

Chapter 235 Waylen Would Also Be Fragile!

Rena remained silent for a while.

Then, she smiled faintly and said, "Of course, things are different now that we have a child. We can't keep quarreling like before."

As she spoke, her demeanor exuded gentleness—a side of Rena that Waylen had always admired.

They were alone together in the middle of the night, and their child was sleeping peacefully in the next room.

Waylen swallowed, his eyes filled with desire as he looked at Rena.

Noticing his gaze, Rena tried to maintain her composure and said calmly, "Find a chance to have a good talk with her. It's getting late..."

She intended for him to leave for now and come back to pick Alexis up the following morning.

Waylen raised his hand to check the time, and then looked back at Rena.

She had no intention of letting him stay overnight, but he longed to. He whispered, "I'm exhausted. And I have an important meeting tomorrow morning. Can I sleep in the guest room? I won't disturb you."

Rena nodded silently.

She led him to the guest room, but she didn't enter herself.

Waylen tossed his coat onto the bed and turned around. Observing that Rena hadn't followed him in, he asked with a faint smile, "Are you afraid of me?"

"I'll get you some towels," she replied, avoiding his question.

He stared at her without saying anything.

After she left, he sat at the edge of the bed and loosened his tie with a sense of frustration.

As he rummaged through his suit, he failed to find his cigarette case. Instead, his hand landed on a small box—the gift he had purchased for Rena in Hondrau.

However, Rena had refused to accept it.

Waylen held the small box in his hand, his eyes reflecting an unreadable mix of emotions.

Rena returned to the room, finding Waylen smoking at the edge of the bed.

With one hand resting on the bed and the other holding a cigarette, he emanated a distinctly masculine aura. Upon seeing Rena enter, he narrowed his eyes and asked, "Do you have a razor?"

Softly, she replied, "No."

"Okay." Waylen exhaled a stream of smoke slowly, extending his hand.

Without hesitation, she handed him the towel and a new toothbrush, but Waylen didn't take them. Instead, he grabbed her wrist and pulled her gently, causing her to fall onto the bed.

Before she could react, he pressed himself against her.

"Waylen!"

Rena exclaimed, her anger simmering, but she didn't dare to speak too loudly, fearing she might awaken Alexis.

Waylen grabbed her hand, pressing it onto the bed with one hand while stubbing out his cigarette with the other. Then, he produced something.

Rena lay on the bed, her long brown hair cascading around her face.

Waylen released her hand but exerted more pressure to keep her pinned beneath him. They were so close that Rena hesitated to make any movement.

With some clumsiness, he placed something on her.

It was the pair of pearl earrings.

Waylen, inexperienced in helping a woman put on earrings, accidentally poked her earlobe. Wincing, Rena unhappily said, "Ouch! Waylen, can you be more gentle?"

Her ambiguous words made her appear deeply provocative.

If he disregarded her feelings, he would have already succumbed to his desires and taken her.

Waylen gingerly fastened the earrings for her.

Afterwards, he said in a low voice, "I still remember that after we made love in the hotel, you left first, and one of your earrings fell at the end of the bed. The earring had a similar style to this pair. Rena, these earrings look exquisite on you!"

She was left speechless.

Waylen had turned such a simple remark into an erotic innuendo.

He yearned for the feeling of being intimate with her.

He didn't want to miss this opportunity tonight.

He had been too busy, and his fear of going too far and upsetting her had prevented him from acting upon his desires. Drawing closer, he buried his face in her neck and asked, "Rena, haven't I made you happy in so long?"

Rena attempted to push him away but failed.

Biting her lip, she turned her face away and said, "Waylen, I won't lie to you. It's true that you have many advantages. We used to be together, and now we have a child. But... right now, all I want is to take good care of Alexis. I really don't want to think about anything else."

As she spoke, her eyes glistened with tears, yet she remained undeniably captivating.

Waylen couldn't resist caressing her eyes with his slender fingers. Deliberately, he traced her eyes slowly, causing Rena to nearly lose her composure. In a low voice, she murmured, "Waylen..."

He suddenly chuckled. "Your voice is so melodious!"

It took her three seconds to grasp the meaning behind his words. Unable to control herself, she kicked him and said, "Let me go!"

Unexpectedly, Waylen released her.

Rolling to the side, he clenched his jaw, his Adam's apple enticingly bobbing, and his voice growing hoarse. "Go to sleep!"

As quick as lightning, Rena fled the room.

As her fingertips brushed against the doorknob, Waylen whispered in a low voice, "I've missed you so much over these years!"

Early in the morning, when Alexis woke up, she discovered a limited edition teddy bear beside her pillow.

She should have been overjoyed, but today she didn't feel happy at all.

Clutching the teddy bear to her chest, she ran to the guest room in search of Waylen. Still groggy from sleep, Waylen hadn't awakened yet, and Alexis crawled under the covers.

As he opened his eyes, Waylen ran his hand through her curly brown hair.

Alexis nestled her face against his chest, remaining silent. Waylen pinched her cheek and asked, "Do you miss me?"

Alexis continued to remain silent.

Waylen refrained from forcing her and instead held her in his arms.

Unlike other children, Alexis exhibited signs of autism, and Waylen knew better than to push her when she didn't want to speak. As a father, he felt a deep sense of remorse for her struggles, willing to do everything in his power to make her happy.

But sometimes, happiness couldn't be bought with money.

To soothe Alexis, Rena went out of her way to cook things the little girl liked. She then found Alexis hiding under the quilt.

Waylen glanced at Rena, silently telling her that he got this.

He cradled Alexis in his arms from 7 a.m. to nearly 9 a.m.

During those two hours, Jazlyn called Waylen, and Rena answered the phone for him, rescheduling the meeting for the afternoon.

After hanging up, she gazed at Waylen.

Their eyes shared a depth of understanding that words couldn't convey.

When 9 a.m. finally arrived, Alexis emerged from under the quilt, clutching her beloved teddy bear.

She expressed her desire to go to school, and Rena and Waylen accompanied her, showering her with kisses and affection.

However, as Rena and Waylen sat in the car once more, a somber ambiance hung in the air, a touch of heaviness clouding their spirits.

Waylen, seeking solace, reached for a cigarette, the smoke curling around him as he whispered, "She has experienced moments like this before. This isn't the most severe instance."

Rena sank back in her seat, her body weighed down by a mixture of fatigue and guilt.

It was the first time she had witnessed Alexis in such a vulnerable state. Alexis, typically vibrant and full of life, seemed like a completely different child that morning, and it broke Rena's heart.

Rena's tears welled up, unspoken remorse flooding her heart.

Waylen put out the cigarette and handed her a tissue. "Don't cry!"

Rena wiped away her tears, but more came rushing down her cheeks.

Unbeknownst to her, Alexis had endured countless moments of isolation in her own world with only Waylen by her side. Rena had been oblivious, lost in her own world in Rouemn.

Her eyes squeezed shut, Rena sought to collect herself, to find a glimmer of strength.

Waylen, ever perceptive, respected her need for space and time to process her emotions.

After what seemed like an eternity, Rena managed to regain a sense of composure.

Waylen gently clasped her hand, his voice tender and reassuring. "Rena, it's not your fault."

Later that afternoon, Rena's phone buzzed, and it was Waylen on the other end of the line.

His voice, calm and steady, pierced through Rena's thoughts. "Rena, come to the villa."

Startled by his unexpected request, Rena's hands trembled, causing hot coffee to spill onto the back of her hand. The pain momentarily forgotten, she swiftly hailed a taxi, her heart racing as she headed to Waylen's villa.

The atmosphere within the villa was heavy with unspoken emotions.

The servants moved with utmost caution, aware that Alexis had retreated into her own world upon returning from the kindergarten. She had sought refuge in the confines of a small wardrobe, and Waylen had rushed back from work to be with her, their silent company an unspoken solace.

Rena ascended the stairs, her steps quick but careful. A soft-spoken servant showed her the way. "Mr. Fowler and Miss Lexi are upstairs."

With bated breath, Rena pushed the door to Alexis' room open, her eyes widening at the sight before her.

Alexis, hidden within the depths of her pink wardrobe, clutched her teddy bear tightly, her voice lost in the depths of silence.

Waylen, dressed impeccably in a formal suit, sat beside her, stooping low within the cramped space. In his hands, he held a worn fairy tale book, reading the familiar stories to Alexis with unwavering devotion.

Upon Rena's entrance, Waylen's gaze briefly flickered in her direction, his focus soon returning to the pages of the book, resuming the tales he had read countless times before.

This poignant scene struck Rena to her core.

In that moment, she fully comprehended the immense sacrifices Waylen had made for Alexis over the years.

No amount of past conflicts could diminish the magnitude of his love and devotion. Rena, as Alexis' mother, couldn't bear to watch her daughter suffer silently. She couldn't ignore the responsibilities that came with motherhood any longer.

Otherwise, she would be too selfish.

Approaching with gentle steps, Rena removed her shoes, her voice soft as a whisper. "The wardrobe is quite small. Let me do this."

Waylen glanced at her, his eyes revealing a mixture of relief and gratitude.

Without a word, he handed the well-worn fairy tale book to Rena and quietly stepped out of the wardrobe, allowing Rena to take his place beside Alexis.

Rena settled herself beside Alexis, her voice quivering with emotion as she leaned in to kiss her daughter before beginning to read the fairy tales.

Every word she spoke carried a heartfelt weight, her love and concern evident in every inflection. The presence of her mother brought solace to Alexis' troubled soul.

Meanwhile, Waylen stood outside the room, leaning against the corridor wall. He lit a cigarette, the smoke curling around him in wisps. Taking a deep drag, he realized that he didn't need to face these challenges alone anymore.

Rena's arrival had reminded him of just how much he needed

her by his side.

It was then that Waylen fully comprehended that Rena had been his emotional anchor throughout the years.

And while Alexis was their shared responsibility, his love for them both ran deep, transcending the boundaries of time and space.