The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor By LiJuyi Chapter 51

Chapter 51: The Threat

"Are you sure you are okay?" Shantelle asked as she lifted Evan's shirt from the

back. There was a big red mark above his hip, suggesting blood had pooled in that area, forming a nasty bruise. Not only that,

he had scratched his forehead, and he

admitted to hurting his arm.

"I'm fine. I protected my head, but my arm hurts," Evan said, turning to his right arm.

Still, I can move it."

Earlier, after the encounter with the

motorist, the hospital security team tried to race after the motorbike, but they failed to catch the rider.

Evan was brought into the Emergency Room (ER) for evaluation. He insisted he was fine, but Shantelle would not let him leave. After all, he did somehow save her from the

collision.

Shantelle turned to the ER nurse and

requested, "Put him through a CT scan, to be

sure."

Evan forced himself up from the hospital bed, saying, "Shanty, no. I think I'll live. What I'd like to do is talk to security and maybe watch the surveillance. Clearly, that motorbike was aiming at you ."

"Will you stop thinking about others and focus on yourself?" Shantelle shot back.

"Don't be disobedient and listen to the

doctor ," Shantelle ordered. She turned to the nurse and gave the same directive. "Put him through CT scan now."

Evan had no choice. The doctor's orders were definite, and Shantelle would not give him a discharge order. Besides, he was rather pleased about Shantelle's sudden concern. Transferring to a wheelchair, he remarked, "I'm at least glad you still care ." (1

While Evan was brought to the radiology

2/14

room, Shantelle returned to her office. She realized she had forgotten her personal

phone when she had left with Evan,

following his supposed consultation turned

into dinner.

When Shantelle entered the room, she was surprised to find Doctor Park, taking a call from her office landline. "Yes, the next patient in line is Bit -"

"Doctor Park, what are you doing here?" Shantelle asked, her brow raising. "Whose that on the phone?"

She saw how Doctor Park paled. Her eyes widened in shock. "Doctor – doctor Shant, you're okay?"

"Why wouldn't I be?" Shantelle asked, fully baffled.

"Oh, I mean. You're back! I thought you had already left, and I heard your phone ringing. Your office was still open, so I answered the call," Doctor Park explained.

3/14

Shantelle thought back. She had instructed the nurse in charge to lock up her office, but perhaps it was a miss on the nurse's part. It was also her fault for rushing out with Evan

earlier.

"Whose that on the phone?" Shantelle asked again.

"Um. It's the organ center. They um. There is a heart ready," Doctor Park revealed.

1

"Oh, my god! What are we waiting here for?" Shantelle exclaimed. She immediately took over the call and confirmed the same. After getting the donor's details and cross- referencing them to the patients on the waitlist. She responded to the person on the other line, "We indeed have a match. The next patient is Jean Lace. We will call the patient to confirm if they will accept the heart's condition."

Shantelle made another phone call. The waitlist patient accepted the heart's

4/14

conditions, and Shantelle ordered her team

to prepare for surgery.

It would be Shantelle's second heart

transplant procedure. During her first, her father walked her throughout the process. In previous years, she had assisted her father with three heart transplants, one of which involved both heart and lungs.

Shantelle went back and forth in the next

few minutes, giving her team instructions. However, Doctor Park was not herself. She nodded and appeared to understand Shantelle's orders, but her feet weren't moving.

"Are you okay? Doctor Park?" Finally, Shantelle asked.

Doctor Park turned ghost white. Then she replied, "Um. I – Doc. I don't think I can

assist you today. I don't feel well." 1

"Very well, I'll ask another surgeon,"

Shantelle quickly decided. She turned to her

scrub nurse, directing, "Call Doctor Varma.

It's his chance to assist me with a heart

transplant!"

"Yes, doctor Shant!" The scrub nurse

replied.

While Shantelle's team was preparing the operating room, she returned to the ER and discovered that Evan was not in sight. Shantelle was relieved. She said to Evan, Thank goodness you are okay –

"No, thank goodness you are okay," Evan said back. "Shanty, that motorbike was aiming for you -"

"You told me that already, but I don't know why that biker would. Anyway, can we talk about this later? I have an emergency heart transplant procedure. The heart is due to arrive in less than an hour. It's being airlifted from the next town. The recipient will be here at any minute. Do you mind looking after Lucas? I'll fetch him in the morning," she asked.

"Of course," Evan confirmed. "That's a critical surgery."

He held her arm, saying, "Do well, Shanty.

Good luck ."

She smiled and replied, "Thank you." She responded by holding his wrist, saying, " And thank you for saving me earlier, Evan."

"Doctor Shant, you are needed in Operating Room one. Doctor Shant, you are needed in Operating Room one," the hospital's announcement came through.

"That's me. Are you sure you can manage?"

She asked.

"Positive," Evan replied.

Shantelle quickly ordered Evan's discharge with pain medications and anti-

inflammatories. She instructed the nurses in the ER to have Evan ushered in a wheelchair before finally leaving the Emergency Room.

***

"Sir, we can't give you the video recordings. We need to course this through

management," the head of security on duty advised Evan. "They will be in tomorrow."

Instead of going to the hotel, Evan went straight to find the hospital's head of

security.

Evan turned to the guard who had chased after the motorbike rider and focused on

him, saying, "You! You saw how that motorbike nearly hit Doctor Shant! If I had not pulled her away, who knows how seriously injured she would have been!"

"Yes, sir," the guard reported to his superior. "It was done intentionally since the motorbike fled the scene."

The motorbike wound up hitting Evan, but he was stronger and well-built. He also had a better footing than Shantelle. Knowing the potential impact, he had protected his head from hitting the pavement. However, what

about his ex-wife? Shantelle was oblivious

to the speeding vehicle. It would have been

worse!

Oh, how Evan thanked the heavens that he decided to pester his ex-wife that evening.

Seeing the head of security still undecided, Evan threatened, "In that case, I will go to the police and report this incident. Aside

from that, I will share with the media how lacking you are in keeping your employees safe!"

His voice strengthened as he warned, "The choice is yours! And I warn you, I am not one to mess with!"

With Evan's persistence, eventually, the head of security agreed. Together with the guard, the three of them watched the surveillance videos. They saw how the motorbike had been waiting in the driveway for four hours. The same rider only turned on his motor engine at the sight of

Shantelle.

"He was definitely waiting for her," Evan concluded, his brows meeting altogether. Who would want to hurt Shanty?"

***

Hours passed.

There were many things to consider when matching a heart to a patient. After the recipient's complete medical history, proximity and body size played a role in deciding who would get the organ.

In Warrington's Hospital Operating Room One, Shantelle was proud of being part of a team that saved lives.

Shantelle had just sewn the new heart into place. She had been in the operating room for over four hours, ensuring that each

blood vessel and arteries were attached

together without leaking.

"Okay," she said. "Let's turn off the heart

and lung machine."

10/14

She allowed some time to monitor the new heart's performance. Observing how the said organ was beating on its own, she

instructed, "Everybody, Good job. Let's close up the patient's chest."

"Amazing job, Doctor Shant!"

"We are proud of you, Doctor Shant."

"Thank you for making me part of this operation, Doctor Shant."

Each of her team members gave their commendations and gratitude. Even as Shantelle stepped out of the operating room, the patient's parents were in tears after learning how the surgery was a success.

"There is still more work to be done, Shantelle claimed. "Your daughter's

cardiologist and I will work together to keep Jean's heart beating, but for now, rest

knowing that she has a new and healthy heart."

"Thank you, Doctor Shant!"

"Thank you!"

The patient's family members cried for joy as Shantelle left the operating room floor. She first returned to her office to get some

rest.

It was already five in the morning when she decided to leave. Before doing so, she called Evan to inform him she was on her way to the hotel.

Much to her surprise, she saw Evan in the driveway with a familiar young man she had operated on last week. They had been waiting for her all along.

"Morning, Shanty. Do you remember Miguel Gonzales? He'll be your bodyguard from now on," Evan suggested.

"Good Morning Doctor Shant," the young man said. "I never got to thank you for saving my life. Thank you. You are a great

12/14

doctor."

"My bodyguard? What for?" Shantelle

sought.

"Shanty, the motorbike from earlier was

aiming at you. He was waiting for hours and turned on his engine when you came out of the hospital," Evan revealed. "I'll hire more bodyguards to keep an eye on you and Lucas safe. For now, Miguel and your family driver will be your constant companion."

During their drive to the hotel, Evan showed the video of the motorbike rider to Shantelle. Seeing it, Shantelle's skin crawled. She wondered, "But why? Why would anyone want to hurt me?"

"Have you made enemies?" Evan sought.

"I don't think so, I -" Suddenly, Shantelle had a lightbulb moment. It wasn't long before one Peter Haris threatened her for not putting Briana West on top of the donor's list.

She gulped. She massaged her forehead and said, "I – I might have angered someone."

"Who?" Evan asked. His eyes narrowed, and his voice raised in anger.