

Chapter 536 The First Time He Called Waylen Dad

Waylen arrived back at home around 8 PM.

The aroma of dinner filled the air. His wife, Rena, was in the kitchen, orchestrating the meal's preparation with the servants. The light in the corridor softly illuminated her features, highlighting her soft and gentle look.

When she saw Waylen, Rena asked in a soft tone, "Where have you been? Everyone's been waiting for you for quite a while!"

Without waiting for his reply, she added, "You're always the one who wants everyone home, and now when they're all here, you're the one who's missing!"

Waylen offered a faint smile and put his arm around his wife. "I was tied up with some work, not out being with another woman," he joked.

Rena blushed at his words.

With no one else around, Waylen took the chance to reassure her, "You know how much you mean to me. No other woman, no matter how young or beautiful, could ever compare to you."

Rena, focusing on a different aspect of his comment, playfully asked, "Are you saying I'm old?"

Waylen laughed and said, "Of course not!"


He looked at her tenderly under the corridor light.

His admiration was sincere. Rena had managed to maintain her youthful appearance over the years. The children were a big help, the older ones taking care of the younger, and with his support, Rena had fewer worries.

She still looked as delicate as she did in earlier years.

Waylen, as her husband, felt extremely content.

Upon entering the living room with his wife, Waylen's eyes immediately

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fell on Alexis and Leonel.

Leonel, who he had drove away before, was now lounging on the sofa, flipping through a magazine as if he had always belonged there.

Waylen felt a surge of mixed emotions but kept his face expressionless.

"You're back, huh?" he said, addressing them.

Leonel quickly set aside his magazine and stood up. "Yes!"

Waylen removed his coat, which Leonel smoothly took to place on the sofa. Waylen, with an easy smile, teased, "Hey, when did you become so thoughtful?"

Rena cast a glance his way, chiding, "Leonel's just returned. Let's not dredge up past mistakes."

Although Waylen kept smiling, a hint of his fury from meeting Kenneth lingered in his expression, a detail only Rena, being so close to him, could pick up on.

Rena's eyes flickered with realization about where he might have been, but she chose to remain silent.

Waylen settled down, sipped some tea, and then declared, "Time to eat!"

Elva, their little daughter, clung to his arm. "Dad, I'm so hungry! You were gone all day, and Mom thought you might've found yourself another woman!"

Gently patting her head, Waylen seated her beside him for dinner, with Leonel on his other side.

Leonel seemed a bit uneasy.

Uncorking a prized bottle of liquor, Waylen encouraged, "Let's have a drink."

Rena, noticing the generous pours, cautioned, "It's just an ordinary day. Go easy on the drink."

As Waylen filled a glass for Leonel too, he playfully retorted to his wife, "Who says it's not special? Maybe I did find myself another woman."

Rena filled Waylen's cup herself.

"Then you really should drink up," she retorted.

Waylen, his face flushing, turned to his children. "See how your mother fusses over me? She's always keeping an eye on me. That's what it's like being married to a successful man," he joked.

As Rena served him food, she playfully shushed him.

Waylen was eager to share a drink with Leonel. "You've been abroad for so long, probably used to beers or something. I wonder how you'll handle this liquor," he challenged.

Leonel responded by taking a small sip.

"Impressive. You can really handle your drink," Waylen remarked, finishing his own in a single gulp. The fiery drink warmed him from the inside.

He fondly recalled the day Leonel first entered their lives.

Though not his biological son, Waylen had put as much effort and emotion into raising him as any of his children, even going the extra mile to cultivate him to fit into the business world.

And Leonel had proved himself capable.

Despite Rena's gentle protests, Waylen continued to drink, declaring, "I'm in a good mood today!"

They almost finished a whole bottle, and Waylen ended up quite drunk.

Rena helped him upstairs, instructing the kids, "Bring his coat up. His phone's in the pocket. We don't want your Grandpa to find him this drunk."

Alexis stood up to get the coat, but Leonel stopped her, saying with a light tone, "Let me do it. You should eat more."

He gave her a slightly reproachful look, noting she had been more focused on the spectacle than her meal.

Alexis didn't push the matter.

Leonel walked over to the couch, grabbed Waylen's coat, and as he was about to go upstairs, he saw a neatly folded paper slip from the pocket.

Intrigued, he picked it up and glanced at it.

Moments later, he raised his head, his eyes reflecting deep thought as he gazed upstairs.

Elva hurried over. "Leonel, what are you looking at?"

He hid the paper and gave a slight smile. "It's nothing!"

Then, he continued upstairs.

In the main bedroom, Waylen, tipsy, lay in Rena's care. He grasped her hand, his cheeks flushed. "Rena, let's have another kid!"

Rena blushed.

"At our age? Stop this nonsense! The kids will make fun of us!"

Waylen pulled her into a kiss.

"Do you think we're too old? I'm still young enough to have another one!"

Rena chuckled. "Maybe you are, but I'm not!"

Waylen tenderly stroked her waist. "Why not? You're still as sensitive as before!"

His words became more and more explicit. Rena blushed and decided to put him to sleep.

She knew continuing this conversation wouldn't be wise.

But as she stood up, she saw someone at the door.

It was Leonel!

He seemed to have overheard their chat, and Rena felt a wave of embarrassment wash over her.

Leonel showed his thoughtfulness by taking care of things.

He hung up Waylen's coat and said softly, "Go ahead and eat some more. I'll take care of... Mr. Fowler."

Rena felt they needed to have a conversation and left the room, but after a few steps, she stopped and turned back.

"Leonel, don't blame Waylen for what he did to you before, okay? He's just..."

Leonel gave a small smile. "I won't," he replied.

Rena then headed downstairs. In the dimly lit bedroom, Waylen, a bit tipsy from the alcohol, had loosened his shirt and was now asking for water.

"I'll get it," Leonel offered quietly.

He fetched a cup of warm water and bent one knee to kneel on the bed. "Here's some water, Mr. Fowler," he said, holding out the cup.

Waylen opened his eyes and saw the young, successful man beside his bed.

After a moment, he asked softly, "What did you just call me?"

Leonel's nose twitched a bit.

He looked at Waylen for a long time before saying in a shaky voice, "Do you still see me as your son?"

Waylen stared at him and then closed his eyes with a gentle smile. "What other choice do I have, really? I raised you myself. I can't just let you go. Parents don't do that."

He had been harsh, even kicking Leonel out once, but inside, he was full of regret.

Though he held back, Leonel understood. He didn't mention the document, just gently touched Waylen's forehead, his voice suppressed and hoarse. "Dad, have some water."

Waylen's eyebrows twitched subtly.

It was clear he heard Leonel. He wasn't as drunk as he appeared.

His Adam's apple moved noticeably before he broke into a smile, saying, "Son, are you planning to marry my girl? Is that why you're here trying to win me over? You've never called me that before."

Leonel responded with a noncommittal hum.

After a moment, he clarified, "It's not about Alexis."

Why was he here then? This man had raised him, had been a father to him.

As a young man, Leonel often felt stifled, yearning to leave this place.

Not out of dislike, but from a sense of self-consciousness.

He couldn't bring himself to believe that someone as distinguished as Waylen could truly see him as a son. So he tried to convince himself he was nothing more than a mere obligation.

However, time and distance changed his perspective.

Being abroad, he yearned not just for Alexis, but also for Waylen.

He missed the days spent together.

Leonel reminisced about nights in the study, where Waylen would have servants bring snacks for him.

He remembered how Waylen would patiently guide him through his mistakes.

When Leonel excelled in high school, topping a competition once, Waylen was there at the award ceremony like a proud father.

He then displayed the trophy in his study and boasted about Leonel's accomplishment to every guest he had.

After Marcus took control of the Fowler Group, realization dawned on Leonel.

The once dynamic man was showing signs of aging.

Waylen still appeared strong, but the years were catching up. During the holidays, he would always call him and ask if he was coming home.

Leonel lay down beside Waylen.

He had never slept in Waylen and Rena's bed before. He always felt like an outsider compared to the other Fowler children, so he believed this wasn't his spot. Now, lying there, he softly called out again, "Dad."

Waylen closed his eyes, a gentle smile on his face.

After a moment, he affectionately patted Leonel's shoulder. "Silly boy! Why are you getting all emotional now?"

Later, Leonel headed downstairs.

The servants were cleaning up the dinner table. Rena approached him and asked, "How is Waylen doing?"

Leonel replied quietly, "Mom, you should get some rest."

Rena paused, but then smiled. "Alright, I'll head upstairs. Your dad, he's always a handful after he's had a drink."

With that, she went up to the second floor.

Leonel stepped outside and smoked two cigarettes. As he was about to go back in, he bumped into Marcus.

Marcus had just finished scolding Elva and wanted a cigarette too.

So, Leonel stayed with him.

When men smoke together, they didn't often talk much. The two remained silent for quite a while.

Finally, Marcus couldn't hold back. "So, you've won over mom and dad. Is my sister your next target?"

Leonel, holding his cigarette gracefully, took his time blowing a smoke ring before replying casually, "Your sister? Alexis is my sister too!"

Marcus let out a mocking laugh. "Not many people try to make a move on their own sisters!"

Leonel, unfazed, extinguished his cigarette with a laugh. "I couldn't help falling for her! And hey, Marcus, from now on, you can call me your brother-in-law, or just your brother, if you prefer."

He winked. "I might even give you some spending money as a loving big brother."

Marcus just scoffed in response.

Leonel made his way back to his bedroom, lingering for a while before heading to the third floor, where Alexis' room was located.

Elva was also there in Alexis' room.

When she spotted Leonel, she slid off the bed, her cheeks a hint of pink. "Leonel, are you sleeping here tonight?"

Leonel nodded, confirming, "Yes. I'll stay here tonight."

Elva took a quick look at Alexis.

Noticing that Alexis seemed calm even under scrutiny, Elva declared, "Then, I'm off!"

She then dashed away.

Alexis, reclining on her bed, stretched out her long legs.

She nonchalantly browsed through a magazine, commenting, "You seem

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different tonight."

But Leonel had something else on his mind. "Does Elva always stick to you like this?"

Alexis was known for her usual distant demeanor towards others, yet she was always gentle with her sister. Not only Elva, but Olivia and Laura also enjoyed being close to her.

Leonel couldn't help but feel a hint of envy.

Catching onto his thoughts, Alexis gave a playful smile. "What's with you today?"

In response, Leonel leaned in for a kiss.

However, Alexis wasn't keen on getting intimate at home. She knew that once they got started, they'd be loud, and no amount of soundproofing could help.

She didn't fancy the idea of being the center of attention the next day.

She gently pushed him away, setting a boundary. "You can stay, but let's keep it appropriate."

Leonel, in truth, didn't have any other intentions.

He was simply overjoyed tonight, desiring nothing more than to kiss and embrace her.

A secret thought crossed his mind, considering his new identity as Waylen's son, which technically made him Alexis' brother. The memory of their passionate nights together brought a strange excitement.


Alexis switched off the light.

They settled into bed together, her fingers lightly touching his lips as she whispered, "Let me guess, did things get better between you and dad?"

Leonel gave a light chuckle. "Between us, it's like making up. But with dad, it feels more like burying the hatchet, doesn't it?"

"Have we made up, then?"

Trapping her in his embrace, Leonel's face close to hers, he whispered, "I guess we have. Otherwise, you'd be mad when seeing those documents, right?"

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Alexis couldn't resist nipping his shoulder.

He was so sly, turning off her phone on purpose, sneakily leading her to the study.

Alexis suddenly felt sorry for herself.

How naive she had been as a child to bring home such a wolf!

Leonel sensed her lingering anger and acknowledged his own faults. On this night, he humbled himself, gently urging her, "Alexis, how about we start anew? I'll stop doing things you hate."

He whispered, "Let's be like a normal couple, like mom and dad."

Gently caressing his face, Alexis asked softly, "Like them? Leonel, my parents faced much more than we ever have!"

Leonel held her close.

After a pause, he murmured, "Will you give it a try with me?"

Alexis remained quiet for a moment before asking, "When did you realize... you had feelings for me?"

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