

To Be Yours Again by Taylor

Chapter 3 Alec Faust

Jenny frowned immediately. She turned to Morgan and said, "Check the patient's condition and let me know if any help is needed."

"Okay, I'll do that!"

Within five minutes, Morgan rushed back to Jenny's office.

"Dr. Walter, please take a look at the patient. His condition seems very se—"

Before Morgan could finish her sentence, Jenny was already out of the office, walking toward the emergency ward. Soon, they both arrived there, where they saw a group of people gathered. Faint sobs could be heard from the crowd.

"Please save my husband, Doctor! I'm begging you! He's only 45 years old! I can't live without him!"

"Don't worry, we are running an examination on him right now. We'll only understand his condition when the test results are out."

Seeing that, Morgan tugged Jenny along as she squeezed through the crowd.

"Excuse me! The doctor is here."

Hearing that, the patient's family members gave way to her quickly, allowing her into the emergency ward.

"What happened?" Jenny asked immediately.

"The patient got into a car accident and is now experiencing a brain hemorrhage. We're checking how much blood he has lost, but his situation doesn't seem too optimistic."

Although the attending doctor of the emergency ward was not acquainted with Jenny, he decided there was no need for an introduction when he saw on her name tag that she was the deputy director of the neurosurgery department.

"Here is the CT scan of his head," informed a nurse loudly as she handed them the report.

Examining the report, the emergency doctor frowned, instantly commenting, "The situation is very dire. Given the large amount of bleeding, he is experiencing a brain herniation due to increased intracranial pressure. Surgery must be performed on him immediately."

Scanning the report, Jenny agreed with a nod, saying, "Alright, let's arrange a surgery."

"But..." began the emergency doctor, seeming somewhat embarrassed, "our hospital isn't capable of this surgery." Craniotomy was no ordinary surgery. "Let's send the patient to a better hospital," he suggested.

"The brain herniation is oppressing his respiratory center. He will die within half an hour if we don't operate immediately. Are you sure we can get him to another hospital in time?" Jenny questioned seriously.

"But there are no doctors here who are capable of this surgery. What can we do if we don't send him to another hospital?" asked the emergency doctor helplessly.

"I'll do it!" Jenny declared.

"You'll do it?" he asked incredulously.

He had heard how an external doctor landed the neurosurgery department's deputy director position. He figured that the woman before him was that person. Was she really capable of such a complex surgery?

"Surgery? What surgery is it?" asked the patient's wife, finally coming to terms with the dire situation. Panic was written all over her face.

Jenny explained to her patiently, "Your husband is in a critical condition. Due to the bleeding in his brain, the intracranial pressure is high, resulting in a brain herniation. A craniotomy must be performed immediately."

"What?" asked the wife. "No! Craniotomy sounds very dangerous. What if he doesn't wake up?"

Although Jenny was wearing a mask, the patient's wife could tell from her voice that she was very young. Was a young doctor like Jenny capable of performing the surgery?

"Please calm down first," interjected Jenny, suddenly raising her voice. It caused everyone to go quiet instantly. "I understand how you feel right now, but no time can be wasted given your husband's situation. He must undergo surgery immediately. I am Dr. Walter, the deputy director of the neurosurgery department here at Parrington Hospital. I will be in charge of your husband's surgery. Rest assured that I will try my best."

No doctor would ever promise a successful surgery.

"Dr. Walter? I haven't heard of her before."

"That's right. She must be scaring us. His condition probably isn't that serious."

"Ah, all doctors do is lie to us so that they can make more money through surgery."

The patient's wife was ready to sign the surgery consent form. However, hearing the murmurings of her relatives, she hesitated.

"I think we should transfer him to a bigger hospital," one of them said.

"No, he can't be transferred!" warned Jenny sternly as she grabbed the speaker. "It takes at least two hours to get to the nearest hospital. Your husband doesn't have that long!"

"Don't listen to her! She's just trying to scare you. Who does she think she is? How can we even trust her? If she wants us to believe her, she'd better get the hospital director to vouch for her. Otherwise, we should transfer him to another hospital immediately."

Their words swayed the patient's wife. If the hospital director vouched for Jenny, it would prove that she was competent.

Jenny was frustrated by the whole situation. Now was not the time for this; time was of the essence!

She felt helpless as there was nothing she could do to stop them. However, if she allowed them to transfer the patient away, wouldn't it mean that she was giving the patient a death sentence? Hence, she reached for her phone, ready to call the director. In any case, a person's life was more important.

"I'll vouch for her!" interrupted a deep voice.

Everyone turned around to look at the source of the voice. Behind them stood a man clad in a fitted black suit, exuding confidence.