



266: A Miracle Happens

The ambulance raced into the hospital's emergency entrance, its sirens blaring.

The moment it came to a stop, the back doors swung open, and the paramedics swiftly pulled out the stretcher.

Wendy jumped down right after them.

She had gone with Molly to attend a fashion show today—but before the show even started, disaster struck.

When she saw how much blood Molly had lost, Wendy was utterly terrified.

"Doctor! Please, save her!"

She ran alongside the paramedics, shouting frantically.

At that moment, Simon burst through the crowd.

His eyes landed on the stretcher—on Molly, who was covered in blood.

A sharp, piercing pain shot through his chest.

His mind went blank.

The paramedics transferred Molly onto a hospital stretcher, securing her oxygen mask and IV lines as they rushed her toward the ER.

Simon stood frozen, his palms cold and clammy.

Wendy spotted her brother and ran over, shaking him.

"Simon! Do something! Save Molly!"



Her voice snapped him out of it.

Without another second's hesitation, Simon sprinted forward.

It was a race against time.

The stretcher flew down the hallway, and Simon grabbed the oxygen bag from one of the paramedics, running alongside them.

Together, they rushed into the emergency room.

Inside, the doctors worked tirelessly to save her.

Since Simon wasn't an emergency physician, he could only observe—but his hands trembled as he watched.

Molly's head wound was gaping, blood still seeping out.

The sight of it tightened his chest painfully.

His mind flashed with memories—Molly always smiling brightly at him, her eyes full of warmth.

And yet, time and time again, he had pushed her away.

Always too busy. Always too cold.

Now—he realized how cruel he had been.

And now—he might lose her.

A wave of terror crashed into him.

He couldn't lose her.

"Her blood pressure is critically low! Severe blood loss! We need an



immediate transfusion!"

The attending physician checked her blood type—A positive.

He turned to the nurse. "Go to the blood bank and get A-type plasma. Now!"

A moment later, the nurse returned, looking panicked.

"Doctor, the blood bank is running low on A-type blood!"

Simon stepped forward instantly.

"Take mine. I'm A-positive."

The doctors whipped their heads toward him.

"Dr. Smith?!"

No one had even noticed when he entered the ER.

Simon's expression was hard as steel.

"Take my blood. Now! Save her!"

Seeing the desperation in his eyes, the medical staff immediately moved.

They performed a quick check, confirmed his blood compatibility, and instructed him to lie down on a side bed.

The nurse inserted the needle—the blood bag slowly filled.

As soon as it was ready, they didn't even wait for the plasma to cool.

They directly administered it into Molly's body.



Outside the ER

Caitlin and Eliza rushed into the emergency department.

They spotted Wendy, who was still shaken.

Noticing the bloodstains on Wendy's clothes, Caitlin frowned. "Wendy, why are you here?"

Wendy quickly explained. "Molly and I were together today. When she got hurt, I was the one who called the ambulance and brought her here."

Caitlin's expression softened. "Thank you, Wendy. We owe you."

Eliza, her face pale with worry, also expressed her gratitude. "Thank you, dear. How is she now?"

Wendy shook her head. "She's still inside. My brother is in there too."

With no updates yet, they could only wait.

Caitlin and Eliza listened as Wendy recounted what had happened.

It was a shocking accident.

Molly's injuries were severe. No one knew if she would make it.

Sebastian & Vincent Arrive

Sebastian and Vincent hurried in, having received the news.

Sebastian immediately found his mother and Caitlin.



"How is she?"

"Still in surgery."

Vincent frowned. "How did this even happen?"

No one had an answer.

All they could do was wait.

Eliza was beside herself with grief, her tears falling uncontrollably.

She had been separated from her children for 18 years.

And just when they had finally reunited—this happened.

It was too cruel.

Sebastian placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. "Mom, don't cry. She's strong—she'll make it."

Caitlin added, "We're in one of the best hospitals in New York. And Simon is in there—he won't let anything happen to her."

Still, all eyes remained locked on the emergency room doors.

Inside the ER

The first blood bag wasn't enough.

Simon, still lying on the side bed, turned to the nurse. "Keep going. Take more."

"Dr. Smith, if you donate more than 400cc, it could be dangerous for you!"



"

The nurse hesitated. "We've already requested more blood from another hospital."

"I don't care! Keep taking mine!"

Simon's voice snapped with frustration.

He was losing control.

The medical staff had never seen him like this.

In the end, they obeyed.

They drew another 400cc.

A total of 800cc of Simon's blood was transfused into Molly's body.

Yet—she remained unresponsive.

Then—her vitals crashed.

"Hemorrhagic shock! Get the defibrillator ready!"

Simon snapped upright.

He barely felt the effects of his blood loss.

He staggered to the operating table.

The monitor's flatline burned into his eyes.

His chest tightened painfully.

She was slipping away.



"Molly!"

He grabbed her cold hand.

His voice cracked—desperate, raw.

"Molly, wake up!"

"You can't die!"

"Listen to me! If you wake up—I'll date you!"

"Do you hear me?! Open your eyes!"

The doctors and nurses in the room froze.

They all realized something—this patient meant something to Simon.

The defibrillator delivered its shocks.

No response.

One by one, the emergency doctors began to lose hope.

They had done everything possible.

"We're sorry..."

Sweat dripped from their brows.

But nothing more could be done.

Simon's breath hitched.

His vision blurred.

"No..."



"No! She can't die!"

"She won't die!"

Fueled by desperation, Simon grabbed the defibrillator himself.

"Molly! Wake up!"

He pressed the paddles down.

The shock rippled through her body.

Simon stared at the monitor—pleading.

The line remained flat.

His chest ached.

His heart pounded.

He was losing her.

And only now did he realize—she had already become a part of him.

Simon buried his face in his hand.

Just as despair swallowed him whole—

A miracle happened.

The monitor beeped.

A faint blip.

Then another.

And another.



A nurse gasped.

"She has a pulse!"

Everyone's heads shot up.

The monitor flickered.

The once-flat line was moving again.

Molly was alive.

"Quick! Her vitals are stabilizing! Continue resuscitation!"

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