

Chapter 7 The Surgery

The doctors found themselves in a real pickle, believing that Hanna's medical prowess surpassed their own.

But in this private manor, despite some medical equipment lying around, it wasn't exactly an operating room with all the equipment for the surgery.

"How on earth can we perform a craniotomy here? I mean, we're missing some key professional gear!" one of them said, fretting.

"I just need the basics. If anything goes awry, I'll take the hit. It will be none of your concern," Hanna retorted, understanding the urgency of the patient's situation. If he didn't go into surgery as soon as possible, he would have long-term nerve suppression in addition to physical pain and its aftereffects. "You may make contact with the patient's relatives and request that they sign the consent form. You can then remain and watch me do the surgery."

"Fine, we'll notify the patient's family and get the paperwork sorted," they reluctantly agreed.

The consent form signed, and the basic surgical tools procured, the servants hastily arranged a makeshift sterile room.

Hanna, after sanitizing herself and donning the necessary operating garb, administered anesthesia and delved into the craniotomy.

The doctors, now playing the role of her nervous assistants, couldn't fathom how she intended to perform such a delicate operation without a drill.

The brain, a labyrinth of complexity, seemed an insurmountable challenge. Could she pull it off?

But Hanna's movements were swift and precise, almost as if the surgical instruments were an extension of her own hands.

Had she given the surgery any prior thought? How did she so accurately avoid the important blood vessels and nerves?

The doctors wanted to watch every movement Hanna made.

The skull was surprisingly opened quickly.

How did she do it so fast?

The doctors squinted as they looked unbelievably at the scalpel in her hand. Even with their professional equipment, they couldn't have done it with such speed and efficiency.

Then, there was no way they could take their eyes off Hanna.

The mansion had no apparatus for enlarging intracranial images. Her scalpel removed the pea-sized tumor precisely while avoiding the intricate nerve tissues.

Then she stopped bleeding and seamlessly closed the skull.

"If all goes well, the patient should wake up in about half an hour. I'll stick around to keep an eye on him," Hanna said, taking off her operating attire. "You folks know the do's and don'ts from here, right?"

The doctors, standing like a row of primary school students, nodded in agreement.

Back in the ward, eyes fixed on the life-monitoring equipment, the doctors witnessed the patient stirring within the promised timeframe. "Thirsty..." he mumbled, awakening.

Hanna's credibility skyrocketed in their eyes. They bombarded her with questions, which she answered patiently.

Realizing the lateness of the hour, she instructed the butler, "I'm a friend of Neal Sullivan's. Settle the medical fee with him, and he'll transfer it to me. If any issues arise, contact me."

Keen to avoid unnecessary attention, Hanna had to keep her identity a secret.

The butler nodded and sent her out respectfully.

On the road, away from prying eyes, she removed her mask,

planning to hail a taxi. But fate had other plans.

A sleek black Maybach glided to a stop in front of her.

The window rolled down, revealing a man, his voice low and icy.

"Why are you lingering around my doorstep?"

Startled, Hanna gazed at him in disbelief.

What was Chris doing there?

