

### Chapter 33: Surgery Needed

Evan left for Hamlin City the next day. Their financial business had expanded across the country, slowly opening branches in various cities. That day was their groundbreaking ceremony. Evan had to be there and pretend to shovel some earth.

“Sir, um. Did you sleep at all?” James asked, observing him from inside the car. They were now driving out to the location of the site. “You should have taken the sleeping pills.”

“Two hours. I slept for two hours. I try not to be dependent,” Evan plainly said. “Did you take care of Miss Dones?” “Yes, Sir. The Human Resource Department had already given her termination notice,” James said.

“She broke the number one rule, James. I don’t want to block women from working in my company, but you need to ensure everyone understands the consequences of breaking my number one rule,” Evan pointed out.

“Yes, Sir. My apologies,” James acknowledged. “Hire more bodyguards if you need to,” Evan instructed. “I don’t want it to happen ever again.”

Yes, Sir,” James repeated. “How is your mother doing?” Evan asked out of the blue. ‘Ah, the boss is still thoughtful, but not to the female population who want to break his number one rule,’ James silently concluded. He smiled and answered, “She is better, Sir. Thanks to the supplement you gave her. She was very thankful.”

“Very good,” Evan replied. The groundbreaking ceremony came and went. James successfully implemented the boss’ number one rule throughout the event; not even female reporters could go near Evan Thompson. After the ceremony, they made their way to the airport. Evan was not interested in staying longer.

They were almost at the airport when Evan saw a girl with blonde hair. She had a figure similar to that of Shantelle. His heart raced at the possibility that he ordered the driver to stop. “Pull over! Pull over now!”

Evan rushed outside the car as soon as the vehicle pulled to a stop. He ran after the girl and grabbed her wrist. “Shanty! Shanty!”

Much to his dismay, the girl was not at all Shantelle. She had the same hair and height but was nowhere near as beautiful as Shantelle. The girl smiled at Evan, saying, “I ain’t Shanty, but you can call me anything you like.”

She winked at him while blood drained from Evan’s face. “Sorry.” Evan turned around and walked back to the car, feeling defeated all over again.

How long has it been since Evan had seen Shantelle? Evan thought about it in silence while in the car. He shut his eyes, knowing it had been far too long. Too long.

Evan had been unsuccessful in finding Shantelle. After more than a year of utilizing his resources, from Keith to hiring a private investigator, he gave in, and accepted the unfortunate fate. However, admitting that he had lost Shantelle did not ease the yearning in his heart.

Instead, he redirected his focus to his company. He allowed work to hide whatever pain he felt. Now and then, he would ask his friend Keith if any hospitals had taken in Doctor Scott. Every time Keith gave him bad news, it jet him down, but the pang in his chest had slowly lessened over the years. A year ago, he had utterly stopped asking Keith about Doctor Scott, but it was as if time was playing a joke on him. Why was he suddenly reminded of Shantelle? The powerful man of Rose Hills was back to being woeful again.

Evan Thompson was now thirty-four years old. Single and a multi-Billionaire. He is still the CEO of the Thompson Group of Companies and has accumulated billions of gains in favor of his company, but he was unhappy. Indeed, money could never buy happiness-the irony of life.

On the plane heading back to Rose Hills, James noticed his silence. He suggested, "Sir, do you want to give it one more try? We can hire another detective to look for Miss Scott." Evan sucked in a breath. He raked his fingers through his hair and answered, "I don't know."

The truth was, he feared what would come out of the investigation. What if Shantelle was already married? She may already have a child. To Evan, the unknown was less heartbreaking.

"Get me a sleeping pill," he ordered. That was the only way he could get some rest now that Shantelle had unknowingly awakened Evan's longing. He switched his mobile off, and after drinking the pill, he shut his eyes.

Evan arrived at Rose Hills late in the afternoon. When he turned his phone on, he received several messages from his mother. He immediately called Clara.

"Evan!" His mother said on the other line. "Your father is in the hospital. He fainted! Be here quickly. I need you, son.

"Your father's heart is failing because of coronary blockage," the doctor reported. His name was Doctor Cooper. "We have already tried medication, but it is not enough. Surgery is needed."

"Mister Thompson, your father needs a coronary artery bypass, which I'm afraid none of our doctors here have the necessary skill to perform. We have a good general surgeon, but I have already brought up your father's case. He declined to handle the procedure," the doctor revealed. "Can we invite a reputable from another city? Or another country, perhaps?" Evan sought.

"That, we could do, Mister Thompson, but most qualified doctors would rather operate in a familiar facility with advanced technology and a team of surgeons to aid in the same procedure.

Usually, surgeons go into an operating room as a team. They identify who they work best and operate in a patient together," Doctor Cooper explained. "The best way is to bring your father to the country's most suitable facility for heart surgeries."

Evan and the doctor were having a conversation inside Erick Thompson's room. Erick was resting at the moment, but he looked weak. Evan glanced at his father before asking Doctor Cooper, "And what facility would you recommend?"

"In the country, two hospitals are leading in heart surgeries. Bryxton Clinic they have tenured doctors who have practiced for more than twenty years. It's closer to Rose Hills, but if you want the best of the best,

Warlington Hospital is rising to fame. They have trained new, young doctors surgeons with good hands," the doctor said, raising his hands. "You know, older surgeons may have developed tremors over time."

"These new young doctors at Warlington have also trained with the best in their fields. I actually sent one patient to Warlington last week. She also had a bypass. She said that the doctors there were very professional and competent," the doctor added. " She had nothing but praises for the Warlington Hospital, from the facility to its staff."

"When you are decided, I can arrange everything," Doctor Cooper offered. Evan nodded. He replied, "Thank you, doctor. I will look into it."

After the doctor left, Evan called Keith. If anything, Keith would know which facility is best for a heart surgeon, not that he did not trust the doctor, but Keith was his friend and had worked with hospitals all over the country.

Unfortunately for Evan, Keith could not be reached. Instead, he called Keith's assistant, Edward. Evan explained the situation to Edward.

Edward replied, "Mister Thompson, Sir Henderson is on a business trip to Europe and will be out of reach. He damaged his phone, somehow. But, I can give you that information, Sir. I know which facility is best for heart surgeries. We have had many patients claim insurance coverage in Warlington. All of their heart surgeries were successful."

"Bryxton Clinic is currently facing a lawsuit. One patient who was operated on still had a surgical tool left inside his chest. He wound up being operated on again," Edward revealed. "I highly recommend Warlington Hospital."

"Thank you, Edward. Then, Warlington it is," Evan said.