

Chapter 5

Bethany POV

Theo left, he said he had to go to work and thanked me for a great start to the day. I thought about the places he had talked about and decided after I had loaded the dishwasher, I would head out and explore a little, plus see how long it took to get to work and how much cover there was. In the winter. I would not like to be walking to work in a downpour. The walk took fifteen minutes, not that long at all, and there was plenty of cover with shops and trees to make the walk in the rain less daunting. I decided to go to introduce myself to my boss. He is the overseer of both sections. I took the elevator to the fifth floor and soon found his office. It was Sunday, and I was not sure if he would be there. I knew my old boss could be found in his office almost every day.

I stood outside it looking at the name for a moment, Dr. M Robson engraved on the sign, in the clear bold letter, you could not miss whose office it was.

'Come in.' A strong masculine voice calls from the other side of the door. I opened it and saw a man in his sixties, working behind a large desk, with papers scattered everywhere. He was a handsome man, with a short-trimmed beard. I was not one for beards, but this did not detract from his strong jawline and sparkling eyes.

'Hi, I was passing by and thought I would come and introduce myself. I am'

'Bethany Peterson.' He smiled for me, standing to offer me his hand, before sitting back down.

I blushed that he knew who I was when I failed to recognize him.

'About two years ago, you did a speech at the Rosemount on open-heart surgery versus keyhole surgery, it was all very cutting edge, and I was impressed by the skills you had displayed, at the time.'

'Wow, that was a while ago, I am sorry I do not remember you.' I stammered out. I am usually good at names and faces.

'You wouldn't. I was in the theater spectating. You articulated yourself very well. I have been nagging your boss at the hospital since then to get you here, and now I have you, I am not letting you go.' I chuckled along with him as I took the seat he pointed to. I sat down and waited for him to continue.

'Normally, I would be giving you forms to fill out, but as you are transferring from our sister hospital, all is in order, I have received your agreement, and I am pleased that you will be taking over the running of the research side, Dr. Monroe had been trying to look after both sides, but it was a two-person job. He was given the choice of surgery or research, and he chose the surgery. He is a damn fine surgeon, and so are you. Don't think, because you are on the research side, you will not be doing surgery, there is plenty to keep you busy, and you may find you are doing more surgery than research for a while, but we shall see how that goes as time goes by. As I need your surgical skills as well as your research, I am sure both of you will get along just fine. He is in a theater at the moment, so I cannot introduce you. Come, let me show you where your office is and introduce you to some of the staff.'

The hospital was a five-story building, with private high-quality rooms as well as a couple of wards for those who could not afford the higher-priced rooms. It was more like a motel room for some. The canteen was more like a small restaurant, the food looked and smelled good. The staff I met were all pleasant and when they realized who I was, they were suddenly more alert. My office was a lot like I expected, maybe a little bigger, and even had a window, though I doubt I would get a chance to look out of it much. Then I fell in love with my research lab. It was marvelous. I would be doing several autopsies here, looking at heart-diseased bodies that have been left for science, each one categorized and photographed, and a little background history on each patient, so I could try and ascertain what caused the heart disease. I could not wait to start work.

By the time I made it home, it was seven o'clock, I decided to have a steak for dinner and started to peel the vegetables when my front door opened, and in walked Theo, looking like he had just climbed out of the shower. His eyes looked tired. He was putting on a brave face. I wondered what he was doing to be working on a Sunday but did not want to delve into personal stuff yet. I was enjoying not having to think about it, and he had a girlfriend, Felicity, so he was out of bounds from anything more than a good friend. Yeah, I said this before, but I needed to keep reminding myself that I had to keep my distance and not get attached. I heard rebounds make you more vulnerable to attachments that are not real, and I don't need another non-real relationship.

'Do you have enough for two?' he asked as he entered my kitchen and started the coffee pot.

'Sure, grab another steak from the fridge.' He did as he was told and added that steak to the other one that was marinating, picked up a peeler, and started to peel the potatoes. We worked together. I was talking about my walk, though not about visiting work and the little café I had found. He knew it well, said they made the best cheesecake he had ever tasted, and now the challenge was on, for me to make one better than the café. I missed those sorts of challenges. Bret never liked the variety of meals, he was a steak and chips person, and I was looking forward to eating all those foods I had missed out on.

We sat and ate our meal out on the balcony, and Theo grabbed a bottle of wine to go with the meal. I don't normally bother to drink with every meal when on my own, not a habit I had picked up and not one I intended to, but as I am on holiday, I thought why not for a change? I made sure Theo drank the majority of the wine, and he was pleasantly tipsy by the time I kicked him out the door.

'Behave or I will start to lock my door.' I threatened, and that made him leave without any further fuss. My phone started to ring as I kicked him out. I closed the door and picked up my phone, and stupidly, I did not check who the caller was.

'Hey honey, I won't be home tonight, the lights have been canceled, we have a storm over here. I will give you a call when I am heading back, catch you later.' He did not even let me answer before he hung up the phone. I could hear in the background that he was at a party of some kind. I guess he didn't know about the divorce yet.

I was Exhausted, from all the walking around today and the emotional turmoil that I was slowly getting rid of. Being a doctor you learn to put emotions aside so you can deal with a patient's family, this helped me gain a thick skin, and putting my lost marriage aside like a lost patient, might not be a healthy way to do it, but it works for me at the moment.