

## Chapter 244 Tell Me, Who Is The Child's Father

In the dimly lit night, within the confines of an aged dwelling nestled in a narrow alley, a profound scene unfolded.

Waylen's gaze fixated upon his sister, whom he had lavished with affection throughout the years, observing her unadorned attire. Subsequently, his attention shifted to the timeworn apartment that stood in the background.

A furrow formed upon his brow, his fingers holding the cigarette exhibiting a slight tremor, betraying his inner turmoil.

Taking a deep inhalation from his cigarette, he ventured forth, crossing the threshold while surveying the surroundings with intent. "Where might the child be?" he queried.

Startled, she questioned, her voice trembling, "Did Rena divulge this to you?"

Waylen retorted with irritation, "Do you believe she would assist you in concealing the truth, allowing you to persist in this destitute abode? Tell me, who is the child's father?"

At present, the identity of the child's progenitor eluded him.

Cecilia, however, denied him entry into the chamber.

Waylen extinguished his cigarette, expelling the final remnants of smoke, and demanded, "Tell me."

Regardless of the father's identity, he vowed to confront the man vehemently!

Cecilia stood resolute before the door, her plea uttered in a hushed tone, "Edwin and I shall manage just fine! I possess the means to provide for him independently. Spare me from inquiries!"

A crimson hue tinted Waylen's eyes.

A mere breath away from her, he reached out to shield her, ushering them both into the bedroom.

The modest sleeping quarters spanned an area of scarcely 10 square meters.

Save for the antiquated bed, a diminutive desk adorned with an array of magazines was the sole furnishing.

Waylen approached, his gaze fixed upon those periodicals, featuring Cecilia's countenance upon their covers!

He swallowed hard and proceeded toward the aged bed.

The young boy slumbered soundly, his exquisite visage adorned with brown, cropped tresses.

Upon beholding the familiar features and matching hair color, Waylen was struck by a realization, his eyes ablaze with fury!

Abandoning his query regarding the child's paternity, for there existed no need to ask!

Abruptly, Waylen spun around, his piercing glare affixed upon his sister.

Cecilia's lips quivered, her countenance contorted in agony, as she pleaded in a subdued murmur, "Waylen, refrain from seeking him out! I implore you... I have severed ties with him."

Waylen extended his hand, delicately caressing the slumbering child.

Engulfed in a momentary trance, Waylen beseeched gently, "He?"

Who is he? Tell me!"

Cecilia covered her mouth, her secret laid bare.

In truth, Waylen possessed full knowledge of the child's paternal figure.

Suppressing his seething anger, Waylen inquired, "When did you become entwined with him? Do you even grasp the gravity of your actions? He surpasses you by over a decade in age, a man in his forties, unburdened by matrimony. He has traversed the paths of numerous companions. How could he fall in love with you, an inexperienced young woman?"

Cecilia experienced an overwhelming sense of shame.

She recognized that she had greatly overestimated herself!

Waylen abstained from further interrogation, removing his coat and draping it over Edwin's small frame. He then cradled the child tenderly in his arms.

"Waylen, please!" Cecilia pleaded, seizing his arm, her voice filled with desperation.

In the subdued glow, a cloud of darkness enveloped Waylen's countenance. "You have two options now. Either come back with me right now, or I shall summon Mark to retrieve you both. Make your choice!"

Cecilia found herself with no alternative but to hastily gather a few garments and depart alongside Waylen.

As they descended the stairs, Edwin roused from his slumber.

Gazing sleepily at Waylen, he felt a hint of trepidation, yet remained composed, refraining from shedding a tear.

With a gentle touch to the child's head, Waylen uttered in a tender tone, "I am your mother's big brother, and that makes me your Uncle Waylen. Look, your mother is here too!"

Edwin's gaze shifted to Cecilia.

A sense of relief washed over him, causing his eyelids to flutter closed.

Waylen's heart ached upon witnessing this scene. He proceeded to the car, carefully securing the little boy into his designated seat, and then turned his attention to Cecilia.

Cecilia entered the vehicle silently, her voice barely audible as she whispered, "Please, for the time being, don't inform Dad and Mom about this, alright?"

"Are you afraid now?" Waylen scoffed, closing the car door behind them.

Suppressing his desire to smoke, he reluctantly abstained, mindful of Edwin's presence.

Following a prolonged silence, he pressed down on the accelerator.

After half an hour, the vehicle gradually pulled into the tranquil estate.

Initially, Waylen had no intention of disturbing Rena, yet an air of unease pervaded her thoughts. The sound of the door opening and closing roused her from slumber. She donned a night robe and gracefully emerged from the bed.

Positioned on the staircase, she beheld Waylen cradling Edwin in his arms, with Cecilia following behind.

Waylen's voice resonated softly, "Allow Edwin to sleep beside Lexi tonight! And you, converse with Cecilia!"

Rena nodded, her acquiescence evident.

Ascending the stairs, she unlocked the door for Waylen.

With utmost care, Waylen entered, tenderly placing Edwin upon

the bed.

Perhaps the mattress was exceptionally comfortable, for Edwin remained undisturbed in his slumber.

However, Alexis, sensing the movement, awakened, opening her eyes and embracing Edwin within her arms like hugging her treasured teddy bear.

Their facial features bore striking resemblance and their brown hair mirrored one another.

Waylen's heart swelled with warmth.

He gently caressed Alexis' head, and then Edwin's. His voice a murmur as he said, "He resembles his father."

Rena was grappled with a sense of guilt.

Waylen turned to face her, his tone laced with brusqueness, "You must have surmised which jerk fathered him, haven't you?"

His words carried a harsh edge.

Softly, Rena implored, "Let's not discuss it in the presence of the children. We can address this matter tomorrow."

Waylen glared at her.

Rena was not afraid of him as before. However, Rena no longer cowered before him. As she exited the bedroom, she even spoke with newfound courage. "You shouldn't have directed your anger at me! This is not my fault!"

A flicker of tenderness graced Waylen's features.

He grasped her hand and said, "Stay with Cecilia. I will retire to the study for a smoke."

Rena nodded.

In truth, their unresolved issues still loomed between them. Yet,



when confronted with the circumstances unfolding at home, their instincts compelled them to find solace in one another.

What course of action should Rena pursue?

Cecilia still regarded Rena as her sister-in-law, despite the circumstances.

Leading Cecilia to the guest room, Rena said softly, "Pay no mind to his anger. Freshen up with a shower first. I'll prepare your favorite snack—fried chicken."

As Rena was about to depart, Cecilia clung tightly to her, seeking solace in her embrace.

A sigh escaped Rena's lips.

She tenderly patted Cecilia's hand, whispering, "You should have returned earlier. Waylen is truly furious."

Cecilia remained silent, seeking comfort solely in the embrace.

Rena gently smoothed Cecilia's hair and offered, "I'll prepare something for you to eat. You go ahead and shower. The essentials are in the room."

"Alright," replied Cecilia.

After Rena prepared the midnight repast, Cecilia descended the stairs.

She wore the well-worn pajamas she had brought along, its color faded from numerous washes.

Rena took note of this detail.

Though she refrained from comment, her voice quivered as she said, "Come and dine. I've prepared your favorite dishes."

Cecilia sat down to eat.

Silent and withdrawn, she no longer exhibited the same



chattiness as before.

Rena remained by her side, providing companionship.

Upon finishing the meal, Cecilia broke down in tears. "Rena, I'm scared! At that time, he couldn't marry me, and now I'm almost forgetting him."

For the past two years, she had single-handedly raised her child, enduring the hardships of a difficult life.

Each day was fraught with worries over numerous bills.

The once romantic moments with that man had dissipated like fleeting clouds, carried away by the wind.

Occasionally, she caught glimpses of him in the newspapers.

He remained a man of refinement and elegance.

But she was no longer the innocent and youthful woman she once was.

Rena dared not make any promises.

She simply whispered softly, "Waylen needs to teach him a lesson but he won't harm Edwin. Never."

With tear-filled eyes, Cecilia nodded in agreement.

After ensuring Cecilia's stability, Rena sought out Waylen in the study.

Pushing open the sturdy door, Rena entered a dimly lit room, with only a small wall lamp providing illumination.

Waylen sat behind the desk, cigarette in hand. The ashtray before him overflowed with cigarette butts, a testament to his irritability and anger.

Closing the door behind her, Rena approached the window, whispering, "Why have you smoked so excessively?"

Waylen silently fixed his gaze upon her.

Tonight held a different ambience than usual. Rena walked over, perched herself on his lap and tenderly embraced him.

Waylen extinguished the cigarette, leaning against her shoulder.

Embracing one another in profound silence, they sought solace for an extended duration. Eventually, in a husky voice, he asked, "Rena, am I a failure? If only I hadn't insisted on going to Braseovell, your uncle and Cecilia wouldn't have had the opportunity to get close. The days when Mark was in the hospital must have fostered their emotional connection."

Softly, Rena inquired, "Will you agree?"

Waylen playfully pinched her waist and replied, "Why don't you ask my parents? It appears you think I'm easily swayed, so you want to convince me first and then have me persuade my parents, am I correct?"

Rena didn't deny it, slowly pressing her face against his.

A flush spread across Waylen's cheeks.

After a prolonged silence, he whispered, "Are you defending your uncle or pleading on behalf of Cecilia?"


Rena shook her head, her arms encircling his waist as she whispered gently, "I did it for Edwin."

Waylen remained silent, knowing full well that Rena had discerned his thoughts.

Indeed, he was currently furious with Cecilia and Mark, and the only person he truly cared about was Edwin. Thus, Rena purposefully mentioned Edwin to sway his emotions.

Cradling his handsome face, Rena initiated a tender kiss and uttered, "Regardless, let's not bring embarrassment upon Edwin. He shall grow up within the Fowler family, attending school,



Chapter 244 Tell Me, Who Is The Child's Father  +120 Points at most getting married, and having his own children someday."

She possessed an uncanny ability to sway him, captivating his attention as she stated, "After all, he shares your bloodline."

A chuckle escaped Waylen's lips.

Drawing her closer into his embrace, he pressed his forehead against hers. "But he truly resembles that scoundrel."

Rena refrained from any retort.

She tenderly kissed him, utilizing her gentleness to sway his emotions.

Waylen enveloped her delicate waist with his arms and murmured in hushed tones, "Are you attempting to resolve this matter through physical intimacy? Let me make it clear—even if we engage in intimacy tonight, I will still do what needs to be done afterward. Moreover, I hope we can genuinely reconcile. Our sexual life should be founded upon mutual love, naturally unfolding, and not for the sake of anyone else but rather the expression of our desires."

Rena ceased her playful demeanor.

Resting her head upon his shoulder, she could feel the warmth emanating from his neck. Listening to the rapid rhythm of his heartbeat, she whispered, "Waylen, it seems you possess exceptional self-control now."

His gaze held depth, subtly disagreeing with her.

"Rena... You are my wife. I want to respect you! I want you to genuinely feel at ease and treasure every moment spent with me. I want every memory to be cherished."

Rena could no longer withstand the intensity.

Was he not angry? Why did he start flirting with her now?

Silently smoothing her pajamas, she stood up. However, Waylen pulled her back into his arms, tenderly embracing her in a passionate kiss that lingered. He murmured, "Sleep in the master bedroom with me tonight."

Rena didn't refuse.

She was certain he was not in the mood for intimacy tonight.

As she settled upon the spacious bed in the master bedroom, her thoughts revolved around the complexities of her relationship with Waylen, realizing that the challenges they faced transcended mere external circumstances.

However, the relationship between Cecilia and Mark was entangled in countless complexities.

Lost in deep contemplation, Rena found herself drifting into a half-asleep state, only to be jolted awake by the sound of a car engine starting downstairs.

Momentarily stunned, she swiftly left the bed and hurried downstairs.

Waylen's car had already departed.

With a sense of urgency, she inquired of the servant, "Where has Waylen gone?"

The servant shook her head, signifying her lack of knowledge.

In that very moment, a pale-faced Cecilia rushed downstairs, her intuition grasping at the truth.

Rena whispered softly, attempting to assuage her fears, "Don't worry. I will ask Jazlyn."

Understanding that it was inappropriate to disturb Jazlyn in the late hours, Rena maintained a polite tone.

Jazlyn provided a straightforward response over the phone,

stating, "Mr. Fowler has arranged for a private plane to fly to Czanch."

Expressing her gratitude, Rena ended the call and gazed at Cecilia. "He has gone to Czanch."

Cecilia held Rena's hand tightly, her voice filled with trepidation. "Rena, I'm really scared."

Rena felt utterly helpless. Waylen's phone was switched off, leaving her incapable of stopping his journey to Czanch.

Enfolding Cecilia in a tender embrace, Rena whispered, "What if we simply allow them to confront one another?"