

## Chapter 218 A Heartbroken Woman Would Never Lo...

Mark lifted his chin, narrowing his eyes with an air of superiority.

After a while, he sneered. "You're still a child at heart. Mind your own business!"

Exuding an aura of detachment, he departed, surrounded by his entourage of bodyguards.

Cecilia harbored fear towards Mark.

At that moment, Elvira let out a piercing scream, exclaiming, "Dad, your hand..."

Lyndon turned over and sat up, his hand visibly broken. The shattered dream of pursuing a career as an artist weighed heavily upon him.

Lyndon experienced such excruciating pain that he succumbed to unconsciousness.

He perceived it as a heavenly retribution from Reina!

Though Cecilia held disdain for them, it was Lyndon who had rescued her in her childhood. That was why she called for a doctor to tend to Lyndon's injuries but she had no desire to engage with them further.

Lyndon trembled as he asked in a quavering voice, "Cecilia, do you also believe I am guilty? I simply... Rena and Elvira are sisters and Waylen is Elvira's brother-in-law. I believe he should prioritize his family and do whatever he can."



Cecilia yearned to speak, yet her sobs rendered her speechless on multiple occasions.

Finally, she gathered a deep breath and inquired, "What do you mean by 'should'? You're aware that Elvira has persistently pursued Waylen. Yet, you continue to indulge her, perpetuating misunderstandings time and again! Your favoritism towards Elvira is glaring. You're determined to coerce my brother into marrying her... Look, my parents might not feel appropriate to voice this out, but today I must make it clear to you that our family cannot accept a girl like Elvira, who lacks discretion! Furthermore, you may not be aware that the reason my brother ended the relationship with her was because he caught her in bed with her fitness coach, with used condoms strewn all over the floor! That's just how 'sweet and innocent' your dear daughter really is!"

Lyndon's face turned aghast.

He gazed at his adopted daughter, his heart heavy with sorrow.

He had always regarded her as incredibly innocent, albeit occasionally willful. He could never have fathomed that she would partake in such immoral acts... Such licentious behavior!

Elvira gritted her teeth, retorting, "Nonsense!"

Cecilia rolled her eyes and retorted, "You know damn well it's true! Perhaps you should visit a gynecologist; you might already be afflicted! And... spare me from your sickness, or I'll call Mr. Evans!"

Cecilia felt a wave of relief after uttering these words.

She experienced a gratifying sense of satisfaction but when thoughts of Rena and Alexis crossed her mind, her eyes welled up with tears.

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Inside the hospital room.

After everyone else had departed, Waylen attempted to initiate a conversation with Rena but she steadfastly refused to engage with him.

She merely presented him with her retreating back.

Waylen stared at her for a prolonged moment before silently withdrawing.

He proceeded to visit Eloise.

Eloise's leg had suffered a severe injury, rendering her bedridden. Otherwise, she would have personally cared for Rena. Upon learning of poor Alexis' condition, she wept incessantly, literally almost crying her eyes out.

Waylen gently pushed open the door, stepping into the room as he uttered in a hoarse voice, "Mom!"


Eloise struggled to adjust her leg, her gaze suddenly rising to meet Waylen's. Tears cascaded down her cheeks once again, seemingly without any cause. Her heart was too shattered to form any words.

Waylen extended a tissue to her and proceeded to pour a glass of water.

As Eloise wiped away her tears and composed herself, she began in a soft, subdued tone, "Waylen, I understand what you mean... You still long to be with Rena as a couple. But a fulfilling marriage is not easily attained and you've really done it wrong this time. I know you excel in your profession and have yet to lose a single lawsuit. I am also aware of your concerns for your career as you flew to Braseovell. But Rena was carrying your child, and you once had a history with Elvira. Regardless, you should never have left Rena alone like that to help Elvira!"

Waylen nodded in acknowledgment.

He slowly squatted down, resting his head against Eloise's legs. "It's my fault, Mom! I don't want to end things with Rena. I need

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an opportunity to make amends for her pain."

Eloise couldn't help but cry once more.

Amends...

How could Waylen possibly make amends to Rena while their daughter lay in the incubator?

Waylen had deeply wounded Rena, a wound that couldn't be simply mended with another pregnancy or another child.

And no matter how many children came into the world, they would never replace their little Alexis.

Eloise tenderly touched Waylen's face and whispered, "Rena loves you deeply. Otherwise, she wouldn't have continuously given you chances time and time again! Consider what happened between Vera and Roscoe. If it were someone else, would Rena have made those sacrifices for anyone other than you? Absolutely not! She did it simply because you are Waylen Fowler; because you're the man she loved... You two have endured so much together, yet you, Waylen, still fail to appreciate it. Perhaps it's because you've always obtained what you desired too easily..."

Eloise sighed heavily and then continued, "But marriage isn't like that. A broken-hearted woman will never turn back!"

Waylen was lost in thought.

He knew deep down that Eloise's words held truth.

Because it came to him effortlessly, he never truly cherished it!

He always believed he had control over Rena, naively assuming that although she might be angry when he chose to fly to Braseovell, she would eventually forgive him after some coaxing.

He still viewed Rena as an innocent ignorant girl.

But he had forgotten that they were married and she was his wife, and he should respect her as who she was.

Eloise gently shook her head and stated, "Waylen, I cannot assist you in this matter. If Rena is unhappy with you and wishes to end the relationship, I respect her choice."

Waylen remained silent, his thoughts swirling within.

At that moment, doctors and nurses entered the room to examine the wound on Eloise's leg. Waylen engaged in a conversation with one of the doctors in a separate corner.

Afterward, he addressed Eloise, saying, "Mom, I will check on Rena. Rest well."

As he stepped out of the ward, a sense of helplessness engulfed him...

He stood there, lost in contemplation for an extended period.

The sound of high-heeled shoes echoed through the hallway. It was Jazlyn. She handed a document to Waylen and stated, "I have cleared your schedules, cancelling all work except for the pressing ongoing task at hand currently."

Waylen nodded in acknowledgement.

Jazlyn contemplated visiting Rena and inquiring about the baby's condition, but after careful consideration, she refrained from asking.

She felt a sense of sympathy.

Waylen signed the document, attempting to maintain composure, but as he closed it, his eyes welled up with tears...

Jazlyn whispered softly, "Spend more time with Rena. She needs someone to care for her during this difficult time."

Waylen offered a faint smile.

In truth, Rena did not need him.

She was extremely frail and required care, but aside from the nutritious meals provided by her family, she desired nothing. However, she only managed to consume a bite or two of the nutritious food.

Waylen had also been residing in the hospital recently.

Each day, he could only spend half an hour with Rena while visiting Alexis.

He stood by her side, gazing at their baby together.

Only in that fleeting moment did he realize that they were still husband and wife and Rena was still there.

However, Rena refused to engage with him.

She was immersed in her own world, disregarding everyone, including him.

A week passed, and Rena had noticeably lost weight.

One day, a doctor approached Waylen and requested a private conversation in the office.


On the desk lay a medical examination report, which contained Rena's recent health screening results. The array of arrows on the report left Waylen in shock, causing his fingers to tremble slightly as he held the document.

The doctor, an esteemed obstetrician with close ties to the Fowler family, got straight to the point.

"Waylen, your wife's health is deteriorating. She is currently under extreme anxiety and refuses to accept proper nutrition!"

Waylen felt a tightness in his throat. "I will try to persuade her!"

The doctor scrutinized him for a prolonged moment before

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saying softly, "She is experiencing postpartum depression!"

Postpartum depression...

The realization caused Waylen's face to turn pale.

He understood the gravity of the situation.

The seasoned female doctor placed a comforting hand on his shoulder and advised, "I will prescribe her antidepressant medication, but the most crucial aspect is to address the emotional turmoil within her... Waylen, spend more time with her!"

Waylen nodded, preparing to conclude the conversation when his phone rang and Korbyn's tense voice came through. "Waylen, come here immediately! Alexis... is not well!"