

Chapter 135 Waylen, I Am Also Hurt

Having concluded her speech, Rena delicately placed her hand over her chest, an instinctual reaction to the tumultuous emotions surging within her. Agony consumed her heart!

Never had she anticipated that the conclusion of their relationship would manifest in such a manner.

Waylen's penetrating gaze fixed upon her, his eyes resonating with profound intensity.

Such a disposition was entirely unfamiliar to Rena's eyes.

She even sensed a fleeting moment where she expected him to strike her cheek with a stinging slap.

Yet, it never happened.

Instead, he suppressed his anger and emitted a soft chuckle, his words laden with amusement. "I recall you presenting Cecilia with an amulet as birthday gift. And now, you desire her demise?"

A smile gradually adorned Rena's countenance.

She met his gaze and responded, "Mr. Fowler, should you

assist my father, harmonious coexistence between us is conceivable!"

Waylen's Adam's apple subtly bobbed as he, too, smiled, his words a testament to his admiration. "Rena, you are really something. It is no wonder both Harold and Tyrone hold you in such high regard!"

Tenderly, he lightly pinched her chin.

Drawing nearer, he murmured, "Never did I expect you to be so cunning. I long to conquer your every being."

A mistiness enveloped Rena's eyes, her nose reddening as tears threatened to cascade forth.

She discerned Waylen's willingness to compromise.

Although relief coursed through her, the anguish she experienced became even more unbearable, manifesting as a throbbing ache in the pit of her stomach.

Her complexion turned pallid, a visual manifestation of her torment.

With every ounce of strength, she endeavored to endure the pain and uttered, "You may depart now, Mr. Fowler!"

Their relationship had irrevocably reached its end.

Waylen promptly rose from his seat, his actions resolute.

He left the meticulously crafted script, signed by Darren, upon the coffee table, entrusting it to Rena.

Stepping purposefully toward the door, Waylen grasped the handle, hesitated momentarily, and then pivoted back towards Rena.

Throughout the years, he had been unyielding, seldom plagued by indecisiveness.

However, he yearned to inquire once more, seeking confirmation of her genuine desire to sever ties with him and her staunch refusal to heed his guidance.

However, in the very instant he pivoted, his gaze fell upon Rena, collapsing in proximity to the coffee table. She huddled on the floor, her visage drained of color, presenting a haunting pallor.

"Rena!"

Waylen hastened to her side, stooping down to lift her tenderly.

"I'll take you to the hospital."

Rena offered no resistance.

Agonizing waves coursed through her body.

Her lower abdomen throbbed intensely, rendering her incapable of maintaining an upright posture.

A faint inkling suggested that their recent intimate encounter might be the root cause of her distress.

She had not been prepared and Waylen's approach had been

excessively forceful.

"Waylen... It hurts so much!"

Nestling against his chest, the prior altercation faded from memory, as it provided a modicum of solace.

After all, Waylen was a man.

His affection for Rena remained, despite their recent conflict, rendering it inconceivable for him to abandon her in her time of need.

Guiding her into the vehicle, he handed her his cup.

"It contains warm water. Drink some."

Rena grasped the cup, attempting to loosen the lid but her feeble effort proved futile.

Waylen effortlessly took over, deftly removing the obstruction.

Time was of the essence and he dared not squander a single moment, propelling the car towards the nearest hospital. His anxiety was so profound that he did not even have the opportunity to notify his acquaintance at the medical facility.

Rena sipped a small quantity of water, feeling a modicum of relief.

Yet, the ache persisted in her lower abdomen.

She reclined against the seat, her countenance ashen.

"Waylen... I am grateful."

"Save your strength. I shall summon assistance upon our

arrival at the hospital."

His voice, astonishingly tender, exhibited a rarity. After all, a fierce altercation had transpired mere moments ago.

Within Rena's heart, a warmth blossomed, engendering the belief that both she and Waylen had succumbed to irrationality during their heated exchange.

She trusted that he harbored no genuine intention to harm her father, just as she had no intention of employing Harold as a weapon against Cecilia.

Rena longed to engage in a conversation with him, yet the persistent ache in her lower abdomen deterred her.

She resolved to address their concerns once she regained her strength.

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Thirty minutes elapsed, and the sleek Bentley Continental GT arrived at the hospital.

Waylen, bearing Rena in his arms, hastened towards the emergency department, his strides purposeful.

"Are you feeling any better?"

Rena nodded, and then shook her head in conflicting response.

Waylen hastened his pace, leading them to the registration office promptly.

The nurse inquired as to the department Rena sought.

With pale lips, Rena uttered, "The gynecology department."

A faint crease appeared on Waylen's brow. Had their lovemaking been so impassioned as to result in her injury?

He cast a fleeting glance in her direction.

In an instant, she averted her gaze, engendering an atmosphere of subtle tension between them.

Waylen proceeded to complete the registration on her behalf, and then assisted her in finding a seat upon a nearby bench. Fortunately, only one patient stood ahead of Rena in the queue.

Resting against the bench's backrest, Rena experienced an overwhelming discomfort, her countenance drained of color.

With tender care, Waylen gently turned her head.

Their eyes met and Rena's gaze shimmered with teardrops.

Perceiving her fragile state, Waylen's tone softened considerably. "Rest your head upon my shoulder and take respite for a while."

Rena bit her lip, poised to heed his suggestion and lean against his shoulder.

However, a gentle voice resonated from ahead. "Waylen?"

Waylen, astounded, beheld the unexpected presence of Lyndon and his wife, Dahlia.

Lyndon appeared worn and weary, while Dahlia exuded an air of unease, her eyes displaying slight traces of swelling, indicative of protracted weeping.

Given that Waylen was assisting Rena, he remained seated, offering a nod of acknowledgement. "Mr. Coleman, Mrs. Coleman."

Lyndon's gaze settled upon Rena.

Momentarily hesitating, he inquired, "Is Miss Gordon unwell?" Naturally, Waylen refrained from divulging their recent quarrel in the presence of others. He simply affirmed, "Yes."

Dahlia glanced at Lyndon.

Understanding her unspoken message, Lyndon cautiously implored, "Waylen, we had no intention of burdening you. However, since we coincidentally encounter you here, could you lend us your support in comforting Elvira? Her mental state has deteriorated significantly."

Upon concluding his words, Dahlia concealed her face, succumbing to tears.

"Waylen, I understand that I am imposing upon you. The thing is... Elvira's betrothed desires to sever their engagement and, in response, Elvira consumed ten sleeping pills... Waylen, please, we implore you. Elvira is our sole daughter!"

She then turned towards Rena, beseeching, "Miss Gordon, I recognize your sensibility. Lyndon has spoken of you in my

presence. I trust you will not idly stand by as Elvira's life hangs in the balance, correct? She is truly in dire straits."

Rena found herself in a daze.

Elvira had ingested sleeping pills.

She ought to exercise reason and compassion.

Sensing Waylen's firm grip on her hand, then witnessing its gentle release and subsequent reconnection, Rena realized his internal struggle.

He yearned to attend to Elvira, plagued by genuine concern for her well-being.

While Rena grappled with her own physical pain, Elvira had suffered the loss of her impending marriage.

Rena's heart plummeted, heavy with a profound sense of sorrow.

Without saying anything, she just looked up at him.

She was waiting for him to decide.

Lyndon's gaze settled upon Rena.

Waylen tenderly caressed her hair and said in a hoarse voice, "I'll go check on her. I'll return soon to be by your side! Please wait for me here, alright?"

Rena couldn't help but feel deeply disappointed.

Enduring her own pain, she looked at him and softly uttered, "Waylen, I am also in a distressing state. I'm also hurt."

Elvira's condition was self-inflicted.

But Rena's suffering stemmed from Waylen. How could he leave her alone and rush to Elvira's side?

Waylen furrowed his brow. "I'll be back quickly. It won't cause any delays!"

Rena knew he blamed her for being thoughtless.

Even Dahlia's tone lost its previous warmth. "Miss Gordon, Elvira and Waylen have been separated for quite some time. You needn't dwell on it too much! They are merely friends now."