

Chapter 243 Cecilia Has A Child!

Adjacent to the coffee shop was a bustling milk tea shop, with a long line extending from its entrance.

In the middle of the queue stood Cecilia, holding the hand of a two-year-old boy.

As time passed, the boy grew increasingly restless, prompting Cecilia to pick him up.

Rena observed them quietly.

Not long after, her eyes welled up with tears.

It saddened her to see Cecilia, who had been pampered since childhood, now waiting in line under the scorching sun, holding a child.

Cecilia no longer adorned herself in luxury attire.

Instead, she wore a simple white shirt and worn-out jeans.

She appeared much thinner than before, with little trace of her former spoiled nature etched on her face.

Rena closed her eyes, and Vera, who had noticed Cecilia as well, exclaimed in astonishment, "Isn't that Cecilia? When did she have a child?"

Given Vera's nature, she was ready to rush over and bring Cecilia back immediately.

Rena, however, halted her, stating firmly, "No!"

She had experienced similar circumstances and understood Cecilia's predicament.

Cecilia must have chosen not to return home out of her immense love for her child. She feared her parents' sorrow and disappointment, worried that they might force her to terminate the pregnancy.

Lowering her voice, Rena whispered, "Vera, keep quiet!"

Just then, the driver arrived with Alexis.

Spotting Rena in tears, Alexis rushed over, pressing herself against her mother's chest.

With her little hands, she wiped away Rena's tears and cooed, "Mom, don't cry!"

Envious of Alexis' sweet gestures, Vera remarked, "Alexis is so adorable!"

Rena responded softly, "Stay a little longer. I'm going to talk to Cecilia. And don't mention this to Roscoe. I'm afraid Cecilia might panic and run away again."

Aware of the situation's gravity, Vera nodded in agreement. "Have a good conversation with her."

Rena approached Cecilia with Alexis by her side.

At that moment, Cecilia had purchased a cup of milk tea and was about to leave with the boy in her arms. Rena called out gently from behind, "Cecilia!"

Cecilia froze.

She turned her head slowly and saw Rena and Alexis.

Her trembling lips betrayed her emotions.

Two years had passed, yet here she stood, face to face with Rena

and Alexis once again.

Memories of that man flooded her mind, and she called out softly after a long pause, "Rena!"

Aggrieved and melancholic, Cecilia longed to throw herself into Rena's arms and revert to the role of a spoiled princess again. However, she knew she could never return to that state.

Rena felt a pang of sorrow for Cecilia as she approached them, gently touching the boy's head.

"This is Dad's sister, your Aunt Cecilia," she introduced Cecilia to Alexis.

Alexis' face lit up with joy as she called out softly, "Aunt Cecilia!"

Cecilia was overcome with mixed emotions, her gaze fixed on Alexis. During that moment, it felt as if she had traveled back to that fateful night three years ago.

"You've grown up!" Cecilia kissed Alexis and turned to Rena, introducing her own child. "This is my son, Edwin!"

Rena gave Alexis to her and cradled Edwin on her arms.

With supple, delicate skin and short brown hair, there was no need to ask who the father of Edwin was.

Alexis remarked, "His hair is as brown as mine!"

The atmosphere held a tinge of complexity. Alexis lifted her face and sweetly assured, "Mom, you can hold him. I won't be jealous."

Rena smiled gently and replied, "Hold your aunt's hand!"

Cecilia felt a twinge of unease, but Rena would not allow her to leave.

In a hushed voice, Rena insisted, "Let me visit your home."

Fifteen minutes later, they found themselves in a small alley,

where Cecilia rented a 40-square-meter studio apartment.

The space appeared cluttered, with magazines strewn about and their clothes scattered. Rena couldn't spot anything of value amidst the disarray.

Overwhelmed with sadness, she felt the urge to cry.

Cecilia poured Rena a glass of water and split the cup of milk tea for the kids. Money was tight, so she had only bought one for Edwin, and now they had to share.

Holding Edwin in her arms, Rena whispered, "Your brother said you haven't been home for two years. Is it because of this child?"

Cecilia replied in a low voice, "Yes. I only found out I was pregnant after we broke up. He didn't know about Edwin's existence, and he couldn't marry me even if he did."

Rena refrained from defending anyone.

Her heart ached for both Cecilia and Edwin.

At two years old, Edwin still lacked proper documentation.

Rena composed herself and suggested, "Come home with me."

Cecilia bowed her head, hesitating for a while before murmuring, "I can't go back. My parents and my brother won't just let the matter go. They'll demand justice for me and my son..."

Rena gazed at her intently and asked, "Shouldn't they?"

Cecilia paused, and Rena gently ran her fingers through Edwin's hair.

"You can't stay here forever."

Still hesitant, Cecilia held Alexis in her arms and kissed her.

"Alexis has grown up. I don't have enough money to buy you a proper gift."

She removed her necklace.

It was the only possession she had taken from the Fowler family.

She intended to give it to Alexis.

Rena turned her face away, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Cecilia, too, began to cry.

Edwin, still young and frightened by their weeping, joined in with his own tears. Softly, Alexis comforted him and said, "Leonel said boys should be strong!"

Edwin stopped sobbing and looked at her with teary eyes.

Alexis planted a kiss on his cheek.

Eventually, Rena failed to convince Cecilia.

It was only when she promised not to tell Waylen about their encounter that Cecilia found some relief. Before departing, Rena handed over all her cash, which was more than \$10, 000 to Cecilia, assuring her that she would return the following day.

Cecilia accepted the money.

At that moment, both Rena and Cecilia were in a daze. Nobody had anticipated that one day Cecilia, who hailed from a wealthy and influential family, would be relieved by a sum of mere \$10, 000.

Rena felt a wave of sadness wash over her.

Once they stepped out of the dilapidated building, Rena leaned against a tree and began to sob uncontrollably.

Alexis held onto Rena's leg tightly, prompting Rena to crouch down, gather the little girl in her arms, and continue weeping.

Stroking Alexis' head, Rena heard her say, "Daddy would feel

sorry for you if he knew."

Gradually, Rena regained her composure.

Of course, she couldn't let Cecilia and her child continue living in such conditions, and it wouldn't be appropriate to confide in Korbyn. If they were to learn of the situation, disappointment and sadness would surely befall them.

Rena thought it would be best to let Waylen handle it.

She touched Alexis' head gently and whispered, "When your daddy comes home tonight, tell him that I cried and you saw your aunt. Do you understand?"

Alexis raised her little head and pondered for a while before asking, "Why don't you tell Daddy directly?"

Rena sighed.

Her relationship with Waylen was still uncertain, and she couldn't bring herself to cry in front of him.

Shaking her head, Alexis thought to herself how complicated the world of adults could be.

At eight o'clock in the evening, Waylen returned from work just as Rena was teaching Alexis to play the piano.

Rena looked stunning in her dress that showed her slender waist and delicate legs.

Alexis skillfully played the piano while Waylen sat beside Rena, preparing to tease her.

Suddenly, he froze.

Upon seeing him, Rena paused and asked gently, "Have you had dinner?"

Waylen smiled and remarked, "I'm not accustomed to your sudden tenderness. But since you've asked... Cook me a bowl of

noodles then!"

Rena headed to the kitchen, and Waylen took off his coat, tossing it aside.

He picked up Alexis and asked, "What's wrong with your mommy?"

Alexis remembered her mission.

Sitting on her father's lap, she furrowed her brow and said, "Mommy cried today!"

Waylen's brow furrowed as well.

Alexis continued explaining, "Mom met Aunt Cecilia and a cute little boy."

Cecilia?

A little boy?

Waylen felt his anger rise, but he gently touched Alexis' head and smiled. "From now on, whenever your mommy cries, tell me, okay?"

Rena soon returned with a bowl of noodles.

Today, she was exceptionally considerate, even setting a fork and a spoon for him.

Waylen's gaze grew deeper. He refrained from questioning Rena in front of Alexis and quietly finished the bowl of noodles.

After Alexis fell asleep, Waylen entered her room and sat on the edge of her bed. Taking hold of Rena's hand, he asked softly, "Alexis said you cried today. You're an adult and a mother. Why did you still cry like a child? Is it because I've neglected you?"

Rena sat up and replied, "Don't tease me. You can just ask anything you want."

"Didn't you let me know through Alexis? I should at least show my concern towards you first!"

Waylen turned to glance at Alexis, who was sound asleep.

Rena carefully lifted the quilt and whispered, "Let's go outside and talk."

Waylen halted her.

His voice turned hoarse as he said, "Let's talk here. Alexis won't wake up."

After a moment's hesitation, Rena revealed, "I saw Cecilia today."

Waylen feigned ignorance, a hint of anger flashing across his face. "That's a good thing. Where is she?"

Rena scrutinized his expression.

She realized she couldn't bring herself to tell him about Cecilia's child.

She attempted to please him, placing her hand on his shoulder and gently stroking it. "Don't be angry. She... She seems to have a child now."

Waylen looked at her hand.

How could he not understand what she was trying to do? Tonight, he wasn't in the mood for intimacy though. Otherwise, he would have been willing to take her to the master bedroom. He believed that she wouldn't refuse him tonight.

Waylen pretended to remain composed. "That's a good thing. Our Fowler family has gained a new member."

Knowing him well, Rena sensed that he was about to leave. She held onto him and whispered softly, "Let's go visit her together tomorrow."

Waylen grew irritated.

Her tenderness made him angry and helpless.

Suddenly, he pulled her beneath him and kissed her passionately.

Rena felt a slight discomfort from his intense kiss, but she didn't resist him.

After a while, he broke the kiss and buried his face in her neck, breathing heavily.

"Go to bed early. We'll visit her together tomorrow."

Relieved by his agreement, Rena closed her eyes gently.

Seeing her acquiescent demeanor, Waylen was tempted. He wasn't able to resist kissing her passionately once more.

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In the middle of the night, Waylen changed his clothes and stepped out of the house.

As he arrived at the old alley and opened the car door, he froze.

His beloved sister resided in such squalid conditions.

He knocked on the door, and after a long pause, Cecilia's trembling voice was heard from the inside.

"Who is it?"

With a cigarette delicately gripped between his fingers, Waylen replied in a low voice, "It's me. Open the door."

Cecilia slowly opened the door, her face pale.

"Waylen!"