

## Chapter 23 House Call

"Miss Wilson, may I know when do you plan to visit the Scott family's residence?" Phillip asked.

On the line, Norah quickly pieced together that Sean was behind the question.

"How does nine in tomorrow morning sound? Could you share the address with me? I'll make sure to be there on time," Norah replied.

"Of course, thank you, Miss Wilson."

Norah ended the call, and Gil strolled in, sporting a delighted expression.

"Norah, I've had a chat with the higher-ups. They're ready for you to start this week. You'll be in the neurosurgery department, your area of expertise, and I'll support you in the surgeries." Gil sighed and said, "This brings back memories of the surgeries we tackled together. There's still so much I need to grasp."

He glanced at the stack of files and asked, "Have you finished going through these files? Do you have any insights to share?"

"Honestly, Gil, I'm gearing up to treat this patient. Initially, my knowledge was limited to her leukemia diagnosis, but now I've gathered more comprehensive details." Norah was open with Gil. "I've reviewed the files. She experienced a relapse of leukemia after the transplant. It's a complicated situation."

The file in Norah's hand belonged to Susanna Scott, a young member of the Scott family.

Gil reacted with surprise. "You're acquainted with the Scott family? Susanna, that poor girl. She was diagnosed with leukemia as a child and was under my care back then. She seemed to recover after the transplant, but her condition has

worsened."

Pensively stroking his beard, Gil turned to Norah and said, "Given your extensive research on leukemia, do you think there's another way to help her?"

After a pause, Norah proposed, "What about another transplant? It appears her body could handle it. Maybe she could go through chemotherapy and then undergo another transplant?"

Gil shook his head and said, "Her immune system is fragile. She faced severe infections following her last chemotherapy session."

Sipping his coffee, he continued, "You have a talent in medicine, coming up with innovative treatment approaches. Any other ideas for Susanna's treatment?"

Norah took a moment before responding, "I'm not sure yet. I'll need to assess her during the consultation."

Norah believed a direct evaluation was necessary to fully understand Susanna's condition, as medical records only paint part of the picture.

She and Gil discussed Susanna's condition for a bit. Once she confirmed her start date, Norah took her leave.

The next day, Norah got a call from Phillip, letting her know he'd swing by to pick her up at nine.

Norah cursed under her breath. She didn't see the point in them coming to pick her up when she had no plans to run away.

Mulling over the thought of that aloof and intimidating Sean, Norah clenched her teeth. She resolved that after this house call, she'd sever all ties with the Scott family.

Norah sensed that neither she nor Sean harbored any fondness for each other.

Recalling the strange words Sean had said at the Hayes family's residence yesterday, she still couldn't get what Sean

meant.

At nine sharp, a sleek, custom-made luxury vehicle pulled up in front of Norah's home.

To keep things private, Norah wore black clothes today, with a hat and a mask.

Opening the vehicle's door, Norah noticed Sean in the back seat. After a brief pause, she chose to join him there. Sitting in the back seat was her choice last time, and switching seats now might seem too dismissive of Sean.

"Mr. Scott," Norah fastened her seatbelt in place and greeted him with a smile. But then she realized her face was hidden behind a mask, so her smile disappeared where nobody could see it.

Sean turned to her with a piercing gaze. "So you disguised yourself with that outfit yesterday at the Hayes family's residence to hide your identity. I half-expected you were up to no good."

With a roll of her eyes, Norah retorted, "Mr. Scott, you're quite the comedian."

Feeling the weight of Sean's stare, Norah diverted her gaze outside, breaking the eye contact.

The journey continued in silence.

"I'm committed to discretion. You have my word," Sean assured her in a frosty tone. "Please, look after my grandfather and sister, Miss Wilson."

Gazing outside, Norah responded evenly, "Mr. Scott, have no worries. I won't compromise my professional integrity."

Norah had cured thousands of cases and earned her reputation by successfully tackling many difficult illnesses. Her competence was evident.

The view outside the window flew by rapidly as they drove

away from the bustling city and reached a peaceful countryside. Eventually, they pulled up outside a compound and came to a stop.

The compound was fenced off, and two guards stood watch at the main entrance. Spotting the familiar car, they swiftly swung open the iron gate to allow the black car entry.

The estate exuded a quiet charm, its sparse population evident. Flowers and plants adorned the exterior, adding a touch of vitality.

Sean led the way in silence, and Norah followed into the residence.

Stepping into a spacious living room, they were greeted by a maid who respectfully acknowledged, "Mr. Scott."

Sean instructed, "I've asked Susanna to join us shortly. Please begin with my grandfather."

"Sure," Norah responded, unfazed. She was there to assess both patients, after all.

As Sean led the way into the bedroom, Norah noticed an elderly man resting on the bed with his eyes open. The old man, identified as Rodrigo, had gaunt cheeks and lifeless eyes that barely moved at the sound of the door.

Despite his condition, it was evident Rodrigo was receiving good care. His face was clean. The room was orderly without any unpleasant smells.

The sunlight filtered through the windows, brightening the room without causing any glare or discomfort.

Molly Courtenay, the maid, stood by the door. Aware of Sean's bringing a doctor for Rodrigo, she had prepared a chair by the bed for Norah. "Mr. Rodrigo Scott woke up early today, yet he still doesn't recognize anyone," she informed.

Sean gestured dismissively and said, "Molly, please go ahead downstairs. I'll manage from here."

"Alright, I'll be in my room then. Mr. Sean Scott, just call if you need me," Molly offered, exiting with a respectful nod.

Before leaving, Molly cast several lingering looks back at Sean and Norah, sensing something unique about their interaction.

After Molly left, Norah got straight to assessing Rodrigo's health.

Lacking the sophisticated equipment found in hospitals, Norah relied on her expertise for the examination.

"Rodrigo had a stroke, didn't he? It looks like the stroke led to paralysis on his right side and affected his speech and vision. It seems he can still regain consciousness occasionally," Norah stated.

Sean, with a hint of hope in his eyes, confirmed, "Yes, he had a stroke. Since then, his condition has remained lifeless, and hospital treatments haven't shown much improvement. That's why I decided to bring him home and have a private physician visit regularly."

Norah nodded and asked, "What have the doctors said about his chances of recovery?"

"They've all said he won't be able to stand again."

Norah sighed upon hearing this. She knew that sometimes medical opinions could vary widely. While some conditions might be deemed hopeless by one set of doctors, Norah believed there always could be a chance for recovery.