

Chapter 216 Waylen, This Is Where It Ends

Rena welcomed the arrival of a baby girl into the world.

Alexis, weighing less than four pounds, required immediate placement in an incubator upon her birth.

Korbyn, along with his wife and Mark, approached the incubator to catch a fleeting glimpse of Alexis before focusing all their attention on Rena.

Rena had been moved to an exclusive ward, where she lay weakly, appearing peacefully asleep.

Mark approached Rena's bedside, gently tucking her hands under the covers.

Silently, he sat on the edge of the bed, his gaze fixed on Rena, apprehensive that she might wake up without anyone attending to her needs.

Meanwhile, Cecilia had been trying to reach her brother for a staggering 16 hours.

Countless calls flooded Waylen's phone.

Finally, a connection was established...

During this time, Waylen was already in Braseovell. As soon as he disembarked from the plane, he rushed to the court, unintentionally leaving his phone switched off.

Following the conclusion of the case, the court announced Waylen's victory.

Lyndon and his wife expressed their heartfelt gratitude to Waylen and extended an invitation to their home for dinner.

Polite as ever, Waylen declined their invitation.

He then retrieved his phone, a smile gracing his face, and remarked, "My family must be urging me to return."

Upon turning on the device, he expected to find some missed work calls, perhaps even some from an irritated Rena.

Yet, as soon as the phone sprang to life, it buzzed incessantly with notifications.

Over 500 missed calls, all from Duefron.

Cecilia called once more at the moment, prompting Waylen to hastily answer, "Cecilia, what's happened?"

Cecilia's voice trembled as she said between sobs, "Waylen, come back immediately. There has been an explosion at the villa... Rena went into premature labor... She endured a 16-hour delivery... This is horrible! Waylen, why did you go to Braseovell? Why did you leave Rena alone at home? Do you have any idea how she looked when she was rushed to the hospital? How could you do this to her?"

Waylen's body stiffened entirely.

He felt as though he had lost control of his limbs.

At that moment, an unknown media outlet seized the opportunity to approach him, thrusting a camera before his face.

In a rude gesture, Waylen forcefully pushed the reporter away.

With hurried steps, Waylen swiftly departed. A waiting car, arranged exclusively for him, stood outside the court, ready to transport him to the airport. Resting on the back seat of the car was a bouquet of white roses; a gift intended for Rena.

He originally hoped the roses would please her and make her forgive him.

However, deep within, at that very moment, Waylen knew that their relationship had reached its end.

Wearied and disoriented, Waylen stumbled along the winding path.

It took a staggering 20 hours before Waylen made it back home and caught sight of Rena.

Adorned in a hospital gown, Rena stood by the entrance of the baby's intensive care unit, her gaze fixed upon the tiny figure behind the glass.

Only three days had passed since their ordeal began.

Rena had visibly shed weight, her slender frame engulfed by the oversized hospital attire. From the side, her pointed chin and diminutive face seemed no larger than a palm.

She had appeared radiant once, full of vitality.

In a hoarse voice, Waylen called out to her, "Rena."

Rena maintained her pose, motionless, her body tensing up.

She knew he had returned...

But what difference did it make?

She was at a loss for how to face him. She couldn't even summon tears.

Slowly, Waylen approached her.

He removed his coat and draped it over her shoulders, urging, "You've just given birth. Don't catch a cold."

She shrugged off his gesture.

The black coat cascaded to the floor...

In silence, Waylen picked it up, his gaze then falling upon the fragile baby lying in the incubator, her face wrinkled and pallid.

In a soft voice, Rena revealed, "The doctor said Alexis' chances of survival are less than ten percent."

Waylen's heart wrenched.

He and Rena had eagerly anticipated the birth of their child, yet now the baby lay alone in the incubator, deprived of her mother's embrace, her very survival hanging by a thread.

Waylen gently wrapped his arm around Rena's shoulder, whispering, "I will..."

But Rena abruptly pushed him away before delivering a resounding slap across his face. Consumed by fury, her chest burned with anger. "What will you do? Will you find a way to save her? Waylen, where have you been when we needed you?"

He endured the sting of her slap.

He would willingly endure Rena's blows and reproach...

Yet, following the slap, Rena fell silent, fixated solely on Alexis. The doctor permitted her a mere half-hour each day to gaze upon her child through the glass; the remainder of the time was agonizingly withheld.

Alexis...

Rena would sacrifice her own life for her daughter's without hesitation.

Once again, Waylen tenderly wrapped his coat around Rena's trembling form. When Rena attempted to struggle, he held her tightly.

"Rena, please don't move."

Like Rena, he too fixated his gaze on Alexis.

Despite being premature, their daughter possessed a striking beauty.

Her delicate features mirrored Rena's, with eyebrows that were light and graceful.

Held by Waylen, Rena, though not as physically strong as him, believed she needed to make her feelings clear. "Every time, Waylen. Every time I needed you, you were always engrossed in Elvira's affairs. Your rare Rh-negative blood type, the divorce lawsuit... Does she depend on you entirely, or do you also wish to neatly conclude your first love? But our child shouldn't be dragged into this... She's innocent! You never prioritized me. So why did you claim you wanted to spend your life with me?"

Rena spoke with calm composure.

However, Waylen could sense the despair beneath her words.

Rena refused to succumb to hysteria. She refused to create a scene with him.

With unwavering serenity, she continued, "You love me and I love you. But things just aren't that simple. What more must I endure to be with you? If I continue down this path, I would be doing myself and our baby a disservice.

Waylen, this is where it ends.

We can discuss the divorce once the baby gets better. I don't have the energy to engage in that conversation with you right now."

Waylen held her as if she were a piece of ice.

At that moment, the blinds were drawn, obscuring the view of the glass enclosure.

Rena could no longer see the baby.

She turned to face Waylen, searching his eyes. "Because of Alexis, we will still encounter each other in the future as her parents. But, Waylen, spare me those tender words that repulse me."

Waylen's face grew ashen.

Just then, Mark approached.

In his hand, he carried a coat, swiftly draping it over Rena upon sighting her. "I've been searching for you everywhere. Why are you dressed so lightly? What if you catch a cold?"

Rena wordlessly followed Mark.

Throughout, Mark acted as if he hadn't noticed Waylen. Anxiously, Waylen called out, "Mr. Evans."

Mark halted.

He turned around, a sarcastic smile gracing his otherwise elegant countenance. "I assumed you only care about Lyndon."

With Rena cradled in his arms, Mark departed.

Waylen remained rooted in his spot, his hands clenched into tight fists. If he were asked to pinpoint his greatest regret in life, it would undoubtedly be leaving Rena behind for Braseovell.

The Fowler family approached him.

Korbyn, his eyes bloodshot, struck his son twice in the presence of his wife and daughter.

Fury consumed Korbyn as he spat out, "You wretched excuse for a man!"

Juliette, her eyes brimming with tears, attempted to intervene, only to be forcefully pushed aside by her husband.

In a hospital teeming with people, disregarding his own dignity,

Korbyn delivered another resounding slap to his only son's face. "Have you any idea the danger your wife faced? She called you but your phone remained switched off. If it weren't for Mark, we would have been oblivious to the explosion at the villa. The outcome could have been the loss of both Rena and the baby. Eloise and the maid were also grievously injured. Where were you in that moment? You, a supposed guardian of the family. Where the hell were you? Let me enlighten you. Rena endured 16 agonizing hours to bring your child into this world. She risked her very life for the sake of your offspring. You despicable excuse for a human... I could end you right here, right now!"

Juliette made no attempt to halt Korbyn's fury this time and simply wept.

Cecilia, too, burst into tears. "Waylen, if you don't love Rena, then set her free. Things wouldn't have had to end up like this if you did..."

Waylen stood there, struck dumb with astonishment.

Didn't he love Rena?

He loved her. He was certain of his love for her, yet he had forsaken her.

And now, Rena... no longer desired him.