

Chapter 407 Repay

Cecilia rushed over to Waylen and latched onto his arm.

The moment Cecilia saw her elder brother in the Evans family's house, she burst into joy.

Waylen held Cecilia in his arms and hugged her tight. Then, he shot a look at Albert and sneered, "You just said you wanted to be the other man, right?"

Albert remained silent, his eyes fixed on Waylen the entire time.

Although Albert had fascinated some women with his handsome face, he had to admit that Waylen was rather outstanding.

Waylen had an air of regality about him that made him stand out from the rest.

After being quiet for a while, Albert twitched his mouth and asked, "What? Are you scared or something?"

Waylen was unfazed by Albert's cocky attitude. He simply took out a cigarette and lit it before taking a long drag.

Slowly, his eyes narrowed at Albert as he let out an arrogant chuckle. "Why would I be scared? I'm afraid Rena won't be pleased to hear that. Apart from valuing too much on virtue, she's perfect in every way."

Albert gnashed his teeth for a second before recovering his cool.

"Mr. Fowler, I heard you used to be a lawyer before. That explains why you're so sharp-tongued."

"Well, I don't think I'm eloquent enough," Waylen teased sarcastically.

"But let me lay this clear to you. Rena appreciates mature men. You, on the other hand, are just a little boy. Go on and practice some more."

Albert and Waylen continued their tit-for-tat, their words resembling swords clashing against each other.

Cecilia, who was listening to the entire exchange, was speechless.

After a while, Mark came back ahead of time alongside Rena and Rena's children.

Mark was holding Alexis in his arms. He liked Alexis dearly.

Alexis' tender face was leaning on Mark's shoulder. From time to time, she would call him in an affectionate tone.

Mark held Alexis' hand and gave it a weak squeeze.

When approaching Albert and Waylen, Mark looked around and breathed in the atmosphere. "It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

The moment Albert saw Mark, he straightened his back and immediately stopped arguing with Waylen. He turned to Mark and performed a respectful bow. "Mr. Evans," he greeted.

Mark shot a glance at Cecilia, prompting her to move closer to him.

At this time, Zoey and Kyle came back from their walk.

Being the host, Mark invited Kyle and Waylen to have a chat in the tearoom. As for Albert, he wasn't even qualified to sit. Albert just stood by and listened to their conversation.

Cecilia watched them leave and nudged Rena. "Mark looks much senior to Waylen," she whispered to Rena.

Rena was still pregnant. She placed her hand atop her belly and smiled. "What? You think Mark is too old? I thought you like him deeply all these years."

Cecilia was just joking. She didn't dwell on this topic anymore.

Eloise had also arrived. She wrapped a woolen shawl around Rena's neck and said, "You guys keep talking. I'll keep Zoey company."

Rena nodded and replied, "Okay." Rena's pregnancy made her skin glow, adding to her charm.

Cecilia was momentarily stunned by Rena. Cecilia recalled the days when Edwin was still in her belly. She still remembered vividly she looked somewhat weary during her pregnancy. Comparing herself then and Rena now made her feel a bit jealous.

After a while, Rena dismissed the kids to have some fun. Leonel was mature at his age. Therefore, Rena entrusted him with the task of taking care of other kids while having fun with them.

Then, Rena and Cecilia went to the yard and had a little stroll.

With a French window, Rena's room was warm and brightly lit.

Cecilia helped Rena sit down and took off Rena's coat. "Slow down and take care."

Rena shot a glance at Cecilia from the corner of her eye and smirked. "Well, where's my special present?"

Cecilia hurriedly shushed Rena. "Rena, don't say that again," she said while pouring Rena a glass of water. "My brother will tease me about it!"

Rena just smiled. "Alright. Your wedding is approaching. Nervous? Have you prepared anything for it?"

Cecilia replied with a nod.

Seeing Cecilia's shy look, Rena took out a gift and handed it to her. "This is for you, bride-to-be."

Cecilia accepted it readily. As soon as she saw what was inside, her face lit up.

It was a pair of refined earrings. From a glance, she could tell that they were made using top-grade foreign goods.

Thinking that they perfectly matched her wool skirt, she immediately

put them on.

Indeed, the combination of the two was perfect. She looked like an angel bathed in golden light.

Cecilia admired her reflection in the mirror and fiddled with her new earrings. "Rena, you really have a good taste!"

Then, Rena started to relay Cecilia's parents' caution to Cecilia.

This rendered Cecilia speechless. She instantly adjusted herself and listened attentively.

Rena couldn't help but be amused by the shift in Cecilia's demeanor.

After a while, Rena asked softly, "How's your days here? Have you gotten used to it?"

Cecilia was moved by Rena's concerns and gently replied, "Zoey has been nice to me. So has Mark."

Hearing this, Rena exhaled in relief.

However, Albert's presence crossed Cecilia's mind and filled her with worry. "Will Albert's presence here affect you and Waylen?"

Instead of answering, Rena smirked and playfully poked Cecilia's head.

Later that night, Rena didn't attend the dinner party, saying that she wasn't feeling well.

A sumptuous feast was laid out on the table. When Kyle and Albert learned that Rena wouldn't join them, they both sank their heads in disappointment.

Zoey, however, simply smiled. "It's not uncommon for pregnant women to lose their appetite. Waylen, go check on her," she ordered Waylen.

Waylen nodded and quickly extinguished his cigarette.

He then picked out some of the most delicious food available and brought them to Rena's room.

Upon pushing the door open, he was greeted by the sight of Rena sitting on the couch. She was facing the window while reading a book.

The soft light from the window fell on her serene figure, highlighting her quiet beauty.

Waylen had always thought that Rena was stunning. She was so gorgeous that he couldn't stop himself from staring at her for a few more seconds before approaching her. He put down the tray he was holding and gently placed his hand on her delicate shoulder. "How are you feeling? Is there anything wrong with you?"

Rena glanced at the tray. There was a bowl of noodles and roasted turkey.

The moment she laid her eyes on them, her stomach grumbled.

She set the book aside and flashed a warm smile. "I just don't want to reveal my trump card too soon."

Even though she didn't say it, Waylen immediately understood it was for Kyle.

With a smile, he helped her up and guided her toward the table.

Using her fork, Rena picked up a slice of turkey and handed it to Waylen's lips. "Grandma must've cooked this. Come on. Have a taste!"

Waylen took the bite. After chewing it for a while, he found it shockingly delicious.

As he enjoyed the food, something struck him, prompting him to ask, "You haven't spent much time with the Evans family. How come you know that?"

Rena took another bite of turkey before leaning closer to Waylen to answer. "Actually, I've lived in this place for two months ever since I gave birth to Alexis."

This revelation caught Waylen by surprise. He then placed his hand atop Rena's and said in a hoarse voice, "Rena, I'm really sorry for what you have gone through."

It was a heavy topic, and neither of them wanted to talk about it.

Rena flashed him a warm smile. "Waylen, it's alright. I don't blame you anymore. What matters now is both of us lead carefree and happy lives together. By your side, I feel I'm the luckiest woman in the world."

Waylen gently stroked her long hair and playfully joked to ease the atmosphere, "Your majesty, thanks for being generous."

Rena went along with it and replied, "Please do make it worth it. You may leave now and entertain the guests. I'm doing great here."

Waylen brushed her cheek with his thumb before walking out of the room.

When he returned to the dining hall, it was alive with chatter.

Kyle intended to make the acquaintance of Mark, so he struck up a conversation with the latter, who returned the enthusiasm. It didn't take long for them to know more about each other.

Waylen was well aware of Kyle's intentions, given the latter's being a shrewd businessman.

With a project that could strike a cooperation with Mark, Waylen decided to join their conversation.

After dinner, Zoey and Eloise took the kids to a nearby place, while the rest of the men continued drinking and talking about business.

Kyle always brought up Rena and how he wanted her to teach Albert a thing or two.

Waylen, on the other hand, kept steering the conversation to his project. Perceptive as Mark ever was, Mark could see through all these.

They all had their agenda that they were trying to push forward. While all of this was happening, Albert stifled a yawn. He had no interest in anything that was being talked about.

Late at night, the dinner party finally ended.

Mark personally walked the guests out, while Waylen returned to his bedroom, feeling completely buzzed from the alcohol.

When he got back, he was surprised to find Rena still awake.

Without taking off his jacket, he climbed onto the bed and lay beside her. He wrapped his arms around her while she was under the quilt. Slowly, he kept moving lower until his head was lying against her belly. Despite this, Waylen still thought he wasn't close enough to the baby girl in her belly. So, he sneaked his hands under the quilt.

But before he could touch her, Rena avoided his hands. "Don't touch me. Your hands are cold."

Waylen laughed and replied, "They're not cold. They're quite hot."

Rena pulled him over and made him lie beside her, their faces almost touching. She placed her arms around his neck and whispered in his ear, "I'll sleep with my grandma tonight."

Waylen pressed his forehead against hers and whispered back, "But you're already in bed. You'll get cold if you leave."

Rena knew he wouldn't agree. She started to whine and act like a spoiled child around him, propping up some terms with him.

Finally, he agreed on the terms of something he desired to do most.

Waylen's mind was so inebriated from the alcohol that he couldn't resist her whenever he heard the attempting terms she proposed.

Right now, lust was coursing throughout Waylen's body. He wanted to have sex with her so badly. But in the end, Rena refused him.

With her cheeks completely flushed, Rena rested her chin on his

shoulder and said, "You're drunk. If we have sex, we might accidentally hurt the baby."

To console him, she gave him a light peck on the cheek.

Waylen was already satisfied with this. He stood up and helped her put on her clothes. "Alright, honey. I understand you have something important to deal with tonight. How could I not be supportive?"

As he said this, he bent closer to her and kissed her belly.

The gesture made Rena's heart melt. She caressed his handsome face and asked, "How did you know that I have something important to do?"

Waylen was so drunk that he began speaking without thinking.

"I know everything about you," he said with a chuckle. "I can tell what's on your cunning mind. You can't hide anything from me, honey."

Rena found his words sweet, bringing a smile to her face.

Had she got nothing to attend to, she would've hugged him tightly and enjoyed their intimate conversations. But they got the rest of their lives to do so. No rush, indeed.

Waylen walked Rena to Zoey's room.

Zoey was still awake. Upon seeing Rena, her face immediately brightened. She pulled Rena inside and asked Waylen to go back to his room to rest.

Once the door was closed, they started to talk.

As they conversed, Zoey closely studied Rena and thought she was doing fine.

"It seems that you and Waylen are getting along quite well," Zoey remarked.

Rena nodded. "That's right. We're doing very well."

For a second, Zoey remembered the past, but her mind quickly jumped to something else.

Even though they had talked for a while, Rena had not yet told Zoey the motives behind her trip here.

Despite Rena's attempts to withhold it, Zoey saw right through her. "You're getting more and more profound," she commented. "You're just like Mark."

Although Zoey was grumbling, she had nothing but love and appreciation for Rena. Rena's character actually reminded her of Mark's. It was probably Rena's character that made Waylen settle down.

Rena smiled back at Zoey. "I knew I couldn't hide it from you." She then proceeded to tell Zoey everything.

Hearing her words, Zoey patted Rena's hand and said with a smile, "You don't need to be embarrassed about bringing it up. It's not a big deal. Besides, I already noticed Waylen managed to give a leg up for Mark when having dinner."

It was all about exchanging benefits.

Hearing this, Rena felt relieved. "You said I was like Mark, but I think I'm more like you. After all, I got the smartness from you," she flattered Zoey, which brought a smile on Zoey's face.

"Among your children, Alexis is the smartest, while Leonel is the most reliable," Zoey commented.

After thinking about what Zoey had said, Rena leaned closer to Zoey and whispered, "Actually, Waylen wants these two children to..." She let her words hang in the air. Then, she continued, "But I'm worried that the two of them are too ambitious. They may not be a good match when they grow up."

Zoey placed a comforting hand on Rena's shoulder and smiled. "Children are capable of finding their own happiness," she said.

Rena nodded in agreement.

After that, Zoey didn't let Rena spend the night in her room.

Zoey stretched her legs and let out a groan. "My limbs are no longer as flexible as they used to be. Just let Waylen take care of you."

When she heard this, Rena remembered how drunk and horny Waylen was earlier.

Not wanting to leave Zoey's room, Rena acted like a spoiled child until finally, Zoey allowed Rena to sleep in her room.

The following morning, Rena woke up and saw Waylen seated at the edge of the bed.

He was dressed in a navy blue shirt with a dark grey overcoat on top of it.

He appeared very energetic, as though he wasn't completely drunk the night before.

In the morning light, Rena thought that he looked absolutely dashing. She shifted her body to a more comfortable position and asked softly, "Weren't you drunk last night? Why are you up so early?"

Waylen smiled and gently caressed her face.

"I'm in your grandma's residence. I should behave well."

Rena chuckled in amusement. "Wow, you're getting the hang of sweet talk."

Waylen's smile deepened.

After a while, he asked, "Do you want to get up? It's snowing outside. Cecilia is playing with the children."

Rena shook her head. She was pregnant and didn't want to move.

Just then, the butler knocked on the door. "Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, Mr. Kyle Watson and Mr. Albert Watson want to see you."

Rena turned to Waylen and searched for an answer in his eyes.

In response, Waylen pinched Rena's cheek. "They're here because of you. Mark's not here. I'll go ahead and entertain them."

After saying that, Waylen swiftly left the room.

Once he was gone, Rena stood up and sat down in front of the mirror where she combed her long brown hair with her fingers. As she did, her mind raced and entertained different thoughts.

She had been ignoring Kyle for a while now. Perhaps it was time for her to see him.

She got up, tidied herself up, and got changed. Then, she headed toward the living room.

Once Kyle saw her, he smiled and greeted, "Rena, how have you been? Six months pregnant, right?"

Rena smiled at him.

The servant served her a bowl of nutritional soup. However, since she didn't have a good appetite, she only managed to finish half of the bowl.

But when Waylen was the one who personally made her breakfast, Rena ate the food with much gusto.

Albert had been observing their interaction for a while and was surprised. He always thought Rena and Waylen lived carefree lives with multiple servants to serve them well.

He never expected Waylen would cook breakfast for Rena himself.

The more he thought about it, the more Albert realized that he couldn't bring himself to do that.

This realization made him ponder whether he truly had feelings for Rena.

Rena paid no heed to Albert's feelings for her.

Her attention was largely focused on Kyle because she wanted the project he was involved in.

Both she and Kyle were cunning people.

Rena deliberately didn't mention anything about guiding Albert. She just smiled and said, "I'm pregnant. I don't pay attention to the business stuff."

Hearing this, Kyle sank his head in disappointment.

Despite the implicit rejection, Kyle and Albert still stayed for lunch.

Once they were done eating, Waylen continued his business talks with Kyle. Rena, on the other hand, decided to enjoy the beautiful day outside and smell the scent of the roses in the big garden.

With a pair of scissors, she decided to prune a bunch of the champagne roses.

Once she was done, she handed over the severed branches to the servant.

Expecting the servant to be behind her, she turned around but was startled by Albert's presence instead. "Why are you here?"

Albert was standing behind her. Up close, she could feel a quiet rage simmering deep down Albert.

Albert placed the freshly cut roses aside and questioned, "I've done as you told. I'm sick of sleeping with that woman. When will you fulfill your promise?"

Rena simply glanced at Albert and turned her attention back to the roses.

She continued to cut the roses, intending to get a bunch of roses for Cecilia to put them in the bedroom for viewing.

Growing impatient, Albert gnashed his teeth and grabbed Rena's wrist.

Rena didn't take too kindly to this. "Let go of me," she said coldly. "Show some respect."

Albert reluctantly pulled his hand back and shouted awkwardly, "I don't want to do anything to you. I just want to know when you'll assist me with my business."

Rena put down the scissors and sat down with her hands resting on her belly.

"Why are you in such a hurry? I'm working on it."

Despite her assurance, Albert was still disgruntled. He thought Rena was currently on vacation. She was either sleeping to nourish the baby inside her or trimming the flowers in the garden all day long. She was leading a comfortable life. How could she be doing anything serious?

