

## Chapter 359 Waylen, This Is Our Third Child (2)

Rena was chauffeured home by Waylen, the warmth of his presence comforting her.

Despite his desire to linger by her side, Rena insisted he attend to his company duties.

"It's nothing new. You should head to the office," she urged Waylen as they settled onto the couch.

With a flip of the switch, gentle warmth enveloped the room, casting a cozy ambiance. The household staff, likely privy to the joyful news, showered Waylen with congratulations, prompting him to reciprocate with generous gestures of appreciation.

Amid the winter's embrace, Rena cradled a glass of warm milk, her gaze drifting to Waylen as he interacted with the staff. An accidental glance back at her, his eyes locked onto hers.

Silence spoke volumes as their eyes entwined, a shared sweetness that spoke of their soon-to-arrive child.

As evening descended, Waylen returned with Alexis and Leonel. With practiced ease, Leonel disembarked first, assisting Alexis from the vehicle.

The car door sealed shut behind them, and the trio entered the residence.

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Within the hall, an array of precious supplements and gifts adorned the surroundings. Rena, immersed in organization, delegated their storage to diligent servants.

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Rena shook her head gently. "Only your parents and Cecilia have visited. They brought a multitude of gifts."

With a knowing look, Rena continued, "Perhaps we should keep the pregnancy under wraps for now, to save ourselves from unnecessary company."

The gentle look on Rena's face prompted Waylen to encircle her waist affectionately, his voice tender as he murmured, "You're right. Pregnant women deserve rest."

A shadow of discomfort flickered across Rena's features.

In a household populated by three children, modesty often fell by the wayside. Yet, she mused, what if their actions were to set a precedent for their children?

Waylen, attuned to her thoughts, offered a reassuring smile.

Sweeping Marcus into his arms, Waylen marveled at the child's cherubic visage.

Perhaps, he pondered, another daughter would grace their lives.

He wanted her to look like Rena, preferably with a personality like Rena.

The couple's tender moment beckoned Alexis forward, sensing the shift in the atmosphere. Gently, she reached out to touch Rena's belly, her lips meeting skin in a cautious kiss.

Rena, overwhelmed by the gesture, brushed a hand through Alexis's tousled brown curls.

With a flourish, Alexis beckoned Leonel, extending an invitation to join. "Leonel, come here."

Leonel, timid yet curious, inched forward.

Guided by Alexis, his hand came to rest on Rena's belly. An intimate secret hung unspoken, the air pregnant with anticipation. A soft smile from Alexis, her voice lowered.

"Leonel, you're going to be a big brother. Are you excited?"

Leonel laid his head against Rena's belly.

A familiar tenderness echoed in Rena's heart as she also touched his head.

Leonel smiled, but there were tears in his eyes. His mom and dad had been quarrelling for as long as he could remember. He lost his mother at such a young age. It had been a long time since he had felt maternal tenderness.

He had never told anyone else that what he hoped most was that Waylen would take him to live with the Fowler family for a few days on festivals.

Rena could empathize with Leonel very well.

Stooping, she pressed a soft kiss to Leonel's forehead, her voice a gentle whisper. "Leonel, you can call me Mom too."

Embarrassment overcame the seven-year-old.

All of a sudden, a rosy hue tinted his cheeks.

Respecting his emotions, Rena withdrew. She always respected the children. Her insistence on preparing dinner was met with Waylen's adamant refusal, a testament to his newfound role as her caregiver. She said helplessly, "I'm just pregnant. I'm not that fragile."

Waylen offered a soft smile. He approached, wrapping his arms around Rena's waist as he murmured, "For me, this is the first time I've taken care of you while you're pregnant. Get some rest. I'll cook the dinner."

Waylen was not as good at cooking as Rena, but it was interesting for him to take two children to cook together.

As evening unfolded, Rena found herself ravenous.



A gentle nudge from hunger disrupted her slumber, and she nestled against Waylen, casting a pitiable glance his way.

Waylen stirred, his eyes meeting Rena's beseeching gaze.

A hoarse voice met her plea. "What hour is it, my hungry sweetheart?"

Normally, Rena didn't want him to get up, but she didn't vomit or feel uncomfortable when she was pregnant this time. The warmth of the quilt made her hesitate for a while, but she finally whispered, "I'm craving beef bone soup."

Waylen, a warm smile gracing his features, patted her hip affectionately. "Why choose something so complex?"

Despite his protest, he arose, slipping into his clothing as he offered, "Anything for you, my dear. Be it sweet or savory."

A chuckle tickled Rena's lips, his earnestness tugging at her heartstrings.

After a while, she thought he was shameless.

Waylen put on a sweater and went downstairs to make the beef bone soup while Rena stayed in the warm bedroom. Time passed, and Rena, eager to contribute, set about tending to Alexis's and Leonel's schoolwork.

This family was a blessing, she mused, a happiness well worth any sacrifice.

Amidst the tranquility, thoughts of future investments flitted through Rena's mind. Her flourishing music center and restaurant were a testament to her success. She contemplated occasional forays into film making, content in her domestic bliss.

A woman who lived a happy life was always gentle.

Rena recalled the past at night and felt much relieved.

The night wore on, hunger persisting. Lingering coldness clung to Waylen as he returned, a bowl of beef bone soup in hand.

"This is beef bone soup. Savor it."

Placing the bowl on the small tea table, Waylen watched her with a tender intensity, an unspoken declaration of his affection. In fact, his wife was very picky about food, but the one made by him was to her taste.

"Delicious," Rena declared, returning his smile.

Chill fingertips brushed against her cheek, his touch light and tender. "As long as you enjoy it."

Seeing the playful glint in his eye, Rena glared at him.

Waylen's smile widened, a testament to the warmth within their shared space.

A brief pause enveloped them as Waylen retrieved a cigarette. His voice, soft as a whispered promise, floated through the air. "I'm stepping out for a smoke. It's been a day of battling the urge."

Rena offered her consent, her understanding voiced without words.

She had no intention of demanding he quit smoking. After all, business often wove social demands into his life.

As long as he spared the children from the sight of it, she was content.

With deliberate steps, Waylen ventured outside, greeted by the winter's cold grasp. The study's chill nipped at his skin, and as he gazed out the window, he exhaled, releasing tendrils of smoke into the night.

Amid the crisp air, a warmth blossomed within him, one only the knowledge of Rena's pregnancy could conjure.

His emotions for Rena were profound. It was a mix of fondness and adoration.

Yet their shared history remained obscured, an enigmatic period their memories couldn't unravel.

Though the world saw Waylen as a potent figure, his strength wavered in the realm of relationships.

The walls of strength and vulnerability blurred within Waylen, a complex dance he could never quite escape. For even after Harold's passing, the doubt lingered. Was he enough to erase the shadow of another?

The future, however, now cradled their third child.

Waylen felt grateful.

The weight of past uncertainties began to dissipate.

A gust of night wind spurred Waylen's exit from the study. His destination was the bedroom that held his wife and their unborn child.

Within the room, Rena nestled against the headboard while reading, her gentle presence a soothing balm against the chill of the night.

Morning heralded a new day, Rena's awakening prompted by a familiar routine.

Waylen was already tending to Alexis and Leonel. Their schoolbags, pristine and poised, awaited their youthful adventures on the couch.

Waylen's form was crisp and composed, an air of anticipation wafting from the parcel in his hand.

Rena's curiosity piqued. "Is that for me?"

"No," he replied, his tone unassuming, ready to discard the

package to storage.

Rena, however, intervened, her curiosity far from sated. "I'd like to see it."

Waylen's casually responded, "It was delivered by mistake."

This elicited skepticism from Rena.

Undeterred, she insisted on unveiling the package. Her suspicions, as she anticipated, were confirmed.

It was a gift from Heron, courtesy of Mavis.

Seeing the signature playfully gracing the accompanying note, Rena couldn't help but sigh, a mix of emotions swelled within her. She looked at her husband and said, "You said it was delivered by mistake."

Waylen's gaze shifted to Rena, a soft smile gracing his lips. "I didn't want to upset you."

Rena began to unpack the gift, her voice laced with a nonchalant air. "No need to worry, I have no cause for distress."

In the arena of their relationship, Rena recognized the roots of their problems lay within Waylen. The external influences paled in comparison to their shared struggles. Mavis's connection to Elvira remained Rena's primary concern.

It was a potential source of strife which made her think of how narrow-minded she was.

Unveiling the package revealed a collection of local treasures from Heron.

Rena looked at it quietly for a while and called the servant to put it in the kitchen. It was a thoughtful offering that would find its place in the kitchen for future use.

As Waylen encircled Rena's waist, his voice softened. "Rena, I've



Rena turned around and saw that Marcus was taken downstairs by a servant. With a smile on her lips, she planted a loving kiss on her son.

As the day unfolded, a call from Cecilia brought unexpected news.

Mark's project was plagued by delays, postponing its launch until year's end. Mark was so busy that he might not be able to come to Duefron for a long time.

Cecilia sobbed on the phone, "It's just as well. I actually haven't made up my mind yet."

The insights Waylen had shared about Cecilia's stubborn nature became clear. She truly was a woman of conviction. Rena knew it now.

After concluding her call, Rena took the time to reach out to Mark, desiring a chat amid his bustling schedule.

Mark's voice, an embodiment of his cheerful mood, painted a warm smile across Rena's face as he sweetly promised, "Next time you're in Duefron, I'll have a delightful surprise waiting for you."

With gratitude, Rena bid farewell and hung up the phone.

Time unfurled its wings, casting a gentle spell that nurtured Rena's burgeoning belly.

Three months sped by, leaving in their wake a swelling baby bump.

Curiosity and excitement led Rena and Vera to a mother-and-baby store, their hearts fluttering as they perused the adorable array of baby clothes. Amidst their selections, Vera's voice lowered as she shared a longing from her heart. "Rena, I've yearned for another child with Roscoe for years. We tried our best, but the stars didn't align. How have you managed to welcome so many children with Waylen?"



Vera's contemplation took a playful turn, her curiosity alighting on the possible culprit. "Is it because he adamantly refuses the use of condoms?"

Rena's laughter was a soothing melody in response.

Pausing to reflect, her voice carried a gentle certainty. "Our growing family is a deliberate choice."

Vera's eyes shimmered with a wistful envy.

It was a sentiment she expressed through baby clothes. She bought two pink garments nestled among Rena's choices. Her unspoken hope whispered of future motherhood.

With a knowing smile, Rena playfully warned, "Children demand your time and energy, my dear. Parenthood isn't a path of leisure."

Vera's longing gaze painted a portrait of her dreams, revealing a woman yearning for a future where the pitter-patter of tiny feet graced her life.

As they immersed themselves in conversation, neither Rena nor Vera sensed the silent presence of Aline, her gaze fixated upon them through the glass, her thoughts shrouded in contemplation.

Aline looked thinner than before.

She watched Rena's gentle form with a mixture of envy and longing. Rena's gentle demeanor juxtaposed with her blossoming belly tugged at Aline's emotions, her thoughts mired in silent contemplation.

Observing Rena from a distance, she surmised that Rena lived a happy life.

The world knew Waylen as a stoic figure, immersed in the art of business and stoically devoted to his wife.

Aline, too, recognized his unwavering love.

Yet her heart was aflame with jealousy, a sentiment that coiled around the memory of Harold's tragic fate. It was a life cut short for Rena's sake.

Resentment churned within Aline. How could Rena revel in unbridled joy when her every day should have been tainted by remorse?

Why did she and Waylen, bound by the tapestry of love, continue to welcome new life into their embrace?

It seemed that... It seemed that her memories with Harold dwindled into insignificance.

Unbeknownst to them, the mother and baby store also harbored familiar faces. It was Harrison and his mother.

Both of Harrison and his mother were surprised to see Rena again.

Upon glimpsing Rena's radiant figure, Harrison's voice carried the resonance of sincere congratulation. "Congratulations, Mrs. Fowler."

Rena's smile radiated warmth, a testament to the passage of time and the evolution of relationships.

Although Harrison's mother was a little uneasy because of the affair between Rena and Harold, she also knew that the Fowler family was powerful. It was not wrong for her to build a good relationship with the Fowler family, whether in the entertainment circle or in the business circle.

She then approached with a token of goodwill. It was a carefully chosen collection of baby products, offered as a gesture of connection and respect.

After hesitating for a while, Rena accepted it.

Vera looked at Harrison with her eyes wide open. Harrison really looked like the young Harold.

As Rena and Vera prepared to leave, Harrison chivalrously held the door.

The car then finally drove away slowly.

The concern of Harrison's mother spilled forth in hushed tones. "Harrison, remember, she's married, and they're expecting their third child."

Harrison's gentle response reassured his mother.

"Mom, don't worry. I won't follow in my uncle's footsteps."

Harrison admitted that he liked Rena.

In his heart, it was an affinity that encompassed admiration, affection, and a yearning to safeguard her. What was more, Harrison missed his uncle deeply. He thought that Harold was worried about Rena before he passed away.

If he could take care of Rena in Harold's stead, it would be great.

Harrison's mother patted his hand and felt relieved. She knew that her son had been sensible since he was a child.

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The car's embrace enveloped Rena, her thoughts turning to Vera's inquisition.

"Does Harrison harbor feelings for you?"

Rena's response was laced with both helplessness and amusement. "Do you think that would be a good thing?"

Vera, ever the thoughtful friend, considered her response. "He does seem nice. Unlike Harold, he appears more grounded, less driven by ambition."

Rena leaned back, lost in reflection.

After a moment, her voice, soft as a whisper, resounded. "Before Harold's passing, I held resentment in my heart. But as time unfurled, even that weight dissipated. Now, all I can do is offer a sigh of acceptance."

Vera's supportive presence lent Rena a comforting touch, her friendship unwavering.

Rena's smile, a bittersweet echo, danced across her lips as she shared the lingering connection she felt with Harold. "Sometimes, in my dreams, he visits me. Those moments evoke memories of our college days. It's as if Harold's spirit still lingers beside me."

A shiver tingled down Vera's spine, her unease intertwined with Rena's ethereal encounters.

Yet Rena remained unfazed, her phone's notification piercing the air.

It was an incoming message from Wendy.

"Mrs. Fowler, our movie premiere is set for next week. Will you be gracing us with your presence?"

Without hesitation, Rena's response was a resounding affirmation, a commitment to witness the unfolding cinematic tale.

Vera's exclamation echoed with playful determination. "I must attend too! I've yet to secure Miss Holt's signature. She's a bit haughty, elusive to the common folk. Only your uncle could manage her."