

## Chapter 264 Waylen, We're Having Another Baby

Rena clasped her chest, overcome with a wave of nausea.

Having just finished preparing the milk, Waylen perked up as he heard the voice. He hurried over, anxiety evident in his tone. "Is something wrong?"

A slight paleness washed over Rena's face.

In truth, she knew exactly what was happening. With a gentle shake of her head, she reassured him, "It's nothing, just a touch of nausea."

Waylen assisted her to sit down.

He crouched in front of her, gently patting her back, and softly said, "You shouldn't be doing household chores anymore. Let the servants handle it, or allow me to take care of you."

Their eyes met at that moment.

Looking at his handsome face, Rena's heart fluttered; she knew she had a wonderful husband.

Tenderly, she reached out to caress his face, whispering softly, "Don't you want another child? Waylen... Alexis might have a little brother or sister next year."

Waylen was taken aback.

Rena took his hand and placed it gently on her belly. "Are you too overwhelmed with joy to speak?"

They had been intimate so often; having a child was only natural.

After a while, Waylen finally found his voice. He delicately touched her flat belly, knowing that it was too early to feel anything since Rena had just become pregnant but he wanted to connect with the existence of their baby.

Slowly, he half-knelt closer to her.

Rena's heart warmed; no woman could resist the closeness of her man. Though he didn't say a word, she could sense his immense happiness.

"Now put the noodles into bowls before they get soggy."

Waylen didn't want to move.

With slender fingers, Rena tenderly brushed against his handsome face, reminding him, "If we do have another child, don't neglect Alexis."

Waylen chuckled.

"Impossible! I'll take great care of all three of you."

Then, he scooped Rena up and placed her gently on the hall sofa.

After settling her down, he eagerly gazed at her belly.

Rena patted his hand and said, "Go put the noodles in bowls and warm up Alexis' milk."

Waylen leaned in and kissed her softly. "Thank you, Rena."

He proceeded to the kitchen and finished his tasks just in time for Cecilia's arrival.

Cecilia entered the villa, tears streaming down her face...

Shaking the baby bottle, Waylen asked, "Has that old man been

bothering you again?"

Not wanting to dwell on the topic, Rena suggested, "I think Alexis is about to fall asleep. Why don't you give her the milk?"

Waylen's eyes held a deep and meaningful gaze.

He remained silent, strolling slowly to the second floor to take care of Alexis.

Cecilia grumbled for a while, but eventually, she settled at the table to eat the noodles, sniffing softly.

Under the gentle glow of the dim light, her cheeks turned slightly rosy and the tip of her nose glistened with sweat.

Rena understood why her uncle couldn't get over Cecilia.

Immersed in his high-ranking role, day in and day out, he was just devising intricate plans. With someone as simple and innocent as Cecilia at his side, he could finally unwind and relax.

"Please, take your time with your meal," Rena advised.

Though Cecilia was actually two years older than her, Rena regarded her with a gaze akin to that of an older sister looking at a younger sibling.

Cecilia polished off the noodles swiftly.

Her reliance on Rena was evident. Despite Rena and Mark being family, Cecilia couldn't help but lean on Rena for support.

Once Alexis had finished her milk and dozed off, Waylen descended the stairs to find his sister resting her head on Rena's lap. Playfully, he rapped Cecilia's head and quipped, "Don't use your sister-in-law's lap as a pillow."

Rena interjected, "It's fine, really."

Waylen's eyes held a depth that discouraged further objections.



Scooping up his sister, Waylen sat opposite Rena, still holding the baby bottle. He said to his sister earnestly, "If you can't get over him completely, try to manage. But if you're not willing to, take our parents' advice and find a good guy to be with."

Cecilia lowered her gaze, remaining silent.

Waylen continued, "Having a relationship is not against the law. Or are you afraid that he'll be upset and won't marry you if you date someone else?"

"No," Cecilia quickly denied.

"You better not be. Otherwise, you'd be selling yourself short." Waylen scoffed.

He then headed to the kitchen to clean the baby bottle, carefully disinfecting it in the sterilization cabinet.

Cecilia's eyes widened in surprise...

As night descended, Rena wrestled with restlessness.

Waylen turned to her and softly asked, "Can't sleep?"

Rena admitted to her sleeplessness.

Recognizing her concern for Cecilia, he let out a sigh. "Rena, don't coddle Cecilia too much. She's an adult and should handle her own affairs, not rely on her brother and sister-in-law to make decisions for her. If you always indulge her, when will she really grow up?"

Rena found his words reasonable.

Nestling into his embrace, she cherished the warmth of his body and whispered, "Accompany me to the hospital tomorrow. I won't feel at ease until seeing a doctor."

Waylen leaned in and kissed her tenderly.



He had made sure Jazlyn kept his schedule open. He would be by Rena's side throughout the entire day tomorrow.

The next morning, they dropped Alexis off at kindergarten.

Helping Rena into the car with thoughtfulness, Waylen ensured Alexis was comfortably seated in her child's chair, her curious eyes wide open.

Rena settled herself.

Alexis peered at Rena's belly and inquired gently, "Is mommy going to have another baby?"

Rena was visibly taken aback.

Waylen fastened Alexis' seatbelt and smiled, "I never said that. She's a clever girl."

He beamed with pride for having such a brilliant daughter.

Rena didn't keep anything from Alexis. She tenderly kissed her daughter and gently shared, "I won't know for sure until I see the doctor."

Alexis didn't harbor any jealousy.

She adored the idea of having a younger sibling. If there were more little toys at home, she would happily invite Leonel over for playtime.

After dropping Alexis off at kindergarten, Waylen drove Rena to the hospital where Jazlyn had already arranged for the doctor to see them promptly.

Soon enough, they received the news.

Rena was five weeks pregnant.

In the hospital corridor, Rena gazed at the ultrasound picture for an extended moment.

Standing beside her, Waylen immediately called Korbyn. After a brief conversation, Waylen whispered, "Alright, I'll bring her back later."

Hanging up the phone, he looked down at Rena.

She looked back at him.

In a husky voice, Waylen murmured, "Rena, we're having another baby."

His heart overflowed with tenderness and he couldn't resist wrapping her in a gentle embrace, allowing her to lean against his chest as he soothingly ran his fingers through her soft, long brown hair... He had never realized how much he yearned for a child.

After holding her close for a while, he gently caressed her face and said, "Rena, let's get married, alright?"

She hummed and replied with a hint of a nasal voice, "But you haven't proposed yet... You haven't even prepared a ring."

He replied tenderly, "Aren't two children more precious than a ring?"

Rena couldn't help but give him a playful thump.

In that moment, memories of their first marriage and the wedding ring surfaced in their minds. It had been laid to rest in the Fowler family's ancestral house by Waylen as a symbol of mourning... A way to commemorate their lost love.

Waylen whispered, "Back then, I wasn't certain if we could make it work."

There were too many uncertainties at that time.

He wasn't sure if Alexis would pull through.

He wasn't sure... if she would eventually forget him.

Waylen couldn't help but hold Rena tightly. He had never been one for sentimentalities but now he felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude... Grateful for all the people who had helped bring Rena into his life.

An hour later, Waylen brought Rena back to the Fowler family house.

The Fowlers were all ecstatic upon learning about Rena's pregnancy.

Korbyn was leisurely smoking but as soon as he spotted Rena, he promptly extinguished the cigarette, standing up to approach her. "Juliette has been praying hard and it seems to have worked. She prayed every day and, finally, you're pregnant."

He rubbed his hands together and eagerly looked at Rena's belly.

Waylen helped Rena sit down and added, "It's only five weeks. It's still early."

Korbyn fetched a glass of water, placing it in front of Rena and inquired with genuine concern about her well-being.

With a smile, Waylen turned to Rena and remarked, "This baby is a big deal. I've never been doted on like this before by my father."

With a warm smile, Korbyn playfully scolded, "Rena is the one I care about. What's all this talk about a baby?"

His smile faded slightly as he continued, "Having an additional child at home might improve Alexis' condition."

The subject matter weighed on their hearts.

Waylen casually sipped his tea and remarked, "Alexis has been doing much better lately. Perhaps it's because Rena has been by her side every day, and she hasn't had time to dwell on anything else."

Korbyn nodded, feeling relieved.

As they conversed, Juliette emerged from her room, brimming with happiness.

Korbyn turned to Juliette and suggested, "Let's proceed with their wedding as soon as possible. Last time, it was unfortunate that they had a falling out and couldn't have a proper celebration. Now that Rena is pregnant... You should encourage Cecilia to spend more time with Rena and learn from her."

Juliette readily agreed.

She had always adored Rena and longed to witness Rena walk down the aisle in a stunning wedding gown, marrying Waylen.

With half of Korbyn's concerns put to rest, he joked, "By the way... That fortune teller you consulted with was quite something. All those things he mentioned about Waylen's future spouse... And look, they turned out to be true. Why don't you take the kids to visit him tomorrow and inquire about Cecilia's fortune?"

This was precisely what Juliette had in mind.

Having sought advice from the fortune teller regarding Waylen in the past, she now saw an opportunity to express her gratitude.

Besides, the autumn weather was crisp and delightful, making it a perfect time to go out.

On a carefully chosen auspicious day, Juliette led the young members of the Fowler family to visit the residence of the renowned fortune teller, Jarrod Green. Jarrod was not one to easily receive visitors, but Juliette's generous offering distinguished her from the rest.

Inside Jarrod's abode, Juliette continued to express her gratitude profusely.

Jarrood graciously invited them to take a seat and personally prepared a delightful tea that left a pleasant taste on their



palates.

With a smile on her face, Juliette engaged in conversation with Jarrod.

Soon enough, Cecilia's name came up.

Jarrod possessed deep knowledge of the mortal world.

Upon learning Cecilia's birthdate, he smiled and stated, "Her destined partner will be over 40 years old."

Over 40 years old?

Juliette thought about the college teacher she had introduced to Cecilia, but that man was younger than 40. Juliette felt a tinge of disappointment.

At that moment, Rena softly chimed in, "My uncle is over 40 years old."

Juliette was left momentarily speechless.

Jarrod chuckled and remarked, "People who are destined for one another don't part ways."

Perhaps due to Rena's words, Jarrod observed Rena more closely, and after a while, he seemed slightly surprised... Then his gaze shifted to the tall and sturdy man standing beside Rena. He noticed a subtle intensity in Waylen's demeanor, an accumulated air of gravity that had lingered over the years.

Jarrod was taken aback.

Pointing at Waylen, he said, "You've carried a great deal of burden since your youth. Resentment and all that negative energy. I'm afraid it may have kept you from truly bonding with your family."

His words left the Fowlers stunned.

Juliette appeared sorrowful and anxious and even Rena's

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expression showed a hint of concern...

Waylen's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed his emotions, responding in a low voice, "I have more faith in a person's ability to have control of his fate."

Jarrold sighed and said, "Your character is exceedingly strong, which may at times endanger those around you. In the future, you will experience a rebirth, and only after that, you'll find solace and tranquility."

Abruptly, Jarrod took Rena's hand and inscribed a single word on her palm.

Patience.