

## Chapter 16 Rare Blood Type

Inside Crobert Hospital, Alexia moved restlessly, pacing the floor with worry etched across her face.

Millie had Rh-negative blood, and back when she spoke about ending the pregnancy, Alexia had started to arrange for blood supply for the procedure in advance, just to be safe.

It hadn't been long since that moment, and the blood reserves still hadn't been restocked.

What if something went wrong and Millie needed a transfusion right away?

Alexia and Millie's friendship began before either of them could walk. Side by side, they were rarely seen apart, even as children.

A legacy of medicine surrounded Alexia from birth, her home brimming with tales of healing and textbooks that lined every shelf. Yet, much of her knowledge was secondhand—gleaned from stories, not true emergencies.

Everything changed the day she and Millie slipped away for a secret adventure.

An itch for excitement led Alexia to swipe her brother's motorcycle and convince Millie to join her for a wild ride.

Wind whipped past as the two raced down back roads, Millie's striking looks only adding to Alexia's feeling of reckless freedom.

Speed kept building, until a sudden swerve sent them crashing to the ground.

Alexia counted herself lucky, escaping with just a few scrapes. Millie, however, was hurled across the gravel, her leg slamming into a rock and splitting open in a deep, ugly wound.

Blood spilled faster than Alexia had ever seen, and panic seized her as she fumbled to dial for help.

Every minute felt endless; the remote location meant the ambulance took far too long.

By the time paramedics finally arrived, Millie was already ghostly pale from blood loss.

That terrifying experience was the first time Alexia realized just how serious Millie's rare Rh-negative blood type truly was.

No reserves existed at the small clinic, not even a single matching bag.

Watching her friend slip into shock, Alexia sobbed desperately, calling her father for help as the doctors scrambled to save Millie's life.

A miracle pulled Millie back from the brink that day, and Alexia knew she would never forget it.

Time passed, but the faded scar on Millie's leg never disappeared—no matter how many doctors tried, the mark refused to heal completely.

Determined to transform guilt into something meaningful, Millie invited Alexia to a tattoo studio, where they both chose matching designs to celebrate the survival etched into their skin.

Memories like that lingered as Alexia grabbed her phone and began reaching out to every contact she could think of.

"Alexia speaking," she said to the first responder, her voice steady. "There's an accident—my friend is pregnant, and she could need Rh-negative blood at any moment."

Her next call connected to the Blood Donor Network. "Yes, this is Alexia. I need support for a potential urgent case."

"Send as many donors as possible—even if we don't need them right away, I'd rather be prepared," she insisted.

A soft thank-you escaped her as she realized help was lining up.

Relief crept in only after she confirmed everyone was on alert and ready to act.

Still, uncertainty gnawed at her—no one could tell her for sure how Millie was holding up.

In hopes of steadying her nerves, she turned back to the policewoman to get the full story.

What she learned left her rattled. "You mean someone actually tried to kill Millie?"

Thoughts tumbled through Alexia's head, each scenario darker than the last.

Perhaps some old rival of the Bennett family finally decided to settle a score.

Trouble often found Millie by association, especially now that she was tied to Brandon and the powerful Watson Group.

Public outrage had reached a fever pitch since Vivian's cancer began trending; Alexia knew how quickly online anger could turn into real-world danger.

Professional jealousies, everyday arguments, and unseen grudges only widened the pool of suspects.

Anyone could have held a motive; the possibilities stretched endlessly in every direction.

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Meanwhile, on the other side of the hospital doors, Millie drifted through a haze, her senses dulled and scattered.

Faint impressions of gloved hands and watchful eyes drifted in as unfamiliar doctors checked her condition.

The room pulsed with the sharp ring of metal and the steady hum of machines.

Voices floated through the haze, their words jumbled and distant, just out of reach.

All she managed to catch were bits and pieces—words like "pregnant" and "bleeding" floated past her in scattered whispers.

Her baby—she remembered now.

With effort that seemed to drain her last reserves, she managed to whisper, "Please... save... my baby."

Regret twisted in her chest, sharp and sudden.

Back at the police station, just before she lost consciousness, fear had nearly swallowed her whole.

For so long, Millie had imagined a child would keep her tied to Brandon, something real to bind their unraveling love.

Eventually, both hopes had slipped away—she'd given up on Brandon, and with him, the idea of motherhood.

As days passed after finding out about her pregnancy and life quietly grew inside her, that certainty began to crumble, replaced by doubt and longing.

Now, as danger pressed closer, the thought of losing the child filled her with a sorrow she could hardly name.

The thought was unbearable.

That was her child, the extension of her own life.

That child had nothing to do with Brandon.

It was hers and hers alone.

Keeping the baby was all she wanted now.

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Brandon pressed hard on the accelerator.



Tension radiated from the passenger seat, where Vivian gripped her seatbelt so tightly her knuckles turned pale.

Not a word escaped her lips; silence was her safest choice after the show she'd put on earlier.

Still, Brandon's mood hovered over the car like a storm cloud.

She risked a sidelong glance at his profile, searching for any sign of weakness.

His expression was cold as ever, but the rigid jaw and clenched hands betrayed a swirling storm inside.

Millie still held a piece of his heart—that much was obvious, and Vivian seethed at the realization.

Dropping her gaze, Vivian slumped back, masking her calculations with a display of fragile exhaustion.

Crobert Hospital loomed into view much faster than she expected.

As soon as they stopped, Brandon threw his door open, barely pausing as he strode into the night.

Vivian scrambled out behind him, but halfway onto the pavement, she doubled over and spat a splash of "blood."

"Don't worry about me," she remarked, dabbing at her lips and painting her words with practiced weakness. "I'm not long for this world anyway. Go on, Millie needs you."

Worry flickered across Brandon's face, his gaze torn between duty and compassion.

Without waiting for a reply, Vivian gently nudged him forward, playing up her own supposed sacrifice.

He didn't argue, only nodded, the lines of his mouth drawn tight. "I'll see how she's doing. You look after yourself."

"Alright," Vivian answered softly, eyes tracking him as he disappeared inside. No sooner was he out of sight than her mask dropped—she whipped out her phone, scrolling for updates.

Brandon's steps echoed through the hospital lobby, picking up speed with every stride until he was nearly running.

It dawned on him just how much fear still gripped him.

A nurse pointed him down the hall, and he rushed toward Millie's room, only to find his path blocked by Alexia's determined stance.

Tension spiked in his brow, eyes narrowed.

"How is she? Tell me the truth," he asked, voice low.

Alexia took her time answering, sizing him up with caution.

"What's going on here?" Brandon snapped, trying and failing to keep his temper in check.

Details from the policewoman's story replayed in Alexia's mind—doubts swirling, suspicions growing. Maybe Brandon had orchestrated everything just to get rid of Millie so he could finally be with Vivian?

That would likely explained his failure to answer any of the frantic calls from Millie's phone.

Words caught in Alexia's throat, unsure where to begin.

Watching Brandon grow more restless by the second, Alexia hesitated before speaking. "Brandon, is marrying Vivian so urgent that even waiting a single day feels like too much?"

Brandon turned to face her, a hint of confusion in his eyes. "What are you trying to say?" he asked.

Alexia hesitated, caught between distrust and worry.

While she stood there wavering, Brandon's impatience finally boiled over. "Get out of the way!"