

Bogus Billionaire by Shining Riviera (Caroline Evans)

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One look from Kirk was enough to make the bodyguard tremble.

“Second **floor**. Number 208.”

After getting the information he needed, Kirk crushed the walkie–talkie under his heel and turned around to go upstairs. The bodyguards stared at each other after seeing the crushed walkie–talkie on the ground, none of them daring to move a finger. Even after Kirk had gone into the elevator, nobody dared to fish out their walkie–talkies to call for backup.

The elevator arrived at the second floor in a flash. Kirk immediately spotted the red light outside the operation theater numbered 208. The piercing red gleam was like a knife slashing through Kirk’s heart. He clenched his fists so hard that his knuckles turned white.

He walked to the door and slammed his fist into it with a bang. The sturdy wooden door burst open, and everyone in the operation theater jumped in fright, staring at the entrance. They spotted Kirk at once, his eyes bloodshot, looking out of control. Other people didn’t know who he was, but they still trembled in fear at how terrifying he looked.

Only Sean recovered from his shock and approached him. “Kirk, what’s the matter?” In his memory, Kirk was always calm no matter what happened. What had happened today that could make him lose his self–control to this extent? Kirk pushed Sean aside and charged into the operation theater. When he saw Caroline lying on the bed covered in blood and her face pale, his gaze went dull immediately.

“What happened to her?”

Sean followed behind him and said, "Kirk, this is an operating theater."

"I asked what happened to her!" A shot of fear went through Kirk as he turned around and stared at Sean grimly. Sean's gaze traveled between Kirk and Caroline, and it suddenly occurred to him where he had seen Caroline before. She was the woman Kirk had married in a shotgun marriage! Which meant ...

"She" Cold sweat broke out on Sean's forehead. "We haven't removed her kidney. Go out first. I'll close the wound immediately." Kirk didn't budge, and Sean was very anxious. "Hurry up and get **out**. If we waste any more time, she'll actually die," said Sean. These words finally incited some change in Kirk's stiff expression.

Kirk stared at Sean deeply. He trusted his medical skills fully, but...

"Leave it to me!" said Sean while giving Kirk a look that pleaded for his faith. Kirk's Adam's apple bobbed in his throat, and he slowly walked out, closing the door behind him.

The people in the operating theater started busying themselves again. Outside, Kirk stood motionlessly by the door, not daring to leave for even a moment. His mind was filled with the image of Caroline lying on the bed like a torn ragdoll. He had never felt such a fear that made

it hard for him to breathe. A few minutes felt like ages to him, then the red light suddenly started blinking rapidly.

Kirk pushed against the door anxiously, bumping into a nurse who was coincidentally walking out. "What's happening?" he asked. The nurse was panting as she answered, "The patient is bleeding excessively. Dr. Yates asked us to contact the blood bank immediately." Kirk was beside himself with panic, and he was about to rush inside when the nurse blocked his way.

“You are not a doctor and aren’t wearing a surgical gown. You’ll only increase the patient’s risk of infection.”

Her words stopped Kirk in his tracks. His gaze darkened as he asked, “How much blood does she need?” (1)

“Well, she’ll need as much as possible.”

“I’ll go,” Kirk said and was about to turn around and leave before the nurse called him out. “What’s wrong with you? You don’t own the blood bank! I don’t even know if I’ll get any blood if I go. Do you know that the patient is already **in** critical condition? Can you stop making the situation worse!”