

Chapter 467 Emergency Treatment

In the hospital, a bright green light illuminated the emergency corridor as a group of experienced doctors with silver hair personally guided a stretcher, swiftly entering the emergency room.

Aldo was the undisputed titan of the business world, with his every step capable of shaking the foundations of Vagow's financial industry. When the hospital received the emergency call, even the director of the hospital personally took charge, understanding the gravity of the situation.

The emergency room glowed with a solemn red light, its closed door standing as a barrier before them. Loraine pressed herself against the door, overwhelmed with guilt, and tears streamed down her face.

She was to blame. Despite the frailty of Aldo's health, she had vexed him...

Rowan and Wesley kept their vigil by her side, offering comfort with reassuring pats on her shoulder.

Breaking the silence, Rowan offered, "Lorrie, don't shoulder the guilt. We share the blame."

Wesley, typically affable towards Loraine, had a reputation for his fiery temper. Coupled with Aldo's

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unexpected collapse and the resurgence of the past incident, he found his patience with Rowan thinning. "The blame lies squarely with you. What possessed you to dredge up such matters in Dad's presence?"

Rowan retorted frostily, "Weren't you the first to mention it?"

Loraine intervened, desperate to cease their squabbling. "Rowan, Wesley, this isn't the moment for petty disagreements."

Her words resonated with the men who, despite their differences, fell silent and retreated to a quiet corner.

Just then, the door to the emergency room creaked open. A doctor emerged, paperwork in hand, a sigh escaping his lips.

"The patient has sustained a cerebral hemorrhage. Immediate surgery is imperative. Who will grant the requisite approval?"

Pausing for a moment, the doctor continued, "Furthermore, it's crucial to understand the potential risks. Our hospital utilizes a state-of-the-art eighth generation operating robot, designed specifically for clot removal. Nonetheless, given the patient's advanced age, the surgical risks remain marginally elevated..."

Wesley, usually fearless and defiant, found himself unable to seize the surgical consent form.

Even Rowan, famed for his unwavering resolve in the

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military, found himself uncertain when faced with the
fate of his own blood.

But as the eldest surviving Torres heir, he bore the
burden of their lineage. This wasn't the time for
hesitation.

With a trembling hand, Rowan claimed the agreement,
affixing his signature.

The outside waiting area was a temporal purgatory,
each ticking second seemed like an eternity.

As Loraine lifted her gaze to the red light of the
emergency room, her fists clenched, and her prayers
resonated silently towards the heavens. She held firm
in her conviction that Aldo would overcome this
ordeal.

Three hours passed.

The door swung open once more, revealing a masked
doctor. With a grave expression, the doctor swiftly
conveyed the urgent situation, "The patient has a rare
blood type, AB RH negative. Our blood bank is running
low on this type. We've reached out to other hospitals
' blood banks, but we also need your assistance in
finding any potential donors with a compatible blood
type."

Without a second thought, Rowan and Wesley
immediately reached out to their network for the
much-needed blood. At the same time, Loraine had
her friends on speed dial, attempting to find a solution,
yet a sense of helplessness washed over her.

The two uncles departed promptly, leaving Loraine feeling small and insignificant in her chair, her breath hitching with silent sobs.

She was suddenly struck by a deep sense of ineptitude. In the face of such a crisis, she was helpless.

Suddenly, the echo of footsteps reverberated down the hall. A sea of white coats, medical staff carrying boxes of blood, flooded the scene. After a brief discussion with the hospital personnel, they swiftly made their way into the emergency room.

Loraine lifted her gaze, her eyes meeting with a familiar figure, her tears momentarily forgotten.

"Marco, is that you?"

The hospital staff exhaled their gratitude, "Mr. Bryant, your timing couldn't be more perfect. This blood donation is invaluable!"

Marco had little patience for small talk with the medical team. Following a few cursory responses, he swiftly moved towards Loraine.

His steps slowed as he locked eyes with her. He kneeled in front of her and tenderly wiped the lingering tears from her cheeks.

"Don't worry, Loraine. I rushed here as soon as I got the news. Mr. Torres is going to pull through."

Tears welled up in Loraine's eyes, her lashes fluttering

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as she gave in to her emotions. She collapsed, sobbing, into Marco's comforting embrace.

Suddenly, Marco found himself holding Loraine's delicate figure. He was momentarily taken aback, before gently stroking her back, soothing her until her cries subsided.

After regaining her composure, Loraine extricated herself from Marco's hold, her voice barely a whisper, "How did you know about my grandfather's situation? How did you manage to bring the exact blood type we needed?"

"The hospital reached out to the Bryant Group's blood bank. Once they mentioned your grandfather's name, my man alerted me. I wasted no time and headed over after I got all the details."

Seeing her teary, puffy eyes, Marco couldn't help but feel sympathy. "Loraine, remember, you can always turn to me when you're in a bind."

Reminded of her earlier despair, Loraine couldn't find the strength to disagree.

Soon after, Rowan and Wesley returned, their expressions turning to surprise upon seeing Marco. Realizing he had timely delivered the required blood, their faces held a mix of emotions.

Despite their connections, procuring the blood would have taken them a minimum of two hours. Time was of the essence, and they couldn't afford to wait.

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Even though they weren't fans of Marco, Rowan and Wesley had to begrudgingly accept that it was Marco who had come to their aid.



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Chapter 468 Time Bomb

As dawn painted the sky, the red light of the operation room flickered to green.

At the doorway, Marco stood, maintaining a silent vigil for Loraine throughout the dark hours.

Exhaustion overwhelmed Loraine, and she could no longer fight off sleep. In the middle of the night, she drifted off, only to awaken and discover herself wearing Marco's coat. To her surprise, Rowan and Wesley, without uttering a word, allowed Marco to sit beside her, accepting his presence without objection.

With a heart heavy with emotions, she expressed her gratitude to Marco, noting the shadows under his eyes. Her gaze then anxiously swept back to the operation room.

Silently, Marco clasped her hand, giving it a comforting squeeze.

The moment the operation room doors swung open, they simultaneously rose, tension coiled within them.

Removing his mask, the doctor faced them, a broad smile lighting his features. "Congratulations. The operation went off without a hitch, thanks largely to the prompt arrival of the blood last night."

Tears welled up in Loraine's eyes, a tidal wave of

relief washing over her. She cast a deeply grateful look at Marco. Simultaneously, Rowan and Wesley exhaled in relief.

"But..."

The doctor's word hung in the air, instantly refilling the room with tension.

"Considering Mr. Torres' old age and his unique blood type, coupled with the current limitations of the eighth-generation operating robot, we are unable to proceed with the surgery for an extended duration. As a result, we couldn't fully eliminate the clots, leaving behind some remnants that pose a temporary risk to his health and have the potential to trigger an attack at any given moment."

As his words sank in, Loraine's complexion blanched. Anxiety creased her brow. "So, what's the plan now?"

"Unfortunately, our present technology doesn't offer an immediate solution. The best course of action would be constant monitoring to ensure the clots don't deteriorate and to promptly intervene with treatment if necessary."

Wasn't this akin to a ticking time bomb?

With each passing day, Aldo continued to age. How could she treat his health as a mere gamble? If his condition truly worsened, it would be too late for any effective treatment. How many more surgeries could his frail body endure?

Suddenly, Marco interjected, "While the eighth-generation robot might be unable to perform the surgery, would the ninth-generation robot suffice?"

The doctor, taken aback, adjusted his glasses and replied, "In theory, yes, but the ninth generation hasn't been developed yet."

In a composed tone, Marco conveyed, "The ninth generation has been successfully developed, although it hasn't been implemented yet."

With a smile, the doctor countered, "Mr. Bryant, if such revolutionary medical equipment had been available, we would have been the first to know in our profession. How come you seem privy to this information?"

On hearing this, Loraine's eyes widened, instinctively turning to look at Marco.

Marco's expression grew tense, but he maintained a calm demeanor as he shared, "Coincidentally, I have a friend who is part of the leading intelligent medical research team. He was the one who informed me about this."

With a spark of anticipation, Loraine queried promptly, "Is it possible for you to arrange a meeting with this research team? Regardless of whether we rent or buy their tech, I just wish my grandfather could have the opportunity."

Spotting her hopeful gaze, a ripple of sympathy swept over Marco. He subtly inclined his head in

Lorraine's eyes sparkled as she clutched the edge of his clothes. "There's no need to postpone. Could you possibly reach out to your friend at the earliest?"

Her two uncles offered their concurrence.

The doctor trained his eager eyes on Marco as well. If their hospital could be the first to pioneer this advanced technology, they would indeed have something to boast about!

Yet, their exhaustion was impossible to hide despite the anticipation reflected in their eyes. Particularly, Lorraine's complexion was ashen from pulling an all-nighter. Sympathy welled up in Marco as he glanced at her pitiful state. He heaved a sigh, directing his gaze out the window towards the open sky.

"I will reach out later. Considering my friend is in Matias and the inevitable time difference, he's probably sound asleep right now."

Upon hearing Marco's words, Lorraine suddenly realized that an entire night had passed.

This realization prompted her to wonder if Marco had indeed stayed by her side throughout the night.

A mix of guilt and gratitude overwhelmed her. "My apologies, I didn't consider... Marco, I owe you a debt of gratitude."

A hint of tenderness softened Marco's expression. He

dismissed her thanks with a gentle shake of his head and murmured, "Loraine, gratitude is unnecessary. I'm more than willing to do anything within my power to assist you."

Rowan knit his brow at Marco's words, while Wesley let out a pronounced cough. Shooting a sideways glance at Marco, Wesley cautioned him, "Marco, you've exerted yourself throughout the night. We'll handle family affairs from here. You should go get some rest."

Despite his gratitude, Wesley noticed that Marco's intentions might not be entirely noble. His gaze always seemed to linger when it landed on Loraine.

A shadow flitted across Marco's eyes. He was aware that the Torres family hadn't forgiven him yet, and continued to perceive him as an outsider.

He had no intention of forcing their forgiveness, but he also wasn't prepared to walk away. Meeting Rowan's and Wesley's eyes, he said earnestly, "I am guilty of past transgressions and a lack of respect for the elders when I married Loraine. Now that Mr. Torres is in need, if I can help in any way, consider it a way to make amends for my past mistakes."

