

Chapter 2

In the blood collection room, the frail six-year-old boy was held down by a powerful and muscular man. His tiny arms were tightly held against the blood collection table.

He had the largest blood transfusion needle intended for adults inserted into his arm.

"Director, the XL HP bag is filled. I'm afraid if we continue any further..."

"Go on. Such a small amount of blood is not enough for the president's fiancée." The director of the blood collection department ordered expressionlessly.

"It hurts..." Frederick Rogers struggled weakly, and his voice was as soft as a bee's. "Let me go, let me go..."

"He's so noisy. Cover up his mouth," the director said impatiently.

The man who held down Frederick freed one hand and covered his mouth tightly.

Seeing the fear in Frederick's eyes, the female nurse drawing his blood felt her heart throbbing with pain.

She comforted him gently. "We'll be finished soon, darling. Because you have a unique blood type, we need it to save someone's life! I know you're a little hero, aren't you?"

Surprisingly, Frederick quieted down and stopped wiggling.

His long and curled eyelashes fluttered slightly, and his eyes were pure and clear. He looked at the nurse with sparkling eyes as if he was asking, "Really?"

Looking at the hope in his innocent eyes, the nurse couldn't help but feel a little distressed for him.

However, she deliberately ignored the pity she held for him at the thought of the significant amount of money she would receive when the fiancée of the Sherman Group president recovered from this.

"Come on, darling. This will be quick. You get to save someone's life with just a little bit of suffering. Aren't you amazing?"

Frederick looked at her with clear eyes and slowly nodded.

He was not afraid of pain. As long as it could save someone's life, he was willing to endure it.

The thick needle pierced his slender blood vessels again, and his red blood flowed into the XL blood bag along the transfusion tube.

The sharp pain came from his arm. Frederick's frail and tiny body twitched uncontrollably, and his eyelashes were fluttering continuously in pain.

He bit his lips.

Just a few more seconds and he could save a person's life.

His grandmother told him that his elder sister had already passed away and could never come back to life.

He wanted his sister to be alive so badly, but he couldn't save her. Now that his blood could save another person, he was most certainly willing to do so!

Once again, he was not afraid of pain as long as it could save someone's life.

He had already lost his sister. He couldn't stand anyone else losing their own family like him.

Frederick's face slowly became pale, and the transparent XL blood bag filled up.

His lips were getting paler and paler, its color fading from blood loss.

He gradually became weaker and gave up struggling.

"Director, do you still want to continue? If we were to continue to draw his blood, he would..." The nurse had some conscience in her. The kid would die if they proceeded.

"Do you want him to be dead, or do you want yourself to be dead? We're the ones in trouble if we don't have enough blood for the president's fiancée. Transfuse as much blood as possible as long as he's still alive!" The director said resolutely.

Hence, no matter how much empathy the nurse felt for Frederick, she could only continue.

After all, it was the president of the Sherratt Group who asked them to do so. They couldn't afford to disobey him.

Plus, they would be rewarded with a great deal of money if they performed well!

But it was also game over for them if they failed.

The blood continued to flow out of Frederick's body through the transfusion tube. His breathing became weaker and weaker, as if it was going to stop any time now...

"Bang!"

The door of the blood collection room was kicked open!

Before the man who held Frederick down and the nurse could even react, they were already kicked a few meters away.

Everyone felt as if a gust of wind had passed through them.

Then, a girl of nineteen in a black suit gently picked up Frederick in her arms.

"It's fine. I'm here!"