

## Chapter 219 Alexis Is Gravely Unwell

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Alexis was gravely unwell.

The specialized pediatrician in the hospital was exerting every effort to rescue the poor little girl.

A congregation gathered by the entrance of the resuscitation chamber, where even Eloise made her way in a wheelchair. Tenderly clutching Rena's hand, Eloise sought to provide some warmth to Rena.

Rena stood motionless.

Though she was exceedingly feeble, she resisted the urge to sit. Her gaze fixated on the weighty iron door.

She dared not blink, fearing she might miss even the slightest occurrence.

Inside, her beloved Alexis fought tenaciously for survival...

The doctor regarded Alexis' current endurance as nothing short of miraculous.

The doctor acknowledged the immense suffering endured by the infant and even hinted it was probably time to let go, to lessen the baby's pain.

Yet, day after day, Alexis continued to laboriously breathe. She remained tethered to this world, yearning for her mother's presence. It was obvious that she wanted to live.

It was only after becoming a mother herself that Rena truly

comprehended agony.

Though the anguish did not afflict her physically, it surpassed any torment she had ever known.

Waylen hurried to Rena's side.

Korbyn glanced at Waylen, ceasing his reproach. He recognized that his son, too, was burdened with pain.

Alexis was cherished by everyone.

Juliette and Cecilia had wept for an extended period but they tried their best to suppress their sobs now in front of Rena. Speaking gently to her son, Juliette murmured, "Waylen, please ask Rena to take a seat. She gave birth just ten days ago."

Juliette felt an overwhelming sense of anguish.

Being a woman, she understood how debilitated one would feel after childbirth, not to mention Rena, who had suffered numerous injuries.

Waylen procured a chair for Rena, yet she adamantly refused to sit. Eventually, he made her lean against him. She struggled briefly, then grew motionless...

The resuscitation room's door remained sealed for another four hours.

The doctor finally emerged, displaying slight fatigue. "We managed to bring her back but the situation remains precarious," he forewarned.

Everyone grasped the doctor's implication.

He implied that although Alexis was saved this time, there were no guarantees for the future.

It was a suggestion to consider surrendering.

Yet, no one entertained the idea of abandoning the endeavor to

rescue Alexis.

For this was the child Rena had risked her life to bring into the world and no one was willing to surrender.

Yet, just in case any regrets arose...

The Fowler family arranged for a ward adjacent to the incubation chamber through some connections. They made a special arrangement to ensure Rena could be with her baby at all times, although it proved to be a torment for Rena.

Day and night, Rena remained at her baby's side.

Waylen, as the father of the child, was granted permission to reside in the ward as well.

After so many days, he finally found himself in close proximity to Rena.

Yet, Rena continued to disregard his presence.

Often, she would just sit there, gazing at Alexis through the glass for hours on end.

Waylen's heart shattered into pieces.

He poured Rena a glass of water and placed it within her reach. "Rena, it's time to rest. The baby needs rest too."

Rena repelled him, instinctively pushing him away whenever he approached.

The scalding water cascaded over his arm.

Instantaneously, his arm reddened.

Though it caused considerable pain, Waylen appeared unaffected. He said softly, "I'll tend to the wound. You should rest for now."

Rena glanced at his arm.

Without uttering a word, she swiftly averted her gaze.

Waylen was pierced by her cold eyes. There was no longer any warmth in her gaze for him. She regarded him as a mere stranger.

If it weren't for Alexis, she would never have shared the same space with him.

Waylen hastily departed.

He tended to his wound in silence and returned to the ward.

He couldn't bear such frigidity. Gently embracing Rena from behind, he murmured in a raspy voice, "Rena, you can hit and scold me, but please don't be so cold towards me."

Rena did not break free from his embrace.

For she had no strength left...

She knew he yearned to salvage their relationship but, in her heart, their connection had long perished.

Rena turned around.

Her eyes held no glimmer of light.

"You didn't take it seriously when I tried to talk to you. Now... it's doesn't matter. Nothing matters.

If you hadn't gone abroad, perhaps nothing would have changed. I would still be wounded and the baby would still be in the ICU. But Waylen... The point is, no woman can endure her husband abandoning her for the divorce proceedings of his first love. You can never fathom how I endured that hour."

Rena's eyes welled with redness. "When I called you, your flight should still be waiting to take off. If you hadn't turned off your phone and had made it back, we would have never reached this point."

At least... at least Alexis would have been brought into this world with both her parents there for her.

Not in such a deplorable manner.

How could Rena ever forgive him?

She... she couldn't.

Having expressed her sentiments, Rena turned around and quietly observed Alexis.

The fragile little being tightly shut her eyes...

Was the poor little one suffering?

Waylen whispered softly, "I'm sorry, Rena."

Apologies were all he could offer.

Alexis' condition was critical.

The doctor eventually located Waylen and delivered the news to him privately, saying, "Mr. Fowler... The survival chances for the newborn are now less than five percent. We called you here to inquire about your decision."

Five percent...

Waylen's complexion turned ashen.

After a moment, he clenched his teeth and declared, "My wife and I refuse to surrender."

The doctor gazed at Waylen intently before continuing, "I must also inform you that Mrs. Fowler's condition is deteriorating. She is experiencing severe postpartum depression. If she continues to cling to this glimmer of hope... It may result in damage to her nervous system, leading to irreversible consequences. In other words, she will suffer from depression for the rest of her life."

Waylen's fists slowly tightened.

With difficulty, the doctor continued, "Only by removing her from this environment can we prevent her depression from worsening. Mr. Fowler, do you grasp the significance of what I am saying?"

Waylen understood.

As long as Alexis remained alive and struggling, it would be an agonizing torment for Rena.

For Waylen, he was faced with a heart-wrenching choice between Alexis and Rena.

He refused to give up on either of them.

He desired Rena and yearned for their child to survive...

He remained silent for a prolonged moment, and then whispered, "I want my child to live. I want my wife to regain her health too... In that case, I need your full cooperation."

The doctor was taken aback by Waylen's decision.

After leaving the doctor's office, Waylen sought out Mark.

Mark was engrossed in his work, his brow furrowed.

Waylen stood at the doorway and called out, "Mr. Evans."

Mark raised his gaze to meet Waylen's and sneered. "How dare you approach me?"

Waylen was accustomed to such hostility.

He entered resolutely and knelt before Mark.

Mark sneered again. "Your kneeling means nothing to me, Mr. Fowler. I cannot bear witness to it. What now? What have you done this time that you need to kneel and apologize?"

Waylen conveyed the doctor's words to Mark.

Concern for Rena's well-being had been weighing heavily on Mark's mind and his heart sank upon hearing Waylen's words.

Mark asked Waylen, "What do you intend to do? Are you truly willing to watch your child perish? Can you be that merciless? If you dare to do so, I will end your life."

Waylen calmly laid out his plan.

An icy silence engulfed the room.

Even Mark, who had been present throughout, was stunned by Waylen's bold words. He was shocked and incensed. Without delay, he hurled the nearest object he could grab at Waylen...

It was a company stamp.

The stamp struck Waylen's forehead with force.