

## Chapter 223 If Alexis Was Still Alive, Would You...

Waylen tenderly grasped Rena's shoulder, displaying a delicate touch.

Contrary to her usual behavior, she refrained from breaking away from his embrace.

She allowed him to hold her for an extended duration, the passing moments stretching into eternity.

As the sun reached its zenith, she finally voiced her query, her words dripping with determination, "Waylen, when will our paths diverge?"

Waylen's body exhibited a subtle rigidity, betraying his inner tension.

He had anticipated this topic to arise today, yet he was unwilling to relinquish her easily.

He clung to the hope of stalling the inevitable, harboring aspirations to salvage their fractured union.

He maintained a prolonged silence before hoarsely uttering, "Let us bide our time a little longer."

With that, Rena emancipated herself from his grasp, severing the physical connection.

She pivoted, her gaze fixed upon him, as within her heart, she had already passed a judgment of condemnation. She was resolute in her decision to part ways.

"Why persist?" she queried in a husky tone. "Let us dissolve this union expeditiously. Each of us must embark on a new journey. This marriage, initially borne of Alexis' existence, has now lost its purpose. With her absence, we..."

Waylen interjected, interrupting her train of thought.

His gaze, profound and unwavering, bore into her as he cautiously inquired in a subdued and humble manner, "If Alexis was still alive, would you return to me also?"

He skillfully phrased his query, tactfully avoiding a direct inquiry about divorce.

He queried, "Will you come back to me?"

Unaware of his subtle manipulation of words, Rena failed to grasp the underlying intention.

Gazing at the pallid sky, she murmured softly, "Regrettably, there is no 'if' left between us."

Waylen advanced once more, enveloping her in a gradual embrace. Before she could extract herself from his clutches, he whispered, "I will comply, Rena... Permit me to hold you for a while longer."

Silent and tender, he clung to her.

In that moment, Waylen remained uncertain about the length of their impending separation. It could span years—two or three or perhaps an entire lifetime.

Regardless of the duration, he resolved to convince himself.

He ought to liberate her.

Studying her intently, he proposed, "Let us revisit our former abode for a meal. I will request Jazlyn to deliver the divorce papers there subsequently."

Eventually, Rena succeeded in freeing herself from his grasp.

A faint smile graced her lips as she responded, "It is unnecessary."

Waylen clasped her hand firmly and pleaded, "It's just a meal, nothing more. I will sign the papers after that."

His gaze pleaded earnestly, his determination unyielding.

Finally, Rena relented.

Taking her place in his vehicle, Rena watched as Waylen dialed Jazlyn, instructing her on his request. Evidently, Jazlyn had anticipated this arrangement well in advance, for she promptly acquiesced.

Half an hour later, Waylen steered the car toward the apartment.

Everything remained unchanged, a replica of the past.

The Rococo-style drapes, the piano and the azure vases persisted, mirroring the past. Waylen even retrieved the injured Snowball from the veterinary hospital, and the dog was now resting lazily on a cushion, soaking up the sun's rays.

Upon Rena's arrival, Snowball darted toward her, whimpering plaintively.

Rena reached out, her touch gentle as she caressed the creature's head.

Observing her delicate hand, Waylen whispered in a hushed tone, "If you wish, you may take it away."

Rena bestowed a subtle nod, a gesture of acknowledgement.

As this meal marked their parting, she felt disinclined to dine with him while clad in hospital attire. Seeking a more appropriate attire, she ventured to the coat closet, selecting a dress and adorning herself with light makeup.

Throughout the meal, silence enveloped them.

Amidst the delectable cuisine, two divorce agreements lay upon the table.

Waylen set them aside, his voice a mere whisper, "We shall peruse them once we have finished our meal."

With utmost tenderness, he served her, ensuring she indulged in ample portions.

After savoring a modest amount, Rena delicately placed her fork down. "Waylen, let us sign them."

His grip on the knife and fork grew slightly rigid.

After a brief pause, he responded, "I have yet to satiate my hunger."

Rena waited patiently, devoid of any semblance of impatience. However desolate she might have felt, she understood the need to confront reality and forge ahead with courage.

Now, Rena reclaimed her courage.

She yearned for solitude...

Waylen intended to bestow upon her real estate, stock funds, and cash, the sum total exceeding two billion dollars.

Rena couldn't bring herself to sign.

He whispered softly and serenely, "Accept it. Do not burden yourself excessively with work in the future..."

Rena's eyes glistened with moisture.

She signed...

Tears welled in Waylen's eyes. Pausing momentarily, he inquired casually, "What are your plans?"

Rena remained silent.

For a fleeting moment, he appeared dazed.

Naturally, she would not divulge her plans now that they were divorced.

It was all over.

Rising to her feet, Rena beckoned Snowball, fastening its leash. Just before departing, she whispered softly, "I'm leaving."

Waylen remained seated at the table.

He yearned to offer her a ride, yet feared the pain of witnessing her departure.

He gazed upon her composed countenance, reminding himself that this was for the best. Finally, he averted his gaze, his voice tinged with hoarseness. "Your uncle's car awaits downstairs."

Rena lowered her head, muttering an affirmation.

It was truly over...

As she grasped the doorknob with trembling fingers, Waylen unexpectedly declared, "Rena, believe it or not, I love you."

Rena faltered momentarily.

Her fingertips brushed against the cold metal doorknob. She then clenched her teeth and turned it.

Outside, the sun shone brightly.

Mark's car awaited below, as he had personally come to collect her.

Seated in the car, Rena remained silent, her gaze fixed upon the passing scenery outside the window...

Mark smiled. "What? You have no desire to linger with that scoundrel, do you?"

"No."

Mark regarded her intently and continued, "By the way, that scoundrel announced to withdraw from the legal profession today, never to return."

Rena visibly recoiled in surprise.

Mark's smile widened. "If it holds no significance to you, then move on."

Rena's heart raced.

She pondered what Waylen's intentions could possibly be.

Curiosity consumed her thoughts as she pondered why he chose to abandon his legal career on the very day of their divorce.

Rena resolved to cease dwelling on such matters.

She believed it was time to release her worries about him, for their chapter had reached its conclusion.

After Rena's departure, Waylen found himself alone within the confines of the apartment.

An overwhelming emptiness pervaded the space.

Profound loneliness engulfed him.

Aware of Rena's impending journey abroad, with Mark's assistance in securing a three-year visa to Rouernn, he comprehended the extent of her prolonged absence.

How would she transform upon her return? Would there be another person accompanying her?

Waylen remained oblivious to such answers.

All he knew was that he had exchanged their divorce papers for a potential future. Even though his heart yearned for her and sorrow clung to him, he willingly watched her depart and relinquished his hold.

Seated before the piano, he summoned the melodies of the Moonlight Sonata.

The keys danced beneath his fingertips, a symphony that seemed to defy weariness.

In the early evening, a phone call shattered the silence. "Mr. Fowler, your daughter has opened her eyes. I believed you should be the first to receive this news. Perhaps you wish to see her and convey a few words."

Waylen clutched his phone tightly.

His Adam's apple bobbed incessantly, until he mustered the strength to control his emotions. "I'll be there shortly."

Half an hour later, a black Maybach halted at the entrance of a state-of-the-art laboratory building.

This facility was established by a renowned physician to combat genetic anomalies in humans. Alexis had been entrusted here two weeks prior. Naturally, the treatment came at an exorbitant cost...

The price of the care here was measured in seconds.

Waylen pushed open the glass door, greeted by a blonde foreigner who handed him a small containment capsule.

"She is quite fortunate.

The current survival rate stands at fifty percent. But Mr. Fowler... Nurturing this child presents challenges, as we remain uncertain about her developmental trajectory. Nevertheless... She must remain within our facility under observation and monitoring until she turns two years old."

Waylen cradled the capsule against his chest.

Within it lay baby Alexis.

She appeared paler than before, adorned with a crown of delicate brown hair. Her eyes gleamed with an extraordinary radiance and beauty. Faint blue veins traced the contours of her eyebrows, a legacy inherited from her mother.

Alexis fixed her gaze up at Waylen.

Suddenly, a smile illuminated her cherubic face, her toothless gum peeking through.

In that moment, Waylen's anxieties were assuaged. He pressed a kiss against the capsule, whispering, "Alexis, I am... Daddy."