

Chapter 431 Unspoken Emotions

Time flew by.

In the blink of an eye, four months had passed, and Elva had started babbling.

In the evening, Waylen picked up his two children and returned home.

The moment Alexis got out of the car, she sprinted toward the villa, eager to see her sister.

Leonel, on the other hand, was more composed and followed Alexis into the villa.

Waylen closed the car door.

Though he hadn't quit smoking entirely, he usually refrained from it at home. He leaned against the car and lit a cigarette, taking his time to finish it.

Afterward, he walked into the villa, removed his coat, and asked the servant, "Is Rena upstairs?"

The servant, with a subtle smile, replied, "Yes. Alexis, Marcus, and Leonel are also upstairs. It's quite lively up there."

Waylen proceeded upstairs.

At the door of the new baby's room, Leonel and Marcus stood like guards outside, their faces flushed.

Waylen chuckled. "What's going on? You two look like guards."

Marcus, sweetly, explained, "Elva is having her milk. Alexis won't let us in."

Amused by Marcus' words, Waylen gently patted his head and said to Leonel, "Take him downstairs for some snacks. From now on, you don't have to be at Alexis' beck and call all the time."

With a blush, Leonel led Marcus away.

Waylen then turned and knocked on the door. "Mrs. Fowler, may I come in?"

After a moment, Alexis opened the door.

She stood at the doorway, her tender face raised, her brown curly hair giving her an air of arrogance.

"On behalf of Mrs. Fowler, I grant you entry."

Waylen smiled. "It's an honor, Miss Alexis Fowler."

He then picked up Alexis and closed the door behind him.

Rena was feeding Elva, and upon hearing their conversation, Rena found it both amusing and annoying. Waylen sat beside Rena with Alexis in his arms, resting his face on Rena's slender shoulder, and asked gently, "Did you instruct Alexis to have Marcus and Leonel guard the door?"

"No," Rena replied in a slightly trembling voice, casting a sidelong glance at Waylen.

Waylen had on only a white shirt and black suit pants, looking quite handsome.

He leaned against Rena, his face close to hers.

His face was in such close proximity to hers.

Rena's cheeks turned rosy. Waylen purposefully said, "Your complexion looks flushed. What's on your mind?"

Rena cast a reproachful glance in his direction.

The audacity of him to flirt with Rena while Alexis was still present! These days, children seemed to be well-informed

about everything.

Waylen didn't seem to notice the awkward atmosphere.

He lightly touched the baby's head and asked in a hushed tone, "Are your breasts sore?"

"No! Please leave," Rena whispered.

She attempted to push Waylen away, but he wouldn't budge. Instead, he pursed his thin, attractive lips and smiled.

Alexis leaned against his chest, letting out a yawn.

She believed that her daddy truly had deep affection for her mommy.

Alexis eagerly rushed to go downstairs. Waylen gently patted her on the backside and said, "Leonel and Marcus are having snacks. You should join them and grab something to eat."

Hearing that, Alexis ran downstairs.

Once Alexis left, Waylen gracefully returned to the door and locked it.

Rena had finished feeding Elva.

The four-month-old baby was now peacefully asleep.

Unaware of her surroundings, Rena gently placed Elva in the crib and leaned over to check on her.

Waylen turned around and saw this beautiful scene.

He quietly walked up and put his arms around her slender waist from behind, caressing it for a moment. He grinned and said, "It's as slender as ever."

However, he wasn't exactly well-behaved, and his hands wandered down her waist.

Rena gasped, held his hand, and whispered, "What are you

doing?"

"I want to kiss you, Mrs. Fowler. Would you allow me to do so?" Waylen asked politely, but his actions suggested the opposite.

Since Rena wasn't properly dressed after breast-feeding the baby, he found it convenient to proceed. Before long, he had taken Rena to the sofa, making her sit on his lap.

Waylen was in the prime of his life.

He was mature, handsome, and his formal attire added a touch of different type of charm to his appearance.

In contrast, Rena wasn't dressed appropriately.

She was flustered and tried to adjust her clothing, but Waylen gently stopped her.

He caressed her tenderly, causing Rena to bite her lip.

He smiled in response.

Rena couldn't help it. She felt annoyed whenever he initiated intimacy while the children were still up.

Couldn't he have waited until later in the evening?

Waylen kissed her passionately.

His voice was rough and filled with longing. "I can't bear the wait any longer, Rena. You've been on my mind all day. Since Elva was born, we've had little intimate time. Every time we get close, she starts crying."

As he spoke, Waylen's frustration grew more intense.

Rena had to rest her head on his shoulder and lightly nibble at it.

Waylen poured out his jealousy and insecurities.

When Rena couldn't handle it any longer, her voice quivered as

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she consoled him. "No matter how many children we have, you are always the one I love the most. My beloved Waylen..."

Waylen was captivated by her words and lowered his head to playfully nibble her nose.

"You have a way of calming me," he admitted.

But everyone, him including, loved sweet words.

Waylen couldn't resist urging Rena, "Say my name. Rena, call me Waylen."

"Waylen! Waylen!"

After quite a while, everything fell silent. He rested against her, his neck damp with sweat. He said in a low, husky voice, "I love it when you say my name like that. It drives me wild every time."

Rena blushed.

Seeing her blush, Waylen couldn't resist kissing her, wanting more.

However, their baby's cries interrupted the romantic atmosphere.

Just as he was about to ignore her, Rena gently pushed him. She said in a trembling voice, "I think she has wet her diaper. Waylen, please go check on her."


Waylen was in high spirits.

He exhaled with difficulty and muttered to himself, "Why did we have to have so many children?"

However, he didn't want to cause Rena any distress. After washing his hands, he dutifully changed Elva's diaper.

Despite his grumbling, his eyes and demeanor were gentle as he changed the baby's diaper with utmost care.

He held the baby's tiny bottom in his hand and put on a fresh

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diaper adorned with small pink flowers.

Waylen had earlier gone with Alexis to the supermarket and picked out these ones.

Rena tidied herself as she gazed at Waylen in admiration.

At that moment, he was truly a wonderful husband.

Perhaps it was the intensity of her gaze that prompted Waylen to look up. When their eyes met, Rena turned away shyly. He chuckled at her action.

"Mrs. Fowler, you have your moments of shyness, I see."

Just moments ago, Rena adored him, but now she found him really annoying.

Waylen finished changing Elva's diaper and instead of engaging in another round of intimacy with Rena, he scooped up the baby, cradled her in his arms, and began to soothe and talk to her.

Elva giggled and kicked her little legs in delight.

Waylen planted a gentle kiss on Elva's forehead.

He whispered, "You have that sweet milky scent. It's delightful."

Rena couldn't resist joining in to caress the baby.

The atmosphere was so romantic that it was the perfect time for private conversations between a couple.

Amidst his playful interaction with the baby, Waylen said, "I met Mark's attending doctor this morning. The situation is a bit complicated."

Rena's heart ached as she asked, "Is there a chance for him to recover?"

"It's uncertain," Waylen replied. "It's a fifty-fifty chance."

After uttering those words, he glanced at his wife's tear-filled

eyes and gently patted her. "Please don't cry." I'll figure something out."

Rena nodded.

She leaned on his shoulder in silence.

After a while, Waylen suddenly said, "If it ever comes to the point where things can't be reversed, I'll tell Cecilia everything."

Waylen had a deep understanding of his sister.

Cecilia might act tough, but she had a softer side.

While she had wanted to break up with Mark, if it became a matter of life and death, Waylen believed she would want to know and have closure.

Waylen didn't want Cecilia to have any regrets in her life.

However, that time was still in the distant future.

With a heavy heart, Rena went to visit Mark the next day. Unfortunately, Mark was in the middle of a check-up, and Rena had other commitments, so she left first.

Peter saw Rena off.

Then he hurried to the examination center to pick up Mark.

Peter reached the ultrasound department.

He saw Mark, but he also spotted someone else—Cecilia.

Cecilia was visibly pregnant, her belly swollen.

She seemed to be five or six months along.

She had come for a prenatal checkup and coincidentally ran into Mark.

They locked eyes. Mark's gaze shifted to her belly, and he asked in a hoarse voice, "It's about five months, right?"

Cecilia's eyes welled up with tears.

She gazed at Mark, who was wearing a hospital gown.

He still looked frail and pale. Why hadn't he recovered yet?

Following her gaze, Mark looked at his own attire and said with self-mockery, "I had a bit too much to drink at the party and ended up in the hospital for a week. You..."

Peter stepped forward with a smile and suggested, "There are many people here. How about we find a quieter place to talk?"

Mark glanced at Cecilia.

Cecilia wasn't naive. Mark's reaction revealed that he had been aware of her pregnancy for some time now.

However, four months had passed, and he hadn't mentioned it.

He hadn't fought for their marriage. Also, he had swiftly signed the divorce papers. Maybe he also believed that they weren't right for each other.

If he could come to terms with it, there was nothing for her to miss.

Cecilia forced a smile. "Sure."

The hospital was exceptionally upscale, complete with a coffee shop on the lower floor.

They found a table, ordered water, and Peter wisely sat at another table.

Cecilia held her glass and asked softly, "You already knew, didn't you?"

Mark didn't deny it.

He replied, "I found out the last time I was in the hospital."

"So, you came to my apartment because you knew about this

child?" Cecilia asked quietly.

Mark looked at her intently.

She had been pregnant for five months, and while her belly had grown bigger, she hadn't gained much weight.

It was evident that her life was not going well.

He felt sorry for her but hesitated to offer comfort. His own situation was complex, and his future held uncertainty.

He hoped Cecilia could move on if he didn't make it.

Sometimes he even thought that her life might have been easier if she hadn't become pregnant.

However, he ultimately chose to remain silent, since it was he and Cecilia's child.

In the future, Edwin would have a sibling.

Mark's silence left Cecilia feeling that she should really let go. She wiped away her tears and told him, "Mr. Evans, don't worry. I won't ask you to take responsibility for this child. I will raise the child on my own."

After her words, she felt a sense of embarrassment.

She realized that Mark had no intention of accepting responsibility in the first place.

Cecilia was no longer the same as before. She said politely, "Refrain from excessive drinking and smoking in the future. You should prioritize your health at your age."

In the past, he might not have taken her advice seriously.

But now Mark nodded and said, "You're right. I must take care of myself."

He fixed his gaze on her.

Having no further words, Cecilia couldn't linger any longer. She picked up her bag from the table, offered a quiet apology, and began to leave.

Peter considered stopping her.

But Mark gently interjected, "Let her go."

Mark believed that Cecilia didn't want to reveal her vulnerable side to others and needed a place to hide and cry.

After all these years, she was still a fragile young woman.

But he was no longer the same Mr. Evans from the past.

Cecilia left the hospital, her mind preoccupied.

She didn't even undergo an ultrasound, and she remained silent, failing to respond to the driver's inquiries.

Finally, she muttered, "Take me to Gamous Road."

The driver was familiar with the area, knowing it was home to many wealthy people's lovers, with chic and romantic mansions.

Along the way, he tried to engage Cecilia in conversation, sharing stories of the upper class to win her favor.

Cecilia turned her face away slightly and asked, "Can you believe I stayed there for six months?"

The driver chuckled nervously and replied, "Of course not. In Duefron, no one would dare to do such a thing."

The driver then fell silent, thinking of a particular person: Mark Evans.

Yes, Mark had the means to keep such matters discreet.

The driver was infuriated.

Cecilia was lost in thought. "I want to visit there again."

The driver drove for half an hour, and Cecilia asked him to return to pick her up in the afternoon.

She rummaged in her bag and found a key she had kept with her all along.

It was evident she had never truly moved on from Mark.

Upon opening the door, Cecilia was greeted by the scent of Jo Malone Wild Bluebell, her favorite perfume. She hadn't expected that fragrance to still linger there.

Could it be that Mark had been coming back here?

It was tidy inside, with fresh dew on a plate of fruits, showing that someone was living there.

Cecilia walked to the kitchen, finding her preferred snacks and milk in the fridge, as if someone had prepared them for her.

Tears welled in her eyes.

Why? Why was Mark acting so affectionate? They had divorced, and he was the one who failed to treat her right. He signed the divorce papers without hesitation, so why this display of affection?

Why had he moved back here?

Suddenly, she felt an overwhelming sense of suffocation.

Cecilia couldn't bear to stay any longer.

She rushed to the door, desperate to escape the painful memories of her relationship with Mark.

However, as she opened the door, Mark was standing there.

He had changed into casual clothes.

He still maintained his signature style but had lost so much weight.

He looked at her, taking in the tears at the corners of her eyes, and softly asked, "Cecilia, do you still love me?"

Cecilia looked at him with trembling lips, her emotions running high. She held her belly and leaned against the wall, finally uttering, "What's the point of asking me this?"

She did love him, but her feelings were overshadowed by resentment.

Mark closed the door.

He crouched down to put on a pair of slippers and offered her another pair. It was at this moment that he squatted down.

It was a humbling posture.

Cecilia hesitated to move her feet but he gently lifted her foot.

He said in a hoarse voice, "Stay for lunch. I'll cook."

Cecilia was reluctant. "I'm going home."

Mark, still crouching, placed a pair of slippers on her feet, maintaining his gentle demeanor. He said, "The driver has gone back, and it's not easy to get a taxi here. I'm worried about you. Please stay. I'll drive you home after lunch."