

It came so fast that Detective Wreings wasn't sure what he had just witnessed. The sound of Dr. Cattrell's left fist slamming against the face of Dr. Schroeder made his own jaw hurt. The recipient was hardly ready for it himself as the force knocked him off his feet, sending Dr. Schroeder tumbling.

Dr. Lutz was in shock, Dr. Cattrell looked even more surprised and the shrew-like Dr. Schroeder's glasses bounced on the floor while the doctor himself scrambled to his feet.

The rage that covered his face was unnerving and he stood almost completely still. The impact from the punch had left a large red imprint on his left cheek. But Wreings could imagine that a man like that would have an even bigger scar to his ego.

"You little bitch!" he screamed as he lunged at Dr. Cattrell. Wreings quickly stepped in between them. The shorter Schroeder pushed against him in vain and the detective grabbed hold of his shoulder to stop the struggle.

"Are you just going to stand there officer?" Dr. Schroeder yelled furiously.

"Settle down, everyone!" returned Wreings. "The station will be sending over a unit for our potential murder suspect. Any other issues will have to be taken up some other time." The detective picked up the doctor's now-misshapen glasses. "You are more than welcome to lodge a formal complaint if you think it's really necessary, sir."

"Necessary...?" Dr. Schroeder snatched away his glasses, not taking his eyes from Dr. Cattrell who appeared to be stunned silent.

The still-shocked Dr. Lutz suddenly stepped in. "The detective is right. I think we all just need to calm..."

"Security!" Schroeder yelled as he took a final disgusted look at the group before spinning down the hallway. "Security, I need you to escort Dr. Cattrell out of this hospital!"

"Dr. Schroeder, wait!" Dr. Lutz yelled after him.

Dr. Cattrell finally gasped. "What did I do?"

Dr. Lutz squeezed the young doctor's hand. "It'll be okay," she said.

"No, no it won't." Dr. Cattrell began to tremble nervously. "I just..."

"Believe me. It'll be a cold day in Hell before I let Virgil Schroeder make another excellent doctor go," assured Dr. Lutz.

She let go of the young doctor's hand and offered a smile before chasing Dr. Schroeder down the hall.

Wreings shook his head in disbelief, “What kind of hospital is this?” he said.

Dr. Cattrell, on the other hand, looked absolutely mortified. The detective wasn't sure whether she was going to cry or have a nervous breakdown. He hoped neither as comforting wasn't exactly his forte. But after a few awkward seconds of silence he scratched his head and pulled the young doctor toward the edge of the corridor. He tried to think of something to say before opening his mouth, but the opportunity never came.

A bright light flashed in the corner of his eye. He went to turn but couldn't get his body fully spun around before the force hit him. It threw him off his feet and hard against the floor. Wreings faintly heard the crack of his shoulder over the ringing in his ears, but was bombarded by pain the moment he landed. His eyes felt heavy but he managed to see flames trickling down the hallway. Reagan's body was crumpled against a door a few feet away; there was blood higher up on the frame. Soon he heard a humming sound a few feet behind him. It sounded like someone calling his name, but the detective couldn't really make it out.

The pain started to slip away with his consciousness. The last sensation he felt was the heat against his face.

And then everything went dark.