

## Chapter 6 The Patient

Moreover, Hanna found herself in a tight spot financially. Making a few millions wouldn't hurt.

Neal hooked her up with a chauffeur to get her there.

The wheels rolled up to this colossal manor. The driver introduced Hanna to the doorman before she was led in.

Yet, it felt like an eternity on that shuttle bus just to hit the main crib. After another round of security frisking, she finally walked into the main building.

Her mind couldn't help but grumble. How deep were the owner's pockets? And what was the deal with all these security checks?

When she climbed upstairs, she walked straight into a hallway brawl among a bunch of doctors.

"Based on the symptoms, it's a clear case of cardiovascular drama. No specifics yet, but a quick heart bypass is our best bet to dodge future disasters!"

"I'm thinking a conservative approach, medication first..."

Hanna's lips twitched.

Who did they think they were, throwing punches before nailing down the issue?

Since they were making a racket, and she couldn't squeeze in a word, she could as well check the patient.

In the room, Hanna, masked up, laid eyes on a frail old man tucked in bed.

She squinted, scrutinizing the old man. Grabbing a stethoscope, she started by listening to his heartbeats.

After a good earful and a thorough look at the brain C.T., she had the lowdown on the old man's ailment.

Sure, his heart wasn't in the pink of its health, but the coma had nothing to do with the heart disease.

The patient could be in more danger if he followed the doctors' recommendations.

A stern voice barked from the hallway. "Who are you? What's with the unauthorized entry? What do you want to do with the patient?"

Hearing that, Hanna raised an eyebrow, checking out the quacks eyeballing her.

She brushed them off. "Just checking on the patient."

"Who do you think you are to do that? Have you received your medical school degree? How can you treat any patient, especially this patient!"

The quack with grey hair yelled, "Mr. Willis is a high-ranking individual! You're not allowed to handle him how you choose!"

Did the old man sport the Willis surname?! What a coincidence!

Hanna didn't bat an eye. She tossed back, "You guys are supposed to be the smartest here! Why the struggle street with figuring out what's up with the patient?"

They went red-faced, clearly not thrilled with her sass. A doc shot back, "Alright, smarty pants, what's the issue then?"

Hanna deadpanned, "He has a tumor in the brain. And it's pressing on the nerves, causing the headaches and palpitations, then the coma. He needs surgery pronto."

"Nonsense! The C.T. shows nothing on tumors!"

The doctor who had suggested a quick heart bypass squinted at Hanna. "You're stirring up trouble. You just probably heard and saw the symptoms and started singing jazz! Even those CT results are Greek to you!"

Hanna sighed at his stupidity.

"On your own, you cannot read the C.T. result and conclude that

nobody can do it?! The result is, in fact, quite challenging, but it has what you are looking for."

She whipped out her brain CT result, pointing at a tiny dot. "There it is, pinching his nerves."

They squinted at the CT result, scratching their heads.

"That speck won't ruffle any feathers. Even if it's a tumor, it's not pressing on his nerves. Why the rush for surgery?"

"Exactly! How can you suggest the patient needs surgery immediately? You're aware of the risks with a craniotomy, aren't you? At such a young age, how dare you? Don't you know who the patient is? Who do you think you are, dictating terms to him?"

"Out you go! Cease your shenanigans! We've got more probing to do!"

They scoffed, thinking Hanna was too green for the gig.

Enough of the back-and-forth. Hanna eyeballed them and said to one of them, "Your face is red with pimples. Your tongue has a layer of grey, and your lips are parched and cracked. I take it you've got a stomachache lately? The way you look makes it clear that there's a problem with your stomach. You most likely have gastritis."

She shifted to another doctor. "Your skin's darker, not springy but dry and rough. You have dark eyes, like a spider web. Your liver is not very good. Waking up tired, bitter mouth? Try your family's prescription for a change. You can't even handle your ailments! You're just a bunch of quacks. What gives you the right to roast me here?"

The doctors stared, mouths agape.

It seemed like she hit the nail on the head!

That woman just could tell their situations at a glance. Was she so awesome?

The mood in the room got serious. Suddenly, the patient's breathing turned intense, face twisted in pain.

The doctors panicked.

Hanna, dead serious, ordered, "Get prepped for surgery right now!"

