

Chapter 257 Give Birth To Our Baby

Two sunsets later, Alexis' entire class graced her with their presence.

Welcoming them with grace, Rena attended to her duties, while Waylen sat casually on the sofa, engrossed in handling documents.

Alexis rested on the bed, sporting a triumphant smile.

Her father exuded striking handsomeness, while her mother radiated captivating beauty.

The children regarded her with awe and admiration!

Before parting, each of them bestowed thoughtful gifts upon Alexis.

Leonel gifted her a lollipop, which she intended to share with her father.

Gradually, the ward grew hushed as they kids were gone and Alexis drifted into slumber.

Softly, Rena whispered, "Mr. Fowler, something seems amiss with you today!"

Waylen's smile was subtle as he replied, "What do you mean? By the way... Didn't you use to address me as Waylen? Why revert to 'Mr. Fowler' again?"

Putting the documents down on the table, he gently pulled her to sit, saying, "Address me as Waylen, or honey, from now on!"

Rena, don't keep such a distance from me."

Passing by, Rena leaned against his shoulder.

In a hushed tone, she murmured, "Was it you who arranged the visit?"

Waylen's eyes shimmered with a passionate gleam.

After a moment, he confessed softly, "Yes, I arranged it. Can't you see how delighted Alexis was? She was injured and has to stay in hospital. Isn't it wonderful to bring her joy?"

Rena found no rebuttal to his sentiment.

Waylen smiled faintly, choosing not to reveal that he had met Leonel's father.

From that moment onwards, through Alexis' elementary, secondary, and higher education, Leonel would forever remain her classmate, all due to his rare blood type.

They conversed for a while and the topic naturally shifted to Elvira.

At the mention of her name, Waylen was taken aback.

Taking a sip of water, he calmly stated, "Last night, I dined with the prosecutor's lawyer. He expressed that the crimes committed by Elvira when she was sober, those numerous heinous acts that accumulated, were sufficient to warrant a death sentence!"

Rena made no abrupt change of subject.

She believed Elvira deserved such consequences.

Having been occupied for many days, Rena decided to soothe Waylen's fatigue with a gentle massage. After some time, he playfully grabbed her wrist and teased, "I haven't savored your gentleness like this in ages."

Rena's smile was like honey, easing Waylen's anxiety and exhaustion.

Enticed by her sweetness, he couldn't resist lowering his head and planting endless kisses on her lips.

Rena felt a tad hesitant, considering they were in a hospital with a constant flow of people.

Her speech became inarticulate amid his fervent kisses, "Waylen, we can't... Others will see us!"

Waylen's senses were aflame with desire.

He needed a release for his pent-up emotions.

For him, sex was the ultimate outlet.

Locking the door, he embraced Rena's waist and led her into a small room, all the while showering her with fervent kisses.

At the end of the bed, Rena succumbed to his ardor.

The bed was narrow, measuring merely 1.2 meters in width.

As little Alexis slept outside, they restrained themselves, mindful of the need for discretion.

Biting her lip, Rena endured the pleasure.

With his head against her neck, Waylen playfully coaxed, "Call me Waylen! Rena... I want to hear you say my name!"

Rena, brimming with lust and affection, dutifully complied.

Finally, she surrendered to his charm, nibbling on his neck and repeatedly calling his name in a hoarse voice, "Waylen... Waylen..."

Everything had been taken care of, and now, Rena lay nestled in his arms, gently whispering, "You didn't use protection..."

Resting his head on his arm, Waylen cast a tender gaze at her and caressed her face affectionately. "If you happen to be pregnant, we can give Alexis a little brother or sister!"

However, Rena wasn't entirely on board with the idea.

Her slender fingers traced delicate patterns on his body.

After a while, her hand was caught in his. Waylen asked in a husky voice, "You don't want another child? Just tell me what you think."

As Rena began to explain, there came a knock at the door.

Her cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

Waylen kissed her before getting out of bed to dress. "It's probably Cecilia. I'll go talk to her. Don't worry."

He moved with ease and energy, showing no signs of fatigue.

Observing him, Rena couldn't help but marvel at how he still possessed such remarkable vitality. How was it possible for him to maintain such vigor?

Waylen understood her thoughts from the look on her face. He playfully pinched her chin and teased, "Mrs. Fowler, you've been keeping me hungry for too long!"

Rena blushed, hesitant to ask him again.

When Waylen left, he thoughtfully closed the door behind him.

Upon opening ward's door, he found Cecilia standing there, holding an insulated container in her hand.

She handed it to Waylen, saying, "It's nutritious soup for Lexi. Mom cooked it herself."

Then she peered inside and asked in a hushed tone, "Is she asleep now?"

Waylen nodded in response.

Cecilia entered the room quietly, bent over and gently kissed little Alexis on the cheek, her gaze fixed on her for a long moment.

The Evans family's genes were undeniably powerful!

Alexis bore a striking resemblance to Rena and, more importantly, she also shared a resemblance to that man...

Cecilia was taken aback.

Waylen lounged on the sofa, an air of relaxation surrounding him after his passionate encounter with Rena.

As he glanced through some documents, he let out a snort. "If you really like him, then just marry him! He's much older than you. When he eventually passes away, you can inherit his wealth and find more attractive, younger suitors."

Cecilia couldn't help but feel dejected.

She knew that Waylen was still upset with her.

Although Waylen had promised not to meddle in her relationships, he found it hard to control his temper. "You should learn from Rena and cut off toxic relationships decisively. Since you insist there's no future between you and Mark, why not consider others introduced by Mom?"

Cecilia feared her brother, so she could only softly refuse, "I'm occupied with work. I'm very busy!"

Waylen scoffed. "With those lowbrow magazines?"

Cecilia remained silent. She glanced around, but Rena was nowhere to be seen. If Rena were here, she would surely stand up for her.

Waylen couldn't help but laugh in exasperation, "You're in luck!

Rena is resting inside."

Resting?

Cecilia's eyes widened.

Waylen's handsome face turned slightly red, but he feigned nonchalance. "She's just a bit tired."

As an experienced adult, Cecilia instantly understood what he meant. Blushing slightly, she stood up, feeling embarrassed, and said, "Well... I should probably leave."

With a casual reminder, Waylen said, "Drive safely."

Cecilia's eyes brightened as she nodded in agreement.

As she departed, Waylen's gaze lingered on the closed door, lost in contemplation.

Deep down, he understood that Cecilia had been deeply wounded by Mark.

She had loved him and been showered with his affection. How could she easily move on and fall in love with someone else now?

Otherwise, this relationship would continue to haunt her if she didn't move on.

Mark would forever be a thorn in her heart.

Waylen felt a sense of frustration at the thought.

Outside, Cecilia gripped the handle, her gaze lowered in contemplation.

No one had mentioned Mark to her recently, considering her delicate state of mind. Only Waylen had been urging her to face the reality.

Waylen had informed her about having a child with Mark.

They had to meet.

For Cecilia, there were only two paths ahead. One was to rekindle her love for Mark and the other was to forget him completely.

But she found herself unable to achieve either.

With closed eyes, she took a deep breath, preparing to leave the hospital and return home.

However, as she lifted her eyes, she was stunned.

There stood Mark, right in front of her.

He was dressed in a white shirt, black suit pants and a navy blue windbreaker.

At first glance, he appeared gentle and elegant but only she knew the cruel and maniacal side of this man, especially in private moments—transforming into someone entirely different...

Chapter 258 Cecilia, You Still Love Me

In a moment of profound silence, their eyes met, rendering them unable to speak.

Little did Cecilia expect to encounter Mark in the hospital.

The sight of the hospital scene triggered memories of the first time they made love, which also happened in this very place.

Inebriated, he had ardently pressed her against the sofa and their passion ignited.

Evidently, Mark too was immersed in the memories of the past.

He had always been cautious with his words and actions, carefully considering the consequences before acting.

But now, the implications of his relationship with Cecilia eluded him. Being enticed by a woman sixteen years his junior was perhaps the craziest thing he had ever done.

It wasn't merely because of her youth and beauty.

Mark had encountered numerous stunning women, many even more attractive and alluring than her, who possessed sensibility and thoughtfulness.

However, there was something about her, how she affectionately called him "Uncle Mark" like a kitten, that captivated him.

Her consistent use of that endearing term had him hooked.

After a prolonged moment, Mark inquired, "Are you here to visit

Lexi?"

After a moment of contemplation, Cecilia replied, "Yes, she's much better now. They might discharge her from the hospital tomorrow."

Mark was about to say something but, just then, Peter emerged from the elevator, visibly surprised to see Cecilia. As a senior figure in the workplace, he swiftly regained his composure and greeted her with a smile, "Miss Fowler."

Cecilia acknowledged Peter with a nod and turned to Mark. "I'll leave if there's nothing else."

However, Mark grasped her hand firmly, urging her to stay, "Wait a minute."

Peter discreetly averted his gaze.

Cecilia attempted to free her hand from Mark's grip but his strength held her captive.

"Let's talk," Mark said in a hushed tone.

Eventually, they found solace in a tranquil teahouse. Peter secured a private room and stood guard outside dutifully.

Inside the secluded chamber, Mark personally served tea, setting aside his usual reliance on others, displaying his passion for the art of tea-making.

He placed a cup before Cecilia, urging her to taste it.

Cecilia demurred, saying, "I'm not fond of tea."

Mark's indulgent smile graced his face as he gently said, "Ah, I forgot that you prefer milk tea and fried chicken..."

Cecilia observed him quietly.

He was just as gentle and refined as she remembered.

Once upon a time, she had reveled in his presence but now she wanted to avoid dwelling on such memories.

She coolly questioned, "Mr. Evans, is that the only reason you brought me here?"

Undeterred, Mark went to the mini-fridge, fetched a drink for her and offered it.

However, Cecilia declined.

He thoughtfully placed a straw in the drink and said softly, "Cecilia, I've always wondered how you've been faring these past two years."

At that moment, Cecilia's heart skipped a beat.

With a subtle lift of her head, she spoke as though nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. "I have been doing remarkably well, experiencing life."

Her words seemed light but Mark sensed the complexity beneath them.

Having grown up as a pampered princess, she lacked any specific skills or training.

He still wanted to inquire further but Cecilia offered a smile and asked, "Mr. Evans, what would you like to know? Do you wish to learn how embarrassed I was and then confess why I kept my pregnancy a secret from you? Or why I chose not to have an abortion?"

Mark's complexion paled.

Yet, he managed to maintain a smile. "Don't talk such childish nonsense."

Cecilia lowered her gaze and said, "Childish? You've always treated me like a child, haven't you, Mr. Evans? If that's the case, how could you engage in an intimate relationship with me?"

Were you simply bored with your bunch of girlfriends and sought something new?"

With great restraint, Cecilia held her emotions in check.

"Look at all the differences between us. You enjoy tea and chess, while I prefer fast food and I even enjoy nightclubs. We belong to two different worlds... Mr. Evans, you said we weren't right for each other, and I didn't push you further. I heeded your words and left our past behind. So, what do you want now?"

Mark's heart ached.

He was worlds apart from her. How could he not grasp that she expressed these sentiments to show her resentment towards him?

She should resent him.

Back then, they got along so well. Their relationship was passionate and exhilarating.

Any woman, whether inexperienced or worldly, would have thought that he'd eventually marry her.

Mark had indeed contemplated marrying her.

But he had failed her in the end.

He wanted to hold her hand, yet she refused...

After regaining her composure, she said, "I'm sorry, I lost my composure. If you wish to see Edwin, have your secretary contact me. I'll make arrangements."

Mark gently inquired, "Is it alright for me to visit the Fowlers' residence?"

Cecilia appeared visibly taken aback.

She wished to decline but the Evans family and the Fowler family were related through her brother and Rena's marriage...

Mark didn't press her any further.

He had chanced upon her today, without any ulterior motives. He merely wanted to talk to her...

It had been a long time since he had an uncomplicated conversation with someone. There were no hidden agendas, just a man and a woman.

Cecilia hurriedly left.

As she reached her car and opened the door, she suddenly paused.

On the other side, the back window of Mark's car slid down, revealing a mature and stunning woman seated inside.

Cecilia recognized her instantly.

Cathy Wilson, one of Mark's subordinates and also his girlfriend.

Cathy nodded at Cecilia.

Cecilia's expression contorted into a sneer. She found Mark's behavior utterly incredulous—taking his female subordinate on a business trip with inappropriate intimacy while still seeking affection from his old flame.

In her mind, Mark was nothing but an insufferable jerk.

Downstairs, Mark trailed after Cecilia and noticed the car window open.

He furrowed his brow and approached Cecilia, stating, "I brought her here for business."

Unperturbed, Cecilia responded calmly, "Mr. Evans, there's no need to explain anything to me. Besides... Can you honestly claim that you've never been intimate with her?"

Mark fell silent.

It was true, they had a one-night stand in the past but now they were nothing more than ordinary colleagues.

Cecilia said nothing further. She got into her car, fastened her seatbelt, and accelerated away.

As the red sports car zoomed past him, Mark glimpsed what seemed like teardrops gently tracing down her cheeks...

Was Cecilia crying?

Mark pursed his lips, gazing at the exhaust fumes from her car.

His subordinate Cathy alighted from the vehicle and approached him. "Mr. Evans, is there a misunderstanding between you and Miss Fowler? Would you like me to clarify things for her?"

His heart sank.

Mark turned his head, instantly adopting an impassive expression when he faced his beautiful female subordinate.

With a composed smile, he inquired, "Misunderstanding? She's merely standing up for her brother."

He had no intention of revealing his past relationship with Cecilia.

Cathy smiled subtly.

Peter approached, having witnessed the earlier scene. He wiped his brow and chastised the driver, "Why did you bring the car here?"

The driver felt embarrassed and explained, "Miss Wilson requested it."

Peter then addressed Mark, "Mr. Evans, what do we do now?"

Mark nonchalantly replied, "You head back to the hotel first. I'll go see Alexis."

Peter knew Mark's intentions well. He turned to Cathy and grinned, "It looks like Mr. Evans will be staying at Miss Gordon's place tonight. It's a chance for us to relax a bit... Cathy, I'll take you out for some drinks tonight. Czanch is not as lively as Duefron when it comes to nightlife."

Peter escorted Cathy away, while Mark stood in the parking lot, smoking three or four cigarettes.

When he'd seen Cecilia shedding tears, he knew that her love for him still lingered.

Mark's heart weighed heavy.

He yearned to break free from his shackles and give her a family, so she wouldn't have to weep alone.

But could he do that now?

No, he couldn't.

Mark crossed the road, a cigarette delicately held between his slender fingers.

His appearance and demeanor were exceptional, attracting the gaze of numerous women. There was no hint that he was over 40.

He made his way to the ward and knocked on the door.

Waylen opened it, his surprise evident, but he maintained a courteous attitude.

Waylen appeared to have forgotten the intense confrontation in Czanch. His demeanor exuded warmth, akin to a gentle spring breeze, as he poured a glass of water for Mark. While discussing Alexis' condition as usual, Waylen eventually mentioned, "In fact, if you had arrived half an hour earlier, you would have seen Cecilia."

Holding the cup delicately, Mark hesitated briefly before replying,

"I did see her. We had tea together."

Casually leaning against the sofa, Waylen smiled, "Tea for Cecilia? Not Slurpees? You two are so different. I still can't fathom how you ended up together all those years ago... You two don't match at all."

Waylen's words disgusted Mark.

Putting down the glass, Mark maintained a smile. "Regardless, I have a child with her, Edwin. One night together forged a lifelong bond. What I share with her still exists. But I must admit, I greatly admire you. If you and Rena reconcile, you'll have two weddings in one go... I can't compare to that. Ha ha!"

Waylen nonchalantly flipped through some documents...

He glanced back at Mark, who was calmly sipping on his water like an old master.

Waylen remarked lightly, "There's no need to envy me. Our family is quite open-minded. We won't use Edwin to control you, so you're free to continue your carefree lifestyle... As for Cecilia, my mother has arranged a blind date for her and she agreed."

Blind date...

Mark's grip on the glass caused his fingers to pale.

Waylen noticed and smiled.

Mark also forced a smile.

Fortunately, Alexis woke up. As she sat up, rubbing her eyes, she called out to Mark.

Mark truly adored Alexis.

Despite feeling uneasy, he walked to her bedside, lifted Alexis into his arms, kissed her gently, and then retrieved a talisman from his pocket and placed it around her neck.

Mark had specially purchased the talisman for Alexis.

Waylen had a keen eye and noticed this gesture. He said calmly, "You're so thoughtful."

With Alexis in his embrace, Mark asked Waylen in a hushed tone about Elvira's upcoming court date. Waylen provided him with all the relevant information.

Mark pondered for a moment and whispered, "Just to be safe, I'll use my connections."

He kissed Alexis lovingly.

He vowed never to let Rena or Alexis suffer at the hands of that deranged woman again...