

ABANDONED 1971

Chapter 1971 Emergency Situation

Having her good mood ruined by the disgusting man, Madilyn decided to stop playing and wash up instead to get ready for bed. She had several important surgeries to perform the following day, after all. As she stood in front of the bathroom mirror, brushing her teeth, she couldn't help but replay the events of the evening in her mind.

Why did Jonathan have to show up like that? She thought. His mere presence had a way of stirring emotions in her that she wasn't ready to confront. With a sigh, she splashed some cold water on her face, hoping to clear her head.

Once she finished her nighttime routine, she slipped into her pajamas and crawled into bed, pulling the covers up to her chin. As she lay there, staring at the ceiling, her thoughts drifted to the surgeries she had scheduled for the next day. Each one was complex and required her full attention and precision.

She had just begun to drift off to sleep when her phone rang, jolting her awake. Groggily, she reached for it, seeing the hospital's number on the screen.

"Hello?" she answered, her voice thick with sleep.

"Dr. Madilyn, we have an emergency situation. A car accident victim just arrived, and we need you to come in immediately," the voice on the other end said urgently.

Her heart raced as she threw back the covers and jumped out of bed. "I'll be there in fifteen minutes," she replied, already pulling on her clothes.

Within minutes, she was out the door and driving to the hospital. The streets were eerily quiet at this late hour, and her mind raced with thoughts of the injured patient. As a surgeon, she was used to dealing with emergencies, but each one brought a fresh surge of adrenaline.

When she arrived at the hospital, the emergency room was a flurry of activity. Nurses and doctors were bustling around, and the air was thick with tension. Madilyn quickly scrubbed in and headed to the operating room where the patient was being prepped for surgery.

Dr. Jacobs, one of her colleagues, met her at the door. "It's a young man, mid-twenties. Severe internal bleeding and multiple fractures. We need to operate immediately," he briefed her.

Madilyn nodded, her mind already shifting into professional mode. "Let's get started," she said, donning her surgical mask and gloves.

The next few hours were a blur of intense concentration and meticulous work. Madilyn and her team worked tirelessly to stabilize the patient, repairing damaged organs and stopping the internal bleeding. As the hours passed, the initial chaos gave way to a more controlled environment, and she could feel the collective relief as the patient's condition began to stabilize.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, they were able to close the incisions and transfer the patient to the ICU for monitoring. Madilyn removed her gloves and mask, feeling the exhaustion settle into her bones. She stepped out of the operating room, running a hand through her hair.

Dr. Jacobs approached her with a weary smile. “You did an incredible job, Madilyn. I don’t think we could have saved him without you.”

She offered a tired smile in return. “It was a team effort. Let’s hope he makes a full recovery.”

After updating the patient’s family on his condition, Madilyn found herself a quiet corner in the break room. She sank into a chair, closing her eyes for a moment. The adrenaline was wearing off, leaving behind a deep fatigue.

Her thoughts drifted back to Jonathan. Despite everything, she couldn’t deny that she missed him. There was a part of her that longed to talk to him, to clear the air and understand what had gone wrong between them.

But now wasn’t the time. She had patients to care for and a job that demanded her full attention. With a sigh, she pushed those thoughts aside and focused on the tasks at hand.

As the night turned into morning, Madilyn finally finished her shift and headed home. The streets were now bustling with early morning commuters, a stark contrast to the quiet of the night before. She pulled into her driveway, feeling the weight of the past 24 hours pressing down on her.

Inside her house, she went straight to the shower, hoping the hot water would wash away some of her exhaustion. As the steam enveloped her, she closed her eyes and let the water cascade over her, feeling the tension slowly melt away.

When she finally crawled into bed, the sun was already rising, casting a warm glow through her bedroom window. She knew she had only a few hours before she’d have to get up and do it all over again, but for now, she allowed herself to sink into the mattress and drift off to sleep.

In her dreams, Jonathan’s face appeared, his eyes filled with the same confusion and longing she felt. She reached out to him, but he was always just out of reach, a reminder of the unresolved emotions that lingered between them.

As she slept, she hoped that someday, she’d find the courage to face those feelings head-on and perhaps, find a way to mend the rift that had formed between them.

Chapter 1972 You Were Right

Once Roxanne reached the hospital, she promptly took the patient's pulse before checking his breathing and pupils. After that, she read all the medical test reports. Ultimately, she concluded that it was a specific kind of viral inflammation that had spread all over the patient's body.

She furrowed her brows as she read through the lab results again. The virus was aggressive, attacking multiple systems at once. Roxanne knew this would be a challenging case, but she was determined to stabilize the patient.

Turning to the nurse, she said, "Prepare an antiviral cocktail and get the ICU ready. We need to isolate him and start treatment immediately."

The nurse nodded and hurried off to follow her instructions. Roxanne took a deep breath, her mind racing with the possible complications they might face. She was known for her calm demeanor in crisis situations, but even she couldn't help but feel the weight of responsibility pressing down on her.

As she walked towards the ICU, she was joined by Dr. Steve, a colleague who had been working the night shift. "Roxanne, what's the prognosis?" he asked, concern etched on his face.

"It's not good," she replied, shaking her head. "The virus is causing widespread inflammation, and his organs are starting to shut down. We need to act fast."

Dr. Steve nodded, his expression grim. "I've never seen anything like this before. Do you think we can save him?"

Roxanne glanced at him, determination blazing in her eyes. "We have to try. Let's get to work."

The next several hours were a blur of activity. Roxanne and her team worked tirelessly to administer the antiviral drugs and monitor the patient's vitals. Every minute counted, and the tension in the ICU was palpable.

By midday, there was a slight improvement in the patient's condition. His fever had begun to subside, and his vitals were stabilizing. It was a small victory, but a victory nonetheless.

Roxanne allowed herself a brief moment of relief before diving back into the work. She knew they weren't out of the woods yet. The virus was still present, and the patient's immune system was severely compromised. They needed to keep up the aggressive treatment and hope that his body would start to fight back.

As the evening approached, Roxanne finally took a moment to sit down and rest. She sipped on a cup of coffee, her mind replaying the events of the day. She couldn't shake the feeling that something about this virus was familiar, but she couldn't quite place it.

Just then, her phone buzzed. It was a message from Jonathan.

"Hey Roxanne, I heard about the case. You were right about the viral inflammation. Let me know if you need any help."

Roxanne felt a surge of warmth at his words. Despite everything, Jonathan had always been supportive and attentive. She quickly typed a reply.

"Thanks, Jonathan. We've stabilized the patient for now, but it's still touch and go. Any insights you have would be great."

Almost immediately, her phone buzzed again.

"I'm on my way. Hang in there."

True to his word, Jonathan arrived at the hospital within the hour. He found Roxanne in the ICU, going over the patient's latest test results.

"Roxanne," he greeted, his voice a comforting presence in the sterile environment. "What do we have?"

She quickly filled him in on the situation, showing him the test results and the treatment plan they had implemented. Jonathan listened intently, his sharp mind already analyzing the data.

"This is a tough one," he said finally, "but I think you're on the right track. Let's adjust the antiviral dosage and add in a broad-spectrum antibiotic. We need to cover all our bases."

Roxanne nodded, grateful for his input. Together, they updated the treatment plan and instructed the nurses on the new protocol. It was well into the night by the time they finished, but the patient's condition had improved slightly, giving them a glimmer of hope.

As they stepped out of the ICU, Jonathan turned to Roxanne. "You did an amazing job today. You should be proud."

She smiled, a weary but genuine smile. "I couldn't have done it without you."

Jonathan's eyes softened. "We make a good team, Roxanne. We always have."

For a moment, they stood there in silence, the weight of the day's events hanging between them. Despite the exhaustion, there was a sense of accomplishment and a renewed sense of partnership.

"Let's get some rest," Jonathan suggested. "We'll need our strength for tomorrow."

Roxanne nodded, feeling a sense of peace as they walked out of the hospital together. There was still a long road ahead, but for now, she was content knowing they were facing it together.

Chapter 1973 Planned

The lab was slow to deliver the result, for it was a new type of pathogenic bacteria that had never been recorded. As it turned out, it was not a virus—it was a pathogenic bacterium.

The revelation hit Roxanne like a ton of bricks. She stared at the lab report, her mind racing. A new, unrecorded bacterium meant they were venturing into uncharted territory. The implications were staggering, and the pressure to find an effective treatment was immense.

She quickly gathered her team for an emergency meeting. Jonathan, Dr. Steve, and several other key members of the medical staff crowded into the small conference room, their expressions a mix of concern and determination.

"Everyone, we have an update," Roxanne began, holding up the lab report. "The pathogen is not a virus as we initially thought. It's a new type of pathogenic bacterium."

A murmur of surprise rippled through the room. Jonathan leaned forward, his eyes fixed on the report. "A new bacterium? That explains why the antiviral treatment wasn't as effective as we'd hoped."

Dr. Steve nodded in agreement. "We need to switch our approach immediately. Antibiotics, but which ones?"

Roxanne took a deep breath. "We don't have a lot of data to go on, but we need to start with broad-spectrum antibiotics. We'll monitor the patient's response and adjust as necessary."

The team quickly formulated a new treatment plan. As they dispersed to implement the changes, Jonathan stayed behind with Roxanne.

"This changes everything," he said quietly. "We need to be extremely careful. A new bacterium could mean unknown side effects and complications."

Roxanne nodded, feeling the weight of his words. "I know. But we have to try. We owe it to our patient and to the medical community to document everything we learn."

With renewed urgency, Roxanne and Jonathan headed back to the ICU. They briefed the nurses on the new treatment protocol and began administering the antibiotics. The patient remained stable, but the next 24 hours would be critical.

As the night wore on, Roxanne found herself in the hospital's research lab, poring over medical journals and case studies. She needed to understand as much as possible about this new bacterium. Jonathan joined her, bringing coffee and offering his insights.

"This reminds me of the outbreak we dealt with a few years ago," he said, flipping through a thick medical textbook. "We had to adapt quickly then too."

Roxanne smiled, grateful for his support. "Yes, but this feels different. There's so much we don't know."

They worked side by side, their minds in sync as they searched for answers. It was in these quiet moments that Roxanne realized how much she valued Jonathan's presence. Despite the professional challenges, there was a personal connection that had only grown stronger over time.

By morning, they had compiled a list of potential treatments and strategies. Armed with this new information, Roxanne felt a renewed sense of hope. They still had a long way to go, but they were making progress.

As the day progressed, the patient's condition began to show slight improvement. The antibiotics seemed to be taking effect, and his vitals were stabilizing. It was a small victory, but it gave the team the motivation they needed to keep pushing forward.

Roxanne took a moment to update the patient's family, explaining the situation and the steps they were taking. The relief in their eyes was palpable, and it reminded her why she had chosen this profession in the first place.

Returning to the ICU, Roxanne found Jonathan reviewing the latest test results. He looked up as she approached, a hint of a smile on his lips.

"You're doing great, Roxanne. We're going to get through this."

She smiled back, feeling a surge of gratitude. "Thanks, Jonathan. I couldn't do this without you."

As they continued their work, Roxanne felt a sense of camaraderie and partnership that transcended the immediate crisis. They were not just colleagues but friends and allies in the battle against an unknown enemy.

The hours turned into days, and the patient continued to improve. The new bacterium, while dangerous, was being contained, and the treatment was proving effective. Roxanne documented every step of the process, knowing that their findings could be crucial for future cases.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the patient was stable enough to be moved out of the ICU. It was a milestone that marked the beginning of his recovery and a testament to the team's dedication and expertise.

As Roxanne and Jonathan stood by the patient's bedside, watching him breathe steadily, they shared a moment of quiet triumph. They had faced an unprecedented challenge and emerged victorious, thanks to their combined efforts and unwavering determination.

And in that moment, Roxanne realized that no matter what the future held, she could face it with Jonathan by her side. Together, they were stronger, ready to tackle any obstacle that came their way.

Chapter 1974 The Target

Madilyn froze.

If Lucian shared the same notion with Roxanne, then that was a highly likely scenario. Her mind raced as she tried to process the implications. The idea that she could be a target, that someone was out to get her, was both terrifying and infuriating.

She glanced around the dimly lit room, her thoughts spiraling. Why would anyone want to target her? What had she done to warrant such attention? And more importantly, how could she protect herself and those she cared about?

Lucian's voice brought her back to the present. "Madilyn, we need to take this seriously. If Roxanne's right, we could all be in danger."

Madilyn nodded, her resolve hardening. "You're right. We need to figure out who's behind this and why."

They spent the next hour going over everything they knew. Roxanne had already begun an investigation, and Lucian had pulled in some favors to get additional information. It was clear that this was more than just a random threat—it was calculated and deliberate.

"We need to be careful," Lucian said, his expression grim. "Whoever's behind this is smart. They know how to cover their tracks."

Madilyn agreed. "I'll reach out to some contacts in law enforcement. Maybe they can help us track down any leads."

As they continued to strategize, Madilyn couldn't shake the feeling that time was running out. They needed to act fast before whoever was targeting them could strike again.

The following day, Madilyn and Lucian met with Roxanne. She had been working tirelessly, gathering data and analyzing patterns. She looked up as they entered her office, her eyes tired but determined.

"I've found something," Roxanne said, pushing a file across the desk. "There have been similar incidents in other cities. High-profile individuals being targeted by an unknown entity. The attacks are always subtle, but effective."

Madilyn flipped through the file, her stomach tightening. It was clear that they were dealing with a sophisticated adversary. "Do we have any idea who could be behind this?"

Roxanne shook her head. "Not yet. But there are some common threads. Each of the targets had recently been involved in high-stakes negotiations or conflicts. It seems like someone is trying to manipulate events from the shadows."

Lucian frowned. "We need to find out who benefits from these attacks. Follow the money, follow the power."

Madilyn agreed. "I'll start looking into our recent projects and deals. See if there's anyone who stands to gain from our downfall."

Over the next few days, they worked tirelessly, combing through financial records, business deals, and personal connections. The deeper they dug, the more intricate the web became. It was clear that their adversary was not just targeting them, but orchestrating a much larger scheme.

One evening, as Madilyn was going over some documents, she received a call from one of her contacts in law enforcement. "Madilyn, we have something. There's been a break-in at one of your properties."

Her heart raced. "Which one?"

"The warehouse on 5th Street. It looks like they were searching for something specific."

Madilyn quickly relayed the information to Lucian and Roxanne. They agreed to meet at the warehouse to assess the situation. As they arrived, they found the place in disarray. Papers were scattered, and several boxes had been opened and rifled through.

"This wasn't a random break-in," Lucian said, his eyes scanning the room. "They knew what they were looking for."

Roxanne nodded. "We need to find out what they took. It could give us a clue about their next move."

Madilyn felt a surge of frustration. They were always one step behind. But she knew they couldn't give up. They had to stay vigilant, outsmart their enemy, and protect themselves and their loved ones.

As they sifted through the mess, Madilyn's phone buzzed with a message. It was from an unknown number. She opened it and read the chilling words:

"You're getting close. But you won't stop us. This is just the beginning."

Her blood ran cold. She showed the message to Lucian and Roxanne. "We need to be more careful than ever. They're watching us."

Lucian put a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "We'll get through this, Madilyn. Together. We're stronger than they think."

Roxanne nodded in agreement. "We need to stay focused and work together. We won't let them win."

Madilyn took a deep breath, drawing strength from her friends' support. They had a long road ahead, but she knew they were up to the challenge. Together, they would uncover the truth and bring their adversary to justice.

And no matter what, she was determined to protect her family and friends. The battle had just begun, but she was ready to fight with everything she had.

Chapter 1975 Fastest Way to Acquire the Cure

Dressed in her nines, Christina lifted the corners of her lips into a cold smirk. Observing the impatient look on Coralie's face, Christina comforted, "Perhaps they couldn't handle it, hence why they would get in touch with the Centers for Disease Control so quickly. But that doesn't mean they'll be able to handle it well!"

Coralie paced the room, her frustration palpable. "We can't afford any delays, Christina. The stakes are too high. We need that cure, and we need it now."

Christina's smirk widened. "Relax, Coralie. They may have the CDC on their side, but we have our own resources. I've already put things in motion to acquire the necessary components for the cure."

Coralie stopped pacing and turned to face Christina. "What do you mean? What have you done?"

Christina's eyes glinted with a mix of arrogance and confidence. "I've made contact with a black-market supplier who specializes in rare pharmaceuticals. They'll get us what we need, no questions asked."

Coralie's expression softened slightly. "Are you sure we can trust them?"

Christina shrugged. "Trust is a luxury we can't afford right now. We need results, and they're our best bet. Besides, I've made it clear that failure is not an option."

Coralie nodded slowly, her anxiety easing a bit. "Alright. But we need to stay vigilant. Any slip-up could cost us everything."

Christina nodded in agreement. "Don't worry. I've got everything under control. By the end of the week, we'll have the cure in our hands."

Meanwhile, at the hospital, Madilyn, Roxanne, and Lucian were working tirelessly to stay ahead of the crisis. They were unaware of Christina's underhanded tactics, but they knew that time was of the essence.

Roxanne looked up from her computer, a frown creasing her forehead. "The CDC has promised to send a team to assist us, but they're facing delays due to the bureaucratic red tape. We're on our own for now."

Madilyn sighed. "We can't afford to wait for them. We need to push forward with our research and find a way to counteract this bacterium ourselves."

Lucian nodded in agreement. "I've been in touch with some of our international contacts. They might be able to provide us with some insights and experimental treatments that we can test."

As they discussed their next steps, a nurse entered the room with a message. "Dr. Madilyn, there's a call for you. It's from an anonymous source. They claim to have information about the bacterium."

Madilyn exchanged a puzzled look with Roxanne and Lucian. "I'll take it in my office," she said, heading towards the phone.

Once she was alone, she picked up the receiver. "This is Dr. Madilyn. Who am I speaking to?"

The voice on the other end was low and gravelly. "That's not important. What matters is that I have information that could help you stop this bacterium. But it will come at a price."

Madilyn's heart raced. "What kind of price?"

The voice chuckled darkly. "Nothing you can't handle. Let's just say it will require a bit of creativity and discretion on your part."

Madilyn's mind whirled with possibilities. "Why should I trust you?"

"Because," the voice replied, "I have no interest in seeing this bacterium spread. Let's just say our interests are aligned, for now."

Madilyn took a deep breath. "What do you want in return?"

"Nothing that will harm you or your patients. Just a favor, to be named at a later date."

Madilyn hesitated, weighing her options. Finally, she nodded. "Alright. What do you need me to do?"

The voice provided her with a set of instructions and a location to pick up the necessary materials. "Remember, discretion is key. No one must know about this."

As the call ended, Madilyn felt a sense of unease. She knew she was walking a fine line, but the urgency of the situation left her with little choice. She returned to Roxanne and Lucian, her expression determined.

"We have a lead," she said, explaining the call. "It's risky, but it might be our best shot."

Roxanne frowned. "Are you sure about this, Madilyn? It sounds dangerous."

Madilyn nodded. "I know. But we have to take every chance we get. Lives are at stake."

Lucian placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "We'll back you up, no matter what. Let's do this together."

With their plan in place, Madilyn set out to follow the mysterious instructions. As she navigated the shadows, she couldn't shake the feeling that they were being watched. But she pushed those thoughts aside, focusing on the task at hand.

Back at the hospital, Roxanne and Lucian continued their work, unaware of the dangerous game Madilyn was playing. They trusted her judgment and knew she would do whatever it took to find the cure.

As the week progressed, the pieces began to fall into place. Madilyn's clandestine efforts bore fruit, and they were able to make significant progress in their research. The breakthrough came just in time, as the patient's condition took a sudden turn for the worse.

With the new information and resources at their disposal, Roxanne and Lucian worked tirelessly to administer the experimental treatment. The tension in the air was thick as they monitored the patient's response.

Hours passed, and slowly but surely, the patient's condition began to stabilize. It was a small victory, but it gave them hope that they were on the right track.

As they celebrated their progress, Madilyn received another call from the anonymous source. "You did well, Dr. Madilyn. But remember, I will call on you for that favor one day."

Madilyn's heart sank, but she forced herself to remain calm. "I understand. Thank you for your help."

The line went dead, leaving Madilyn with a sense of foreboding. She knew that her actions had come at a cost, but for now, she focused on the positive outcome. They had made a breakthrough, and it brought them one step closer to defeating the bacterium.

As she rejoined Roxanne and Lucian, she felt a renewed sense of purpose. Together, they would face whatever challenges came their way and ensure that justice was served. The battle was far from over, but with their combined strength and determination, they were ready to fight.

Chapter 1976 Starlight Group

Roxanne turned to look at Lucian.

“It's Starlight Group in Hawen, Lucien!” she softly claimed. Immediately, Lucian's face sank, and his brows scrunched up tightly.

At the sight of the couple's reactions, Madilyn was perplexed. “What is it? Is there anything special about Starlight Group? According to what I remember, that's the largest international trading company in Hawen, right?”

Lucian nodded. “You're right. But there's a big possibility they won't give us the antidote.” “Why?” Madilyn was still filled with puzzlement.

Gloominess rose in Roxanne's heart. “That's because the owner of Starlight Group is Mr. Goldstein. He's the man whom Christina is with currently. You know who Christina Patel is, right?”

Madilyn's jaw dropped upon learning the truth.

Christina? Isn't she the mastermind behind Elektra's incident? Also known as Aubree Pearson, who was ready to fight Roxanne to death and was once Lucian's fiancée!

“So, everything that has happened is a part of Christina's scheme again.” A vicious glint flashed across Lucian's gaze. He had been wary of Christina, but little did he imagine that she would play such a ruse. The current situation was just like a slap in his face!

D*mn it! That woman keeps showing up everywhere! And it seems like she's confident Roxanne would come over to help. She must've wanted Roxanne to get infected as well. But she probably doesn't know Roxanne is pregnant. Her ruthlessness has reached the point where she's even putting others' lives at stake!

Noticing how Roxanne and Madilyn were overwhelmed by panic, Lucian glanced at the screen and placidly uttered, “I'll resolve the matter over acquiring the drug for the bacteria. We won't need to get it from Starlight Group. Now, all you two have to do is to ensure those infected are in good condition. I'll need about an hour to settle it!”

Madilyn was dumbfounded.

Roxanne, too, was in disbelief. Even if Lucian gets the medication from Moranta's pharmaceutical company directly and uses the fastest flight to send them back, it's still not something he can resolve in an hour.

Nonetheless, having seen the confident look on Lucian's face, Roxanne suddenly had a thought in mind, and immediately after, a smile bloomed on her face as she nodded.

Madilyn's mind was in a mess, all thanks to the couple. How can they still be so relaxed and smiling away at this juncture? “I'll make a call now. It'll be done in no time!” With that, Lucian left the office hurriedly.

“Roxanne, what are you couple planning to do? Hurry up and tell me, or else | won't be at ease. There are already over twenty doctors and nurses who are infected. Including the two of us, we'll need a lot of medications!” Madilyn's heart was filled with uneasiness.

Roxanne chuckled. "Don't forget that | have a research institute! As long as we get the production process of the medication, | can ensure that my research institute will be able to develop a drug of similar effect within two hours. So, like what Lucian mentioned, we still have ample time!”

Clarity washed over Madilyn. Oh yes. Roxanne formulated the antidote herself when Jack poisoned her the other time. It was only with such assurance that Madilyn felt relieved.

Soon after, the Centers for Disease Control's personnel arrived at the hospital and looked for Madilyn to learn more about the situation. As such, she rushed to the conference room to give them a brief report.

By the time Lucian returned, he was visibly calm as if he had settled the matter.

“| spent three hundred million to get the information on the medication's composition. They'll send it to me in about fifteen minutes. By then, you shall inform Old Mr. Lomax's side to begin production. They won't need too much time for that. Anyway, | think | can say it now. | most likely got infected as well. | have the urge to cough too.”

Finishing his words, Lucian could no longer hold back and let out a few coughs.

“Lucian! Christina is honestly too vicious. | wish she could experience how it feels like to be severely ill! She has no conscience at all!” Roxanne spat through her gritted teeth.

Chapter 1977 Using Me Despite Roxanne and Lucian's guarantee, Madilyn still felt extremely pressured.

The atmosphere in the hospital was one of panic and confusion. People started gossiping and exaggerating the situation. Meanwhile, the hospital's landline was constantly ringing as the worried relatives of the patients called to check on their loved ones.

Many expressed their dissatisfaction with the hospital's lack of professionalism, and some even threatened to take legal action against the hospital's executive staff.

Some people went so far as to ask the hospital to move their relatives to another medical center. Upon being denied, they threatened to file a complaint against the hospital.

Not long after, some of the family members hastened to the entrance of the hospital. A few vehicles were dangerously close to smashing into the building, and the family members were venting their rage by hurling insults at the hospital.

Reporters were savvy and quick-witted enough to make their way to the hospital in order to document the chaotic scene that had unfolded.

“Leaders from the Centers for Disease Control, please allow us entry into the hospital to interview the patients! How grave is the condition that has necessitated the closure of the medical facility?”

“The families of the patients are extremely distressed right now. We need to learn the truth! Please allow us to conduct an interview with the hospital director, Dr. Marilyn Xander, and ensure that the public is appropriately informed.”

“The hospital's decision to not permit the transfer of their patients to another hospital has generated a great deal of controversy on the Internet. We kindly request that you permit us to enter the premises!”

From her office window in a building opposite the hospital, Christina watched the scene play out below with a satisfied smirk curling up the corners of her mouth.

“Roxanne and Madilyn have already been contaminated with the bacteria, and the only hope for their salvation lies with Mr.

Goldstein, who holds the key to the vaccine. It all depends on what terms and conditions Lucian is willing to propose in order to secure the life-saving vaccine.”

She let her joy take control and revealed her innermost thoughts.

Coralie was taken aback upon hearing Christina's words. She couldn't believe what she was hearing, and it took a few moments for her to regain her composure. "Are you talking about Mr.

Alphonso Goldstein from Starlight Group? Is that why you're here? You're not just trying to take revenge on Roxanne and Madilyn, you want to make a profit too. Was I just a pawn in your plan? I thought you were here to help me out!”

Christina kept her cool composure in the face of the accusatory words directed at her. She quirked her lips upwards into a sly grin and replied, “Ms. Crawford, it doesn't matter why I'm here, does it?

All that matters is that you get the outcome you desire. If there was a public outcry it would be disastrous for Madilyn as she could end up being removed from her role as hospital director, or even face criminal charges.

“But that doesn't change the fact that you had used me!” Coralie insisted, feeling incredibly uncomfortable at the revelation. The hospital entrance was a scene of utter chaos and confusion.

Without warning, a Rolls-Royce rolled to a stop and blocked the path of the crowd.

Everyone looked over to the vehicle.

Slowly, a figure emerged from the car.

It was Jonathan, dressed in a finely tailored suit that had been custom-made for him, and it gave him an impressive stature. His expression was grim as he walked, his steps light yet determined.

Somehow, he gave off an aura that resembled Lucian's.

He directed a sharp gaze at the crowd before raising his arm, gesturing for everyone to quiet down.

Much to the surprise of everyone present, the boisterous and raucous noise of the crowd died away at Jonathan's request. The reporters were quick to start snapping away at him.

"Hello, everyone. My name is Jonathan Queen. Please quiet down and listen to what | have to say."

His voice, though not particularly loud, still managed to carry an air of authority. His determined poise was enough to put the family members at ease, and they waited to see what he would say.

After all, his clothing and vehicle implied that he was someone of significance and importance.

As the situation was under control, Jonathan grew confident and continued, "I am here today as Dr. Madilyn Xander's representative.

| would like to explain two matters concerning the recent emergency situation at the hospital.

Firstly, | am pleased to inform you that the situation is under control, and we have devised a plan to have it resolved in the next three hours. Secondly, | am here to answer any questions you may have, and | ask for your understanding in controlling your emotions during this time."

Chapter 1978 Mature And Reserved At the hospital's entrance, some nurses were helping the Centers for Disease Control maintain order.

Upon witnessing Jonathan's arrival to take charge of the situation, they recorded the entire thing and sent it to the hospital's group chat.

Madilyn could barely hide her surprise after watching the video.

Her heart began to beat rapidly and wildly as if it was going to burst out of her chest when she heard Jonathan saying that he was her representative.

Lucian must've told Jonathan about the hospital's situation. However, it was impossible that Lucian taught him to say that! Did he say that spontaneously?

The pressure that had been weighing on Madilyn's heart faded into thin air, leaving her feeling relieved and deeply moved by his gesture.

Lucian soon received a call from Jonathan, informing him that the situation had been brought under control. When Jonathan arrived, the reporters immediately recognized him and instead of publishing unreliable stories, they focused on the hospital's emergency handling measures.

Jonathan stayed at the hospital entrance, patiently fielding any questions that the family members had.

At the same time, Coralie was keeping an eye on the situation with a set of binoculars. She could make out every detail of Jonathan's expression.

/ can't believe Jonathan showed up to defend Madilyn!

Envy smoldered within her, its flames licking at her heart. She ground her teeth together as her expression contorted into a malicious grimace.

"Three hours? My men told me that Jonathan claimed they could solve the problem within three hours. That's impossible! Even if they discovered the existence of the

pathogenic bacteria, bought the vaccine from Moranta, and had it shipped via plane, it would take more than three hours for the vaccine to arrive!" Christina's expression was as dark as thunder.

However, she soon figured Jonathan lied on purpose to placate the family members.

There is no way they can resolve our scheme in less than three hours. Not even Lucian can do that! She comforted herself before informing Coralie that she had to go back to Alphonse's side. Coralie's focus was on Jonathan, so she nodded and replied, "You just go."

Christina gave Coralie a thoughtful look when discovered that the latter was making the same foolish mistake she had once made- devoting her entire life and energy to a man.

Once I depart, I will have no further involvement in the plan. As long as I return to Mr. Goldstein's side, even if I remain in Horington, no one can harm me, not even Lucian! Mr. Goldstein is not only the proprietor of Starlight Group but also has the backing of Hawen.

Indeed, Coralie's mood was affected by Jonathan.

The scene that she dreaded the most was witnessing Jonathan come to Madilyn's aid to help her solve the crisis.

Something told her that Jonathan had changed.

Previously, Jonathan had an adorable innocence about him as he was pretty straightforward. Now, his deep eyes were alight with wisdom beyond his years, tinged with a sense of reserved maturity that added to his overall allure.

What did Jonathan encounter in a short amount of time that made him change completely?

Coralie had no idea what had transpired, yet her affection for Jonathan only seemed to deepen, along with her envy of Madilyn. A few minutes later, Christina exited the elevator on the first floor to find that the hospital across the road was back to normal.

At the hospital's entrance, the nurses gently guided a handful of patients outside to explain the current situation to their loved ones.

"We're doing well here. Dr. Xander often visits us. It's nothing serious. Did you fall for someone's lie?" A patient was reassuring his family.

"Really? We're so relieved to hear that. We had heard about the bacterial infection going on and it had us all worried. Everyone was concerned, so we decided to transfer you to another hospital as a precaution. Thankfully it was a false alarm. We'll go visit you later when the hospital is open for visitors!" His family was delighted to learn that he was doing fine.

Following that, a few patients came out to meet their families.

Gradually, the crowd dispersed.

Chapter 1979 Captured A cruel smile spread across Christina's face, her eyes hinting at a sinister intention.

The crisis had been tamped down for now, but it was impossible to prevent the pathogenic bacteria from breaking out in just a few hours.

In six to eight hours, the pathogenic bacteria would spread rapidly, leading to numerous patients within the hospital becoming severely ill. This outbreak would not be contained, as the bacteria would continue to spread beyond the hospital walls.

So what if Roxanne is a capable doctor? Relying on traditional medicine alone is inefficient and even outdated. Acupuncture is just a psychological effect.

Having made up her mind, Christina grinned and sauntered out of the building to head to the parking lot.

No sooner had she stepped out of the door than a few figures began to creep closer to her at an alarming speed. "Confirmed. It's her. Get her!"

The leader of the bodyguards compared her to the photo on his phone and confirmed that this was their target.

Mr. Farwell gave orders that we have to capture her swiftly if we see her even if it means engaging in a physical altercation.

He came prepared this time, bringing along a large group of subordinates with him in order to ensure that their target wouldn't be able to escape as had happened in the past.

The leader soon realized that Christina was unaccompanied, so he quickly put on his guard.

In an instant, Christina found herself surrounded by five or six intimidating figures. She jolted with fear as her eyes widened in shock.

"You're Christina Patel!" the bodyguard who first approached her yelled out loud. Christina froze, but she quickly shook her head to deny it.

Alas, her expression had betrayed her. The bodyguards stood resolutely in her way, their faces stern and unwavering. She felt a chill run down her spine as she met their gaze, her heart pounding in fear.

Feeling completely overwhelmed, she had no opportunity to comprehend the situation and, without thinking, she quickly grabbed her phone.

/ must report this to Mr. Goldstein immediately! He's the only one capable of saving me.

Christina thought she was quick enough, but the bodyguards were even quicker. As they were veterans, their reflexes were incredibly sharp. Before she had the chance to use her phone, they snatched it from her hands.

"Who are you? What is going on? Someone, help me!" Christina could only scream for help, hoping to attract the attention of the bystanders.

Nevertheless, the bodyguards didn't take the time to even look at the spectators. Instead, they swiftly moved to strike her neck hard.

In an instant, Christina blacked out, and her body fell to the ground limply.

Before she could land on the ground, two burly bodyguards swooped in and lifted her up onto their shoulders, quickly carrying her to the safety of their waiting vehicle.

The leader, aware that a number of people had their eyes fixed upon them, was intent on avoiding any potential problem for their employer. Suddenly, an idea occurred to him, and he roared out with urgency, "Quickly, get her to the hospital! She has fainted!"

"This is my younger sister who suffers from a mental disorder. After a long and desperate search, we have finally found her, so we are now taking her to the hospital located just across the street."

With that, the bodyguards brought Christina to the hospital across the street hastily.

Back in the hospital director's office, Lucian's phone began to ring. It was a call from the leader of the bodyguards.

He answered the call and placed his phone to his ear.

"Mr. Farwell, we've just caught Christina Patel!" the leader reported solemnly.

"Good. Bring her to the director's office!" Lucian ordered as his expression turned icy.

| was right. Christina is behind this.

Lucian knew Christina well enough to guess her next move.

She was the type of person who relished standing atop a lofty place to bask in her own creation.

Consequently, Lucian commanded his bodyguards to divide into three separate groups in order to secure the entrances of the three high-rise buildings that stood across from the hospital.

It was a random thought, so he didn't expect to capture their target so quickly.

Chapter 1980 Not Interested In Talking "We've captured Christina Patel!" Lucian announced casually.

Roxanne was fully engrossed in her conversation with Peregrine, discussing the particulars of replicating the vaccine, when suddenly she stopped mid-sentence, realizing that she hadn't heard what Lucian had said clearly.

Madilyn had heard his words, so she repeated, "Mr. Farwell said he has captured the culprit of this crisis, Christina Patel!"

"Old Mr. Lomax, if the problem is solved, please continue with the next step as soon as possible. We're racing against time here. More than thirty people had been infected by this bacterium in the hospital!"

After hanging up, Roxanne finally had time to digest Lucian's words.

"Darling, did you anticipate Christina's actions with your impressive display of foresight and crafted an intricately detailed plan to capture her?" Her awe of her

husband was evidenced by the overly complimentary language she used in her expression of admiration.

Lucian's face was tight with tension at first, but he felt a wave of embarrassment wash through him when he heard Roxanne's compliments.

“Where is she? I'd like to give her a few slaps!” Madilyn felt her right arm trembling in anger.

“She'll be here soon. I've told my bodyguards to bring her here,” Lucian replied. He glanced at Roxanne, afraid that she would get emotional.

To his surprise, Roxanne seemed to have breathed a sigh of relief and had calmed down. “She has framed me countless times, and I'm finally getting to see her today,” she said calmly.

Madilyn exclaimed furiously, “Roxanne, you must take action and ensure that this woman is punished for her immoral behavior. She should be sent to prison for the hurtful and malicious things she has done. It's appalling that such a cruel person even exists in this world!”

Right then, the leader knocked on the door.

“Mr. Farwell, we're here!”

“Come on in!” Lucian ordered.

The door was pushed open to reveal an unconscious Christina.

At first glance, one would know she had undergone plastic surgery.

It was apparent that there were not many options for plastic surgeries in Hawen as all patients appeared to look the same after undergoing plastic surgery.

However, Roxanne immediately recognized that this was Aubree due to her figure.

After the bodyguards threw Christina unceremoniously to the ground, they straightened their backs, waiting for Lucian's order. “You may leave now!” Lucian waved his hands, and the bodyguards filed out swiftly.

Madilyn raked her gaze over Christina and muttered angrily, “Why is she unconscious? Is she putting up an act? Let me get some water to splash on her!”

Without hesitation, she hurried out of her office to get some water.

Roxanne felt a swell of conflicting emotions as she looked at Christina.

“Lucian, she has come into contact with us in this office. Thus, | believe she'll get infected with the pathogenic bacteria soon,” she suddenly declared.

Lucian gave a curt nod. “That was what | had in mind. Besides, she won't be receiving any treatment unless Mr. Goldstein has the vaccine with him at all times!”

His voice was calm, devoid of any emotion.

Christina had devised multiple devious plots against Roxanne in an attempt to end her life, which made him unwilling to see her as Aubree anymore.

Even if Lucian had not taken any steps to intervene, Christina would still be spending the remainder of her life behind bars. “To be honest, I don't think there's a need to talk with her anymore.

It's pointless,” Roxanne said truthfully, as she was no longer interested in talking to Christina anymore.