

Chapter 215 Premature Birth

The deafening blast reverberated through Rena's ears, leaving her disoriented and dizzy.

Slowly regaining her senses, she was overcome by intense pain, causing her body to convulse.

It was unbearable—the baby inside her seemed to sense the danger, its movements growing more frantic. Rena felt a dreadful sensation as if her child was slipping away.

Her baby was going to be premature!

"Mom!" Rena screamed, her voice raw with anguish. However, the pain rendered her weak, reducing her to desperate, incomprehensible pleas. "N-Nova! Mon! Anyone?" she managed to utter, struggling to call their names.

"Rena!"

Both Eloise and Nova were injured, their bodies covered in blood.

Nova had slipped into unconsciousness, and Eloise suffered a deep 20-centimeter long wound on her leg

that continued to bleed profusely.

Crushed under a heavy board, Eloise was immobilized, her only view of Rena, helpless and hoarse, desperately crying for help. "Somebody... Help! Help my baby!"

But their surroundings were a symphony of chaos and isolation.

The explosion had trapped everyone in the area, rendering all communication futile.

Rena's cries for assistance fell on deaf ears, amplifying her sense of despair.

Plunged into an abyss of hopelessness, Rena knew that time was running out. She needed immediate medical attention to save both her baby and herself.

Frantically, she searched for her phone, enduring excruciating pain as she reached out in the dust-covered wreckage.

She endured the severe pain and began to grope for her phone.

She wanted to call Waylen. His flight hadn't taken off yet.

Then Rena found that her phone was five-step away from her.

It was just five steps away—a mere distance now had transformed into a lifeline between life and death. Every movement caused Rena immense agony, as if her body was being torn apart. Unable to stand, she collapsed on the ground, propping herself up with her palms, and began to crawl toward her phone.

Each step was a monumental struggle as Rena descended the stairs, the rough edges scraping against her belly.

The pain intensified, threatening to overwhelm her.

Her body dripped with a mix of sweat and dust, her once recognizable face obscured by the grime. Nevertheless, Rena pushed herself forward, her determination unwavering.

Only two steps remained, but her strength had reached its limits.

With her fingertips barely grazing the phone, she gasped for breath, shifting her body to ensure her unborn baby faced upwards.

With trembling hands, she clung to the last flicker of hope and dialed her emergency contact.

She had put Waylen's number on speed dial.

The call connected, but a cold, automated voice greeted her, "Sorry, the subscriber you dialed cannot be connected at the moment. Please redial later."

The world around her seemed to fade into silence, the voice from her phone becoming the sole sound.

"Sorry, the subscriber you dialed..."

Rena disconnected the call, with no time to mourn the loss.

She needed to survive, she needed her child to live, and she needed her mother and Nova to live too.

The next number she dialed belonged to Mark.

The call connected, and Mark, unaware of the unfolding events in Duefron, was caught off guard by Rena's tremulous cry for help.

"Uncle Mark, help me!"

Momentarily stunned, Mark's panic seeped into his voice.

"Rena, calm down. Tell me what happened."

Rena's strength wavered, on the verge of fainting. With her last ounce of energy, she whispered, "Explosion... Here... Uncle..."

The phone slipped from her hand, her body consumed by fatigue and pain.

Tears streamed down Mark's face as he listened to Rena's faint words.

In the meeting room, his sudden display of vulnerability shocked

his employees. His secretary quickly looked into it and whispered the news of a gas explosion in Duefron's high-class residential area, with all roads blocked. It was a dire situation.

Clutching the phone tightly, Mark remained composed. "Prepare the private plane immediately! We're heading to Duefron. Mobilize helicopters to reach the site as soon as possible. Every second counts!"

He had already lost his sister Reina.

There was no way he would lose someone from his family again.

The sudden redness in his eyes accentuated the gravity of the situation as he left the meeting room.

His composure shattered, a testament to the depth of his emotions.

Upon Mark's arrival in Duefron, his subordinates, along with Korbyn's people, had already gathered and swiftly transported Rena to the hospital.

In the delivery room, doctors and nurses busied themselves under the incandescent lights.

"The fetus is at seven months, a premature birth," the doctor informed them urgently.

"A natural labor is necessary as an emergency C-section is not viable given the mother's condition.

However, I must warn you, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, that the fetus' condition is critical, with a low chance of survival. Furthermore, the mother's life... is also in jeopardy."

The doctor was hinting that when the time came, if they gave up on the baby who had a low chance to survive to begin with, Rena would suffer much less.

Rena would suffer greatly if she proceeded with the birth,

considering the pain caused by the explosion and the impending childbirth.

Just as Mark arrived, Korbyn, faced with an agonizing choice, decided that Rena's life took priority.

Although torn, they couldn't bear to ask Rena to sacrifice herself for the baby. Rena was more important.

Also, they didn't have the right to ask Rena to sacrifice her life for Fowler family!

Korbyn said their choice in a hoarse voice.

Mark's anger trembled in his facial muscles upon hearing the news regarding Rena and her baby. Without hesitation, he sought out Waylen's whereabouts. "Where is Waylen? His wife is giving birth to their child!"

Korbyn pounded the wall, his guilt gnawing at him.

He had no prior knowledge of Waylen's location, having just been informed by Jazlyn.

Regret filled his heart as he realized the weight of his past actions.

Mark, understanding that further inquiries were futile, did not say anything further.

He swiftly made his way to the delivery room, ignoring all protocols.

He needed to be by Rena's side—she needed her family now more than ever.

Rena, conscious but in immense pain, lay on the hospital bed.

Her clothes were soaked and clinging to her body.

She felt as though she had been pulled from the depths of water.

Mark approached her, lowering himself to press his face against hers—no one else could provide the comfort of familial bond like him. Overwhelmed, Rena burst into tears, her trembling voice calling out, "Uncle Mark!"

Choking back his emotions, Mark whispered soothing words to her, offering a semblance of solace before telling her what the doctor had told them.

Rena looked up at the incandescent lamp above her, her slender fingers resting on her belly where her baby had resided for seven months. She had already chosen a name for her child—Alexis. The baby had a name, and it would survive. It had to.

"Uncle, I want to keep my baby,"

Rena declared, her voice filled with resolve.

Mark, intimately acquainted with Rena's temperament, understood her decision all too well.

Despite the calm exterior he projected, his voice trembled with emotion. "I'll be right outside, Rena. Bring this baby into this world."

He gently caressed her head once more.

Then, he straightened up and exited the delivery room.

He believed that Rena would give birth to the baby, safe and sound.

Rena didn't request anyone to accompany her during the birth.

The person she longed for was absent.

As Rena progressed, her body dilated to eight centimeters—a threshold that intensified her pain, pushing her to the brink of delirium. In her anguish, Rena experienced a hallucination, perceiving Waylen's presence.

"Waylen... Waylen..."

Rena whispered, each repetition causing fresh waves of agony to wash over her.

With each call, Rena's affection and love for Waylen gradually faded away. Yet, in her mind's eye, she retraced their memories—their first encounter, whispers shared in her ear, the tender moments spent playing the piano together on a snowy night. She recalled Waylen's solemn vow—"Rena, I want to spend the rest of my life with you."

Waylen... Waylen...

Amidst the torment, Rena experienced a surge of pain and with it, a sense of disappointment.

Eventually, a faint cry filled the room, announcing the arrival of little Alexis, a fragile miracle born too soon.

Lying in the aftermath of childbirth, Rena remained still, her face graced with a serene smile.

She found solace in the memories she had shared with Waylen, treasuring them as the final remnants of their time together.

"Waylen, I truly don't feel well... The baby is kicking vigorously in my belly." Rena had confided in Waylen before he left.

"Is our little one being disobedient?" Waylen had playfully responded.

"The baby has never been like this before... I... Waylen, please, don't go. I'm afraid something terrible might occur." She had pleaded with worry etched on her face.

"If I don't go now, I won't be able to catch the flight. Trust me."

Waylen had reassured her, gently disentangling her fingers one by one and leaving her with a tender smile. "You're behaving like a child now. I promise I'll be back in three days."

In Rena's recollection, she closed her eyes gently, the memories of her last conversation with Waylen lingering in her mind.

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