"Yes, sir, but my friend has no proof. Is it possible to do it this way?" I insisted.

"Okay, bring the paperwork and I'll get it signed," the sheriff told me.

"Thank you, sir," I told him, celebrating my second victory of the day.



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