

Bogus Billionaire by Shining Riviera (Caroline Evans)

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“Dr. Yates.” Layla’s specialist shot her a look before saying to Sean, “I’d rather not trouble you personally on a minor surgery like this.” Sean looked a way, failing to remember where he had seen Layla before. Beautiful women all looked the same. Perhaps he was overthinking. He looked at the specialist. Since the previous discussion, the specialist had insisted on performing the surgery himself. Seeing his determination, Sean agreed. “Okay.”

After finally getting approval, the specialist let out a long breath and told the anesthetist, “Hurry up and give her the anesthesia.” The anesthetist picked up a syringe and jabbed it into Caroline’s arm. Watching the liquid flow into her body gradually, Caroline said weakly,

Let ... let me

go” Her eyelids felt heavier by the second as the liquid was injected into her.

Images of countless people flashed in her mind. There was her mom and dad, Eddy, and her friends, but all of them only lingered briefly until Kirk’s image appeared. Thinking that he was waiting for her at the City Hall to officiate their divorce while she was helpless to do anything, she could only murmur subconsciously, “Sorry, Kirk ...”

It was the morning rush hour in Osbury. At 9 am, the roads were congested with traffic, and the cars couldn’t even move an inch. In the driver’s seat, Kirk wore a very dark expression on his face. He tapped his fingers on the steering wheel impatiently.

The red traffic light in the distance pierced his eyes, making him think of the red light outside the operation theater. It made him inexplicably frustrated.

Caroline's clear yet resolute gaze appeared in his mind again, and he tightened his grip on the steering wheel. Before another car could merge into his lane again, he wrenched the steering wheel sideways and swerved out of his path. The other driver got frightened and wound down his window, yelling after Kirk, "You madman! Do you have a death wish?"

Kirk was driving like a madman cheating death, blaring his horn as he raced forward. Other cars swerved out of his way as he forced a route through the packed traffic, speeding all the way to the hospital. When he arrived, he sprinted toward the building in the middle. That building was specially reserved for patients from the Morrison family.

More than ten bodyguards were standing outside, keeping a strict watch. Before Kirk could even get near the building, the bodyguards already pinned their gazes on him. One even warned him sternly. "This place is out of bounds. Leave at once! Now!" Kirk walked up to him with a dark expression, giving off a terrifyingly intimidating aura. "Get out of my way!" growled Kirk.

The bodyguard was frightened but bit the bullet and said, "Please leave. Only..."

With a dull thud, Kirk's fist landed squarely on the man's nose, followed by a loud cracking noise. Everyone else got shocked and stepped forward, surrounding Kirk. Kirk's expression grew even darker, like the gray clouds before a disastrous storm. He lifted his leg and kicked them all down in one swift motion, felling them like dominoes.

Only two or three men were left standing in the blink of an eye. All of them were thunderstruck. They were the most elite bodyguards, yet this man had beaten most of them up so quickly! (1)

One of them reacted the fastest and fished out his walkie-talkie hastily, preparing to call for backup. However, the moment he got a hold **of** it, his wrist was crushed beneath a shiny leather shoe. He couldn't help but shout in agony. "Where's the operation theater?" demanded Kirk fiercely, his eyes bloodshot.