



## 267: Risking His Life to Save Her

The emergency doctors rushed forward again, their eyes fixed on the monitor that had just flickered back to life.

Simon's eyes were red, staring at the faint but steady heartbeat on the screen.

The wave of relief that washed over him was overwhelming.

But his body wasn't holding up well.

Having donated too much blood, his vision blurred, and a wave of dizziness hit him.

He had no choice but to sit down, leaning against the wall, his eyes shut as a tear slipped down.

They saved her.

Molly was alive.

That was all that mattered.

After a final round of stabilization procedures, Molly's vitals returned to normal.

"She's safe now."

As the steady beeping of her heartbeat monitor filled the room, the medical team finally exhaled in relief.

But no one was as relieved as Simon.

His whole body felt lighter—as if his own life had been restored



alongside hers.

A nurse approached him. "Dr. Smith, you don't look well. You should rest. We'll take care of the rest here."

Simon nodded, finally allowing himself to step away.

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### ### Outside the ER

The moment the ER doors opened, everyone rushed forward.

"Are you okay? What about Molly?!"

Wendy's heart nearly stopped when she saw Simon's pale face.

Her brother looked like he had just lost his wife. It was terrifying.

Sebastian stepped up. "Simon, how's my sister?"

Eliza's voice trembled. "Doctor, my daughter... is she okay?"

Simon forced a small smile. "She's going to be fine. She made it."

The weight in the room lifted instantly.

Eliza grasped Caitlin's hand, tears streaming down her face.

"She's okay... she's okay... I thought I'd lost her!"

Sebastian sighed in relief. "Dr. Smith, thank you. Thank you for saving my sister."

Simon shook his head. "I was just doing my job."



But his unsteady steps did not go unnoticed.

Wendy quickly held onto him. "You need to rest. Let me take you."

Everyone assumed Simon was just exhausted from performing the emergency procedures.

Caitlin also reminded him, "Get some rest, Simon."

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### ### The Truth Comes Out

A short while later, two doctors emerged from the ER.

They removed their surgical masks and announced, "The patient is stable. Family members can relax. The nurses are doing the post-op care, and she'll be transferred to the ICU shortly."

Eliza and Sebastian both expressed their deep gratitude.

The doctor waved them off. "Don't thank us. If you want to thank someone, it should be Dr. Smith.

If not for his immediate blood transfusion of 800cc and his hands-on emergency intervention, we wouldn't have been able to bring her back."

Everyone froze.

Sebastian's brows furrowed. "Wait—800cc?!"

The realization hit them like a ton of bricks.

No wonder Simon looked so drained.

He had given his own blood—risking his life to save Molly.



Caitlin's eyes darkened slightly. "Anyone who says Simon doesn't care about Molly is lying."

He nearly died for her.

Wasn't that proof enough of how much he cared?

Eliza wiped her tears. "Thank God for Dr. Smith... otherwise, my daughter ---"

Her voice caught in her throat.

She didn't dare finish the sentence.

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### ### Molly Moves to the ICU

When the nurses wheeled Molly out, everyone followed as she was transferred to the ICU.

Her room was not far from Quincy's.

After checking in on Molly, they went to see Quincy.

"Caitlin's brother still hasn't woken up," Eliza observed, turning to Caitlin.

She gave her a reassuring pat on the hand. "Don't worry, Caitlin. He'll wake up soon."

Caitlin nodded, looking through the glass window at Quincy.

"I hope both of them wake up soon."

Because Molly and Quincy were both hospitalized, The Vanderbilt Family



and Caitlin's side took turns staying at the hospital.

Vincent stayed to accompany Eliza in the ICU, while Caitlin and Sebastian went to check on Simon.

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### ### Visiting Simon

In Simon's office, Wendy stood up as soon as they walked in.

"Is Molly out of surgery?"

Sebastian nodded. "Yes, she's been moved to the ICU."

He then turned to Simon, his tone sincere.

"Dr. Smith, I owe you. Thank you for saving my sister."

Simon simply shook his head. "It's nothing. Saving lives is my duty."

But Sebastian was firm. "Regardless, you saved her. That makes you an ally to The Vanderbilt Family. If you ever need anything, just ask me. I'll do whatever it takes to help you."

His words were genuine.

He had once been wary of Simon because of Caitlin—but now, all that remained was gratitude.

Besides...

Molly clearly had feelings for Simon.

And if Simon ended up as their family's son-in-law...



A former rival becoming family?

Not bad.

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### Quincy Wakes Up

Suddenly, Vincent rushed in.

"He's awake!"

Caitlin's eyes widened. "What? Quincy woke up?!"

"Yes. He's out of danger. Let's go see him."

"I'm coming with you."

"Me too!"

Sebastian and Wendy followed Caitlin back to the ICU.

The moment they stepped in, Eliza turned to Caitlin, eyes bright with excitement.

"Caitlin! Quincy just woke up!"

Caitlin rushed to the window, looking inside.

Doctors and nurses were examining Quincy, making sure his recovery was on track.

Seeing his eyes open—

Caitlin's heart clenched.



She could barely contain her emotions.

He was awake.

The moment of truth—the moment of recognition—was finally near.

As the doctors finished their check-up and stepped out, Caitlin quickly approached.

"Doctor, how is he?"

"He's out of danger. His recovery is strong, and everything looks good. He can be transferred to a regular room this afternoon. You can go handle the paperwork."

Caitlin nodded rapidly. "Yes! Thank you so much!"

By 2 PM, Quincy was moved from the ICU to a private recovery room.

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### ### The First Conversation

Faith, upon hearing the news, hurried over to visit.

"How is he?"

"I haven't gone in yet."

Faith glanced at Caitlin. "I'll go first. If he's talking fine, you can go next."  
"

She slipped into the room.

Inside, Quincy looked weak, but his eyes were alert.



When he saw Faith, a small smile touched his lips.

"Faith... thanks for coming."

Faith's eyes turned red. "You idiot. If you died, who else would argue with me?"

Quincy chuckled weakly. "Sorry for worrying you."

Faith scoffed, but she didn't argue.

Instead, she whispered, "Caitlin's been worried sick about you."

Quincy's expression shifted.

"Caitlin... is she okay? Was she hurt?"

His voice held genuine concern.

Faith smirked. "Not really—just a few scrapes. She's outside waiting. I'll go get her."

With that, she walked out.

A moment later, Caitlin entered the room.

Quincy looked up at her, startled.

"Caitlin..."

He tried to sit up.

Caitlin quickly stopped him. "Don't move. Just rest."

As he lay back down, Caitlin gazed at him—her eyes red, filled with overwhelming emotions.



Her voice softened.

"Are you okay, Quincy?"