

## Chapter 251 I Want To Have A Relationship Wit...

Waylen ventured into the study, a haven of solitude where he indulged in the tranquility of smoking with serenity.

In those past three years, Rena was but a distant memory for him amidst the whirlwind of busy days, let alone any other thoughts or desires.

But now, an air of calm settled upon him...

One of his most regrettable actions was compelling Rena to sever ties with Tyrone, a decision that accidentally etched Tyrone's place in her heart for eternity.

Though it had nothing to do with romance, it was enough to spark jealousy within him.

As the door to the study creaked open, Waylen's somber mood intensified. A head with curly tawny locks peeked through the gap - it was Alexis, his daughter, clad in a delightful pajama, her feet bare.

"Dad!"

Without hesitation, Alexis rushed to him, wrapping her own arms lovingly around his neck, displaying her affectionate side.

Waylen embraced her, planting a tender kiss on her forehead before gently inquiring, "Why are you awake, my dear?"

Alexis, half asleep, nestled in his arms, yearning for her mother.

Thoughts of Rena lying in the master bedroom made Waylen's

heart skip a beat; he couldn't allow Alexis to witness Rena in such disarray.

Softly, he coaxed her, "Mommy is sleeping in daddy's room."

Alexis babbled, "But I want to sleep with mom."

While holding Alexis with one hand, he softly swayed her, regaling her with a soothing bedtime story.

As the night wore on, his voice acquired a slight hoarseness, its comforting timbre lulling Alexis to sleep.

Waylen knew she would awaken if he placed her back in bed, so he wrapped her in a blanket and devoted almost an hour to coddling her.

In the stillness of the night, Alexis surrendered to slumber.

Seated at the edge of the bed, Waylen gazed at Alexis' innocent and delicate face, overcome with love for the child who bore the essence of him and Rena.

Alexis turned over and snuggling into the throw pillow.

He couldn't bear to leave her immediately, so he lingered by her side for a while.

Returning to the bedroom, he was met with a startling sight.

Rena's hair was damp with sweat, her forehead glistening, and the faint blue veins at the end of her eyebrows all the more pronounced.

She appeared disheveled.

Waylen approached her, leaning over to observe her closely, his Adam's apple bobbing with emotions.

Untying his tie, he released her from its confines.

She sighed softly, her voice tender. "Waylen... You scoundrel."

Knowing her desires well, he whispered in her ear, "Would you like to take a shower first, or shall we continue?"

Rena held him close, kissing him passionately...

Their ardor intensified.

The ambiance in the bedroom was undeniably romantic. As they kissed, Waylen whispered sweet endearments, urging her to say his name. "Rena, look at me and say my name."

But suddenly, Rena ceased all motion.

Softly, she murmured into his ear, "I'll sleep with Lexi tonight. Good night, Mr. Fowler."

Rising from the bed, she gently patted his handsome face and remarked, "Mr. Fowler, you should also savor this feeling."

Waylen made no attempt to stop her.

Instead, he leaned against the headboard and observed her as she got out of bed, straightening her clothes. A gentle smile adorned his face as he remarked, "I never expected your endurance to be quite remarkable."

Rena playfully scolded him, calling him a refined scoundrel.


Chuckling, Waylen's flirtatious charm didn't escape her, leaving her unable to meet his gaze.

Heading to the guest room, she indulged in a refreshing shower before retiring to bed.

Then, her phone chimed, revealing a message from Waylen. "I miss you so much."

Upon reading those words, Rena couldn't help but smile.

Though she didn't respond, another message soon followed. "Come and sleep with me. I won't do anything... I simply wish to

Chapter 251 | Want To Have A Relationship With  +120 Points at most  
hold you in my arms as we slumber. Tomorrow morning, I'll go jogging, fetch you a rose and gently wake you."

For several years, Rena had been entangled with him.

In truth, she knew his intentions well. He hadn't forced himself upon her since her return; he clearly yearned to start anew, to be in a real relationship with her...

Closing her eyes gently, she pondered her feelings toward Waylen over the years – the love and the resentment.

It was all about Waylen.

She refrained from answering him, knowing well that he didn't really mind her response. He simply relished the pursuit, savoring the chase. They coexisted under the same roof, and she refused to let their lives revolve solely around Alexis.

In the days to come, Rena resolved to be more confident and dignified.

If Waylen truly desired her, he would have to pursue her and win her heart.

She longed to hold the reins of her love, deciding for herself how much to give him.

The next morning, as Rena awoke, she discovered a fresh rose gracing the bedside table.

Caressing its petals, memories of their time together flooded back.

He had often gifted her flowers before, but back then, she failed to comprehend the depth of his feelings as she did now.

Rena suppressed her affectionate impulses.

After freshening up, she descended to the main floor, where Alexis and her father were already enjoying breakfast.

She noticed some crumbs scattered around the table.

Waylen, sipping his coffee leisurely, perused the morning newspaper.

As she approached, Alexis dutifully wiped her mouth and began to eat in a poised manner.

Rena gently kissed her daughter.

Putting the newspaper down, Waylen beamed and remarked, "She's obedient when you're around."

His words carried a pleasant tone.

But Waylen didn't stop there, adding, "I'm obedient to you too. Whatever you ask of me, I shall do. Anything you don't wish for, I'll refrain from doing... I'll be attentive to your wishes."

Rena gently bit her lips, her voice a hushed whisper, "Please don't mislead Lexi."

Unperturbed by Rena's remark, Alexis continued with her meal...

Waylen's demeanor turned serious as he inquired, his eyes ablaze, "Did you sleep well last night?"

Ignoring him was Rena's response and he could see through her silence.

The atmosphere the night before had been overly romantic. Rena felt unable to face sending Alexis to school with Waylen after such an intimate encounter. Instead, she remained at home, meticulously cleaning and tidying up the rooms upstairs. Since she moved in, she had taken on these responsibilities.

At ten o'clock, she phoned Cecilia and arranged to go shopping together.

The anniversary celebration of the Exceed Group was approaching, and Rena had yet to pick out her dress.

Additionally, she hoped Cecilia could attend the event and spend time together.

In the exclusive Sephin Studio.

Juliette held a prominent status as a super VIP, so the entire place had been reserved for Rena and Cecilia's visit.

As they perused the clothing selection, Rena engaged in conversation with Cecilia, inevitably broaching the subject of Mark.

However, Rena was not acting as a mediator; instead, they discussed parenting. Despite being a mother for only two months, Rena seemed more knowledgeable in the matters of parenting compared to Cecilia, possibly due to the attentive care Alexis required.

Cecilia felt comforted by the conversation.

Rena selected a dress for Cecilia, who tried it on in the fitting room.

Seated on a plush sofa, Rena savored scented tea, patiently waiting for Cecilia.

Soon, the store manager approached with an embarrassed expression. "Mrs. Fowler, there's a Mr. Moore who is also one of our VIPs... I'd like to discuss with you the possibility of making an exception."

Rena's compassionate nature led her to agree.

However, as the man was let in, Rena discovered it was Harold, accompanied by his stunning new girlfriend.

Harold was equally taken aback.

After a long pause, he looked at Rena and said, "You're back?"

Rena nodded, offering a warm smile. "Please feel free to browse."

Desiring a private conversation with Rena, Harold asked his date to pick a dress on her own. The woman was smart enough to read the air and understand the situation as she discreetly kept her distance.

Seated across from Rena, Harold pondered his words, momentarily distracted.

Harold had the urge to light a cigarette but as he reached for the lighter and cigarette case, he resisted and instead greeted her with a smile. "Long time no see. I heard that you and Waylen's child are almost four years old."

Rena casually perused a magazine, responding with a soft affirmation.

As Harold observed her serene countenance, a sense of bewilderment washed over him.

There was a time when he had been captivated by her, yearning to possess her wholly.

Yet, with the passing years, it seemed everyone else was moving forward, leaving him entangled in his own uncertainty.

He couldn't discern whether he still loved Rena or pined for the simplicity he once shared with Cecilia...

In the midst of his perplexity, Cecilia emerged from the dressing room.

Unaware of Harold's presence, she lowered her head, adjusting the strapless gown while voicing her complaint in a hushed tone, "Rena, isn't this dress too revealing? Perhaps we should try another one."

Rena remained silent, offering no response.

As Cecilia looked up, her gaze met Harold's, leaving her momentarily stunned.

Years ago, when Harold betrayed her, keeping another woman by his side, the Fowler family vehemently called off her engagement to him, causing significant damage to Harold's business.

Now, however, after a few years had passed, he had managed to rebuild his life and regain his debonair charm.

A faint smile played upon Cecilia's lips.

She nodded politely at Harold.

In stark contrast to her composed demeanor, Harold was thoroughly taken aback...

Rumors had reached Harold's ears about Cecilia having an affair with that Mr. Evans in Czanch. At first, he had dismissed them as baseless gossip but now, as he observed Cecilia's countenance, he couldn't deny the truth.

The once radiant face he knew had been eclipsed by the trials of an obviously struggling relationship.

Her expression lacked its former brilliance.

Yet, there was a newfound maturity about her.

Harold had never imagined that Cecilia could evolve in such a manner; he had always seen her as someone who would never grow up.

But here she stood, transformed into a fine, mature woman he could never have fathomed... all for the sake of another man.