

Chapter 3 He Is Her Son

The director almost lost his temper. He couldn't believe that the doctor he paid a considerable salary would dare to say such a thing.

As for Melanie, she had never thought that she would meet someone more audacious than the late Ximena.

Looking at the doctor in front of her, she folded her arms over her chest and scowled. "Who do you think you are? Performing an operation on Ramon's son is a privilege! Get off your high horse. If you dare to do anything to jeopardize his condition, you'll spend your whole life paying for it."

"If it's such a privilege, you should do it yourself," Ximena retorted without hesitation.

Melanie couldn't believe her ears. Grabbing Ramon's hand, she complained, "Ramon, did you hear what she just said? If anything happens to Neil, it's all her fault."

Ximena burst into laughter. "How ridiculous! Did I push him off the building? How is it my fault?"

Those words touched a nerve for Melanie, and her face turned pale. She hurriedly said, "Stop spouting nonsense. Neil fell on his own! No one pushed him. Are you a doctor or not? Didn't you take the Hippocratic oath? How can you stand here and waste time while a patient is dying inside the operating room? What grudge do you have against Neil?"

Then, turning to the hospital director, she continued, "Don't you have a screening system while hiring doctors? How did this woman become a doctor here? If anything happens to Neil, I'll sue you!"

Trembling in fear, the director repeatedly apologized to both Melanie and Ramon. Then, he quickly arranged for Dr. Young to perform the surgery instead.

However, just when Dr. Young was about to enter the operating room, Ramon stopped him.

Then, he turned his fierce gaze to Ximena. "You must perform this surgery," he ordered in a tone that was low but dangerous.

Snorting in disdain, Ximena turned to walk away.

It was this action that finally pushed Ramon over the edge. With one swift step, he stood in front of Ximena and grabbed her by the throat.

"Ramon Mitchell, you damn bastard, let go of me!" Ximena cursed, clawing at his hand.

A glint of coldness flashed in Ramon's eyes. There were few people in the world who would dare to talk to him this way. One of them was his dead ex-wife.

As Ramon stared at the woman struggling in front of him with fury blazing in her eyes, he paused and conjured up the appearance of his ex-wife in his mind. He remembered well that Ximena had a pair of striking, beautiful eyes, just like this fierce doctor standing before him.

Ramon's lips curved up into a humorless smirk. "If something happens to Neil today, you'll be the one responsible for it. This whole hospital will pay the price!"

As if to drive home his point, he shoved the doctor to the floor, finally letting go of her throat.

Sitting on the floor, Ximena coughed a few times. She could still feel the painful pressure on her neck, like a lingering warning. As she looked up at Ramon, tears of resentment welled up in her eyes.

Putting her palm on the wall next to her for support, she staggered up to her feet and said in a hoarse voice, "You will regret this!"

There was nothing but pure loathing in her heart for this man, and as a result, she didn't have any positive feelings for the boy in the operating room, either.

But once she walked into the room, her professionalism kicked in, forcing her to keep her personal feelings aside. She didn't want to direct all her hatred towards an innocent child.

Taking a deep breath to calm herself down, she looked at the boy lying unconscious on the operating table. His little face was swollen and bloody from the impact, but it looked strangely familiar.

Of course, Ximena had no time to dwell on such things. The boy had several fractures which had to be treated immediately.

Three hours later, the operation was over.

The surgery was a success, and the medical staff were in high spirits, all except for Ximena.

Since the boy was Ramon's son, it was inappropriate to leave him covered in filthy bloodstains. The staff insisted on cleaning him up a little before wheeling him out of the operating room. It fell on Ximena to clean his face.

Ximena reluctantly picked up a damp cotton pad and wiped Neil's face. She didn't even realize that her teeth were clenched—that was how much she hated Ramon, and by extension, Neil. But while wiping off the bloodstains from the boy's face, she froze.

It was with trembling hands that she finished cleaning the rest of his pale face. Even after she was done, she was filled with numb disbelief. How could it be?

"Who is this boy?" Ximena asked breathlessly, grabbing the assistant beside her.

"This is Neil Mitchell, Ramon Mitchell's son, the heir of the Mitchell family," the assistant replied.

"Neil Mitchell... That's impossible!" Ximena's face turned deathly pale.

The boy on the operating table looked exactly like her son! How was it possible for two children to look so alike?

Her brother had clearly told her that she was pregnant with twins, Shawn Griffin and Alina Griffin, who were both being raised by her. And yet... How was it possible for a boy who looked just like her son to exist?

If they were not twins, how could they have such a striking resemblance to each other?

Ximena felt like she couldn't breathe. She only remembered that her first child was a boy, who had to be Shawn. But had she actually given birth to three babies?

Was the supposed heir of the Mitchell family actually her son? Had her brother lied to her?

But why?

Ximena looked down at the boy on the operating table. Although the bloodstains on his body were being wiped away by the staff, it was obvious that he was badly injured. Ximena couldn't bear to see him in

such a condition.

Ramon hated her so much. If Neil was indeed her son, how could he be treated kindly by Ramon?

Ximena clenched the scalpel in her hand tightly, unable to contain the anger in her heart. She rushed out of the operating room with bloodshot eyes.

"Doctor, how is Neil?" Melanie cried as she ran up and blocked Ximena's path.

"Get out of my way," Ximena growled in a low voice.

Only then did Melanie notice the bloodstained scalpel. She screamed and instantly stepped back in fear.

Ximena's gaze fell on Ramon. It had only been four years since they last met, but he didn't seem to recognize her at all.

Well, it was no surprise. Two years of marriage hadn't been able to compare to a single word from Lyla. As long as Lyla wanted something, even if it was her child, Ramon would snatch it away from her without hesitation. And now, he was treating her son like this. The man was truly heartless!

But Ximena was a sharp woman. Glancing around, she noticed that they were surrounded by Ramon's bodyguards.

Suppressing her indignation, she said, "The surgery was successful, but the boy has a fever. If the fever subsides within 24 hours, he will be out of danger. Until then, he will be placed in the intensive care unit. No visitors allowed, not even close family members!"

Ximena asked a nurse to wheel Neil into the intensive care unit.

The director nodded approvingly at her. "Good work. With you here, I don't have to worry about anything."

"I'm a doctor. I'm just doing my job." With that curt response, Ximena turned around and left.

Ramon's dark eyes bore into Ximena's back as she walked away. For some reason, the way the oversized surgical gown fell on the doctor's figure reminded him of the woman in his memory...

Melanie followed his gaze and frowned. "Is there something wrong with this doctor?"

"Who is she?" Ramon asked, still not taking his eyes away from the receding figure.

Melanie shrugged. "The director said that he recruited her from abroad. Ramon, why are you staring at her like that? Are you interested in her? Have you forgotten about my sister?"

"That's enough." Ramon finally averted his gaze, and his face darkened.

Melanie zipped her mouth, feeling like a bucket of cold water had been poured over her.

"You better pray that Neil wakes up soon. Now get out of here!" Ramon growled.

Melanie instantly burst into tears. "Ramon, it's not my fault, I swear. You know Neil is a naughty boy. But I've only ever wanted the best for him. I have taken care of him wholeheartedly all these years, treating him well, hoping that he won't grow distant from Lyla. For her sake, I have given Neil all the love I could, treating him as my own son. I never wanted anything bad to happen to him."

"You can go now."

Without so much as glancing at her or acknowledging her speech, Ramon strode away.

Spotting a nurse along the way in the hospital corridor, he grabbed her arm and asked, "Where is the doctor's office?"

The nurse smiled politely. "Mr. Mitchell, are you looking for the doctor who performed the operation for your son?"

"Yes."

"Just go straight ahead. Her office is right around the corner."

Ramon let go of her and walked briskly towards the doctor's office, not even realizing how fast he was going.