Chapter 14

**Scene: Hawking Presbyterian. Private lounge. Day.**

Bullet

“My lady, I have some good news for you.”

(What could it be?)

After everything that’s happened I am eager to hear some good news.

MC

“What is it, Bullet?”

Bullet rushes to my side, keeping a wary eye on the attendant present.

He speaks to me in a hush tone.

Bullet

“I may have found a way for you to see your grandmother.”

MC

“Really?”

Bullet

“But it’s not what you think. We’re going to have to sneak in.”

(?!?)

I become a bit apprehensive about his Bullet’s suggestion. We might get in trouble for that.

Stefan

“Bullet, I don’t think that’s a good idea. This is a hospital. They keep visitors out of intensive care unit for a reason.”

Stefan turns to Zachary.

Stefan

“Zachary, back me up here.”

Zachary looks at me as if trying to figure out what I’m thinking.

Zachary

“To be honest, if there is a way for me to help Lady [namae] see her grandmother, I’d do it in a heartbeat.”

I smile softly at Zachary and then nods to Bullet.

Bullet

“You’re outvoted, Stefan. We have to do this for Lady [namae].”

Stefan sighs in resignation.

Stefan

“Fine. I’m only hesitant about this idea of yours because I don’t want Lady [namae] to get in trouble.”

Stefan

“So what’s the plan?”

Bullet

“While it’s true that they keep people out of the ICU for a reason, the hospital does allow nurses to go in and out all the time.”

Bullet

“So I was thinking, maybe we can disguise ourselves as nurses so we can sneak in.”

Stefan

“Bullet, even if we magically find ourselves in nurses’ scrubs, we would still need a keycard to get inside the—”

Bullet holds up a keycard to Stefan’s face.

Bullet

“You were saying?”

Stefan

“Where did you get that? Forget it. I don’t want to know.”

Bullet

“Relax, I borrowed it from a nurse I met outside. Gave a little somethin’-somethin’ for it.”

Zachary

“My lady, you are being uncharacteristically quiet about all this. What are you thinking?”

**Choice: What should I say?**

1. *“I think we should do it.”*
2. *“What if we get caught?”*

**1.**

MC

“I think we should do it.”

MC

“At this point, I would do anything to see my grandmother.”

Bullet

“This plan is going to work, little miss. You don’t have to worry. You will see your grandmother.”

I nod. I’m determined to see her one way or another.

**Recombine with main dialogue**

**2.**

MC

“What if we get caught?”

Stefan

“That’s exactly my concern too.”

Bullet

“We’re not going to get caught. This is the only way, little miss.”

MC

“I would do anything to see my grandmother right now.”

**Recombine with main dialogue**

**BACK TO MAIN DIALOGUE**

MC

“Let’s do it.”

Bullet

“You won’t regret it, little miss. If we do get in trouble I’m ready to take full responsibility for it.”

MC

“Let’s just hope you won’t have to, Bullet.”

Bullet smiles and I smile back in spite of myself.

(He is a ray of sunlight on a cloudy day.)

Bullet

“Ok, so here’s what we’re going to do.”

Bullet

“The nurse had also left us two scrubs in an on-call room near the ICU.”

Bullet

“So I guess it’s going to be me and Lady [namae] who will go inside.”

Zachary

“So what’s our role in this master plan of yours?”

Bullet

“You two are going to be the lookout.”

Bullet

“If you see one of the doctors who might recognize Lady [namae], you’re going to have to stall them.”

Bullet

“And you, Stefan, I need you to alert me on my mobile phone.”

Stefan

“All right. Understood.”

Bullet

“The nurse needs the keycard back in an hour. So we better do it now and we better do it fast.”

Bullet

“We only have about 40 minutes left.”

**Scene: Hawking Presbyterian. On-call room. Day.**

Bullet and I make our way to the on-call room as Zachary and Stefan go ahead to the ICU.

Bullet sees the scrubs the nurse left for us and gives one to me.

Bullet

“Put these on, little miss.”

We both turn our backs to each other to give ourselves privacy as we strip our clothes.

MC

“The keycard, these scrubs. How did you get them so easily—”

MC

“Wait. When you said you had to give a little somethin’-somethin’ for these, you don’t mean to say—?”

Bullet

“Relax, little miss, I’m not like that. And he’s a male nurse. I just bribed him.”

(Oh, that makes sense.)

When I am done, I turn around to find Bullet still half-naked. He had to remove all the layers of his butler’s uniform.

I stand nearer to the door and I hear someone’s coming!

MC

“Bullet! Someone’s coming!”

I panic and grab Bullet, who throws his arms around me.

(?!?)

We immediately start kissing as the door opens and a man in scrubs enters.

Bullet

“A little privacy, man!”

Man In Scrubs

“Seriously, guys? Every freaking single day.”

The man in scrubs just shrugs and leaves the room, closing the door behind him.

(I can’t believe that worked!)

We both pull away from each other, giving me a good look at Bullet’s naked upper body.

I feel a blush blossom in my cheeks.

**Choice: What should I say?**

1. *“I’m sorry about the kiss.”*
2. *“I didn’t know what else to do.”*

**1.**

MC

“I’m sorry about the kiss.”

Bullet

“I’m not.”

Bullet

“I mean, we would have been caught if it was for that kiss.”

Bullet smiles and puts on his scrubs.

**Recombine with main dialogue**

**2.**

MC

“I didn’t know what else to do.”

Bullet

“Yeah, me too. We apparently had the same idea. At least, that’s how I saw it in the movies.”

Bullet chuckles as he puts on his scrubs.

Bullet

“I’m so sorry about that.”

**Recombine with main dialogue**

**BACK TO MAIN DIALOGUE**

Bullet

“Here.”

Bullet hands me a facemask.

Bullet

“Wear it, so we don’t get recognized.”

MC

“Good idea.”

Bullet

“Your grandmother’s room is the fourth one to the left. Just act like you know where you’re going.”

Bullet

“We better go now, little miss.”

When we reach the ICU, Zachary and Stefan are there. Both give us a subtle nod as we approach.

Bullet swipes in the keycard and the doors to the ICU slides open. We move down the narrow hallway, toward the fourth room on the left, and enter.

And there she is.

MC

“Grandma.”

Tears start to well up in my eyes. I rush to her side.

I’m not used to seeing her all prone and vulnerable, hooked up to wires.

MC

“I’m so sorry. I’m sorry I wasn’t there.”

I run my hand over her hair.

Bullet stands behind me, putting a comforting hand on my shoulder.

Suddenly, Bullet’s mobile phone rings and he answers it. He covers his mouth as he talks into the phone.

Bullet

“That was Stefan. We have a problem.”

(?!?)

Bullet

“The Chairman is outside.”

Bullet

“Don’t worry, little miss. I’ll take full responsibility for this, even if it means losing my job.”

MC

“Bullet, I can’t let you do that.”

Bullet

“We need to go, little miss.”

I turn to my grandmother and murmurs to her.

MC

“I’ll see you again, Grandma. I love you more than anyone else.”

We both leave the ICU, and sure enough outside awaits my grandfather, wearing a stern look on his face.

Brandon

“The eve of your succession’s announcement and you disappoint me yet again.”

Bullet

“With all due respect, Master Brandon, it was all my fault. Lady [namae] didn’t plan any of this.”

Brandon

“So you mean to tell me that your lady is just a puppet in all this?”

Bullet

“No, sir. It’s just—This is all my fault. There’s no one else to blame for this.”

Suddenly Stefan steps forward.

Stefan

“It’s my fault, too, sir.”

Zachary follows.

Zachary

“And mine, too. We all had a hand in this.”

Grandfather frowns at them.

Brandon

“You do know that I can fire all of you for this, right?”

Stefan

“We are aware of the consequences, sir.”

Brandon

“This is not the right place to discuss your insubordination.”

Brandon

“Meet me at the private lounge at the Seymour wing.”

Brandon

“Just the three of you. [namae], you can go back to the estate now. Nigel will escort you. You’ll meet him outside the lounge.”

Grandfather leaves.

**Choice: What should I say?**

1. *“What’s going to happen now?”*
2. *“Don’t worry I’ll talk to him.”*

**1.**

MC

“What’s going to happen?”

Stefan

“It’s all up to the Chairman now.”

Bullet

“Worst case scenario, we all get fired.”

MC

“But I’m not going to let him fire you for helping me.”

MC

“That’s not right.”

Zachary

“I guess at some point we all have to live with the consequences of our actions.”

MC

“But—”

**Recombine with main dialogue**

**2.**

MC

“Don’t worry I’ll talk to him. I won’t let you guys get fired for this.”

Bullet

“You don’t have to do that, little miss.”

Stefan

“We knew the risks and we took it. Now we must face the consequence.”

MC

“But—”

**Recombine with main dialogue**

**BACK TO MAIN DIALOGUE**

Zachary

“No ‘buts’, my lady. We did this for you.”

Zachary

“That negates the purpose of all this, if you don’t let us take the blame just because the plan went south.”

Stefan

“We must go, my lady. The Chairman doesn’t like to be kept waiting.”

With a heavy heart, we all make our way to the private lounge at the Seymour wing.

Two bodyguards are now stationed by the door. Nigel is also present.

Nigel

“My lady.”

MC

“Nigel.”

Bullet

“This is it, my lady. I guess this is good-bye.”

Stefan

“I’ll see you, when I see you.”

Zachary

“Farewell, my lady.”

(No, this is not right.)

With tears in my eyes, all three of my butlers enter the private lounge.

Nigel

“My lady, I am under strict orders to bring you back to the mansion at once. We must go. The chopper is waiting.”

MC

“No, this is not right. They shouldn’t be fired for something like this.”

(But what can I do?)

**Premium Choice: What should I do?**

1. Insist to go inside and talk to my grandfather.

2. Accept their fate.

**1.**

I turned to the bodyguards stationed by the door of the private lounge.

MC

“I need you to let me in.”

The bodyguards steps in front of the door, blocking my way, unflinching.

Nigel

“My lady, please…”

MC

“This is the decent thing to do, Nigel. I’m taking a stand. They only did it because of me.”

MC

“I need to make this right.”

MC

“If you were in the same situation. You would want for someone to stand up for you.”

Nigel looks at the two bodyguards.

Nigel

“You heard her. Please, let the lady in.”

The two bodyguards step aside and open the door for me. As I walk inside, all eyes are on me.

Brandon

“[namae], what is the meaning of this?”

Brandon

“I told you that you need to return to the mansion.”

MC

“I can’t let you fire them, Grandfather.”

Brandon

“You don’t tell me what I can and cannot do. These men are still under my employ. That means I make the decision here.”

MC

“Please, grandfather, none of this would have happened if it wasn’t for me.”

MC

“I already feel bad about not being there for my grandmother, don’t make this another reason to beat myself up about it.”

Brandon

“What you and your butlers did is very irresponsible.”

Brandon

“I did not hire these men to break the rules.”

MC

“I’m sorry. It won’t happen again. Just please don’t fire them.”

Brandon

“What’s done is done, [namae]. Clearly, these men have become a bad influence to you or perhaps the other way around.”

Brandon

“What I’m sure of is that these men are not the best match for you.”

Brandon

“So as of this moment, they are no longer under my employ.”

(I can’t let them take the fall for this.)

(I need to make a decision.)

I square my shoulder and raise a defiant chin.

MC

“Grandfather, if you’re going to fire them, then you can fire me as your successor, too.”

Grandfather gives me a long hard look. There’s a tensed silence that follows.

Finally, Grandfather speaks.

Brandon

“Very well, I won’t terminate them. But effective immediately, I am pulling them out of your service.”

Brandon

“I am assigning them to Kendra. Nigel will be your temporary butler.”

(If that’s the price I have to pay, then so be it.)

MC

“I accept.”

Brandon

“You will return to the mansion right this instance. Do you understand?”

MC

“I understand, Grandfather.”

Brandon

“Please, leave now, [namae]. I have some other matters that I need to discuss with them.”

I lower my gaze and did not dare look at my butlers.

MC

“Good-bye.”

**Recombine with main dialogue**

**2.**

(I feel bad about all this.)

(This is all my fault.)

(And I feel powerless to do anything about it.)

Nigel

“You couldn’t have done anything about it, anyway.”

Nigel

“Once the Chairman’s mind is made up, there’s no changing it.”

(Am I really not going to see my butlers again?)

Defeated, I turn to Nigel.

MC

“I would like to return to the mansion now, Nigel.”

Nigel

“As you wish my lady.”

**Recombine with main dialogue**

**BACK TO MAIN DIALOGUE**

**Scene: Seymour Estate. MC’s suite. Night.**

Nigel and I return to the estate and it isn’t the same anymore. He got a call informing him about replacing my butlers.

Nigel reassures me that my butlers didn’t get fired, and they will be assigned to Kendra.

(So it’s done.)

(The Chairman’s word is king around here.)

I can’t help but feel a little bit of resentment toward my grandfather. But I still blame myself for what happened.

Nigel

“I’ve got three big pair of shoes to fill, and I only got two feet.”

Nigel

“I am nothing compared to those three men. But I want you to know that I’m here for you, my lady.”

MC

“You’re not so bad, Nigel. I’m grateful for your presence. Beats being alone.”

Nigel pours a glass of whiskey from a decanter and hands it to me.

Nigel

“Here. This should take the edge off. Have a drink with me, Lady [namae].”

Nigel

“Think of this as your date with me like you had dates with your three butlers.”

Nigel

“Let me help you take your mind off things.”

For a moment, I seriously consider drinking with Nigel. This could be an enticing distraction from everything that’s been happening.

**Premium Choice: What should I do?**

1. *Decline the offer.*
2. *Drink with Nigel.*

**1.**

But a part of me tells me that I should decline the offer. And I decide to listen to it.

I shook my head no.

MC

“I’d prefer to retire early tonight.”

MC

“Big day tomorrow.”

Nigel

“I understand, my lady.”

Nigel takes a swig of the whiskey and smiles at me.

Nigel

“I guess I’ll see you in the morning.”

Nigel

“Good night, my lady.”

MC

“Good night, Nigel.”

**Recombine with main dialogue**

**2.**

I walk across the room and take the glass of whiskey from Nigel’s hand.

MC

“I guess we should at least drink to my succession to S Group.”

Nigel

“It’s your big day tomorrow, my lady.”

Nigel pours himself a drink.

MC

“Is it bad that I’m not excited? That I feel so empty?”

Nigel

“I completely understand where you’re coming from.”

Nigel

“Your victory would be sweeter if your butlers are there to share it with.”

MC

“They’ve been there with me since day one. It’s only right that we see this through until the end.”

MC

“Instead I got an abrupt ending.”

I slump myself onto the couch.

MC

“I can’t believe they’re gone just like that.”

Nigel

“You’re moving up to business school. Parting ways with your butlers is inevitable.”

Nigel sits beside me.

Nigel

“Maybe when you’re done with business school, you can hire them back. You just have to prove yourself to your grandfather.”

MC

“Why do I have this feeling that I will have to constantly prove myself to everyone.”

Nigel

“I guess that’s the vicious cycle of being an heiress.”

I contemplate what Nigel just told me.

(Perhaps being an heiress isn’t at all it’s cracked up to be.)

Nigel

“One thing’s for sure though. You don’t have to prove yourself to me.”

Nigel stares into my eyes and I stare back into his deep black eyes. And for a moment I thought I could drown in them.

I shake my head as if to clear the thought from my head.

(It must be the whiskey.)

Nigel

“I’m quite certain of what you’re capable of.”

Nigel

“You’re this strong-willed, generous woman who would get out of her way to help people. You inspire me to be a better man.”

MC

“Nigel…”

Nigel

“Shhh…”

Nigel puts a finger to my lips. Then he leans in and kisses me.

Nigel

“I’ve always wanted to do that.”

MC

“Why did you stop then?”

Nigel

“I don’t want this to be one of the decisions you have to make that might hold you back from the greatness you’re destined for.”

**Recombine with main dialogue**

**BACK TO MAIN DIALOGUE**

**Scene: MC’s Suite. Living room. Day.**

The next day I am all dressed and coiffed for the shareholders’ meeting, when Nigel appears with two bodyguards.

Nigel

“My lady, I have a rather distressing news for you.”

MC

“What’s going on, Nigel? Why are they here?”

Nigel

“I’ve received word that your grandmother suffered another cardiac arrest early this morning.”

(?!?)

MC

“What?!”

Nigel

“The doctors want her to undergo surgery as soon as possible.”

MC

“It can’t—I have to do something! I need to be there!”

Nigel

“I’m afraid that’s not possible. These men are here to make sure you stay here until the shareholders’ meeting.”

Nigel

“They are under strict orders from the Chairman to bring you to the event this afternoon.”

MC

“He can’t do that! I need to see my grandmother!”

Suddenly, the elevator doors open and Kendra, together with my three former butlers, steps into my suite.

Kendra

“Well, well…”

MC

“Kendra, if you came here to—”

Kendra

“Hold your tongue. I’m not here to torment you or whatever. I’m here because you need to go.”

Stefan

“My lady, we just heard that your grandmother is about to undergo surgery.”

Zachary

“And we had convinced her to help you.”

Kendra

“I’m only doing this because there’s a chance that you won’t come back or Grandfather fires you himself.”

Kendra

“Then I get to reclaim my title as the successor for S Group and we’ll all live happily ever after.”

Kendra

“But in any case, I don’t see an end result wherein you won’t owe me big time.”

Bullet

“I guess we’re kidnapping you again to bring you back to your grandmother, little miss.”

Bullet smiles.

Kendra

“Go. I’ll take care of these two goons. Nigel you’re staying with me.”

MC

“Thank you, Kendra.”

Kendra

“Don’t thank me yet. Now go before I change my mind.”

Reunited with my butlers, we hurry for the south lawn where a helicopter awaits us.

**Scene: Hawking Presbyterian Hospital. Surgical Wing. Day.**

We got there just in the nick of time. They are wheeling my grandmother on a gurney to the operating room.

And she’s conscious!

MC

“Wait! Let me speak to her please!”

The nurses and doctor stops.

Grandma Irene

“[namae]?”

I hold my grandmother’s outstretched hand.

MC

“Grandma, I’m right here. I’m so sorry for leaving you.”

Grandma Irene

“Oh, [namae], you don’t have to worry about me. I’m old. I’ve lived my life.”

I am crying but I smile despite my tears. She’s never changed.

MC

“But you’re my grandma. You’re my only grandma. And I don’t want to lose you.”

Grandma Irene

“You are young, [namae]. You still have your life ahead of you. You have to think of your own happiness.”

Grandma Irene

“You have to learn that most of the time the choices that will make us happy are the hardest choices to make.”

Grandma Irene

“Do not be afraid to make those choices. Never stop making those choices.”

Doctor

“I’m sorry, Miss Seymour. But we really need to take her to the operating room now.”

I clutch my grandmother’s hand tighter. I didn’t want to let go.

Grandma Irene

“Go, child. Choose whatever makes you happy.”

I let go of her hand as they wheel her away.

In that moment, I know in my heart that I have to make a choice.

MC

“… Let’s go.”

MC

“It’s time to make my final choice.”

*Read more to find out…*