

Chapter 217 The Bones Of Lyndon's Hand Are Broken

Waylen struggled to catch a glimpse of Rena during the following days.

Mark dispatched individuals to stand guard outside Rena's ward.

The remaining members of the Fowler family were granted access, yet Waylen alone was denied entry. Determined, he sought an audience with Mark.

Within the confines of a modest reception room at the hospital, Mark diligently immersed himself in his work, unwavering in his commitment. No matter how overwhelming his obligations, he refused to leave Duefron and leave his niece to face the present situation alone.

Waylen approached, imploring for mercy.

Mark, without hesitation, struck Waylen repeatedly before casting him aside.

Waylen, a man of pride, abandoned his self-esteem and dignity, sinking to his knees in front of Mark, an act that endured for hours.

Eventually, Mark lifted his gaze, addressing Waylen.

Although Mark's tone softened slightly, his words remained frigid. "Waylen, your pleas are in vain. You are well aware that you and Rena are finished, regardless of the child's... whether she can..."

Mark's eyes welled with tears. To calm his emotions, he lit a

cigarette.

Yet, despite his efforts, he choked on sobs for an extended period before resuming, "Regardless of the child's fate, the two of you are through. It is an impossibility now and forever. No woman could possess such magnanimity, unless she were a fool."

Waylen understood it all.

Rena had severed ties with him previously, and he had beseeched her for a second chance.

Her pregnancy with Alexis had finally mended their relationship a little.

Over the past six months, Rena's demeanor towards him had evolved from frigidness to tenderness, then to affectionate concern. They had, in fact, experienced a brief period of marital bliss.

Waylen's heart ached at the recollection.

He humbled himself. "I understand, Mr. Evans. All I ask for now is an opportunity to care for her."

Mark scoffed. "To care for her? Are you certain you aren't repulsing her?"

Waylen felt a pang of embarrassment.

Just then, one of Mark's subordinates delivered news. "Mr. Evans, a Mr. Coleman and a Miss Coleman have arrived at Miss Gordon's ward and insist on seeing her. Miss Gordon has agreed to meet them."

Mark closed the file promptly, hastening towards the exit.

Waylen trailed behind Mark.

In the ward, Rena stood silently by the window.

Since Alexis' birth, she had had problems falling asleep.

Her fervent hope clung to the possibility of a doctor's sudden arrival, bearing news of the baby's recovery and the resumption of normal feeding.

She knew it was an audacious desire, yet she yearned ceaselessly.

In these past two days, her frail form had withered even more.

Lyndon arrived with Elvira. Observing Rena's emaciated state, guilt overwhelmed him. "Rena, I never intended for this to happen. Neither did Elvira. We both only wish for you to find happiness."

A soft chuckle escaped Rena's lips.

Wish her to find happiness?

Ever since Lyndon entered the picture, he had shown no real concern for Rena, yet he had the audacity to claim she was his only biological child.

Rena turned on her heels.


Though she had shed considerable weight, her beauty remained undiminished.

However, her eyes lacked radiance, filled instead with desolation.

With a casual tone, Rena uttered, "Do you know what I think of you?"

Lyndon's body trembled involuntarily.

Softly, Rena continued, "I once held you in high regard but, over time, I discovered that you are merely an ordinary individual driven by selfish motives. You act like you possess a worthless object and attempt to sell it off. But the truth is quite the opposite... What you hold dear is nothing but trash. When I

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loved Waylen, I regarded Elvira as trash. When my love for him
waned, I realized that Elvira was more like junk food, repugnant
to my husband, yet strangely appetizing."

Lyndon's countenance underwent a dramatic change.

Elvira's lovely face contorted.

Coincidentally, at that moment, Mark and Waylen arrived at the
doorway...

Rena glanced at Waylen and smirked. "Waylen, take your
garbage and leave. The mere sight of you makes me sick."

Mark subtly touched his nose.

Lyndon couldn't help but cry out, "Rena, it's not Elvira's fault!"

Waylen calmly interjected, "Mr. Coleman, it's time for you to
leave. Don't come back here again."

Elvira, unwilling to accept defeat, persisted, "Waylen... I don't
believe you cease to care about me. If you truly don't care, why
did you leave her and come to Braseovell to assist me with the
case?"

Lyndon slapped Elvira across the face.


With a hint of sorrow, he stated, "Waylen is helping you out of
a sense of obligation. How could you interpret it otherwise?"

Elvira refused to give up.

She sought to provoke Rena, believing she could triumph over
her. In fact, her sole purpose in coming today was to incite Rena.

Yet Rena remained unfazed.

She flung a bank card in Elvira's direction, sneering. "Why beat
around the bush? You simply want to continue seducing Waylen,
don't you? Well, here's your chance... There's approximately 200,
000 dollars on the card, and conveniently, there's a five-star

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hotel across the street. Miss Coleman, please take it. Consider it the payment I made for your service. If you serve him well, perhaps you can become his wife once I divorce him."

Elvira attempted to feign sorrow.

Rena tossed the card onto Elvira and declared, "Now you can leave with my husband. Stay away from me."

Elvira glanced at Waylen.

With a pallid face, Waylen uttered, "Leave!"

Elvira was taken aback.

She had never anticipated such heartlessness from Waylen. She had assumed, at the very least, that he still harbored some feelings for her.

Lyndon said with urgency, "Waylen, Elvira..."

"You should leave as well."

Waylen's voice was laced with an even colder demeanor.

Lyndon stood there, stunned.

Waylen had always held him in high regard. How could... How could Waylen treat him in this manner now?

Rena's words had shattered Waylen. He knew she had done it intentionally. She was aware of his aversion towards Elvira, yet she chose to utter those hurtful words. She truly desired a divorce.

Suppressing the anguish in his heart, Waylen addressed Lyndon, "I have repaid the debts my family owed you. We need not cross paths again. I will also inform my father that any ties between the Fowler family and the Coleman family are now severed."

Lyndon was completely bewildered, unwilling to depart.

18:41

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Mark instructed his men to escort them out.

Outside the ward, Mark cast a glance at his men and Lyndon was forcibly restrained on the floor.

Lyndon's hand, once adept at playing the piano, was held down.

Mark deliberately pressed his foot onto Lyndon's hand, exerting slow, deliberate pressure...

He maintained a cold demeanor.

This hand, which had once captivated his sister, Rena.

This hand, which Rena had admired since childhood.

Of what use was this hand, born to a man destined to fail?

Elvira screamed but a firm hand covered her mouth...

Suddenly, Mark applied force with his foot.

The bones in Lyndon's hand shattered.

"Rena's leg was broken and now the bones in your hand are broken. I believe we are even. You can no longer play the piano, just like Rena."

Mark gazed down at Lyndon, saying resolutely, "Lyndon, if you or your daughter dare to appear before Rena again, I will strike you. Let me make it clear: in my eyes, you are a failure."

Mark believed Reina had been blind to fall in love with Lyndon.

Fortunately, she eventually married Darren, who proved to be a positive influence on Rena.

After committing this brutal act, Mark wiped his hands clean.

As he turned around, he noticed a delicate girl, her hand covering her mouth, seemingly frightened.

Mark recognized her. She was Cecilia, Waylen's sister.

Though filled with trepidation, Cecilia summoned her courage and pleaded on behalf of her brother. "Mr. Evans, can you allow my brother to care for Rena? When... when she recovers, it won't be too late for her to pursue a divorce from my brother."