

Chapter 35: His Ex-Wife

Shantelle was getting used to her new schedule. For the past three days, she had been bringing Lucas to school. She had a few hours to rest at home before waking up again to fetch her son, and then she would go straight to work.

What she dreaded, however, was the coming weekend. She was going to tell Lucas about his father. Shantelle wasn't sure if she was ready for it.

Shantelle had just arrived at the hospital. She rushed to her office when Eana, her father's assistant, bumped into her. "Shanty, there you are," Eana called.

"Eana, I thought you were on vacation. Why are you here?" Shantelle sought. Because her father was always working over the past few years, Eana rarely took a break as well. Thus, now that William was on a three-week vacation, Eana also applied for leave.

"Shanty, I got a call from the Organ Center. They said a patient wanted to be reassessed. The patient requires a heart transplant badly. I left the file on your desk, and ah." She pursed her lips, saying, "There is a representative from the patient already waiting for you."

Eana shrugged and added, "I guess they could not wait." True enough, when Shantelle arrived at her office, a man in a black suit was waiting for her. The man said, "Doctor Shant, my name is Peter Haris. I represent the patient Briana West. I believe her profile is already in your hands."

"I have yet to review it," Shantelle said. "You can leave me your contact number, and I'll call you when I am done." "This is a matter of life and death, doctor," the man said. "Please, consider reviewing it... now."

The man was demanding, but Shantelle understood. She assumed the patient must be very sick. It took half an hour for Shantelle to review the patient's condition thoroughly. Finally, she remembered how the same patient had been admitted to the hospital several times due to congenital heart disease.

It did look to Shantelle that the patient required an urgent transplant; however, other patients on the list were equally in need. Some were even in worse condition. Shantelle sighed and said to the man, "I'm afraid, based on my evaluation, Miss West will remain on the same waitlist."

"Why? We have money. We can pay you to move it. How much do you want? How about five million dollars?" The man curtly said, and Shantelle had to stop herself from retorting in the same manner.

"Mister Haris, the organ list and priority is not about who is wealthier. It's about who applied for the list beforehand and many other factors involved. Many patients wait for donors. In fact, an average of twenty patients worldwide die each day, waiting for a donor. We have to be fair to others," Shantelle said. "And no, you cannot bribe me."

"Doctor Scott, I should tell you that Miss West's boyfriend is a powerful man. You don't want to make enemies," the man said, making Shantelle frown.

"Is that a threat?" Shantelle said back. "I should also explain that while I can recommend Miss West to be prioritized, this decision will be passed on to management and the Organ Center. Either way, they will nullify my proposal because they will see that her need is not as urgent as the other

patients. More importantly, other patients above Miss West had been waiting for years. We can't cut in the line just like that! It isn't fair to them!" z

"I'm sorry, but I have to go. Please have Miss West take her medications as required and encourage her to follow a healthy diet so she may live long enough for a heart organ to become available," Shantelle recommended.

Shantelle left her office with a firm stand. If only organs are readily available for all patients, then why not? However, there were not enough organ donors to save all lives, and that was the truth.

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Meanwhile, in one private suite at Warlington Hospital, the Thompsons had already settled in. Erick Thompson was connected to a heart monitor, resting in bed while his wife, Clara, noted instructions from the nurse.

"Doctor Hale will introduce you to the patients attending doctors tomorrow. Doctor Hale is already off for today. My name is Mitch, and I'll be your head nurse. You may dial one at any time should you need assistance," said the nurse before excusing herself.

Evan did not waste any time. Yesterday morning, he received a confirmation from Warlington Hospital, guaranteeing his father's admission. Immediately, Evan booked an air ambulance to take them to Warlington.

His father will still undergo observation and some laboratories to ensure he is ready for surgery. Once everything is clear, they will proceed with the operation.

"Evan, son. You can go to the hotel and settle our things," Clara instructed. "Mrs. Shaw is here to assist me."

In order to aid them at the hospital, Evan requested Mrs. Shaw to come along. She could buy medicines or food, whatever is required, should Evan need private time to deal with business at the hotel.

"Very well, mother," Evan said. "I will be back in the morning to bring food." He kissed Erick's forehead and embraced his mother before leaving. He made his way to the halls and instantly noticed a few nurses rushing to the lift.

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Evan could hear the announcer calling names into the emergency room. He understood that a patient was having a cardiac arrest, and some nurses on the same floor were heading down to aid. He got on the lift. On each floor the elevator stopped, more nurses entered. "There was an accident on South Road. A truck hit five cars. It was a domino effect," said the nurses. "We are going to be busy tonight."

When Evan got off the lift on the ground floor, he called the hotel driver. James, his assistant, had booked a hotel car for their entire stay. Evan was on the phone, telling the driver he was heading out. Suddenly, the hospital's announcement caught his attention.

"Doctor Shant. You are needed at the Emergency Room." "Doctor Shant. You are needed at the Emergency Room."

Evan's heart raced. He immediately froze in his stance. 'Doctor Shant?' He frowned and wondered, "Could it be?"

Everything around Evan turned mute. All he could hear was the hospital announcer calling Doctor Shant. He gulped. It was as if his feet moved on their own. He thought, 'What are the chances?' He searched the emergency room, asking a few hospital staff who walked past him. When he arrived, he brazenly entered, his eyes roaming the entire area.

"Sir, are you related to any patient here?" One nurse asked. "We have many patients coming, Sir. We need to clear the ER."

"Sir, could you step outside?" Finally, the nurse requested. It took Evan seconds to recognize the nurse's appeal. He retreated behind the door and into the sitting area where many of the patient's relatives lingered. He stood there waiting and looking out. 'Shanty, are you here?'

Soon, he saw a woman with blonde hair rushing to the emergency room. She was in a scrub uniform. Her hair was neatly tied into a bun, and she had those familiar blue-colored eyes he had not seen in a very long time.

The woman was none other than Shantelle Scott, his ex-wife. "Shanty." His voice broke in and out as he said the name.

His mouth parted as he went to the emergency room door. Through the glass window of the same double doors, he saw Shantelle commanding the entire room, her voice firm and loud, her eyes as sharp as a hawk.

He saw her turn in his direction, and their eyes met. She stilled. His heart fluttered.