

Chapter 285 Waylen, I Want To Kiss You

Waylen chuckled softly.

To be honest, he hadn't encountered many young girls. At least, that was how he remembered it...

But as a man, he wouldn't dare admit that. Instead, he playfully patted his trousers and asked casually, "We've been married for a few years. How many young girls do you think I've seen? You must know, my dear."

He gently pinched Rena's cheek once more and continued saying, "You're quite the jealous type. I'm sure you've kept track."

Rena smiled.

Waylen's heart melted as he admired her beautiful profile. He lowered his voice and said, "Let's not fight anymore. Let's live our lives, okay?"

He thought that at his age and with Rena's recovery, maybe not now, but they could consider having a third child.

But whether or not they'd have another baby depended on Rena's wishes.

It seemed that after expressing his intentions, their relationship had improved significantly. Waylen was now more attentive towards Rena, especially when she went for her post-natal check-up at the hospital. Even Ross had noticed, commenting, "Mr. Fowler seems much more considerate these days."

Rena sat on a bench, holding a cup of water in her hand.

She smiled as she saw Waylen approaching. He joined her on the bench and whispered, "Everything looks good. Your uterus is in good shape."

Rena blushed.

She pretended to casually read the test report and tucked it away in her bag.

Waylen took another step forward, wrapping his arm around her waist, and spoke in a low voice, "Come with me to buy some things. Dad has given me a lot of tasks, as if he's afraid I won't be busy enough."

Rena looked up at him, unable to resist stroking his handsome face. "You do deserve it. He has been quite demanding of you lately."

Waylen held her hand, his voice softening, "Why does he favor you so much?"

Waylen knew his father's temper well, as it was similar to his own. Yet, Korbyn seemed to love Rena more than even Cecilia, which was quite evident. Surprisingly, Cecilia didn't seem to be jealous. Instead, she was also attached to Rena and always wanted to be close to her.

"What kind of magic do you have?" Waylen wondered.

Rena gracefully walked towards the elevator, and Waylen followed. "It's because I'm nice."

With only the two of them inside, Waylen took advantage of the moment, pressing Rena against the elevator wall and teasing her playfully. "Will Mrs. Fowler show me just how nice she can be?"

Blushing, Rena was taken aback by Waylen's audacity.

She wondered if all men were so adept at igniting desire in women.

Rena was not impulsive, though.

Despite her deep love for him, she understood that giving everything to him would leave her vulnerable and powerless.

By then, he would control her easily.

What if he grew tired of her one day?

She gently scratched his shoulder with her hand, teasingly playing with his belt buckle. "It depends on how you perform."

Waylen, aroused by her words, playfully bit her ear.

"You naughty girl."

Fortunately, Waylen knew where to draw the line, especially in public places.

They spent the whole day shopping, not only for groceries but also for new clothes and toys for the children. Rena even picked out two sets of clothes for Leonel, arranging for them to be delivered directly to the Douglas' house.

On their way back, Waylen was behind the wheel.

After a while, he suddenly asked, "You really like Leonel, don't you?"

Rena nodded, "He's cute and clever."

Waylen cleared his throat and continued asking, "What kind of person do you find attractive?"

Rena glanced at Waylen, understanding the unspoken question behind his words.

He wanted to know if she found him attractive.

Of course, Waylen was undeniably good-looking.

In fact, he could be considered the most handsome man Rena had ever laid eyes on.

Generously, she replied, "You are good-looking."

Waylen chuckled softly, touching the windshield as he whispered, "It's snowing again. If it continues heavily, we might end up spending the entire Christmas holiday at home... Perhaps we should think of some movies we haven't seen and watch them together."

The snowfall intensified, creating a picturesque winter scene.

Rena gently traced the window with her slender fingers.

Despite the weather, she felt content and happy, enjoying the snow with Waylen in the car.

As they waited at a red light, Rena called out softly, "Waylen."

"Yes?" he responded.

As the light turned green, he drove to a quiet street and stopped the car by the roadside.

A soft sound echoed as he unfastened his seat belt and then pulled Rena into his arms. Her overcoat was unbuttoned, leaving her delicate body covered only in a thin red sweater.

Waylen didn't rush to kiss her, but instead pressed her gently against the steering wheel, his warm hand caressing her slender waist.

"What do you want to say?" he inquired.

Rena untied her hair, allowing her long brown locks to cascade down her waist, emanating the delightful fragrance of gardenia.

With her arms around his neck, she said in a sultry voice, "Waylen, I want to kiss you."

Her words ignited a fiery passion within Waylen. His neck flushed with desire, and his pulse quickened.

He couldn't resist any longer and leaned in to kiss her.

For an adult man and woman, kissing was just the beginning once they were both turned on.

Fortunately, the darkness of the evening provided them some privacy...

In any case, Rena felt too shy to indulge in such activities in the car with him, especially on the roadside.

Waylen couldn't resist whispering into her ear in a hoarse voice, "Don't move. Let me take care of you. If I don't do it well, just tell me..."

It had been a while since he had been intimate with someone, and he had never been this intimate with any woman in his memory.

However, he wanted Rena to feel comfortable and happy.

By the end of it, they both looked like a mess...

Rena blushed, her heart pounding in her chest. She wanted to button up her wool skirt, but her trembling fingers couldn't manage it.

Waylen gently helped her tidy up, his touch sending shivers down her spine.

Looking at Rena, he couldn't help but feel soft hearted. He skillfully helped her buttoned the skirt.

As their eyes met, there was an unmistakable desire reflected in each other's gaze.

Clearly, they weren't satisfied yet...

In a low voice, Waylen suggested, "Let's go home for dinner. My dad has been calling me several times."

He had probably called Rena as well, but neither of them had answered the phone...

They were just too engrossed in each other.

Sitting back on the passenger seat, Rena's face still flushed with embarrassment. She couldn't bring herself to look at Waylen, so she turned her face to the other side.

Waylen fastened his seat belt and pressed on the gas, amused by Rena's adorable bashfulness. "You look like an inexperienced little girl. In the past... Have we ever done this outside before?"

"No," Rena admitted, her cheeks burning.

She rolled down the window to get some fresh air...

But Waylen quickly rolled it back up, concerned for her well-being. He said in a low, hoarse voice, "Don't roll it down. The wind might feel refreshing now, but you might catch a cold later. If you get sick, you won't be able to nurse Marcus."

Rena brushed her long hair aside and retorted playfully, "You care more about him."

"I care about both of you equally. But I also worry that you might experience discomfort due to engorgement," Waylen explained.

They continued their conversation for a while.

The moment felt touching.

Outside, snowflakes gently fell from the sky.

Inside the car, it was warm and cozy as they sat close to each other...

As the car window fogged up, Rena used her finger to write his

name on it gently.

Waylen.

His phone kept ringing at that moment.

Driving, Waylen asked Rena to check his phone. She recognized it as a call from Mavis, having read her information before and remembered her number.

In a composed manner, Rena replied, "It's an unknown number."

Waylen chuckled, "Then let's block it. It's the holiday season, and we're bound to get all sorts of sales calls."

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Rena tapped away on Waylen's phone.

Before long, Mavis' phone number was on Waylen's phone's blacklist.

Even after that, Rena's mood was still affected. Waylen spoke, but she wasn't paying attention.

Finally, they arrived at the villa.

Waylen unfastened his seat belt, turned sideways, and asked gently, "Why haven't you said a word?"

Men always liked to compare themselves to others.

Waylen thought for a while and prodded, "Have I been making you uncomfortable?"

Rena shook her head in response.

She opened the car door and got out of the car. "Come on. Your parents are waiting for us."

Rena had only taken two steps when Waylen caught up with her and held her from behind.

Once more, she found herself locked inside his arms.

Snow was falling from the sky.

Before they knew it, their coats were wet, but neither of them cared. These days, they hadn't been getting a chance to feel each

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other's warmth. This opportunity had become rare for them.

"Rena... I think I can be a good husband to you."

He whispered in her ear.

He decided to abandon his prejudices and accept her fully.

It didn't matter if his reason was that he desired her or that she had good character. She was a loving wife and mother and an excellent lover.

Rena leaned on his shoulder and murmured, "Really?"

What do you like about me, Waylen?"

Waylen patted her head lazily and replied, "I'll show you tonight."

Rena said with a dazed smile, "It's too soon."

Waylen stroked her back. She felt so soft against him. He was willing to pamper her like this.

At the porch of the villa stood Korbyn and Mark.

They were smoking cigarettes.

Seeing Waylen and Rena by Waylen's car, Korbyn narrowed his eyes. He asked Mark, "Is that Waylen and Rena hugging in the snow?"

Looking in the direction Korbyn pointed out, Mark lit another cigarette. He took a long drag, making him look very manly.

He blew out a cloud of smoke and answered, "Yes, it's them."

Korbyn clicked his tongue.

Gripping his cigarette between his fingers, he strode toward the parking pad. He shouted as he walked, "Waylen! What in the world are you doing? Can't you see it's snowing? You're strong and healthy, so you don't need to worry about yourself. But your

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wife just gave birth two months ago. Get her inside the house!
She's going to freeze out here, you idiot!"

Watching this, Mark almost burned his hand with his cigarette.

Rena was so embarrassed that she pushed Waylen away. "Your dad's here."

Waylen realized that his father had a point. He took off his overcoat and put it over Rena's shoulders. "Let's go inside. See? My dad loves you so much that he yells at me when I compromise you."

As Waylen spoke, Korbyn approached them.

The old man immediately handed Rena the black umbrella he'd brought with him, and once again, he scolded Waylen for being careless.

Waylen took out a cigarette from his pocket.

As he put it in his mouth and lit it, he glanced at Rena.

He teased her with his eyes.

The truth was, Rena liked Waylen in this way very much. But with his father around, she didn't have the guts to flirt with him. She quickly walked into the hall.

Korbyn gave his son another lecture on taking care of a woman who just bore a child.

Finally, Korbyn waved his hand and said, "You're such a brat. Go. Go take care of your wife."

Waylen finished his cigarette and entered the house.

As soon as he came in, he saw Rena take off her coat and start drying her hair with a towel.

She was wearing a thin wool dress that made her skin look particularly flawless. Her radiance knocked the air right out of

his lungs.

Waylen said in a gentle tone, "There's still half an hour left before dinner. Go upstairs and take a shower. I'll go see Marcus."

Holding Waylen's hand, Alexis excitedly said, "I'll come with Daddy to see my baby brother."

Waylen bent down, picked up Alexis, and gave her a peck on the cheek.

Alexis wrapped her arms around her father's neck, looking very happy.

Rena looked at them with dotting eyes.

Juliette took the towel from Rena and commented, "He's finally able to settle down. Don't worry; he has a deep relationship with you and the children even though he couldn't remember anymore."

Rena nodded.

To her, whether or not Waylen regained his memories was no longer the most important thing.

The most important thing was their future.

Rena went upstairs to take a shower. On the first floor of the Fowlers' house, the servants were all busy preparing to serve rich dishes. The living room was very lively. Indeed the spirit of Christmas was in the air.

After checking on Marcus, Waylen went downstairs with Alexis.

It was already half past seven in the evening.

Fireworks had begun painting the night sky over the suburbs of Duefron.

Wearing a beautiful dress, Alexis ran around Waylen. Watching his little girl, Waylen couldn't help feeling like his heart was

Chapter 286 You Said You Would Be A Good Hus. 🎁 +120 Points at most melting. Beaming, he picked up his daughter once again.

He found himself staring at Alexis' face.

He saw Rena whenever he looked at Alexis.

Realizing that her father was looking at her intently, Alexis couldn't help feeling a little embarrassed. She twiddled her fingers and said, "You are very handsome, Daddy, but I think Leonel is more handsome."

Waylen chuckled and playfully spanked his little girl.

Alexis threw herself over his shoulder and acted like a spoiled child.

When Mark came in with Korbyn, he saw this scene.

Mark thought he had never been close to Edwin the way Alexis was close to Waylen. The boy was very shy.

Coincidentally, Cecilia took Edwin downstairs.

Cecilia had been doing well recently. Her parents had been helping her take care of Edwin, and she didn't have to work so hard for a living anymore. As a result, she was able to restore her former beauty but with a little more matured and feminine charm this time.

Mark did miss Cecilia, but at this time, he couldn't be with her.

He bent down and said to Alexis and Edwin, "Come, kids. I've brought gifts for you."

Alexis rushed over first.

Mark gave her a doll.

Edwin was a little hesitant. He had always found Mark to be an intimidating man. Cecilia patted Edwin on the shoulder and said, "Go ahead, dear."

Edwin summoned up all his courage and walked up to Mark.

"Great-uncle."

With that, awkwardness descended upon the living room.

Mark wasn't expecting the little boy to address him that way. He gently stroked Edwin's head, gave him a remote-controlled toy car, and told him in a tender voice, "You should call me Dad."

Edwin didn't fully understand what Mark meant. Still, he nodded and replied, "Okay, Dad."

Alexis came over and said to Edwin, "My great-uncle is my mother's uncle, so I call him Great-uncle. Great-uncle Mark and Aunt Cecilia are a couple. They are your parents, so you should call him Dad."

Mark patted Alexis' head and smiled.

She was so smart. Just like her father.

Then, Alexis took Edwin's hand and towed him away to play.

Cecilia stared fondly at the children as they dashed away.

Mark took out a box from his pocket and handed it to Cecilia. "Here's my present for you."

Cecilia refused to take his gift.

Mark looked deeply into her eyes and said, "If it makes you feel better, just pretend it's a casual Christmas gift from your friend. Please take it. I rarely visit here, and I already have to leave tomorrow morning. I don't know when I'll be back."

Cecilia sullenly took the box and opened it.

Inside was a jade necklace.

It must be expensive.

She didn't want to accept it, but Mark insisted that it was nothing but a simple gift.

The truth was, the necklace was an Evans family heirloom, a piece of information that Mark deliberately kept from Cecilia. For years, that jade necklace had been passed down from one eldest daughter-in-law of the Evans family to another.

Mark's future with Cecilia was uncertain.

Regardless, he wanted to give this necklace to her.

His feelings for her were mixed at best.

Waylen watched Mark and Cecilia quietly.

Unlike his naive sister, he could ascertain the value of the necklace at a glance, but he didn't tell Cecilia about it. Just then, his phone rang.

An unknown number flashed on his screen.

He frowned and let his phone ring for a while. As soon as he picked up, the person on the other end of the line started sobbing. "Mr. Fowler, thank God you answered. Mavis needs your help. Please come. When she lost your financial support, she returned to her hometown to find a job. Her hometown is situated in a mountainous area, and it has been snowing nonstop. On her way to work, she accidentally slipped and fell down a slope. It's hard to do a rescue right now. Mr. Fowler, I know that Mavis has offended Mrs. Fowler. I wouldn't have called you if there was any other way at all to save Mavis, but without a rescue chopper, she would surely freeze to death out there.

She called you several times, but she couldn't get a hold of you.

Please, Mr. Fowler."

The girl called herself Rita Green kept pleading.

Waylen checked his phone screen.

There were indeed several missed calls.

Rena put Mavis' number on Waylen's phone's blacklist.

Someone's life was on the line.

Waylen agreed to help without hesitation. He asked about the situation in detail and told Rita that he would deal with it.

He hung up and then looked up.

Rena felt refreshed and relaxed after taking a shower. Standing in the middle of the staircase, she overheard Waylen's phone conversation. Her face turned pale.

"Are you leaving?"

She fixed her eyes on him. He had already taken his coat and was about to step out.

Waylen nodded in response.

He said, "I'll be back soon, Rena. It's an emergency."

"But dinner is ready. And Uncle Mark is leaving tomorrow morning."

Holding the handrail, Rena walked down the stairs slowly.

She looked calm, but only she knew how much her hands were shaking.

Finally, she was standing in front of her husband. She said, "I can ask Uncle Mark to send a chopper. You don't have to take care of it yourself."

Waylen looked at Mark.

Taking a drag on his cigarette, Mark concurred, "I can help."

Waylen then looked back at Rena.

Rena smiled. "See? You can rest assured with Uncle Mark's help. Waylen, you promised me that you wouldn't interfere in Mavis' business anymore, so leave this matter to me. What do you say?"

Rena wasn't stupid.

How in the world could such a coincidence happen?

Mavis was just pretending to be in danger.

She was really going to the extreme to get Waylen to her side. What if he didn't show up? Had she consider that possibility? She could have died!

Rena didn't care about Mavis' life. She had her own family to think about though, and she certainly wouldn't let Waylen risk his life to save Mavis'.

After saying that, Rena stared at Waylen.

Waylen reached out and gently stroked her face. He said gently, "It's rare for Uncle Mark to visit here. I can't have him taking care of something for me when he should be here with you and the rest of the family. I have to go. I'll be back tomorrow morning, okay?"

After saying that, Waylen turned around and started for the front door.

Holding his hand, Rena said in a soft voice, "Isn't your happy family enough to keep you here? Or do you just not trust me? You don't think I want her to be saved, do you?"

Waylen frowned slightly.

"It's not that, Rena."

Rena lowered her head and scoffed. She didn't want to frighten Alexis, and she didn't want to make things difficult for the

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elders during the celebration of the holiday either.

She lowered her voice. "You just told me earlier that you could be a good husband to me. Have you already forgotten that? Why are you hurrying out now to save a woman who obviously wants to seduce you and take you away from me and your children? Are you really an emissary of justice, Waylen, or do you just see someone in her?"

Rena didn't care anymore.

In the end, she decided to speak her heart.

Waylen's face darkened, and he said, "Stop it, Rena."

Rena loosened her grip on him. The moment she let him go, she went in a trance.

She forced a smile, walked over to pick up Alexis, and sat at the dining table.

Rena whispered to her daughter, "Daddy has to leave. He has something to deal with. It's just going to be us having dinner."

Feeling disappointed, Alexis pouted.

Rena coaxed her little girl.

However, she never looked at him again.

There was nothing left to say. Rena was as disappointed as Alexis.

Korbyn couldn't stand it anymore and snapped, "If you leave right now, Waylen, I will break your legs."

Waylen replied, "Someone's life is hanging in the balance, Dad."


Then, Waylen looked at Rena.

He waited for her to say something more to him. He wanted her to look at him, even blame him. But she didn't. She just focused

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Chapter 286 You Said You Would Be A Good Hus  +120 Points at most on Alexis, acting as if he wasn't even in the room anymore.

Like he said, Korbyn was about to hit his son.

Rena stopped him, though. "Let him go."

Korbyn felt sorry for Rena. Rena waited for Waylen to come back as he asked. And now that he had returned, he was a different person and not in a good way.

Waylen finally left the Fowlers' house.

Outside, it was snowing heavily.

In a matter of seconds, his whole body got covered with ice dregs.

Sitting in his car, Waylen made some calls and had someone prepare and dispatch a rescue helicopter. Soon, the rescue mission for Mavis began.

After making the necessary phone calls, he looked at his phone in a daze. Still in the parking pad of the Fowlers' house, he decided to call Rena.

But Rena didn't answer.

She was understandably angry.

Waylen thought for a while and sent a message to Rena that read, "I promise I'll come back tomorrow morning."



After sending the message, he waited for a moment, but Rena didn't text him back.

Waylen put out the cigarette that he lit before making the arrangements for Mavis' rescue. He took a look at the villa, which was brightly lit and looking very warm.

With an expressionless look on his face, he rolled up his car window.

19:33

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Then, he shifted gears and stepped on the gas.

He wasn't back for a few days.

After Mavis was saved, she was admitted to the ICU.

It was early morning on New Year's Day.

Rena's eyelids flew open. She lay quietly on the big bed and reflexively reached out beside her. There was nobody there. She was alone.

The grandfather clock downstairs chimed eight times.

Rena jumped out of bed, went to the bathroom, and performed her morning routine. Then, she went to nurse Marcus and keep Alexis company.

At ten o'clock in the morning, Rena gave the servants some gifts. The servants liked Rena very much, and they spoke many words of blessing to her. They wished that Rena and Waylen would live the rest of their lives together happily and harmoniously.

Rena smiled and said to two of the old servants, "Help me clean up the bedroom opposite the children's room. I'm expecting some furniture for that room delivered in the afternoon."

Rena had already asked someone to finish the design drawing of her new bedroom.

It was a master suite into which she intended to move. From now on, she would no longer share a bedroom with Waylen.

Although the servants were surprised, they didn't dare to say anything.

But they told Cecilia about Rena's plan in secret.

In the afternoon, Cecilia locked herself in her bedroom and called Waylen.

Waylen was still in Tashkao.

He stepped out of the ICU and answered Cecilia's call in the corridor. He asked a bit hesitantly, "How's your sister-in-law? Is she still angry with me?"

Rena hadn't been answering his calls or texts. He'd been trying to reach her since he left.

He knew that it wasn't easy to placate Rena.

There was a sob in Cecilia's voice. "Dad has blown his lid, Waylen. You have got to come back here right now. Rena is clearing out a room and moving into it. She's separating herself from you."

Rena was going to start sleeping in a different room.

Waylen was stunned.

After a while, he whispered, "I see. I have to go."

He hung up with his sister and immediately dialed Rena's number.

Unexpectedly, Rena answered after a few rings.

For a moment, he didn't know what to say. After a while, he said in a hoarse voice, "Happy New Year."

After a long silence, Rena replied, "Happy New Year to you, too."

"I'll be back this afternoon," Waylen said in a hurry.

Then, he began explaining the situation and how it was developing so far.

While Waylen was explaining himself over the phone, Rena was in her new master suite and directing people where to place the furniture and other things. After Waylen stopped talking, she said to him coolly, "Whatever."