

Chapter 256 Don't Be Afraid, I'm Here

Bang!

Elvira found herself brutally knocked down, a crimson pool spreading beneath her.

Gripping the steering wheel, Rena trembled, grappling with the weight of her mental disorder.

Yet, she couldn't spare a moment to ponder on it.

All she cared about was Alexis' safety, should Elvira manage to escape.

Security guards from the kindergarten intervened and controlled Elvira, prompting a call to the police.

The scene was fraught with fear and chaos, leaving Alexis in tears.

As Rena stepped out of the car, her trembling persisted.

Taking Elvira to the hospital was imperative but explaining the situation to others seemed an insurmountable task.

Could she spirit Elvira away? Would the police let her do so?

In that crucial moment, a warm hand enveloped hers. "Rena, don't be afraid. I'm here," a reassuring voice said.

Startled, Rena spun around.

It was Waylen.

The sight of him sapped her strength, and she could only manage to utter his name in a quivering voice, "Waylen."

Gently clasping her hand, Waylen rasped, "Leave it to me."

With resolve, he hurried over to Alexis, producing a styptic enzyme from his pocket and handing it to her.

Both Alexis' legs were now stained with blood.

Waylen's heart ached for her. Cradling her in his arms, Alexis leaned against him, her tear-streaked face pleading, "Dad... It hurts."

He kissed her forehead and hoarsely assured, "Dad will take you to the hospital."

Time was of the essence. Handing Alexis over to Rena, he urged, "Get in the car."

Next, he lifted Elvira from the ground, making a call to police chief. "Mr. Hopper, it's me, Waylen. A heinous incident occurred at the entrance of my daughter's kindergarten. My wife subdued the assailant, but the perpetrator's life might be in danger. We'll take her to the hospital for now... Alright, understood."

Upon exchanging a few words with the police chief, Waylen ended the call.

Elvira seemed to finally grasp the gravity of the situation. Her lips quivered as she hoarsely protested, "No. No. Waylen... You wouldn't do this to me."

Waylen retorted firmly, "I will, and I will do it without hesitation."

With that, he placed Elvira into another car.

Two black limousines departed in succession. Ten minutes later, they reached an upscale private hospital.

Rena cradled Alexis in her arms, offering soothing words to ease

her distress.

Waylen kept Elvira hidden from their sight. Instead, he approached Alexis, gently caressing her head. "Don't be afraid. Dad is here."

Tears welled up in Alexis' eyes as she clung to Rena.

Locking eyes with Rena, Waylen ordered calmly and tenderly, "Take her to the ER. I'll join you shortly."

He turned to leave.

Rena couldn't shake her unease and called out, "Waylen!"

Pausing, Waylen turned back to offer her a reassuring smile. "Don't be afraid. Everything will be okay."

With her arms wrapped protectively around Alexis, Rena gazed at Waylen with unwavering determination.

Entrusting him with unwavering faith, Rena followed the driver's lead, cradling Alexis tenderly as they rushed to the emergency room.

The doctor had been prepared for this critical moment, and after approximately 20 anxious minutes, a nurse entered with a blood bag in hand.

"Administer an immediate blood transfusion for the child. She has a blood coagulation disorder."

Lying on the bed, Alexis' face was pallid, her fragile appearance pulling at the heartstrings.

The 100ML blood bag quickly emptied but fresh replacements kept arriving, leaving Rena's heart in trepidation. She knew exactly where the life-saving blood was coming from.

Alexis received 800 milliliters of the precious liquid.

Exhausted from crying, the little girl eventually succumbed to

sleep on the hospital bed. Her lashes still stained with tears, she appeared utterly pitiable.

Trembling with fear, Rena clasped Alexis' hand tightly.

A comforting arm draped gently over Rena's shoulder at the moment and she turned to see Waylen.

Fatigue marked his features.

Seating himself beside Rena, he drew her into a tender embrace. Even before she could inquire, he revealed in a low, hoarse tone, "After you called me last night, I dreamt that Alexis was hurt. Concerned for you both, I took a private plane back early this morning."

Foreheads touching, he continued, "Rena, you did an incredible job."

Before Rena could express her thoughts, he disallowed her questions. "Leave it to me. All you need to know is that Alexis will be alright."

Rena didn't press further.

Resting her head on his shoulder, she gently encircled her arms around his waist, still shaken by lingering fear.

They held each other for what felt like an eternity before Waylen asked her to stay with Alexis while he stepped out to smoke - a way to calm his restless mind.

Soon after lighting a cigarette, his phone rang inside his pocket.

It was the police chief, Jim Hopper calling, his tone somber. "Waylen, we have reason to believe that Elvira is the deranged murderer responsible for four deaths."

Jim paused, and then asked, "Is she still alive?"

In a subdued voice, Waylen replied, "Yes, she's still in the

hospital. I'll do my best to cooperate. My wife? No... She acted bravely in the name of justice. Let's try to keep her out of this."

Upon ending the call, Waylen entered a separate cold storage room.

Inside, ten bags of fresh blood awaited, their significance not lost on him.

Quietly contemplating, he reached for one of the bags.

Jazlyn discreetly pushed the door open, reporting to him in a hushed tone. "Mr. Fowler, I've found three individuals in Algaira and Tashkao with Rh-negative blood."

Returning the blood bag to its place, Waylen turned around and replied calmly, "Invite them to join the Exceed Group."

Jazlyn nodded in understanding.

After a brief pause, she added, "Actually, there's another person in Duefron with Rh-negative blood but he's too young."

A perplexed expression crossed Waylen's face.

Handing him a file, Jazlyn remarked, "It's quite a coincidence. He was in Alexis' class. His name is Leonel Douglas. Mr. Fowler, this contains all his information."

Leonel Douglas?

Waylen accepted the file and opened it.

The Douglas family's business was facing bankruptcy.

Tragically, the Douglas had lost their eldest son, leaving Leonel, an illegitimate love child, to be fetched home. However, he was facing immense hardships in that family.

As a mother herself, Jazlyn couldn't help but comment, "This child has endured a difficult life."

Deep in thought, Waylen silently scrutinized the contents.

Leonel possessed striking good looks and his intelligent nature was evident from his eyes.

Gently closing the file, Waylen instructed, "Arrange a golf meeting with Mr. Douglas for me. Tell him that... I wish to discuss a project with him."

Jazlyn understood his intentions and immediately got on with it.

Having completed his tasks, Waylen returned to the ward. His parents and sister were all there.

Korbyn was heartbroken.

Clutching Alexis tenderly as one would cradle a baby, he offered soothing words. Waylen sighed and interrupted him. "Dad, she has lost a lot of blood. She might feel dizzy if you keep rocking her like that."

In a rush, Korbyn inquired, "Are you feeling dizzy, my darling?"

Despite her dizziness, Alexis adored being cherished.

Even in that dizzy state, she remained in Korbyn's embrace, wanting him to shower her with kisses.

Korbyn's expression darkened, tears welling up in his eyes.

His beloved Alexis had narrowly escaped death at birth. Raising her had not been an easy journey for Waylen and now she was hurt like this by a deranged woman...

Collecting himself, Korbyn spoke up. "Waylen, handle this matter as you see fit."

Waylen nodded solemnly. "Dad, I understand."

Rena looked up at Waylen with weary eyes.

He draped his arm gently around Rena's shoulder, whispering soothingly, "Everything will be alright."

In the afternoon, Waylen made his way to the police station.

He didn't return to the hospital until midnight.

Entering the ward, he found the soft glow of light, and Rena was lying on her stomach, fast asleep.

Upon hearing his footsteps, Alexis stirred awake and called out like a little kitten, "Daddy."

Waylen removed his coat and carefully draped it over Rena, protecting her from the cold.

Seated at the head of the bed, Waylen gently lifted Alexis, placing her atop his abdomen before tenderly wrapping her with a cozy blanket.

Having been raised by him, the little girl felt most at ease in his arms, where she nestled closest to his heart.

Tenderly running his fingers through her soft, curly brown hair and touching her gauze-covered leg, Waylen inquired in a hushed tone, "Does it still hurt?"

"It hurts," Alexis responded, snuggling against his neck with all her might, seeking comfort.

In his embrace, Waylen showered her with affectionate kisses, his heart burdened with aching guilt.

He never imagined that a love affair from his youth would inflict such harm upon Alexis.

If Rena had not been there for them, he shuddered to think of the consequences.

He felt he had failed to protect his daughter as he should have.

Sensing his emotions, Alexis leaned over and planted a kiss on his cheek.

She was so young and tender.

Waylen would trade everything to ensure her safety for the rest of her life. In a soft tone, he murmured, "The teacher will bring some of the kids from the kindergarten to see you tomorrow."

Embarrassment flickered across Alexis' face.

Waylen casually added, "I heard that Leonel will be there too."

Her cheeks reddened slightly, annoyed at being seen through.

Snuggling deeper into the blanket, Alexis yawned, "Dad, I want to sleep."

Playfully, Waylen pulled her curly hair through the blanket and began a story.

"Once upon a time, there was a prince named Leonel..."

Alexis was momentarily left speechless.

Embarrassed, she murmured, "Dad, I'm already asleep."

Affectionately, Waylen acknowledged her request, gently patting her back, just as he had done on countless nights, lulling her into slumber.

To him, Alexis was not just a child.

She was... the embodiment of the love shared between him and Rena, a symbol of their hope and future.