

## Chapter 222 I Will Leave The Legal Circle Forever

Two days prior to Rena's discharge from the hospital, Waylen had a preexisting legal matter to attend to promptly at ten o'clock in the morning.

At eight o'clock, he specifically requested Cecilia to keep a watchful eye on Rena and notify him if any issues arose.

Cecilia nodded gracefully, assuring him, "I will provide utmost care for my sister-in-law."

Waylen glanced at Rena once again.

She leaned against the headboard, engrossed in a book, emanating an improved appearance with a slightly fuller countenance.

Although he was aware of her indifference, he said tenderly, "I shall return to share lunch with you at noon."

Rena offered no response.

Waylen wore a bitter smile and departed from the ward.

Jazlyn patiently awaited Waylen's emergence outside. Observing his appearance, Jazlyn expressed concern, asking, "How is Rena faring?"

Waylen took the documents Jazlyn handed over, whispering, "She's doing better. The doctor mentioned she could be discharged from the hospital."

Jazlyn offered a few words of solace.

Upon reaching the ground floor, an assemblage of media personnel swarmed around the black limousine, eagerly vying to interview Waylen, brandishing their microphones.

"Mr. Fowler, this is your first court appearance since your wife's accident."

"Will your wife's situation impact your performance?"

"Do you still possess the confidence to uphold an unbeatable record?"

Silently, Waylen entered the back seat of the vehicle.

Jazlyn intervened, restraining the media while extending a few polite platitudes, eventually joining Waylen in the back seat. Internally, she berated the unscrupulous media.

Apprehensively, she cast a concerned gaze upon her boss, fearing that he might not perform well today.

As a trusted confidante, she comprehended the weight Waylen placed on his reputation.

Contrarily, Waylen maintained a remarkable composure.

Devoid of expression, he instructed the driver, "Proceed."

At nine o'clock, the car glided to a gradual halt at the entrance of Duefron's supreme court. Waylen's opponent had already arrived, their lawyer positioned nearby, brimming with ambition.

As Waylen stepped out of the vehicle, he was met with a bouquet of flowers.

Elvira's countenance rivaled the beauty of the roses. She regarded Waylen with a bashful gaze.

Since her divorce, Elvira had believed Waylen was her true desire.



She acknowledged the shattered state of his marriage and believed that with tenderness, consideration and generosity, he would return to her sooner or later.

Elvira affectionately expressed, "Waylen, I sincerely hope for your victory today."

Waylen furrowed his brow.

Assisting her with the lawsuit was merely fulfilling his duty as his family owed hers. Perhaps it was also partly because he was seeking closure with her.

Yet, what was Elvira aiming for now?

Elvira playfully asserted, "Once you win, let us celebrate with champagne. I will be entirely yours."

The media erupted in a frenzy.

Was this a public declaration of love?

And rumor had it that this Miss Coleman was Mr. Fowler's first love. Was Mr. Fowler contemplating marrying another woman? Could she be the one for him?

Anticipation hung in the air as everyone eagerly awaited Waylen's response.

Speaking clearly into the microphone, Waylen uttered, "I am a married man and I refuse to betray my wife. Miss Coleman, I implore you to conduct yourself appropriately."

With those words, he proceeded directly into the courtroom.

Elvira's anger distorted her face, causing her to hurl the discarded flowers to the ground.

Amidst her indignation, the media chuckled at her expense.

Attempting to maintain a facade of composure, she shamelessly

declared, "We have grown up together. No one can replace my position in his heart. If the law is Waylen's top priority, then I hold the second-highest place in his affections."

The media swiftly jotted down her words.

Undoubtedly, this news would ignite a whirlwind of sensation.

Jazlyn observed Elvira with a disapproving shake of her head. Elvira was truly testing Waylen's patience.

At precisely ten o'clock, the court session commenced punctually.

As expected, Waylen displayed his awe-inspiring prowess.

By eleven o'clock, the case's fundamental outcome had been established.

Waylen continued his undefeated streak, destined to grace the pages of major media outlets tomorrow.

At eleven ten, the opposing party requested a recess, seeking reconciliation with Waylen's side.

Just as the judge announced the recess, Waylen's phone buzzed and he received a call from Cecilia, whose tearful voice permeated through the receiver.

"Waylen, Rena is missing. I cannot find her anywhere.

I briefly stepped away to use the restroom and when I returned, she was gone. It was all my fault but it was unintentional, I swear.

Do you think something has happened to her, Waylen?"

Softly, Waylen reassured her, "I'll be there shortly."

He then ended the call.

Amidst the scrutiny of numerous eyes, Waylen stood tall, his



posture unwavering.

Locking eyes with the dissatisfied judge, he spoke in a raspy voice. "My wife needs me at this moment, so... I request a change of counsel for my client."

The judge was taken aback.

Waylen's client was equally stunned.

A collective sense of disbelief engulfed the room.

The case was on the brink of conclusion, mere minutes away from its resolution. Waylen would have preserved his untarnished record, solidifying his status as a legend within legal circles.

Yet, what was he doing now?

The judge's countenance contorted, and he cleared his throat before addressing Waylen, "Mr. Fowler, have you made your decision? If you leave the courtroom now, your license to practice law will be revoked for a duration of two years. You will be barred from the court for the foreseeable future."

Waylen had already begun walking towards the exit.

He suddenly halted, his voice carrying a hint of nonchalance as he uttered, "More than two years. Henceforth, I will leave the legal circle forever."

He made the solemn announcement.

The media erupted into a frenzy.

The case itself paled in significance as everyone's attention became fixated on Waylen's profound choice.

The luminary of the legal sphere made an astonishing departure.

Could this be some elaborate April Fool's Day prank?

Elvira, standing in the wake of Waylen's departure, teetered on the edge of madness. Did Waylen truly comprehend the magnitude of his actions?

Merely due to Rena's sudden disappearance, he chose to forsake his esteemed position in the legal world?

How could he do this?

How could he subject himself to such humiliation?

Waylen strode with purpose, his pace swift, accompanied by Jazlyn, who pondered over his decision to reevaluate his path.

Outside, reporters swarmed the car, tightly encircling it, impeding Waylen from starting the engine.

Gripping the car door with one hand, Waylen declared softly, his voice carrying deep resolve, "My wife is missing. I must search for her now. I used to believe that the courtroom held utmost importance in my life but now I understand that my family is what truly matters. I love my wife with all my heart."

Having spoken those words, he slipped into the car.

Gradually, the reporters dispersed, creating a path for him...

A profound silence blanketed the scene.

Everyone stood stunned by this decision.

As Waylen departed, he had expected to feel a pang of reluctance.

However, it did not surface, for he knew he was heading toward the most significant person in his life...

That night, Rena relinquished her dreams of becoming a renowned pianist.

Rena had risked her life to bring their daughter into the world.

Waylen, too, could relinquish that which he held dear. He would never allow Rena to face her struggles alone, especially during times of sorrow...

Elvira's anguished screams echoed from behind.

Countless onlookers directed disdainful gazes her way...

It had become apparent that Mr. Fowler genuinely cherished his wife, while Miss Coleman persisted in pestering and wreaking havoc upon other people's families...

Subsequently, someone pull the trings from behind the scene.

Elvira's compromising photographs flooded the public domain, tarnishing her reputation as promiscuous.

Waylen's withdrawal from the legal circle ignited a whirlwind of commotion in the outside world.

He declined all interviews, instructing the driver to navigate towards the Fowler family cemetery.

Indeed, Rena awaited him there.

Clad in her hospital gown, she stood serenely.

Silently, Waylen approached her. Rena seemed to have anticipated his arrival, and without turning around, she whispered softly, "Alexis would have been a month old by now."

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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