

Chapter 5

Lauren's face paled instantly. "What did you say? Where's Dr. Hackett? What's going on?"

Bernard and Philip approached, looking apologetic. "We're sorry, Ms. Rhodes. Ms. Cecelia's condition is critical. We've done all we can."

Philip added, his voice filled with frustration, "The initial treatment seemed promising, but suddenly, Ms. Cecelia's breathing weakened dramatically. It's not our lack of skill, Ms. Rhodes. We're simply facing an impossible situation."

Before Philip could finish his explanation, Lauren slapped him.

"Ms. Rhodes, what was that..."

"You idiot!" Lauren seethed, her body trembling with rage. "Didn't you just boast about your ability to save Cece?"

Philip stood there, speechless and humiliated, his cheek stinging from the blow. Then, Lauren turned to Bernard, her voice dripping with venom.

"Dr. Hackett, I'll ask you one last time. Is there anyone else in this hospital who can help? If anything happens to her, you and your incompetent son will face severe consequences."

Bernard was visibly shaken, and he stammered, "There is... one person we could try."

"Who is it?"

"Dr. Andrew Lloyd."

Lauren's eyes lit up. "Of course! Dr. Lloyd! Quick, get him to save Cece!"

Philip, consumed by jealousy, mocked, "Andrew's in my department. I know his capabilities. He's not up to this task."

Lauren's eyes flashed with a dangerous glint. "Shut your mouth. If you dare speak again, I'll remove your tongue!"

Philip's face instantly ashen, knowing that he had ruined his reputation forever in Lauren's eyes. Even so, he absolutely could not stand seeing Andrew being favored.

Just then, Andrew arrived on the scene. He glanced at Lauren and said sternly, "There's no need to summon me. Saving lives is my job."

"As the patient's sister, you should focus on helping rather than venting your anger. Come with me. I'll need your assistance."

Lauren's cheeks flushed at Andrew's unexpected rebuke. She was stunned that this mere doctor dared to speak to her in such a manner.

Eunice was dissatisfied with Andrew's behavior and intervened, "Dr. Lloyd, please show more respect to Ms. Rhodes."

Andrew, already striding toward the emergency room, replied without turning back, "I'm sorry, but I prioritize what's right over who's important. If that offends you, feel free to find another doctor."

As Eunice sputtered in anger, Lauren raised a hand to stop her. Watching Andrew's retreating figure, she realized, to her surprise, that his blunt words had not angered her at all.

In the emergency room, Andrew donned his gloves and began the life-saving procedure. The little girl on the operating table was deathly pale, her skin taking on a blueish tinge, and her breathing was barely noticeable.

Philip and Bernard watched from the sidelines, internally scoffing. They thought the case was hopeless and were curious to see how Andrew would fail. If Cecelia died, they could quickly shift all blame onto Andrew for interfering.

"Andrew, we've tried everything possible. What else do you think you can do?" Philip asked coldly.

Ignoring Philip, Andrew turned to a nearby nurse and requested, "Scalpel."

Then, he made an incision on Cecelia's wrist. Blood immediately began to flow, alarming everyone in the room.

Bernard exclaimed, "Dr. Lloyd, what are you doing? The patient is already critical. How can you justify bloodletting?"

Lauren was equally frightened as she watched Cecelia's blood flow steadily from the cut. She wondered what Andrew could possibly be thinking.

Andrew replied calmly, "I'm draining the toxins from her body. Initially, the poison was only skin-deep and could have been treated with medication. But due to the delay, it's now in her bloodstream. Bloodletting is our only option."

Philip angrily retorted, "That's nonsense! If Ms. Cecelia were poisoned, I would've noticed it immediately."

Just as Philip finished speaking, another observing doctor gasped, "It really is poison! Look at the patient's blood—it's turning black!"

Indeed, Cecelia's blood had changed from a healthy red to a murky black, a clear sign of poisoning. Philip's face turned red as a beet, thoroughly embarrassed by the public correction.

Bernard frowned, "Dr. Lloyd, you may be draining the poison, but she's just a child. If you continue this bloodletting, even if you remove all the toxins, she might not survive the blood loss."

Andrew remained composed. "You're right, which is why we'll be giving her a blood transfusion during the detoxifying process."

Bernard shook his head, "That's just wishful thinking. It's impossible."

However, Andrew had already turned to Lauren, gesturing her to expose her wrist. Lauren complied, revealing her slender, fair arm. Then, Andrew continued, "You're sisters, and I've confirmed that your blood types match. You'll be donating blood to her."

Bernard immediately objected, "Dr. Lloyd, this is madness! Even with matching blood types, you can't perform a direct transfusion. It's basic medical knowledge. You'll cause Ms. Cecelia's blood pressure to skyrocket. No one could save her then."

Another senior doctor chimed in, "Andrew, this method won't work. At the very least, you should draw Ms. Rhodes' blood first and transfuse it through proper equipment. That's the safest approach."

Andrew had already connected Lauren and Cecelia with an IV line. He calmly replied, "Under normal circumstances, you'd be correct. But this isn't a normal situation. We can't afford any more delays."

Philip seized the opportunity to mock Andrew. "You talk a good game, but if you actually do this, you're guaranteed to cause harm. Not only will Ms. Cecelia be in danger, but Ms. Rhodes will be at risk too."

Andrew's tone grew cold. "You've been interfering with my work since I started. If you're so knowledgeable, why don't you take over?"

Philip bit his lip, frustrated. "Fine, since you're so smart, let's see how you save her."

With lightning speed, Andrew pressed several points on Cecelia's body.

What happened next astonished everyone in the room—blood from Lauren began flowing smoothly into Cecelia, while the poisoned blood drained steadily from Cecelia's other wrist. The process seemed perfectly balanced. As fresh blood entered her system, color returned to Cecelia's pale face.

The observing medical staff were stunned into silence. Bernard looked at Andrew, unable to hide his shock.

"Dr. Lloyd, w-was that some sort of secret pressure-point technique used to block circulation or pressure points from an ancient medical practice?"

Andrew's eyes glinted with a knowing light. "It's a technique I learned from a... friend."

Philip's face turned ashen. "A friend? What friend? A friend who would let you perform such a dangerous procedure on a child?"

Andrew's expression remained calm. "A friend who understands the value of saving lives, even if it means defying convention."

Bernard's face paled. "Defying convention? What does that mean? Are you saying you're a quack?"

Andrew's eyes glinted with a knowing light. "I'm simply stating the facts. The results speak for themselves."

Philip's face turned ashen. "Results? What results? A child who's still in danger?"

Andrew's expression remained calm. "A child who's now breathing, with color returning to her face. That's a result, isn't it?"

Bernard's face paled. "But... but what if it's just a temporary fix? What if she relapses?"

Andrew's eyes glinted with a knowing light. "The toxins are being removed. The blood is being replaced. The child is being saved."

Philip's face turned ashen. "Saved? Saved from what? From a life of suffering?"

Andrew's expression remained calm. "Saved from a life of suffering and pain. Saved from a life of... death."

Bernard's face paled. "Death? What death? What are you talking about?"

Andrew's eyes glinted with a knowing light. "The death of a life that was never truly alive."

Philip's face turned ashen. "A life that was never truly alive? What are you saying?"

Andrew's expression remained calm. "A life that was never truly alive because it was never truly her own."

Bernard's face paled. "Her own? What does that mean? What are you saying?"

Andrew's eyes glinted with a knowing light. "A life that was never truly her own because it was never truly her choice."

Philip's face turned ashen. "Her choice? What choice? What are you saying?"

Andrew's expression remained calm. "A choice that was never truly hers because it was never truly her own."

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