

Chapter 4 Long Time No See

Ramon flounced down the hospital corridor, his eyes cold and foreboding. Everyone instinctively stepped aside to make way for him, sensing his wrath.

This newly arrived doctor was so doomed. She had nothing on her name yet in comparison to Ramon. Moreover, she was a new doctor in the city. She shouldn't be causing trouble, but she refused to treat a dying boy, which almost put his life in danger.

The worst part was the boy wasn't just any other boy, but Ramon's only son. Even though she operated on the boy and he survived, she still had to face the consequences of the delay her refusal caused.

Arriving at Ximena's office, Ramon pushed the door open without knocking.

The nurse on duty almost jumped off her seat in surprise. "How can I help you, sir?"

"Where is she?" Ramon's deep voice echoed in the room.

The nurse flinched. After realizing who he was looking for, she hurriedly explained, "She headed out for lunch. She'll be back later. Is there anything you need from her?"

Ramon didn't answer but walked briskly toward Ximena's desk and picked up a business card on her desk, studying it pensively.

After calming down, the nurse stood up and added, "I'm sorry, sir, but you can't stay here. The doctor won't be here until later. You can wait for her outside if you have something to discuss with her."

The door suddenly flung open, revealing the hospital director.

When he learned Ramon was looking for Dr. Griffin, the director rushed to the latter's office, almost breaking his walking stick. His fear only disappeared when he didn't see her inside.

In an apologetic tone, the director explained the situation to Ramon, "I'm so sorry, Mr. Mitchell. It was a misunderstanding. Dr. Griffin didn't mean to discount your son's emergency, but she just happened to have

performed several surgeries today. Each surgery is physically demanding, so she was exhausted. I didn't take that into consideration before I assigned the surgery to her. It's all my fault. I really feel terrible."

Ramon didn't even look at him. He crumpled the business card in a matter of a second. "I need to see her within thirty minutes. Find her."

The color drained from the director's face. He wasn't sure if it was right to do as Ramon asked, but he still dialed Ximena's number.

After a few rings, Ximena picked up. When the director told her the purpose of the call, she flatly said before hanging up, "Tell him to get lost!"

The director was so embarrassed, relaying her response to Ramon.

Ramon's expression immediately turned livid.

After ending the call, Ximena almost threw her phone because of rage. She didn't want to waste her time on Ramon.

She drove all the way to her elder brother, Marcel Griffin's place—Serenity Estates, which was a two-story villa in the suburb.

It was almost midnight when she arrived. The kids were already asleep. Marcel was the only one awake and waiting for her in the front yard. When he saw Ximena's car, he ran over and opened the door for her.

Since Ximena had returned to the country, Marcel would always wait for her to come home, no matter how late.

He had always been a loving brother, and Ximena knew he cared for her the most in the world.

Getting out of the car, Ximena studied her brother's face before asking, "How many kids do I really have, Marcel?"

Confused, Marcel furrowed his brows and chuckled, "Why? Did you have amnesia or something? You gave birth to two adorable kids. Is there a third one? You must be so tired from work. You should rest."

Marcel put his hand over her shoulder to lead her inside, but Ximena pushed him away.

"There's this boy in the hospital today. He's Ramon's child and looks exactly like Shawn," Ximena said, looking pointedly at her brother.

Martin's smile froze. Trying to look calm and feigning innocence, he said,



"Really? Well, what a coincidence. I heard he remarried to Lyla, and they have a child together. The boy must have turned three this year."

But Ximena didn't look convinced and regarded him disappointedly. "Are you going to keep lying to me?"

Marcel fell silent. He knew Ximena didn't like that her son recognized another woman as his mother. But it was Ramon they were dealing with, and no one could stop him from doing what he wanted.

Keeping Ximena in the dark that Neil was her son was the best course of action to avoid unwanted complications between the Griffin family and the Mitchell family. Ramon had Neil, while she had the other two, Shawn and Alina. The outcome was acceptable for everyone.

"Ximena, you owe Lyla this. Just consider it as calling it quits. Don't bother about it anymore, okay? The kid is now the heir of the Mitchell family. I bet he is loved and cherished by the people around him. He's happy there."

Ximena scoffed, "Do you hear yourself, Marcel? I owe Lyla what? Why should my son call her mother? He is my flesh and blood! I carried him in my womb for nine months! Don't you still believe that I didn't do anything to Lyla? Why did you lie to me about Neil?"

She cast a sharp look at her brother and continued, "Do you know that Neil was brought to the hospital today, covered in blood and with three broken ribs? He injured his arms and back. He was fighting for his life on my operating table as I performed the surgery on him. And you tell me he's doing well in that family? That's he's happy?"

Shock knit Marcel's brow. "Neil got hurt? What happened? How did he get hurt that badly?"

"How would I know if you don't even know? Fine. I'll go over there and find it out myself!"

When Ximena turned to leave, Martin panicked and hurriedly stopped her. "You can't go there."

"Why?" Ximena spat.

"If Ramon finds out you're still alive, he won't let you off," Marcel warned.

Ximena's eyes burned with rage. "He let my son get hurt. I won't let him off either."

Marcel knew there was no stopping his sister at this point, but he still had to dissuade her.

"Ximena, please. Don't act rashly. Do you think you stand a chance against Ramon? He is the most powerful man in this city. How will you beat him on this? Do you want Shawn and Alina to be taken away from you too?"

"Do you want me to just watch and do nothing while Neil lives with those irresponsible people? They are not taking care of him!" Ximena retorted strongly.

Marcel demanded, "Ximena, listen. What good will this do you, anyway? How will you compete with Lyla? Do you think you can win against her? Ramon only knows about Neil for the time being. If he finds out about Shawn and Alina, what do you think he will do? He will definitely take them away from you!"

Marcel's words were like a sharp knife stabbed into Ximena's heart.

She laughed bitterly. Ramon never believed her, ever!

Everything that happened between them was part of his selfish scheme.

Tears threatened to pool in her eyes. Without saying anything, she turned around and walked into the house. She ate a little, took a shower, and changed her clothes.

She was already at the door and about to leave when Marcel caught up to her. "It's late. Where are you going?"

"Neil is still unstable. I'm going to the hospital to look after him," Ximena said flatly.

"I understand, but it's not safe for you to drive all the way there at this late hour," Marcel said worriedly.

"I can't trust those people to take care of Neil. I won't leave him alone with them," Ximena said and walked out of the house without looking back.

As Ximena drove back to the hospital, she couldn't help but remember the image of Neil covered in blood. It felt like ripping her heart apart, thinking about what the little boy had gone through. She stepped on the gas to get to the hospital as fast as possible.

When she arrived at the ICU, Neil was still unconscious. His face was

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 +120 Points at most

slightly swollen, but his resemblance to Shawn was uncanny. Upon closer look, she noticed a slap mark on his cheek. She immediately realized that the swelling was caused by someone hitting him on the face.

Tears immediately fell down her eyes as anger swept over her. She reached for the boy's tiny hand and held it tightly. She leaned closer to his ear and whispered, "Mommy's here now, Neil. I will never let anyone hurt you again."

After staying beside Neil for a while, Ximena wiped her tears away and left the ICU.

Her head started to throb for lack of sleep. She supported herself against the wall as she walked toward her office.

The hospital was scarce of people at this hour. The door to her office was closed. Ximena pushed it open, expecting to see no one inside. But when she turned on the lights, a familiar face came into view, stunning her to a halt.

Ramon turned his head when he heard the door open, and his eyes immediately found hers. "Long time no see, Ximena."

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