+120 Points at most

Chapter 54 You Know What To Do

Norah released her anger by beating Aikin up, finally feeling a sense of release from the frustration that built up inside her.

Norah scoffed. Did Madeline believe she was some pushover after two years of being obedient among the Carter family?

Later, when Gil called Norah to the Neurosurgery Department, he commended her boldness, "Norah, some people will push boundaries if you show them a bit of leniency. I've given Aikin a piece of my mind as well. Let's move on from this incident. I wanted to see you to discuss a particular case."

Gil retrieved the medical files from his desk and handed them to Norah. "We have a surgery scheduled for next Tuesday. I'd like you to review the case. I'm planning on having you join me in the operation."

"Understood." Norah, having collaborated with Gil on numerous operations, got straight to work reviewing the files.

"This case isn't overly complex, but the surgery will be challenging." Taking a moment to sip his coffee, Gil elaborated, "The patient has a unique status, and we must ensure the operation goes flawlessly. I've committed to making this surgery a success."

The patient was facing an intracranial aneurysm requiring a delicate procedure to clip the aneurysm's base, a task

known for its high stakes and difficulty. The aneurysm's precarious position added an extra challenge to the operation.

Gil glanced at Norah and said, "I've spoken highly of you. I'm counting on you to help me execute this operation successfully. Lately, I've been feeling my age, noticing a tremble in my hands while operating."

He sighed, commenting, "Age didn't seem to matter before, but now, its importance is undeniable. You're young, Norah, capable of achievements beyond my reach. Keep up the excellent work."

Norah was taken aback and said, "But I thought you were leading this surgery?" Was Gil suggesting she take on the entire procedure? It made sense why Gil said those words. He was always humble, steering clear of making guarantees about surgeries with uncertain outcomes. And particularly with a complex operation like extracting a tumor at its base.

Gil affirmed gently, "Indeed, I've recommended you for this surgery from the start. Norah, your extensive experience in craniotomies will serve you well, especially given this patient's unique situation. It's an opportunity to gain invaluable experience."

He added, "I'm confident in your abilities, and completing this surgery will likely quiet any rumors about you. It's beneficial for both of us, so why hesitate?"

Norah responded with gratitude, "You've been looking out for me so thoughtfully. I've handled similar procedures before. This won't be an issue. Thank you, Gil. I'll do my best."

"It's nothing. Seeing you excel in medicine is a joy. Take your time going through the files."

"No need, I've finished reviewing them." Placing the files back on the desk, Norah announced, "I'll return to the Cardiac Surgery Department now. Call me if you need anything, Gil."

As Norah left the Neurosurgery Department, a doctor looked on with jealousy, noting her reputation.

The chat messages had propelled both Aikin and Norah into the spotlight. Curiosity drove some doctors to the Cardiac Surgery Department, wondering about Norah's past and how she managed to be transferred here, especially her collaborative surgeries with Gil.

As the director of the Neurosurgery Department, Gil was celebrated for his exceptional medical skills. The chance to receive his commendation and mentorship was a distant dream for many.

Traditionally, Gil didn't take interns under his wing. He had mentored only three individuals, all of whom had become renowned doctors within the hospital after spending time learning from him.

Then came Norah, whom Gil immediately took a liking to, involving her in the surgeries he conducted in the Neurosurgery Department, a privilege that sparked envy among her peers.

"Mr. Scott, our company's database faced a hacking attempt last night. Thankfully, we didn't lose any data. The IT team has swiftly fortified our firewall to prevent future breaches," the IT manager reported in Sean's minimalist office, nervously mopping his brow, wary of Sean's reaction.

The IT manager had been on edge since learning of the incident, rallying his team to work extra hours to evaluate the impact. Miraculously, there was no harm done.

In addition to evidence of the hacking attempt, there were indications of someone assisting in the firewall's restoration, a peculiar occurrence.

With this in mind, he honestly relayed the information, "It appears someone anonymously reinforced our firewall, leaving behind no clues. I don't know about the implications for our company."

Sean, visibly irked, slammed the documents on his desk and said, "You're asking me as if I have the answers. You're here to ensure the company's security, not to stand by idly. I expect no repeats of such incidents. You may leave now."

The IT manager hastily replied, "Absolutely, Mr. Scott. I'll enhance our data security measures. I'll leave now."

With the IT manager gone, Phillip handed Sean a cup of coffee, saying, "It looks like we had two factions at play: one trying to infiltrate our systems and another mysteriously blocking their efforts. It's peculiar. We didn't hire any external cybersecurity help. This unknown person seems generous."

Having fended off hackers trying to swipe data at no cost and reinforced the firewall for free, what was there not to appreciate?

Sean's face darkened, and said, "Phillip, safeguarding our core secrets is paramount. Let the IT team manage the database security."

He massaged his temples. "This could be the doing of that international firm. Our last deal with them ended poorly, and they might be scheming. Reach out to Sacredice immediately... Well, never mind."

Phillip suggested, "Given their sneaky approach, why not let Sacredice handle them directly?"

"No, I'll take care of it myself." Sean squinted, collected his thoughts, and said, "How's the investigation I requested coming along?"

Phillip presented the findings, "Just in time. Miss Wilson seems to have nearly untangled the matter. It appears Madeline is somehow involved. Miss Wilson had likely pieced it together yesterday."

"They're really restless," Sean said with a hint of scorn. "Considering the Scott family's stake in Silver Boulder Private Hospital, you know what to do, Phillip."

"Got it."