

Chapter 212 Was She Carrying Waylen's Child

Mark's expression remained neutral as he inquired, "The Fowler family?"

The butler, his smile filled with unease, shifted his gaze towards Rena.

Among the Evans family, everyone was aware of the complicated history shared by Rena and Waylen of the prominent Fowler lineage.

After considerable contemplation, Mark issued the command for the servant representing the Fowler family to be admitted.

A grand sight unfolded before them; 18 sleek black Mercedes Benz cars and a staggering 88 lavish gifts, each thoughtfully arranged in pairs.

Mark gestured towards the opulent offerings, his curiosity piqued. "What message do these exquisite gifts convey? Are they simple tokens to celebrate my niece's return to the family or a formal proposal of marriage?"

The servant, with a mere smile, silently affirmed the latter assumption.

Just as Zoey was about to speak, Mark leaned in and whispered in her ear, "I've encountered Waylen before, Mom. He possesses both striking looks and exceptional talents!"

Zoey found solace in Mark's words, her nod confirming her

newfound reassurance.

By accepting only half of the gifts, Mark intended to convey his reservation towards this union, signaling that he had not yet given his consent.

Through this act, he aimed to showcase Rena's esteemed standing within the Evans family.

His beloved niece, Rena, held such immense popularity that even the wealthiest family from the northern region had come forward with a proposal. Mark yearned for Rena to become the rightful and esteemed lady of the Evans family.

Touched by this sentiment, Rena's heart was deeply moved.

What intentions lay behind Waylen's actions?

Later that evening, she finally found the opportunity to reach out and call him. However, before she could make the call, Waylen beat her to it.

Rena answered the call.

In a surprisingly gentle tone, he asked, "Did you enjoy your time in Czanch?"

Rena nodded and responded, "It was satisfactory."

Upon reflection, without preamble, she added, "Please refrain from sending any further gifts to the Evans family. I'm afraid that..."

"Are you concerned about being misunderstood by others, Rena? There's nothing to be misunderstood. My intention was to propose to you today but your uncle rejected me!"

Under the veil of night, Waylen's voice carried a seductive tone. "What should I do? It appears that pursuing you has

become more arduous, Rena. Would you like me to come to Czanch?"

Rena shook her head and declined his offer.

The affirmation of her blood ties to the Evans family held no bearing on her relationship with Waylen.

Clearly, Waylen was merely exploiting the turbulent circumstances for his own advantage.

Thus, Rena chose to remain composed.

Softly, she said, "Let us discuss this matter once I return to Duefron."

On the other end of the line, Waylen fell into a prolonged silence before mustering a low voice, "Rena, are you... Are you rejecting me from entering your life?"

As the sole daughter of the current generation within the Evans family, Rena's choices greatly influenced their future.

If she were to acquiesce to Mark's plan and return to Czanch, what path would their relationship tread? Were any possibilities present between them?

He posed the question, and thereafter, silence enveloped them both.

Rena understood his longing for a commitment, yet she couldn't bring herself to make that promise at this moment.

She refused to surrender her emotions and everything she possessed solely due to a fleeting impulse.

Eventually, Waylen abruptly ended the call.

After spending three days in the Evans family residence, Rena

returned to Duefron.

The chauffeur dropped her off at her apartment. There, a black Maybach awaited her with its windows rolled down. A man, leaning against the open window with his arm extended, incessantly smoked.

It was Waylen.

The moment he caught sight of Rena, he swung the door open and stepped out of the car. Taking her suitcase from her hand, he uttered, "You're back."

"Yes," replied Rena.

Having not seen each other for nearly half a month, they discovered a hint of unfamiliarity lingering between them.

Waylen extinguished his cigarette and walked ahead of her towards the elevator.

Rena considered stopping him but, upon witnessing his desolate figure, she swallowed her words and followed him upstairs.

As Rena unlocked the door, Waylen couldn't resist embracing her from behind.

She tensed up momentarily.

Sensing her reaction, Waylen softly whispered into her ear, "I won't do anything else. It's been a while since we shared a meal together. How about we cook some chicken noodles?"

"Okay," acquiesced Rena.

She pushed the door open and stepped inside, with Waylen trailing behind. He scanned the surroundings and inquired, "Where is our dog?"

Rena smiled and replied, "He is currently in Czanch."

Waylen turned her body around, gently pressing her onto the sofa, and inquired in a hushed tone, "Are you considering giving our dog the same surname as Evans?"

Rena found his question mundane and absurd.

Thus, she pushed him away and made her way to the kitchen to prepare the noodles. Having skipped lunch as well, she longed for a warm and savory dish.

Waylen poured a glass of milk for her.

Resting against the kitchen counter, he appeared composed as he stated, "I heard that the project in Heron has been successfully initiated."

Rena nodded, affirming, "Yes, it's progressing smoothly. I'll have Zack stationed there for two months, overseeing the project entirely. You needn't worry about his capabilities. His father will support him and lend a hand during critical moments."

Waylen gazed at Rena with a glimmer in his eyes.

Over the past few months, Rena had seemingly undergone a profound transformation.

He fell deeply for this version of her, yet his desires were far from satiated. He yearned for Rena to belong exclusively to him.

The presence of Mark stirred restlessness within him.

As Rena diligently cut the vegetables, he encircled his arms around her slender waist and inquired, "Will you be heading to Czanch in the future?"

After a momentary pause, Rena replied, "Well, I do have that

intention."

Expressing a tinge of disappointment, Waylen patiently asked, "And what comes after? A blind date arranged by the Evans family? Rena, what about me? What are your plans for us?"

After meandering through his thoughts for a considerable duration, he eventually reached his point— he wanted her commitment!

Rena didn't consider herself to be cold-hearted.

She had tasted the bitterness of love and was aware of Waylen's fondness for her. However, she was not prepared for marriage now. It was not a necessity for them, nor was it an immediate priority for her.

While she found happiness in his company, she couldn't predict the future. Perhaps one night, he would receive a call from the Coleman family and leave her behind once again.

Thus, Rena continued cooking, keeping her silence.

The room fell into a profound stillness, punctuated only by the gentle sound of running water.

He understood the meaning behind her silence.

Slowly, he released his embrace and uttered softly, "I'm going to have a cigarette."

Rena glanced up and cautioned, "Don't smoke too much. I've noticed you've been smoking constantly lately."

"Are you genuinely concerned about me?" Waylen mocked.

Rena turned around, a smile gracing her lips. "Waylen, we are not enemies. We still need to coexist for nine more months. Of course, I care about you!"

Waylen's eyes brimmed with affection.

Suddenly, he scooped her up and placed her on the kitchen counter.

The chilly marble countertop contrasted sharply against his warm body before her, a contrast Rena found difficult to endure. She rested her head on his shoulder and gently protested, "Waylen, not here!"

Waylen clasped her chin and kissed her.

He kissed her passionately, exploring her with his tongue.

Rena resisted and struggled fervently but he appeared resolute in his desire to proceed. After a prolonged struggle, she finally succumbed to him. Her body softened against his, her hands tightly clinging to his neck.

With the subtle sound of a zipper, he fully entered her body, claiming her completely.

Of course, it was not enough for him, as his pent-up desires had been suppressed for far too long. They engaged in intense lovemaking throughout the afternoon.

Rena felt as though Waylen had become slightly unhinged. By the end of their passionate encounter, both were left in a dazed trance.

Exhausted, Rena drifted into a weary slumber, only to awaken at midnight.

There was an empty space beside her.

In the darkness, Rena opened her eyes and found herself lost in contemplation.

Both Waylen and Rena had crossed the boundaries they had

set for themselves.

Waylen hadn't adhered to the one-year deadline he had initially agreed on and Rena, despite her sarcasm, had acquiesced to his presence.

Regardless of her biting remarks, Rena knew that she had allowed herself to soften today. Otherwise, she wouldn't have permitted him to stay overnight.

Waylen...

Should she give him another chance?

Rena firmly believed that time would reveal the answer.

In the ensuing days, Waylen and Rena didn't spend much time together. They would meet once a week, sometimes at his villa, sometimes out for a dinner date.

Time slipped away unnoticed, and Christmas was fast approaching.

Eloise remained in Czanch.

Rena flew to Czanch on two occasions, each time staying for two or three days. She also visited Heron every month to evaluate Zack's performance, which he excelled at.

Rena felt that her life was currently filled with joy.

One day, she invited Vera to dine at a restaurant.

Vera, eight months pregnant, was on the verge of giving birth. Whether she ventured outside or returned home, she was constantly accompanied by servants. Roscoe doted on her like never before, and their relationship with Roscoe's parents had somewhat improved.

Rena carefully ladled a bowl of nutritious soup for her.

Vera playfully pinched her cheek and remarked, "Look at how plump I've become! Rena, I beg you! Since Roscoe isn't around, let's order some spicy dishes for delivery!"

Rena narrowed her eyes at Vera and chided, "Ordering takeout here? In a restaurant? Are you being silly?"

Upon hearing this, Vera reluctantly pinched her nose and obediently sipped her tonic soup.

After finishing the soup, she stuck out her tongue mischievously and began to gossip. "You know what? Cecilia finally ended her relationship with Harold! Harold then dealt with his lover and caused her so much pain. Even now, no one is willing to hire her as a waitress, let alone consider her for a future in the entertainment industry!"

Rena wasn't surprised. She smiled and replied, "Harold has always been cruel!"

However, Rena felt genuinely happy for Cecilia, who was an innocent soul deserving of a better man.

Partly due to thoughts of Harold, Rena experienced discomfort in her stomach.

She informed Vera, "Stay here. I need to use the bathroom!"

Vera playfully teased, "Why? Do you want to vomit? Could you also be pregnant?"

Although Waylen and Rena were sexually active, they always used contraceptives. Rena had no worries about such matters, so she answered, "It's impossible!"

Vera then didn't take it seriously.

As Rena entered the bathroom, her discomfort persisted and she began to retch.

In that moment, an old acquaintance appeared, someone who had been absent for quite some time: Aline.

Aline appeared shockingly gaunt, yet draped in opulent attire.

Locking eyes with Rena through the mirror, Aline sneered, "What a coincidence!"

Observing her figure in the reflection, Rena slowly straightened up and wiped her hands clean. "Indeed, what a coincidence! Are you here for dinner?"

Aline felt a twinge of embarrassment.

Since the Curtis family had discovered the truth, Joseph had abandoned her, casting her out alongside the child she claimed to be his.

She had gained notoriety within the realm of piano enthusiasts and no honorable man was willing to marry her.

She was barely scraping by.

Aline harbored jealousy towards Rena. She was envious of her exceptional business acumen and her connection to the Evans family.

Many women vied for the attention of Mark, the head of the prestigious Evans family.

However, Mark seemed to reserve his affection and indulgence solely for Rena!

Aline's lips twitched with anger as she retorted, "You won't enjoy smooth sailing and luck forever!"

Rena chose not to engage in an argument. Instead, she inquired, "Where is your child?"

Aline responded with a terrifying expression, "He's been sent to the nursery!"

Nursery...

Rena understood the implications. It meant that the child would grow up as an orphan!

Aline displayed such cruelty!

Though her heart quivered, Aline pretended indifference. She adjusted her makeup in front of the mirror, but it refused to adhere properly to her face. It appeared on the verge of sliding off, and she applied more reluctantly.

Finally, Aline clenched her teeth and declared, "That's his fate! His sin is not being Joseph's child!"

Rena was at a loss for words.

In that moment, a man with yellowed teeth and ostentatious gold chains emerged from the men's room. The instant he spotted Aline, he embraced her, teasing, "How many times have you excused yourself during our meal? Are you experiencing bladder issues?"

Aline casually exchanged some vulgar banter with him.

However, as she departed, her visage bore a look of utter despair.

Only Aline herself knew whether she led a fulfilling life or not.

Rena let out a sigh.

She desired to confide in Vera about Aline, but the mere

thought of the man's yellowed teeth made her feel nauseous. She clutched the washbasin, retching for an extended period before finally mustering the strength to look up, her discomfort evident.

She was an adult. Regardless of how careless she could be sometimes, she couldn't deny the growing suspicion.

Now that she thought about it, her period seemed to be late by ten days already.

Rena placed her hand on her belly, wondering if she carried a child from her encounters with Waylen.