

The Three Little Guardian Angels by Ginger Bud Chapter 1183

Chapter 1183

Maisie laughed. “As a boy matures, he’ll become very determined and will fight for the things that he wants.”

The two doors of the elevator opened slowly, and Maisie walked out of the elevator with Samantha. Both of them were laughing and chatting with each other while they just so happened to run into Kennedy, who was assigning some tasks to an employee. The staff member nodded and left, and he nodded and greeted Maisie when he walked past her. “Ms. Vanderbilt.”

Kennedy looked in Maisie and Samantha’s direction and was astonished. He then walked toward them and smiled at Samantha. “Why have you come here on

purpose?”

Maisie raised her eyebrows. “Aunt Samantha is worried that you’d be hungry, so she especially brought you a loving lunch.”

Samantha handed the lunchbox in her hand to him and pretended to complain. “I won’t send another one to you in the future.”

Kennedy laughed. “Okay, I’ll bring a lunch box whenever I leave the house.”

Maisie glanced at them and felt quite happy for them deep down.

Meanwhile, at the hospital...

Patricia paced back and forth anxiously outside the ward as she did not know whether she had found the perfect match for her son. It was said that the success rate for either one of the biological parents

to be a perfect match was very high, but it was still not an absolute outcome.

After all, she and Alexander had both undergone the matching test, and the test showed that both of them had failed to match their son.

And Naomi was the other child she had given birth to, so she was the only hope that she had. Anthony was seated on the bench and waited. He was silent from beginning to end and only stood up when the doctor came out.

Patricia walked forward. “Dr. Leonardsson, how is it?”

Dr. Leonardsson took off his mask and shook his head. “She’s not completely an exact match.”

Patricia was stunned. She grabbed the doctor and became extremely emotional.” What do you mean by she’s not completely an exact match? The child’s father and I can’t match our son. This donor is my daughter too, so why isn’t she a match either!?”

She had come looking for Naomi, thinking that she was her only hope. However, that hope was shattered to smithereens. ‘This is God’s retribution for me! This is my retribution, but why didn’t God aim the retribution directly at me!?’

Dr. Leonardsson comforted her immediately, “Madam, please calm down. From a medical point of view, the success rate of biological parents matching is probably the highest, but it’s not 100% absolute. Although the probability of your other daughter being a match is lower, not being an exact match doesn’t mean that the process will be unsuccessful. There’s another method, but it’s one that even volunteers may not agree to undergo.”

Patricia took a deep breath. “What’s the method?”

Dr. Leonardsson replied, “We can collect hematopoietic stem cells through a bone marrow aspiration. This can improve the success rate of getting a match, but this kind of surgery is more traumatic, and we’ll only suggest this to donors who are relatives or friends of the patient.”

Patricia seemed to have lost all her strength and let go of her grasp.

‘Naomi and Zephir are only half-siblings. It’s already very kind of her that she’s willing to donate bone marrow to Zephir. How can I persuade Naomi into agreeing to this operation?’ She covered her face and wept.

Anthony walked up to Dr. Leonardsson.” Will this procedure harm one’s well-being?”

Patricia was stunned and could not help but stare at Anthony.

Dr. Leonardsson shook his head. “It won’t cause great harm to the body. but it’ll be a lot more painful and a little harsh for the honor. “Furthermore, this is the only way left.

After all, it's very unlikely to find a perfect match in such a short time. The child's condition has started to deteriorate, and the procedure can't be delayed for too long. We must perform the procedure within half a year."

Anthony did not utter a single word after that.

In the ward, Naomi looked at the boy who was sitting on the hospital bed and reading a book with a mask on. The boy was very quiet, and his skin complexion was so pale that it looked bloodless.

Zephir raised his head to glance at her and took the initiative to hand her a book. "Do you want one to kill some time?"

Naomi's gaze landed on the book, and she took it from him. "Do you like reading books?"

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"Yeah, my teachers told me that reading a lot of books will increase my knowledge," Zephir explained with a smile. Naomi stared at him and felt a little sad for him. 'He's an 11-year-old boy who's still thinking about reading and studying even when he's hospitalized.'

Anthony pushed open the door of the ward but stood at the door and did not come in. Thus, Naomi put down the book, got up, and exited the ward. "Dad."

Anthony lowered his gaze. “What did the doctor say?”

“The doctor asked me to try again, but they’ll be performing a bone marrow

aspiration this time around,” Naomi replied. Anthony’s expression looked profound. “But this method will be very harsh on you. Nelly, you can always give up the idea if you don’t want to do it. I don’t want to see you suffer.”

Naomi took a glance into the ward, and the boy in the ward exchanged gazes with her.

Two days later...

Daisie stood under a huge tree beside the school’s field. She wanted to return the toy to Zephir, but she did not see him.

She scratched her ears and cheeks. “This is strange. Did he forget about this?”

“Little angel!” A boy ran toward her, stopped in front of her, and panted. “Little angel, you don’t have to wait for Zephir anymore. He has fallen sick and has been hospitalized. He is currently on a medical

leave of absence.

Daisie was startled. “He’s sick and has been hospitalized?”

She remembered that Zephir had told her he was sick when they first met, so she handed the boy that came to her the toy in her hand. “Then can you please help me return this to him? My mom

said I shouldn't keep the toys he gives me. And please tell him that I'll also lend him some toys when I get new ones." The boy took the bubble machine from Daisy. "Zephyr actually bought such a childish toy for this girl? My younger sister is five this year, and she doesn't even play with bubble machines anymore. Shouldn't he be giving away a doll or something else?"

"However, is this girl still playing with dolls at this age?"

Naomi underwent a bone marrow aspiration to collect her hematopoietic stem cells. The procedure was so painful that she could not get out of bed for two days. She would even wake up in pain at night. Anthony was there with her throughout the whole process. His eyes were bloodshot upon seeing his daughter suffer from such severe pain, and it felt like his heart was bleeding from the inside.

Dr. Leonardsson walked in from outside." Congratulations, the success rate has reached 50%." Anthony did not say anything. How could anyone expect him to give off even a faint smile when his daughter was undergoing something so uncomfortable? Naomi slowly opened her eyes and asked feebly, "Then can the boy undergo the surgery already?" Dr. Leonardsson replied, "The surgical transplantation can be done in another three days." "That's good news." Naomi endured the discomfort and glanced at her father, who was worried about her. "Dad, it's not as painful as you think it is. At least it's not as harsh as chemotherapy, and it'll be over after a while."

The pain that someone undergoing intrathecal chemotherapy is far more intense than the pain that I'm enduring now.'

Thinking that an 11-year-old child could endure such a level of pain, Naomi certainly did not feel any pain. Anthony forced a smile. "You should rest. The doctor mentioned that you'll recover in about two days."

She nodded.

Anthony walked out of the ward, and Patricia just happened to come over. She looked at him, and her lips moved slightly." How's Nelly doing?"

"She's fine," Anthony replied indifferently.

When he was passing by her, Patricia turned around and looked at him. "Anton, thank you."

Anthony did not even look back. "You shouldn't thank me, but Nelly instead."

Patricia pursed her lips and entered Naomi's ward. Dr. Leonardsson nodded at her, gave off a smile, and then went out.

She walked up to the bedside. "Nelly, I... Thank you very much, thank you for saving Zeph."

Naomi stared at the ceiling and asked slowly, "He's an extremely gentle child, isn't he?"

Patricia paused and did not say anything.

Naomi smiled. “Dad has done a lot of charity on my behalf while I was in a coma. So, I regard this as an opportunity to help someone else.”

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“Nelly. I’m sorry...” Patricia could not help but feel sad

“You don’t have to say sorry. We’re even now.” She still had a smile hanging on her face, and it looked extremely calm.

Naomi was discharged from the hospital two days later, and Anthony came to pick up his daughter.

After returning home, Naomi initially wanted to go to work, but her father would not let her. Naomi only took a day off and went back to Soul the next day. She passed by a cafe while she was on her way to the company, so she went in to buy herself a cup of coffee to give herself a lift.

When it was time to check out, she unexpectedly found that she did not have any cash on her, which made her feel a little embarrassed. “Sorry. I forgot to bring my purse with me. Please leave the coffee here first. I’ll go back and grab my purse now.”

The cashier replied with a smile, “Our cafe accepts online payments too.”

*Online payment?” Naomi was momentarily stunned, and she suddenly thought of her previous experience when she went shopping with Ryleigh.

It seems that Ryleigh always pays using her cell phone.’ The cashier looked puzzled. “Don’t you know? Not many people travel around with stacks of cash now as online payment has taken over. So, as long as your cell phone is bound to a debit or credit card, you can pay for almost anything with your cell phone.”

Naomi pursed her lower lip. “I’ve... I haven’t attached any card to my phone.”

Is online payment really a thing now? I really don’t know much about it.’

The other cashier stared at her with a weird gaze. “Is that even possible? There’s actually someone who still doesn’t know how to pay for something through online payment nowadays?”

Naomi’s hand that was holding her phone tightened, and she was about to turn around and leave. However, that was when an arm came into her sight from the side.” I’ll pay for her. How much is it?”

The cashier replied, “She ordered an Americano. It costs % 4.”

Naomi was shocked. She turned around and stared at the tall man standing beside her. The man had successfully paid her bill with his cell phone.

The man then grabbed the coffee the cashier handed to him, turned around, and handed it to her. “This is yours.”

Naomi was astonished.

‘Isn’t this man the one who helped the old lady who fell from the wheelchair in the hospital corridor the other day?’

She remembered the scene perfectly.

Seeing that she was stunned, Francisco could not help but feel helpless. He placed the coffee in her hand. “Hold it.” He grabbed his laptop bag, turned around, and left. When Naomi finally returned to her senses, she ran after him. “Sir, please wait a moment.”

He stopped and turned to look at her.” What’s the matter?”

“I’ll pay you back the money.” Naomi took out her cell phone. “Please give me your account number.” “It’s just a small amount of money. There’s no need for you to pay me back.” Francisco smiled, turned around, and got into a car, which drove away quickly.

Naomi returned to the company and happened to run into Maisie and Lucy in the corridor.

Maisie was startled for a split second.” Why aren’t you staying at home for a few more days?”

Naomi replied with a smile, “I don’t want to waste too much time.” Lucy looked at her. “You’re working too hard. You’re already not feeling too well, but you’re still thinking about your

work.” Lucy did not know that she had gone away for a few days to donate bone marrow and only thought she was sick and had to call in sick.

Naomi smiled.

Maisie asked Lucy to deal with her tasks first. She then walked up to Naomi after Lucy left and said helplessly, “You, your body hasn’t recovered, yet you’re forcing yourself to work.”

Naomi lowered her gaze. “It’s alright. I feel like I’ve almost fully recovered. After all, I have to come back to see how the jewelry production is going.”

“That’s not a problem. I’ll keep an eye on it for you.” Maisie placed her hand on Naomi’s shoulder. “I have to teach you something else apart from carving.”

Naomi froze for a short moment.

Maisie took her to the workshop, where all the tools and rough stones were kept.

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