

## Chapter 241 Their Friendship Is Over

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Rena's cheeks flushed as she gently pushed Waylen away, exclaiming, "No!"

The act of lying in bed became unbearable for her, prompting her to rise and venture into the spacious walk-in wardrobe, seeking a change of attire.

Waylen trailed closely behind, his presence lingering in the air.

Having been an item in the past, he had witnessed her physique on numerous occasions.

Rena did not avoid his company. As she slipped into a shirt, he enveloped her from behind, his voice barely above a whisper. "Rena, deep down, you still hold me accountable."

Rena did not refute his observation.

Some memories were just not easily forgotten.

In a hushed tone, she uttered, "Waylen, we both require time."

Nodding understandingly, he proved far more approachable now than before. In this moment of seclusion, he refrained from any advances. After all, she was not only the woman he desired, but also Alexis' mother.

The boundaries of impropriety were to be crossed at an appropriate juncture.

Coincidentally, Waylen's phone began to ring.

Korbyn was on the other end of the line. With one hand securely resting on Rena's waist, Waylen deftly answered the call. "Dad?"

"Return home with Rena," Korbyn' said, his discontent seeped through his words.

Waylen yearned to inquire about the reason behind the demand.

Korbyn insisted on speaking with Rena, imparting a few additional words. Rena nodded in agreement and affirmed, "Alright, we will be there shortly!"

The call came to an end.

Curiosity evident in his tone, Waylen inquired softly, "What did he say?"

Rena whispered, her words barely audible, "The members of the Coleman family are causing a commotion. They want me to participate in the marrow donation process for Lyndon!"

Anger surged within Waylen.

Even if Rena were a suitable candidate for the marrow donation, why should she do it for Lyndon?

Observing his reaction, Rena smiled and asked, "It seems you dislike him now, don't you?"

Waylen shed his bathrobe, preparing to change into more formal attire.

In Rena's presence, he donned a shirt and suit pants, taking a moment to elucidate, "You'll understand once we return! In any case, there was an unpleasant incident earlier. Presently, my father has distanced himself from Lyndon!"

Rena surmised that there must be more to the story.

The trio made their way back to the Fowler family residence.

As they entered, they were met with Ann causing a commotion. Elvira and Dahlia were also present.

Amidst tears, Ann cried out, "If it weren't for Lyndon saving Cecilia, he wouldn't be infertile now. His health is now deteriorating. I implored Rena to undergo the marrow donation process, but you are unwilling. How ungrateful!"

Waylen handed Alexis over to Rena, ensuring her comfort.

With a cold expression, he retorted, "Why don't you go and beseech the Evans family?"

The Evans family?

The thought of Mark caused Ann to pause.

Assisting Rena in sitting down, Waylen snapped, "You dare not approach the Evans family because you are well aware of the debt you owe Rena. Instead of causing a scene here, why don't you reflect upon yourself?"

Ann reiterated, her voice trembling, "Lyndon saved Cecilia!"

Unable to remain silent any longer, Juliette interjected, "Indeed, Lyndon saved Cecilia! But do you know how she ended up in the water in the first place?"

The Coleman family fell into silence.

Elvira's hands clenched tightly as she wondered if Cecilia had recollected the incident once more.

With a disgusted expression, Juliette proclaimed, "It was Elvira who pushed Cecilia into the water! Korbyn and I had suspicions back then but two years ago, we sought the aid of a hypnotist for Cecilia. The hypnotic regression unveiled the truth—Elvira was the one who pushed her!"

Naturally, Elvira vehemently denied the accusation.

Her gaze shifted towards Waylen as she asserted, "I didn't do it!"

Her words hung in the air unanswered.

Predictably, Ann sided with her family, willing to employ any means to coerce Rena into donating her marrow. The atmosphere grew tense and uneasy.

Waylen's brows furrowed as he intervened, "Rena cannot donate her marrow to Lyndon under any circumstances!"

What?

Ann found it difficult to believe.

She regarded Rena suspiciously and sorrowfully uttered, "Are you just like your mother, harboring animosity towards Lyndon, hence unwilling to save him?"

Rena's anger flared as she retorted, "My information has been registered with the bone marrow bank since I turned twenty! If I were a suitable match for Lyndon, I would have been notified."

Ann crumpled to the floor.

Her gaze fixated blankly on Rena, a sense of bewilderment washing over her.

Rena was unable to save Lyndon. What could she do to rescue him?

Her eyes then shifted towards Alexis.

A glimmer of hope flickered in Ann's eyes. "Alexis is also related to Lyndon by blood. She..."

Waylen's temper flared.

He lashed out, delivering a swift kick. "How dare you!"

Ann remained sprawled on the floor, obstinate in her refusal to

rise.

Korbyn felt powerless.

Once upon a time, he had believed Lyndon to be a gentleman. Now, it appeared that Lyndon couldn't even manage his own family affairs, allowing them to spiral out of control.

Korbyn decided to intervene, his tone earnest. "If the bone marrow bank confirms that Rena is a suitable donor for Lyndon, we will not impede her selfless act of kindness towards a stranger. However, Rena will never participate in the donation process as his daughter. As for Alexis, she is just a child. How could you suggest such a thing?"

Ann refused to give in.

Dahlia interjected, her voice pleading, "Korbyn, we've known each other for so many years!"

Korbyn's response was icy, "And what does that matter? I refuse to believe that neither you nor Lyndon were aware of Elvira's actions, yet you concealed the truth from us and constantly demanded repayment!"

Due to their deceit, Waylen had nearly lost his wife and child.

They had endured numerous hardships over the past years.

Yet, the audacity of the Coleman family to brazenly demand recompense as if nothing had transpired left them astounded.

Korbyn summoned the butler and issued an order, "Henceforth, if any member of the Coleman family arrives, do not open the door."

## Chapter 242 Aren't You Two Going To Give Alexi...

Lyndon chanced upon this piece of information as he made his way over.

Positioned by the entrance of the hall, he found himself in an exceedingly awkward predicament. His voice quivered slightly as he asked, "Korbyn, are you truly going to sever ties with me, a close friend?"

Gazing upon Lyndon's ailing countenance, Korbyn was overcome with pity for his friend.

However, Korbyn held the position of authority within the family.

He served as Rena's father-in-law and Alexis' grandfather. It was imperative for the Fowler family to sever all connections with the Coleman family. Any other course of action would be unjust towards Rena and her daughter.

Korbyn steeled his heart and affirmed, "Yes. We are through."

Lyndon grasped the doorknob, on the verge of collapsing.

He and Korbyn had been friends for numerous years. The realization that their relationship had disintegrated in such a manner was difficult for Lyndon to fathom. Was he truly a failure? Why was he consistently incapable of retaining the people around him?

When he inquired, Korbyn responded in a deep voice, "As a man, you must be resolute. Had you managed to rectify the misunderstanding with Reina in a timely manner, today's circumstances would not have transpired. You love that woman,

yet you sympathize with this woman. The problem is, you can't have them both! You have made numerous mistakes. You yearn for Rena to acknowledge you as her father, yet you also desire her and Elvira to be good sisters. Lyndon... You are incredibly and foolishly greedy."

Lyndon's complexion grew pallid.

His gaze shifted towards Rena and Alexis, who stood beside Rena.

He had finally come face to face with Rena.

With only one heartfelt wish remaining before his demise, he posed a trembling question, "Rena, can you address me as 'Dad'?"

Rena regarded him calmly.

She made no effort to sugarcoat her response. In a gentle tone, she declined, "Mr. Coleman, take care."

Lyndon's face grew even paler.

He forced a bitter smile and extracted a beautiful toy from his embrace. It was a glazed glass toy he had purchased, intended as a gift for Alexis. However, his trembling fingers caused it to slip from his grasp and shatter upon the floor.

The sharp fragments lacerated Alexis' delicate calves.

Dark red blood began to ooze out slowly.

Waylen swiftly scooped up Alexis, using a tissue to apply pressure to her leg. He then whispered to Rena, "There's a hemostatic agent in her schoolbag."

Rena promptly retrieved one and handed it to Alexis to consume.

Blood continued to seep from Alexis' leg. Overwhelmed by the sight of blood, she buried her head in Waylen's arms, moaning in agony...

Waylen comforted Alexis in a soft, soothing voice.

Meanwhile, Waylen's patience with Lyndon was beginning to wear thin.

Lyndon appeared visibly stunned.

He hadn't anticipated such a turn of events. His sole intention was to present Alexis with the toy.

Korbyn's heart ached, but he tried to said calmly, "You were unaware of her condition, so I don't hold it against you. Lyndon... Just leave. Do not disturb Rena any further. She has endured a great deal. Allow her to lead a peaceful life from now on."

Lyndon departed in a dazed state.

As they reached the doorway, Ann couldn't help but voice her discontent, saying, "It's just a minor cut. I can't believe they're making such a fuss about it. Waylen's eyes are filled with anger."

Dahlia also voiced her concern, saying, "That child is exceedingly fragile."

Lyndon maintained his silence.

Within the confines of the Fowler residence's hall.

As soon as the Colemans departed, Korbyn cradled Alexis in his arms. He kissed her gently and expressed his remorse, asking, "Does it still hurt?"


"It hurts," Alexis said with a grimace. "Grandpa, blow on my boo-boo."

Korbyn clasped Alexis' leg and blew softly on the wound.

Alexis' spirits were finally lifted.

Embracing his granddaughter, Korbyn remarked to Rena, "This little one bears such a striking resemblance to you. She



Chapter 242 Aren't You Two Going To Give Alexis  +120 Points at most  
possesses the same personality as Waylen though."

Pride emanated from Korbyn's visage as he made this statement.

Rena responded with a smile.

However, her worries lingered.

Waylen held her hand and whispered, "Alexis has Rh-negative blood and a blood clotting disorder. As her immediate family, I am unable to directly transfuse blood to her. This particular blood type is scarce in blood banks, so we must take utmost care of her."

Though he didn't explicitly state it, Rena understood.

There was always someone between them who had to sacrifice more—probably even their career, to keep Alexis away from harm.

Rena nodded in acknowledgement.

Juliette sensed the weightiness of the conversation. She glanced at her son and invited Rena to have tea in the parlor.

Only three individuals remained in the hall.

With Alexis nestled in his arms, Korbyn looked at his son and inquired, "Waylen, I'm uncertain of your intentions. Aren't you two going to give Alexis a complete family?"

Waylen chuckled. "Dad, there needs to be a process, right? I can't just whisk Rena off to the City Hall and register our marriage right now, can I? Besides, we live together now. It's actually quite wonderful."

Alexis whispered, "Mom sleeps with me."

Waylen was rendered speechless.

Korbyn glared at Waylen and reproached, "Hey! Don't give my Lexi that death stare just because she tells the truth!"

Korbyn then bent his head and said kindly to his granddaughter, "I will handle them for you."

Alexis erupted in giggles.

Perched on Korbyn's lap, she planted a sweet kiss on his cheek.

Korbyn's heart melted into a puddle.

Holding Alexis close, he inquired earnestly, "Waylen, when can you take over the reins of the company from me?"

Rena also has her own career to attend to. How about I take care of Alexis for you?"

How could Waylen remain oblivious to Korbyn's intentions?

He took a sip of tea and replied slowly, "I have my hands full with the Exceed Group. Adding the Fowler Group to the mix... Dad, I'd be utterly exhausted."

Korbyn chuckled. "You won't be worn out to death. I can see that you're brimming with energy."

Korbyn possessed perceptive eyes, allowing him to discern at a glance that Waylen and Rena were not a genuine couple now.

They were merely deceiving Alexis.

Humph!

Korbyn regarded Waylen as a failure.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Juliette savored her tea in the company of Rena.

Juliette aged gracefully. She retained her beauty and air of nobility, yet there was always a hint of sorrow in her countenance due to her children's troubled love lives.

Rena refrained from addressing Juliette as Mrs. Fowler.

She still addressed Juliette as "Mom" and graciously poured a cup of tea for her. Rena's countenance exuded warmth as she modestly lowered her head.

Juliette spoke softly, saying, "I've contemplated visiting you lately, but I feared intruding upon your lives. Rena... As a mother, it is only natural for me to hope that you can forgive Waylen. He did err in the past. However, if your anger still lingers, I implore you to teach him a valuable lesson and urge him to shed his arrogance."

Juliette then tenderly clasped Rena's hand.

How could Rena resist such tenderness?

She raised her head and gazed at Juliette...

Just then, Waylen approached. He positioned himself beside Rena, his hand resting gently upon her shoulder and softly remarked, "It's time for lunch."

Rena nodded in agreement.

Juliette delighted in witnessing their harmonious interaction, but her mind was burdened by a lingering concern.

Although Cecilia occasionally made phone calls home, she never returned in person.

During the afternoon, Alexis remained at the mansion.

Rena had arranged to meet Vera for afternoon tea. Waylen, on the other hand, needed to attend to company matters. He drove Rena to her appointment before heading to the office.

While in the car, he turned his head and inquired, "Are you feeling tired?"

Rena smiled and replied, "Are you referring to taking care of Alexis?"

Waylen tenderly caressed his seat belt, opting to remain silent.

He feared that if Rena were to encounter Elvira today, it might resurrect unpleasant memories.

He yearned to demonstrate his loyalty to Rena, yet it seemed that she remained indifferent.

Waylen had never been plagued by such apprehension before.

He longed to cherish her but he couldn't discern if she would appreciate it or not.

Rena softly closed her eyes and uttered, "She's incredibly adorable."

Thus, how could Rena possibly be fatigued?

She was willing to do anything for Alexis.

Waylen ceased his inquiries and proceeded to drive Rena to the cafe.

He held Rena in high regard and held her friend in great respect.

He alighted from the car alongside Rena, entered the establishment, and greeted Vera. Before departing, he affectionately tousled Vera's son's hair.

As he distanced himself, Vera smiled and remarked, "He's truly changed."

Rena ordered an iced coffee.

With a gentle stir of her coffee, she took a sip and smiled. "What exactly has changed?"

Vera whispered, "Well, he's not quite the same as before. In the past, it was challenging to establish a connection with Waylen. But now, he's easier to get along with..."

Vera gestured towards Rena and added, "It's a positive development for you."

Rena returned the smile.

Vera patted Rena's hand and said, "Don't dismiss it lightly. Truthfully, he treats you well. You can put him to the test and if you find his love to be genuine, embrace it. Just look at his physique and countenance... Where else will you find a man like him?"

Rena blushed slightly.

In response, she asked, "Am I with him solely for his looks and physique?"

Vera cast a glance at her son and whispered, "I suppose he's skilled in the bedroom."

Rena nearly spat out her coffee.

She glanced at James.

Fortunately, this little boy was not as perceptive as Alexis and remained oblivious to the comment.

Rena was on the verge of discussing it with Vera when, in the next instant, she froze.

She caught sight of Cecilia.