

Chapter 182 What Do I Have To Do To Make Yo...

Waylen's countenance bore crimson imprints upon his visage, marking the remnants of a forceful slap he had endured.

Yet, this physical affront failed to rouse any concern within him, as his gaze remained fixed upon Rena, his eyes smoldering with sullen intensity.

Rena, consumed by anguish, found herself unable to draw breath. Her heartache was so profound that it stifled her very respiration.

She was no mere dullard. Rena possessed the capacity to experience pain just like anyone else.

The sight before her only served to resurface painful memories she had long attempted to bury.

Rena's throat moved slightly.

With a composed demeanor, she addressed Waylen, her words laden with restraint, "Waylen, certain commodities can be reclaimed through the medium of monetary exchange. This Morning Dew and these adornments serve as prime examples. If you desire something material, you

only need to purchase it with your wealth. However, our relationship is irretrievable. No matter the expanse of your financial expenditure, it cannot be salvaged."

Waylen's unwavering gaze fixated upon her, his eyes locked in an unyielding stare.

His sentiments towards Rena remained unaltered since their initial encounter. He deemed her to be a vision of beauty and coveted her with unyielding fervor.

However, a subtle shift had occurred.

It appeared that, following this incident, Rena had become an indispensable presence within his existence. Surrendering her was an unthinkable proposition. If he possessed the means to do so, he would not find himself ensnared in such a state of profound humiliation.

Waylen struggled to articulate his query, his words laced with difficulty, "What do I have to do to make you forgive me?"

His understanding of women, particularly Rena, ran deep. He comprehended that remnants of affection still lingered within her heart. Regardless of the depths of her anger and resentment, he was prepared to offer reparations, no matter the cost.

Rena, however, found herself incapable of prolonging the discourse.

Casting her gaze downwards, a bittersweet smile played

upon her lips. "Waylen, you denied me an opportunity to speak when I so desperately desired it. What rationale leads you to believe that I should grant you that same privilege now? Take me back to the hospital; I don't even have a phone on me now."

Waylen's lips pursed, a gesture revealing his inner turmoil. In the end, he acquiesced, driving Rena back to the hospital.

The vehicle came to a halt...

Rena unbuckled her seat belt, eager to disembark.

Waylen's hand gently clasped her arm, his eyes ablaze as he uttered, "I have summoned the most esteemed team of experts. Perhaps they possess a remedy for your injured foot."

Rena stared blankly ahead, her expression devoid of emotion.

In a detached tone, she replied, "It is unnecessary."

Having spoken thus, she struggled to free herself from his grasp and opened the car door, preparing to step out.

Waylen yearned to follow her, yet he restrained himself upon witnessing her retreating figure.

In the afternoon, Waylen found himself engrossed in a meeting at the law office.

His phone suddenly rang.

Recognizing the call as originating from the team of medical experts, he gestured for a pause in the proceedings before answering.

On the other end of the line, a foreign expert relayed regretfully, "Mr. Fowler, Miss Gordon has declined our offered treatment. We must inform you that we are departing.

Furthermore... based on the available information, there is less than a 10% likelihood of Miss Gordon's foot nerves ' full recovering."

Merely ten percent...

Expressionless, Waylen held his phone in his hand.

That evening, he made his way to the hospital but Rena refused to see him once more.

On the day of Rena's discharge, Lyndon arrived.

He had two motives for coming. One was to see Rena, and the other was to plead on Elvira's behalf.

Softly, Rena murmured, "I have no intention of withdrawing the lawsuit concerning Elvira."

Lyndon was taken aback.

Silently, he gazed at the girl before him. She bore a striking resemblance to his Reina and possessed the same temperament.

Tenderly, Lyndon implored, "Regardless, she can be

regarded as your sister. Rena, for my sake, could you please grant her a chance? I have discussed this matter with Waylen but he refused to intervene. I, as your father, can only come and beg you."

Rena found herself lost in a state of reverie.

Lyndon only came to her because Waylen rejected him.

Would the Coleman family gain the audacity to confront her in court if Waylen did involve himself in this affair?

And... Her father?

With tears welling in her eyes, Rena uttered, "Mr. Coleman, my father's name is Darren Gordon."

Lyndon persisted, his voice softened, "My mother eagerly awaits your presence. She is on her way here. We shall have a familial gathering then. Listen to me. Extend a chance to Elvira. Our entire family can coexist harmoniously in the future."

Grant Elvira a chance?

Partake in a familial gathering?

It felt as if Rena were listening to a joke that held no bearing on her reality.

She mustered a faint smile and raised her gaze to Lyndon.

"Mr. Coleman, may I inquire as to why my mother left you all those years ago? How did she depart from your life while carrying my unborn self? And how did you hastily

remarry?"

Lyndon's countenance grew pale in an instant.

The past. The misapprehension...

It remained a perpetual ache within his heart.

Lyndon departed in a dazed state.

He sought solace at the Fowler residence, seeking the aid of Korbyn.

Korbyn graciously received Lyndon in his study. After a brief conversation, Lyndon divulged his intentions.

Korbyn's smile slowly formed upon hearing Lyndon's request.

Truth be told, Korbyn harbored discontent towards Lyndon. If Lyndon had not sought assistance from their household previously, Waylen and Rena would have been engaged, eagerly awaiting their nuptials and the prospect of building a family together. Korbyn regretted that a remarkable young woman like Rena could not become his daughter-in-law.

This time, Lyndon had approached Korbyn solely to harness his influence.

Korbyn's countenance beamed with warmth as he affectionately patted Lyndon's shoulder, assuming the role of an elder brother. "Lyndon, if you were to implore Waylen's aid for Elvira, it may only exacerbate the situation.

remarry?"

Lyndon's countenance grew pale in an instant.

The past. The misapprehension...

It remained a perpetual ache within his heart.

Lyndon departed in a dazed state.

He sought solace at the Fowler residence, seeking the aid of Korbyn.

Korbyn graciously received Lyndon in his study. After a brief conversation, Lyndon divulged his intentions.

Korbyn's smile slowly formed upon hearing Lyndon's request.

Truth be told, Korbyn harbored discontent towards Lyndon. If Lyndon had not sought assistance from their household previously, Waylen and Rena would have been engaged, eagerly awaiting their nuptials and the prospect of building a family together. Korbyn regretted that a remarkable young woman like Rena could not become his daughter-in-law.

This time, Lyndon had approached Korbyn solely to harness his influence.

Korbyn's countenance beamed with warmth as he affectionately patted Lyndon's shoulder, assuming the role of an elder brother. "Lyndon, if you were to implore Waylen's aid for Elvira, it may only exacerbate the situation.

Young individuals tend to be headstrong when faced with matters of the heart. I doubt Rena will easily forgive Elvira, especially considering that Elvira sought her out herself."

Lyndon inquired anxiously, "Do you have any suggestions?"

Korbyn's smile persisted, radiating wisdom. "I do have a suggestion but I fear it may require you to humble yourself."

Lyndon humbly sought counsel.

As Korbyn replenished their tea, he shared, "Elvira's actions were excessively forceful. According to the typical legal procedures, she may face imprisonment for six months to a year. What if you were to obtain a certificate from the hospital stating that she suffers from a mental illness?"

Lyndon stood there, stunned.

He gazed at his long-time friend Korbyn, utterly surprised by the unexpected proposal.

Issue a certificate for mental illness...

If Korbyn's suggestion held merit, did that mean any possibility of Elvira and Waylen being together was utterly quashed?

Lyndon pondered the matter privately.

Rena, his biological daughter, possessed intelligence, excellence and sound judgment. Even if she missed out on

Waylen, she would undoubtedly find a deserving partner. However, Elvira was different. Thus, Lyndon harbored a fervent desire for Elvira and Waylen to unite in matrimony. The current stance of the Fowler family, as conveyed through Korbyn's attitude, revealed their aversion to accepting Elvira as their future daughter-in-law.

Lyndon remained stiff for an extended moment before mustering a forced smile and remarking, "Well, that is one way to approach it."

Korbyn, perceptive of Lyndon's discontent, chose to lay all the cards on the table.

"Lyndon, I understand your love for your child, but there must be boundaries. Moreover... Rena is your own flesh and blood. Which child holds greater significance? Lyndon, you must make a decision. Just so you know, I hold Rena in high regard, and my wife also admires her."

Lyndon comprehended the underlying message conveyed by the Fowler family.

They did not approve of Elvira.

Lyndon felt a pang of sorrow for Elvira. No matter how headstrong she might be, she was still his daughter.

Lyndon worked tirelessly to manipulate the situation in order to secure a mental illness certificate.

Eventually, Elvira was released from custody.

Chapter 182 What Do I Have To Do To Make You 🎁 +120 Points at most

She appeared visibly worn after these tumultuous days.

A police officer approached her, remarking, "You are fortunate to have obtained a certificate of mental illness. However... we will be monitoring your progress. Miss Coleman, you must undergo at least two weeks of treatment for your mental condition, otherwise this certificate will become null and void."

Elvira seethed with anger, her frustration bordering on madness.

She clenched her teeth, vowing to make Rena's life unbearable.

At that moment, the police officer added, "I advise you not to entertain any dangerous notions. Once Miss Gordon becomes aware of your possession of the mental illness certificate, she has applied for a restriction order... In other words, Miss Coleman, you are prohibited from approaching Miss Gordon within a two-meter radius, or we will promptly transport you to a psychiatric hospital upon receiving the notification."

Having spoken thus, the police officers guided Elvira into the waiting car. "Let's go. Whether you are genuinely psycho or not, you must undergo the necessary procedures at the mental institution."

Elvira struggled and screamed in a state of hysteria. "I want to see Waylen."

Chapter 182 What Do I Have To Do To Make You 🎁 +120 Points at most

The escorting police officer sneered. "Mr. Fowler has no desire to see you."

Elvira stood there, utterly stunned...