

A Doctor's Rivalry

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The neon blue liquid flows around the thick glass as I hand it off to another patient. His hands shake as he grasps at the tube and makes sure not to stumble by using his cane as support.

“See you next time!” I yell as the patient exits the basement, his footsteps echo as he climbs the stairs. I turn and make my way back to my station, where tools and herbs of all kinds sit. Waiting to be made into something greater. The bell jingles, indicating someone has entered, but there isn’t another appointment until sunset.

“Druuth, what did I say I was going to do if I caught you still down here?” a man says, his tone giving nothing away except for quiet irritation. I turn quickly to see I’ve found the answer to my question as long dark hair bounces as he hops off the final step, framing his face perfectly.

“Bee, why must you always come down here and annoy me?” My snarky remark hits Bellus right in the stomach.

“Don’t refer to me with that nickname. In fact, simply do not refer to me at all,” Bellus says, grabbing the batch of medicine that sits on the counter.

With a shout building in my throat, I lunge towards him, trying to stop him from what he’s about to do. But it’s too late.

“Whoops,” he says. The smirk is heard unmistakably in his voice as the glass smashes against the ground, the liquid splashes onto both of our shoes as I fall to the floor.



“You prick! Do you know how long it took to make them?! How expensive those ingredients were?!” I say, on my hands and knees, looking down at what I’ve lost. Bellus only looks down at me.

“Maybe if you decided to take the legal pathway in medicine, we wouldn’t have this problem in the first place? Would we?” The smirk remains on his face as I stand back up, being careful of the broken glass.

“It’s a little funny isn’t it?” I laugh. “You, Bellus, the most well known doctor in all of this town, seems to have been losing patients lately, isn’t that right?” A grin grows on my face.

“How do you know that?!” Bellus stutters, taken aback by the knowledge I’ve gathered.

“That, my dear, Bee, is something for me to know, and you to never find out.” I smile, placing my hands on the desk behind me, trying to look cool.

“What, are you some kind of stalker?” Bellus says, trying to correct his posture. There’s a hint of a grin at the corners of his mouth.

“No,” I say, as a drop of sweat falls down my face. “In any case, based on the statistics of how our businesses are doing, it seems like I’m winning!” I say and watch as his small grin turns into a frown. Clearly, he’s lost all hope in me.

“This was never a competition. Is that what you think it is?” Bellus says, irritated, stepping closer to me.

“Bee, c’mon now. Don’t you remember all those times in school? When we’d try to get better scores than each other. Wasn’t that a competition?” I say as Bellus’s breath hits my face as he takes another step.



Bellus continues, “I spend my life learning and creating new medicines, new cures to diseases and sickness, and here you are, creating illegal medicine which could potentially kill the patients, and you think it’s some kind of game?!”

“You talk too much,” I say before placing my hand against his waist and spinning him, to then push him against my station. The vials filled with all kinds of different colours spin before falling off the desk. They shatter before me, but my eyes are focusing on somewhere else, as I lean in and press my lips to his. I feel fully confident doing this, but as Bellus grabs my collar and leans in, the butterflies that were in my stomach double, leaving me yielding.

“Well... it looks like I wasn’t the one who needed to stop talking,” He says this as he side-eyes the pieces of glass lying on the floor. It has been stained with the colours of the medicine. I look at the smirk on his face and can only smile in response. I’ve gotten what I wanted in the first place.

I’ve won.

