

Madam Winters 180

## Chapter 180

He pursed his lips. Just as he wanted to speak, his phone vibrated in his hand. The incoming call was from Mr. Brown.

When he saw Mr. Brown's name, he felt his heart break.

Whenever Mr. Brown called him, it would be something urgent.

Harold was in the surgery now, but Mr. Brown was already calling him. Did it mean...

The man was always calm, but his fingers trembled right then. He only managed to press the answer button after two attempts.

"Master, the young master is fine!" Mr. Brown wept with joy. "The surgery is going to end soon. The doctor said that he will be conscious tonight if nothing goes wrong!"

Duke's heart suddenly began to beat normally again.

He quickly walked into the hospital and asked, "How did you resolve the negative blood type problem?"

He had contacted some people, but things could not have been resolved that fast.

"Master, you might not know this, but Ms. Adina Daugherty, the sister of the young master's mother, has a negative blood type!" Mr. Brown spoke incoherently. "When the young master

got in the car accident, Ms. Daugherty was also there. She took him to the hospital and also donated her blood to him." Duke's finger stopped moving. "Adina donated the blood?" "Yes, it's Ms. Adina Daugherty. She donated 800 ml of blood, and it was sufficient to save the young master." Duke pursed his lips. "Is she still in the hospital?" "Yes, she's in front of the operating theater. The young master's surgery has ended, so I'll go and take care of him now."

Mr. Brown hung up.

Duke moved faster.

Meanwhile, Dew stood still like she had been struck by thunder.

By the time she snapped out of her daze, Duke had already walked into the hospital.

She instantly rushed over and asked with a pale complexion, "Duke, who donated the blood to Harold?"

"Adina," Duke answered before he cast a glance at her. "She has a negative blood type, but why don't you have it?"

Dew's ears started to buzz.

Duke's gaze felt like a sharp knife that would cut her flesh off and expose her dirtiest thoughts

She took a deep breath. "My grandmother seems to have a negative blood type, and Harold may have inherited my grandmother's gene. Duke, why are you asking me this? Are YAH

blaming me? I'm Harold's mother. I want to save him too, but I don't have a negative blood type. What can I do?"

As she spoke, her tears fell.

Duke looked away coldly. "It's settled now, so you don't have to bring this up again. Harold's surgery just ended. We should go and visit him."

Dew wiped her tears, nodded, and walked inside. They arrived at the operating theater very soon, just in time to see Adina and Mr. Brown push the unconscious Harold toward the ward.

Dew's heart instantly skipped a beat. Adina was smart! If Adina knew that she was Harold's "mother," Adina would definitely suspect something with her brilliance.

"Duke, maybe I got too worried just now. Now that I feel relieved, I'm starting to have a stomachache. I'll go to the restroom first."

Dew covered her belly and left. Duke did not even look at her. He just hurried to the ward.

Adina raised her head. "Mr. Winters."

Duke looked at her pale face and stoically said, "Donating 800 ml of blood at once is too much for your body. Don't walk around. You should rest well first."

Adina shook her head. "It's alright. I want to accompany Harold for a while."

She walked into the ward, sat by the bed, and held Harold's hand. Her eyes obviously looked tired.