

## Chapter 214 Waylen, Please Don't Go

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Waylen caught sight of Rena in the rear dwelling.

The bedroom, adorned with warm decor, boasted a gentle pink hue and spanned approximately 50 square meters. It appeared to have been meticulously prepared for her by Mark.

The bedroom was snug and toasty, thanks to the activated heating.

Rena dozed off on the couch, draped with only a blanket resting on her belly.

Pretending to be asleep, Snowball coiled up beneath her feet.

Upon Waylen's entrance, Snowball cracked open its eyes and eagerly fixed its gaze on him, only to promptly shut them again, dismissing his presence as inconsequential.

Waylen leaned over and planted a kiss on her lips.

Rena stirred awake.

Following a prolonged exchange of kisses, Waylen nestled beside her and whispered in a soft, tender tone, "I felt despondent when you were distant in the past, but now it seems like you're teasing me. And I yearn to touch you."

In a hoarse voice, Rena retorted, "You should be ashamed."

Waylen grinned and clasped her waist to prevent any movement.



As Waylen's hand grazed her thigh, Rena remained still, aware that her pregnancy restricted her actions during the initial three months. She wished to avoid arousing him.

With their foreheads gently touching, Waylen whispered, "Rena, we're about to become legally bound as a couple."

Rena did not share his level of enthusiasm.

She extended her slender fingers, gently tracing his handsome eyebrows, and smiled. "It's merely to provide our child with a legal identity. But I still need to continue testing and observing you."

She remarked nonchalantly. How could he fail to comprehend?

Truthfully, Rena had yet to surrender her heart to him. Perhaps she was too disheartened to believe that he could truly bring her happiness.

"Close your eyes." He kissed her brows and eyelids, captivated by her indescribable beauty.

Rena smiled and shut her eyes.

Now that they were heading towards marriage and their families had met, there was no need for her to maintain such aloofness. Doing so would only make her appear affected.

Waylen produced a delicate necklace, its pendant a resplendent diamond ring.

A colossal 52-carat diamond ring, to be precise.

As Rena opened her eyes, she discovered a necklace gracing her fair and tender neck. With a gentle touch, she could discern its nature.

"Do you like it?"

Waylen leaned in, his face brushing against hers. "Mrs. Fowler, I'll adorn you with it at our wedding."

Rena nestled against him.

Waylen perceived her contentment and couldn't resist planting a kiss on her lips.

This kiss was profoundly moving.

Perhaps due to their impending parenthood, there was an added layer of tenderness between them.

Rena's cheeks flushed crimson.

With a faint smile adorning his face, Waylen tenderly caressed Rena's delicate cheek with one hand, playfully teasing her.

It was a moment of intimate closeness that they hadn't experienced before, yet it felt remarkably pleasant.

They registered their marriage in the charming city of Czanch.

In the presence of both families' esteemed elders, they solemnized their union as a legally recognized couple. A grand banquet was held that evening at the Evans' residence.

Once the festivities concluded, Korbyn departed with his wife and daughter, while Waylen remained by Rena's side for a few more days before returning to Duefron.

Upon their return to Duefron, Rena moved into Waylen's exquisite villa.

Waylen treated Rena with utmost care and affection. Korbyn and his wife frequently visited, and Cecilia would often drop by for meals...

Not long after, Waylen embarked on a journey to Braseovell.

Approximately three days passed while Waylen was away,

leaving Rena feeling apprehensive.

Nevertheless, she understood Waylen's character. As long as he maintained no emotional ties with Elvira, she didn't wish to allow past events to bring unhappiness to everyone involved.

On the day of Waylen's return from Braseovell... Zack arrived at the villa accompanied by Rena's secretary.

They were familiar faces, well-aware of Rena's marital and pregnant status.

After concluding their business discussions, Zack's gaze shifted towards Rena's blossoming belly.

He let out a derisive snort. "Your baby is probably as silly as you are, but undoubtedly beautiful."

Rena found herself torn between laughter and tears.

She gently caressed her belly, harboring deep affection for the precious life growing within her. The baby had been relatively trouble-free thus far.

Observing Rena's maternal expression, Zack felt a twinge of ache in his heart. He retrieved a small box from his pocket and tossed it towards her. "This is for your baby. I bought it with my own money, not a penny from my dad's fortune."

Having said that, Zack rubbed his nose, perhaps feeling a tad awkward, and promptly turned to leave.

The secretary offered a warm smile before departing as well.

Rena opened the box and beheld a magnificent naked diamond within.

It was a 2-carat pink diamond, a truly extravagant gift.

Rena surmised that Zack had likely expended a significant portion of his hard-earned money to acquire it. She chuckled

lightly while playfully chastising him but her eyes betrayed a hint of emotional vulnerability...

Just as her emotions were slightly stirred, the sound of a car resonated from the courtyard.

Waylen had returned.

Winter had settled in and he donned a formal suit accompanied by a coat, which accentuated his handsomeness.

The servant assisted him with his luggage, placing it down before respectfully withdrawing.

Waylen removed his coat and approached Rena. He gently took the box from her hand and inquired, "I saw Zack at the entrance just now. Did he give this to you?"

Rena nodded, withholding nothing.

Waylen gazed at her intently for a moment and spoke with a profound expression, "He is remarkably considerate."

Rena recognized Waylen's jealousy resurfacing.

She rose to her feet, assisting him in hanging his coat, and casually inquired, "When is the third hearing?"

Waylen settled into his seat, taking a sip of water from her cup and grinning. "It's nearly settled. I'll have a colleague, Milo Wilson, handle the proceedings for the third hearing."

Rena was taken aback.

Did he mean that he wouldn't need to go to Braseovell anymore?

Rena harbored a dislike for Elvira, so it would be a falsehood to claim that the news wasn't welcome. Nonetheless, Rena maintained her reserve and simply uttered, "I see," in a light tone.

How could Waylen not discern Rena's thoughts?

Although he didn't explicitly acknowledge his understanding, he enveloped her slender frame from behind as she hung up the garments. "It's been nearly three months, hasn't it? The doctor said we could resume our intimacy after three months..."

A faint blush colored Rena's cheeks.

They hadn't engaged in any intimate encounters since her pregnancy began.

In truth, she didn't feel inclined to do so but she knew that Waylen had his needs. Many nights, he would uncover the sheets in the midnight hours and retreat to the bathroom for a solitary cold shower.

Rena shifted the topic, diverting the conversation. "Vera has just given birth to her baby and there will be a celebration tomorrow. Will you accompany me?"

Waylen rested his chin upon Rena's shoulder.

Whispering into her ear, he deliberately teased, "Of course. You're so captivating that I fear if I'm not vigilant, other men will attempt to court you."

Rena's ire flared.

He released his hold on her and chuckled softly. "I'll freshen up with a shower and we'll have dinner later."

As Rena caught the sound of footsteps behind her, she couldn't help but raise her gaze...

They hadn't laid eyes on each other for four days.

Waylen observed her from the staircase, a half-smile gracing his features. There was a touch of mischievousness in his smile...

Vera and Roscoe didn't held a grand wedding ceremony when they got married. Now that Vera had given birth to a healthy baby boy weighing eight pounds, subsequently, the Figueroa family orchestrated a joyous celebration, seeking to compensate for their prior regrets, and also bestowed a villa upon Vera.

Rena glanced at the infant nestled in Vera's arms, experiencing genuine happiness for her friend.

Having only recently given birth, Vera's figure had yet to fully recover. She appeared slightly plump.

Cradling the baby tenderly, Vera softly cooed to him. Then, she cast a glance at Waylen, who was engaged in socializing on the opposite side, and asked Rena in a hushed voice, "How are the two of you getting along?"

Rena playfully interacted with the baby, her smile beaming. "Emotions are a complex matter. When I agreed to marry him, my initial intention was solely to provide our child with a legal status. However, over time, my heart has softened. I believe I will strive to be with him once more."

Vera remained silent.

At that moment, Waylen approached and gestured towards Vera's son. "May I hold your baby?"

Vera happened to be feeling some discomfort in her arms, so she promptly handed the baby over to Waylen.

It was Waylen's first time holding a baby. The tender presence of the little one softened his heart, especially knowing that his own child with Rena would arrive in just six months.

He couldn't help but imagine that their baby would be even more adorable than this one in his arms.

Waylen cradled the baby for an extended period. When he finally looked up, his gaze settled on Rena with utmost

tenderness.

Vera finally understood why Rena had spoken of emotions earlier.

No woman could resist Waylen's tender and loving gaze at the moment.

His eyes held an irresistible allure, and any woman would undoubtedly be captivated by him.

Waylen drove back to the villa.

Guiding the car into the underground parking lot, he unbuckled his seatbelt but couldn't resist reaching out to touch Rena's belly... The baby was merely three months along, so there were no fetal movements yet.

His intention was to feel the baby's presence by touching her belly but one thing led to another.

Waylen reclined the passenger seat, effectively trapping Rena beneath him, and tenderly kissed her.

He took great care to avoid putting any pressure on her lower abdomen, fearful of harming the baby.

Originally, he had intended to stop there after making out with her.

However, as her clothes came off in the car, he couldn't help but notice how her pregnant body appeared even more delicate and attractive than usual. He succumbed to his desires, making love to her...

Throughout the entire process, he was exceedingly gentle, constantly checking in on how she felt.

Having holding himself back for far too long, they made love twice that night.



When their intimate encounter concluded, Rena appeared enchanting, tears glistening in her eyes.

Though Waylen couldn't fully indulge in the experience, he felt a distinct sense of satisfaction. Sometimes, life could be quite intriguing...

Following that night, their sexual relationship resumed.

They engaged in lovemaking twice a week.

However, once Rena reached seven months into her pregnancy, Waylen refrained from touching her.

With Rena being pregnant, Waylen arranged for Eloise to come back from Czanch and keep Rena company.

One day, Rena visited the music studio.

As she prepared to depart, Waylen picked her up. Settling into the car, Rena said softly, "Everything has been arranged here. I'll return to work after the baby is born. I never expected Zack to change so rapidly. He's nearly capable of managing everything on his own."

Under normal circumstances, Waylen would have undoubtedly responded with a sarcastic remark about Zack.

But on this day, Waylen remained silent.

Rena sensed his unusual demeanor and inquired with a smile, "What's the matter with you?"

Waylen stopped the car at an intersection, where a red light awaited. After a moment's hesitation, he finally confessed. "I still need to go to Braseovell for that case. Mr. Coleman called this morning, expressing his lack of trust in Milo to handle Elvira's case. Rena... I have to go back there once more."

Rena blinked, her eyes reflecting a mix of surprise and concern.

After a prolonged silence, she finally spoke up, her voice soft. "Is he worried about this case, or are you?"

Waylen remained silent.

Being aware of Rena's pregnancy, he couldn't afford to engage in a quarrel with her.

Exercising self-restraint, Rena said gently, "Waylen, you promised me that you wouldn't go back to Braseovell again. Moreover, the baby is already seven months along. It may be fine if you're at home, but if an urgent matter arises, it will take at least 24 hours for you to return from Braseovell. Did you... Did you not consider that before agreeing to go to Braseovell?"

Waylen recognized her discontent.

He was willing to assuage her worries. "The baby is in stable condition. I'll only be away for three days. I'll return as soon as the trial concludes, and I won't take on any new cases for the time being. I'll remain by your side until you give birth, alright?"

Rena knew that he had firmly made up his mind.

Feeling upset, she asked softly, "When will you depart?"

"Tomorrow morning."

Rena visibly appeared taken aback.

Subsequently, she turned her head, silently gazing out of the window. No further words escaped her lips...

In the evening, as Waylen began to pack his belongings, he attempted to console her.

However, Rena remained discontented.

As they lay down to sleep, she positioned herself with her back turned towards him. Throughout the night, her sleep was

restless and troubled.

At dawn, Waylen rose quietly, pressing a gentle kiss upon Rena's lips, his voice hoarse as he whispered, "I'm leaving."

Rena awakened from her slumber.

Recollections of blood from her dream lingered, causing her to feel apprehensive.

Clasping her arms around Waylen's waist, Rena experienced discomfort in her belly. Her voice trembled as she pleaded, "Waylen, please don't go. I'm not feeling well."

Waylen tenderly caressed her belly.

Believing that her unease stemmed from unhappiness, he didn't take her concerns to heart. He attempted to console her, saying, "It's probably because of the weather. It's getting warm lately. Let Eloise accompany you. Honey, I'll only be away for three days."

Embracing him tightly, Rena whispered, her voice filled with apprehension, "Waylen, I have this constant feeling that something is going to happen. I truly don't feel well... The baby is kicking vigorously in my belly."

Waylen responded with a smile.

Bending down, he placed a tender kiss upon her protruding belly. "Is our little one being disobedient?"

Rena lovingly ran her fingers through his hair and expressed, "The baby has never been like this before... I... Waylen, please, don't go. I'm afraid something terrible might occur."

Waylen straightened himself and kissed her passionately on the lips. "If I don't go now, I won't be able to catch the flight. Trust me."

Rena refused to release her hold on him.

Gently, he peeled away her fingers one by one, wearing a soft smile. "You're behaving like a child now. I promise I'll be back in three days."

With his luggage in hand, he departed.

Rena remained seated, feeling an icy chill despite the sweltering summer heat.

She longed to return to sleep, yet the discomfort and restlessness plagued her...

Rising to her feet, Rena grabbed her phone to check the time and then descended the stairs with her phone in hand. She called out to Eloise, uttering, "Mom! Where are you?"

Eloise and the maid had just returned from their grocery shopping, engaged in lighthearted conversation and laughter outside the door...

Upon hearing Rena's voice, Eloise intended to respond.

Then, a deafening explosion resounded in the vicinity. It was followed by a chaotic whirlwind of flying debris, shattered glass, and countless shards of reinforced cement scattering across the sky...

At ten o'clock in the morning, a gas pipeline in the main road of an upscale villa in Duefron violently exploded.

Trees were torn asunder, their trunks severed.

The road was upturned by the force of the explosion, rendering it impassable.

Meanwhile, Rena was descending the staircase.

An intense shockwave surged forth, violently propelling her body against the wall. In that harrowing moment, it felt as if her waist was on the verge of shattering. Yet, with instinctual reflex,