

Chapter 221 Good Night, My Sweetest Little One

The sky loomed with heavy clouds, casting a somber tone over the scene.

As the sun began its descent, its dying rays played upon the ebony leaves, casting an eerie aura upon the ground, as if mourning the loss of a fragile life.

With tears streaming down her face, Rena appeared devoid of her very essence, as if her soul had been wrenched away.

Doubt somehow still plagued her thoughts as she pondered whether Alexis was really dead.

Inwardly, Rena questioned, "Alexis, are you departing without a farewell?"

Are you gripped by fear?

What... What should Mommy do without you?"

Rena clutched a handful of fresh soil against her chest, bowing her body. Even through her garments, the frail silhouette of her back was discernible.

"Why... Why did you deny me a final glimpse of her?" Her words trembled with anguish.

Waylen yearned to lift Rena up but his hand froze midair upon hearing her anguished query.

In a raspy voice, he responded, "It was not a nice sight. I feared you would never forget seeing her like that."

Rena slipped into a trance-like state.

With eyes partially closed, she whispered, "Waylen, you are cruel beyond measure. She is your own flesh and blood. How could you... allow her to...?"

The words to describe Alexis' fate were too painful for Rena to utter.

Rena placed the soil she cradled onto the tomb.

Then, mechanically, she began to heap the earth upon the grave. Sharp stones mingled within the soil, lacerating her hands, yet she paid them no mind.

Her actions were devoid of conscious thought.

"Alexis, I will bring you blankets.

Will they give you warmth?

Alexis, I never had the chance to love and pamper you properly.

Alexis, before your arrival, I imagined your countenance countless times, yet none were as radiant as you.

Good night, my sweetest little one.

Mommy is here..."

The sky cloaked itself in darkness.

The final sliver of light withdrew from the heavens, shrouding the world in obscurity.

Waylen stooped down and scooped Rena into his arms. "Let us return."

However, as he cradled her, he realized she had succumbed to unconsciousness, her body unnaturally feverish...

Back at the ward, Rena lay tranquilly upon the bed, her body attended to by Waylen's gentle ministrations.

In a hushed tone, he whispered into her ear, longing for her awakening.

Yet, she remained unwilling to rouse from her slumber. The doctor affirmed that the weight of her emotional turmoil had rendered her subconsciously resistant to acceptance, thus prolonging her sleep.

Juliette and Cecilia stood by her side.

Unable to contain her grief, Cecilia sobbed harder. "Waylen, will Rena never awaken again? Maybe you should not have deceived her... Oh, the sorrow she endures."

Juliette wiped away her tears in silence.

Though she and Korbyn were privy to Waylen's wild plan, they dared not cling to hope. After all, the odds stood at a mere five percent.

Now... They couldn't see the little one either...

Waylen was being so resolute.

Upon hearing the anguished cries of his mother and sister, Waylen clasped Rena's hand, his gaze fixed upon her face as he softly uttered, "I have no regrets."

Cecilia stood in stunned silence.

For four long days, Rena lay ensconced in a coma.

It was nighttime when she finally woke up.

Waylen lay prostrate on the edge of the bed, his weary face resting against her hand. The visage she had once admired now bore the marks of exhaustion and fatigue.

Rena observed him silently...

In an instant, Waylen roused from his slumber.

He glanced up at her in the subdued glow.

They were a couple, yet their relationship, battered by the trials they had endured, languished in a dire state. When they looked into each other's eyes at the moment, words eluded them.

With Alexis' absence, a void had formed between them, leaving them with nothing to say.

Rena's eyes fluttered closed, and she whispered, "Please leave."

In a hoarse voice, Waylen tenderly replied, "Are you hungry? Let me fetch you something warm."

He rose to fill a bowl with soup.

Rena turned her head away, her tone icy. "There's no need."

His hand faltered, the joyous smile on his face freezing, but he quickly resumed ladling the soup, attempting to maintain a casual tone as he continued, "The doctor mentioned that you lack proper nutrition, so I had the servant prepare..."


"Waylen, I don't need it. How many times must I say it? I don't need you."

His hands trembled ever so slightly as he gently set the bowl aside.

They were back to being strangers, unable to meet each other's gaze. Perhaps it was easier to communicate this way.

He feared beholding her cold countenance.

Waylen's voice carried a tinge of despondency as he said, "If you don't want to see me, I'll ask your mother to care for you. Her leg injury has improved, and she can walk now... Rena, I understand

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your sorrow but don't dwell in it for too long, alright? We... We...
we must move forward."

"I carried her within me for seven months. It took me 16 grueling hours to bring her into this world."

As Rena spoke, her heart and body throbbed with pain.

She gingerly sat up, her gaze fixed on her breasts.

She noticed the swelling, a sensation she hadn't experienced after giving birth to Alexis. Now, in the absence of Alexis, Rena's breasts began to produce milk.

And this throbbing ache served as a constant reminder of her lost child.

Rena's tears cascaded freely.

Clutching the white quilt, she wept bitterly, her delicate fingers curled in anguish...

Waylen witnessed it all.

He approached and tenderly enfolded her in his embrace.

Resting his head against her neck, Waylen murmured in a low, gravelly voice, "Rena, please come home with me. Let us leave behind this sterile hospital environment, where thoughts of Alexis constantly haunt you."

Rena shrugged off his touch.

Clutching the quilt, she remained lost in a silent reverie.

The doctor had warned that it would take a considerable amount of time for Rena to heal and urged Waylen to exhibit patience in accompanying her through this journey.

Waylen remained steadfastly by Rena's side in the hospital. Even if she ignored him and refrained from uttering a single word for days on end, he refused to surrender. His gaze fixated

greedily upon her countenance.

He was well aware that time was running out and his chances were dwindling.

Occasionally, he would receive an urgent call in the dead of night, compelling him to depart for a day or two without return.

Rena remained oblivious to his whereabouts and she did not seem to care either...

In this manner, their relationship soured, yet they clung to each other for half a month. Later, Waylen reflected that this might have been the most heart-wrenching half month he had ever endured.

She stood right before him, but he could discern no glimmer of hope in her eyes.