

Chapter 237 She Is Mr. Fowler's Wife!

Rena saw through Waylen's deception, remaining unswayed.

A contemptuous snort escaped her lips as she retorted, "My happiness is not contingent on your personal affairs."

Waylen's smile widened and he confidently stated, "My private life has nothing to do with her. However, you and Alexis play a significant role in it!"

With a pointed gaze directed at Alexis, he turned to her and inquired, "Wouldn't you agree?"

Alexis, perched on her father's lap, regarded Rena with a gaze that hinted at a heartbreaker.

Rena found herself at a loss for words, unable to respond.

Their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Jazlyn.

Jazlyn approached with a tray holding Alexis' favorite pine nut muffins and an assortment of delectable desserts.

Following Jazlyn was Maeve Stanley, a renowned female celebrity known for her confidence.

Maeve possessed exceptional acting skills, accolades and a respectable reputation within the industry.

Having missed an opportunity to get closer to Waylen during their time in Hondrau, she had come today to finalize an official contract, determined not to let this chance slip away again.

Jazlyn made a welcoming gesture, addressing Maeve, "Miss Stanley, please have a seat."

Maeve smiled, prepared to take a seat, but her brows furrowed upon noticing another woman already occupying the sofa.

The woman was undeniably stunning, exuding youth and elegance. In contrast to the typically waif-like female stars in the entertainment industry, she possessed a slender yet shapely figure.

Maeve's unease grew, contemplating if this woman could be Waylen's lover.

Just as Maeve hesitated, Alexis climbed down from Waylen's lap, took hold of Jazlyn's hand and obediently settled at a small round table, ready to savor the desserts.

With a soft voice, Alexis made another request, "Miss Gordon, could you please join me?"

Miss Gordon?

Relief washed over Maeve. It seemed this woman was merely a baby sitter or something like that.

Disregarding Rena, Maeve confidently seated herself on the sofa, fixing her gaze on Waylen with an alluring charm. "Mr. Fowler, I would like to discuss the contract details with you."

Waylen cast a brief glance in her direction.

He walked over to the coffee machine, preparing to brew a cup of coffee.

Knowing Rena's fondness for coffee, he had specially acquired a quality vintage coffee machine from Ypsila, ensuring she could enjoy a delicious cup every time she visited.

Removing his coat, Waylen revealed a dark blue shirt paired with black suit pants.

The well-fitted shirt accentuated his impressive physique, showcasing his maturity and charm. Maeve couldn't help but feel that she had finally found the perfect match for herself.

Assuming that the coffee was being made for her, she took it for granted.

Despite Waylen being a business elite, she was an A-list actress in her own right, believing she deserved someone of his caliber.

Compelled to win over his daughter, Maeve took a seat at the small round table. She too desired to relish a muffin and engage Alexis in conversation.

As she reached out her hand, Alexis swiftly snatched the last pine nut muffin, scurried over to Rena and gently fed it to her, inquiring, "Mom, is it delicious?"

Mom?

Wasn't this woman her sitter?!

Maeve, who had experienced many things in life, now found herself feeling deeply embarrassed. When she looked at Rena once more, she dared not display the same arrogance as before, yet she clung to a glimmer of hope.

Waylen and his wife had long divorced, so perhaps this meeting was solely due to the child.

Meanwhile, Waylen approached the scene.

Placing a cup of coffee in front of Rena, he said gently, "It's not advisable to consume excessive amounts of coffee. You should limit yourself to half a cup."

Maeve was utterly taken aback!

That cup of coffee was not intended for her!

Unwilling to accept this reality, frustration took hold of her, and

she demanded, "Why?"

She refused to believe that Waylen was unaware of her thoughts. That night, she had knocked on his room door. He had denied her entry, but he hadn't uttered a single harsh word. Later, she heard that he had left Hondrau that very night.

Waylen had always been careful to separate his personal and professional life.

He gently patted Rena's shoulder and instructed, "Take Lexi to the lounge. I'll discuss business matters with Miss Stanley."

Recognizing that he wished to spare Maeve any embarrassment, Rena complied, lifting Alexis into her arms.

Resting her head on Rena's shoulder, Alexis stuck out her tongue playfully at Maeve.

Returning to his desk, Waylen dialed an internal line, summoning the deputy general manager. "Barry, come to my office."

Barry Reed responded promptly.

Waylen then paid no attention to Maeve. He focused on the document and engaged in conversation with Jazlyn.

At that moment, Barry arrived.

As soon as he entered, Waylen pointed at Maeve and stated icily, "Miss Stanley wishes to revisit the contract. You can handle it with her. By the way, did we previously agree on an annual endorsement fee of 12 million dollars? Due to recent financial difficulties, we will reduce it to 10 million dollars. If she is dissatisfied, she doesn't have to sign the contract."

Barry was taken aback.

What had happened?

Turning a cold gaze towards Maeve, Waylen declared, "Miss Stanley, henceforth, direct all your inquiries to Mr. Reed here!"

Having already saved her from humiliation once, and seeing that she had not grasped her mistake, Waylen felt no obligation to spare her further embarrassment.

He sought a spokesperson, not a lover!

Maeve found herself in a state of deep embarrassment.

It was only now that she realized that his rejection that night had not been a mere tease. He simply did not take her seriously and had no desire to be with her at all.

She had let her imagination run wild.

Afraid to offend Waylen, even in her embarrassment and with a reduced endorsement fee, she still maintained a polite tone as she said, "Mr. Fowler, I hope we can have a pleasant cooperation."

Waylen merely nodded coldly in response.

Maeve couldn't help but feel a sense of disappointment wash over her.

Once she had departed, Waylen made his way into the lounge.

Alexis had drifted off to sleep.

Rena, positioned beside her, propped her head with her hand. With delicate fingers, she tenderly caressed Alexis' little face, exuding an intense focus and gentleness.

Unable to resist, Waylen removed his shoes and settled beside Rena.

His hand found its place on her slender waist, and he whispered, "I truly haven't done anything to encourage her."

In truth, Rena was well aware of this fact.

If he had harbored any intentions towards Maeve, there were countless opportunities for him to act on them back in Hondrau.

Yet Rena had no desire to inquire about his private affairs, for there existed nothing between them other than Alexis.

Silence enveloped them.

Waylen comprehended the meaning behind her silence. However, he couldn't help but feel a twinge of unhappiness that she seemed indifferent.

Attempting to stir up a flirtatious exchange, his large hand on her slender waist began to move with gentle gestures. He even playfully nibbled on her earlobe, whispering, "Rena, you truly know how to provoke me!"

Rena issued a gentle reminder, "Waylen, let's not wake Lexi."

This rare opportunity wasn't lost on Waylen. Lifting the quilt, he covered both of them, his hand discreetly tracing her body.

Unbeknownst to them, Alexis slyly opened her eyes.

Swiftly, she turned over and feigned a snore.

Rena was taken aback by this sudden revelation.

She tightly grasped Waylen's hand and silently gazed at him.

Waylen interlaced his fingers with hers, leaning in close to touch their foreheads together as he whispered, "I truly desire to make love to you, Rena. I refuse to believe that you haven't yearned for me during these past few years. Even if you haven't, you'll still yearn for my..."

Before he could finish his sentence, Rena kicked him playfully.

In a hoarse voice, she asserted, "Aren't you supposed to be going to work?"

He tenderly rubbed his nose against her neck before reluctantly getting out of bed.

Once he departed, Rena cradled Alexis in her arms, planting a tender kiss on her forehead before closing her own eyes.

Waylen constantly desired to make love to her. Whenever an opportunity presented itself, he would attempt to take advantage of her.

Rena wasn't a prudish woman, but she held a deep fear of becoming pregnant, aside from her inability to forget the painful past.

The pain of giving birth to Alexis still lingered in her memory, etched deeply within her soul.

Chapter 238 Lyndon Had Blood Cancer

The clock struck six in the evening.

Waylen accompanied Rena and Alexis as they made their way home.

Exhausted from her playtime, Alexis leaned heavily on Waylen, while Rena dutifully followed behind.

On the first-floor hallway, the employees of the Exceed Group couldn't help but be intrigued.

Waylen's countenance exuded warmth and tenderness—something they had never seen before.

Upon reaching the parking lot, Waylen securely placed Alexis in her child's seat and then positioned himself to shield Rena from the car's roof as she entered.

As Rena settled inside, Waylen gently touched her shoulder, prompting her confusion.

"What's the matter?" Rena inquired, puzzled.

Waylen locked eyes with her and said in an incredibly tender voice, "I'll be working overtime tomorrow. I want you and Lexi to accompany me."

Rena discerned his thoughts without a word spoken.

After pondering for a moment, she responded, "Tomorrow morning, I'll take Lexi to visit my mother. How about the afternoon?"

Waylen remained silent, leaving Rena with the impression that he was displeased. However, he wrapped his arms around her slender waist and bestowed a kiss upon her amidst the bustling entrance gate of the company.

Rena licked her lips and cautioned, "Don't kiss me so casually."

Waylen's eyes brimmed with affection.

After a prolonged moment, he smiled and suggested, "Get in the car. I'll have a cigarette first."

Never before had he smoked in front of Alexis but now the urge overwhelmed him.

Rena did not object and climbed into the car first.

Waylen bent his head, lit a cigarette, but midway through, he extinguished it and opened the door to join Rena.

The sleek black Maybach commenced its leisurely journey, fading into the distance...

Meanwhile, within the parking lot, an elegant woman sat behind the wheel of a white BMW. It was Elvira.

She glared resentfully at Waylen's departing vehicle.

Rena had returned.

The child was still alive and the three of them appeared so blissful.

Elvira's captivating face contorted, and her knuckles grew pale as she gripped the steering wheel.

Her hatred for them burned intensely.

Over the past three years, she hadn't even caught a glimpse of Waylen.

And all the while, he had been consumed by thoughts of Rena.

"What does she have that I don't?" Elvira uttered coldly.

Beside her sat a handsome young man, a beneficiary of her financial support. Drawing near, the boy toy sought to kiss her. "No one can compare to you."

Irritated, Elvira pushed him away.

Yet the young man possessed some professional skill, which he proudly displayed. After a considerable time, he finally ignited Elvira's desire for intimacy. The two of them could hardly wait to reach a luxurious five-star hotel, where they promptly checked into a suite. For two hours, their bodies intertwined in passionate lovemaking.

After their encounter, Elvira retrieved a stack of cash and carelessly tossed it onto the bed.

She rose, dressed herself and drove back to the villa Lyndon had purchased in Duefron.

Night had fallen, yet Dahlia remained awake.

Upon spotting Elvira's return, Dahlia was prepared to get her something to eat. However, her anger flared when she noticed the hickeys on Elvira's neck. "When will you cease your frivolous affairs? Wouldn't it be better for you to find someone to marry seriously?"

When Elvira divorced, she received a sum of 20 million dollars.

Over the past three years, she had nearly squandered all of that money.

Dahlia's discontent festered and she continued to nag for an extended period.

Nonchalantly seating herself on the sofa, Elvira retrieved a cigarette and lit it. Deliberately exhaling smoke rings, she

remarked, "Mom, you're always pestering me. If my funds run dry, Dad still has money. Although he can no longer perform, he amassed great wealth in his early years."

Lyndon emerged from the staircase at the moment and overheard her words.

He trembled with fury.

Adopting Elvira was the greatest failure of his life. In recent years, Elvira had crossed boundaries.

She engaged in dalliances with numerous men and indulged in a lavish lifestyle.

Even with his wealth, it was insufficient to satisfy her extravagant desires.

Lyndon then said icily, "Those assets don't belong solely to you. You have a sister."

"A sister?"

Elvira seemed to find it amusing. "Dad, are you foolish? Does Rena consider you her father? She maintains close ties with the Evans family and the Fowler family. She cares little about you."

Elvira's assessment struck a chord with Lyndon's concerns.

Lyndon had failed Reina and then their daughter. Rena wanted nothing to do with him.

He had visited Rouemn.

Yet he only dared to observe Rena from a distance, fearing her disdain.

Lyndon's frustration surged, causing him to cough up blood, which alarmed Dahlia. She screamed and rushed to his side. "Lyndon... Lyndon... What's happening to you?"

Lyndon went weak on his knees, eventually collapsing onto the

floor.

In his hazy consciousness, he murmured softly, "Reina..."

Dahlia grew pale.

In the late hours of the night, the report on Lyndon's condition was released.

He had reached the terminal stage of blood cancer.

Family members and distant relatives had all gathered. After all, Lyndon still possessed approximately one billion dollars in assets.

The doctor delivered the news nonchalantly, "Mr. Coleman's condition cannot be further delayed. He urgently requires a bone marrow transplant. Prepare yourselves for a potential match among family members. Ideally, we find a suitable donor among you. Otherwise, we must rely on the bone marrow bank but given Mr. Coleman's deteriorating health, waiting may not be an option."

Ann's love for her son was immeasurable, compelling her to implore the relatives for assistance.

Elvira had no blood ties to Lyndon. She fidgeted with her fingers and suggested, "If we fail to find a suitable bone marrow match, we could turn to Rena for help. She is Dad's biological daughter. I believe she has the highest probability of being a compatible donor."

Ann couldn't bear to see her son perish.

She engaged in a discussion with Lyndon and was on the verge of contacting Rena.

However, Lyndon disagreed.

Resting on the bed, he said softly, "Mom, don't inform her about it. I won't let her do this even it's a match."

He felt a deep sense of shame.

Ann grew exasperated and exclaimed, "Lyndon, have you lost your senses? You are her biological father. She wouldn't exist without you. Shouldn't she repay you for that?"

Lyndon drifted into a daze.

He was indeed Rena's biological father. However, did he truly accomplish his role as a father?

He had failed Reina and, even more so, Rena...

He didn't wish to compel Rena into being his bone marrow donor but he yearned to see her and that child before he died.

He had become a grandfather...

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Waylen escorted Rena back to the villa.

As the car came to a halt, he leaned in close and whispered, "Move your belongings on another day, so you won't have to make multiple trips."

Rena nodded, resolving to bring along some clothes.

Waylen delicately touched the steering wheel with his slender fingers and inquired, "When should we remarry?"

Remarry?

Rena gazed at Alexis and uttered softly, "Does our relationship necessitate a marriage as well?"

Waylen smiled. "If you don't want to be with me, who do you intend to do so with?"

Rena was not fooled.

She gently opened the door, preparing to lift Alexis out of the car.

Waylen murmured softly, "Let me handle it."

Rena raised no objection. Alexis was not light, and it was difficult for her to carry her.

As soon as Waylen lifted Alexis, she stirred from her slumber. Her drowsy eyes fluttered open, yet she lacked energy, so she rested weakly on her stomach.

Rena playfully tugged Alexis' tiny finger.

Rena's heart melted, but when she caught sight of the piano in the living room, her heart shattered.

She glanced at Waylen.

Waylen whispered earnestly, "Isn't Alexis going to learn the piano? It's a waste to keep this piano in the apartment, so I had it brought over. Besides, you can teach Alexis to play it during the evenings."

Rena felt a mixture of shyness and indignation. She questioned whether that was the main purpose.

Waylen gently placed Alexis down, patting her head and allowing her to entertain herself.

Once Alexis wandered off, he brazenly inquired, "You remember that we had intimate moments here, right on this piano, don't you? Well, relax. Alexis isn't aware of it."

Rena fixed Waylen with a piercing gaze.

She realized she could no longer indulge his whims.

Without hesitation, Rena promptly arranged for a new piano to be delivered. As for the current one, it deserved to be in its rightful place.

Upon placing the order for a new piano, she experienced a slight sense of relief.

Yet, at that moment, Alexis climbed onto the piano stool, poised herself and began playing the instrument...

Rena was rendered speechless.

Waylen beamed, leaning in to whisper in Rena's ear, "A few days ago, I took her to the apartment. She had already played on this piano. What's the matter... Are you feeling bashful?"

Rena knew he had orchestrated this intentionally.

She opted not to pursue the topic any further. Instead, she settled beside Alexis and tenderly guided her in playing.

Alexis possessed a remarkable talent. Her performance was splendid.

Rena affectionately tousled Alexis' little head, momentarily granting forgiveness to Alexis' father.

During the night, after Rena had put Alexis to bed, her mind couldn't help but wander to a certain matter.

Cecilia!

Rena tiptoed out of the room and placed a call. "Uncle Mark, I need your assistance with something."