

Chapter 226 Lexi's Father Flirts With Rena

Alexis nodded, her brow furrowed with confusion.

She failed to grasp the meaning behind it all. What she did know was that she was about to have a mother and that realization filled her with a sense of joy. It was a delightful evening and she finished all her dinner on her own.

The household staff wore bright smiles on their faces. "Miss Lexi, you have been exceptionally good today," they chimed.

Tossing her curly brown locks, Alexis engaged in playful banter with her father. "If I could see Miss Gordon every day, I would happily finish my meals on my own!"

Waylen settled onto the sofa, tending to his business affairs.

Upon hearing this, he narrowed his eyes at her and retorted, "If you desire to see Miss Gordon, you must find a way on your own."

Alexis sniffled.

Rushing over, she nestled herself in her father's embrace. "Daddy, you are truly hopeless."

Waylen remained silent.

Pushing aside his files, he cradled Alexis in his arms, his chin resting against her soft, curly brown tresses.

His voice grew suddenly husky. "I've upset her. Lexi sweetie, can you bring your mommy home?"

Alexis laid her head upon his shoulder.

She silently consented.

In a mumble, she expressed, "I wish to play the piano."

Casting his gaze around the grand villa, Waylen remembered that he had forgotten to purchase a new piano and put it in the villa. However, his little darling, Alexis, yearned to play. And so, he took her out in his car.

Half an hour later, the sleek black Maybach came to a halt at the entrance of the apartment building.

This apartment remained unchanged.

When Waylen longed for Rena and had nowhere to vent his feelings, he would come alone to sit in the living room, quietly lighting a few cigarettes...

He would return to the villa once he felt better.

He had a responsibility to raise Alexis.

Upon entering the door, Alexis expressed her fondness for this place.

Waylen said in a raspy voice, "This is where Miss Gordon and I lived when we were in a relationship. I gave her this Morning Dew piano. However, I angered her, causing her to abandon it."

Suddenly, Alexis grew a little anxious. She lifted her head and inquired, "Did she abandon me as well?"

Waylen crouched down.

He looked Alexis in the eyes, his tone serious. "She didn't know you... She believed... She thought... Alexis, just remember she loves you deeply."

Alexis didn't fully comprehend.

Yet, she possessed an innate sense of pride. "I believe so too. If she knew she had a child as adorable as me, she would never abandon me."

Waylen smiled warmly.

He planted a tender kiss on the little girl's tender cheek, lifting her up and placing her in front of the piano.

Although Alexis had only attended a single lesson, she possessed a natural talent. Her fingers danced skillfully across the keys.

Waylen stood before the French window, his gaze fixed upon Alexis.

Donned in a white dress with her brown hair flowing freely, she sat with perfect posture.

He couldn't help but see Rena in her.

After performing a simple melody, Alexis lifted her head, anticipating praise from Waylen. However, when their gazes met, she was taken aback...

Waylen's eyes exuded an extraordinary tenderness.

Later on, Waylen descended the stairs, carrying Alexis in his arms.

Alexis wondered why her father, who usually let her walk on her own, chose to carry her around today.

Hmm!

She couldn't help but think that her father had become somewhat peculiar due to missing her mother.

Indeed, Waylen deeply yearned for Rena.

When Rena resided in Rouemn, he couldn't be with her. Now,

although she was in Duefron, he still had to suppress his emotions as much as possible. He felt that it took a toll on his physical and mental well-being.

Alexis hummed a tune while bathing herself in the bathroom.

Waylen lazily reclined on the sofa.

He casually picked up Alexis' phone and began texting Rena.

"Miss Gordon, I am Lexi's father."

Rena had just finished showering when she received a message from an unfamiliar number. It turned out to be the little girl's father. Rena had formed a negative first impression of this wealthy man who owned a limousine.

But he was Lexi's father.

Rena still had to maintain polite communication. She made an effort to update him on Alexis' progress in piano lessons, adopting a professional demeanor. However, the wealthy man seemed somewhat absent-minded.

Rena typed a question mark in response.

After a brief pause, the man replied.

"Lexi said Miss Gordon is incredibly beautiful."

Rena felt a twinge of offense.

After hesitating for a moment, she messaged him, requesting him to maintain appropriate behavior.

Gazing at the words on the screen, Waylen smiled with delight. He could almost envision Rena getting angry...

They hadn't been in contact for three years.

They hadn't exchanged greetings on Christmas or birthdays or anything of the sort.

But now, in the role of Lexi's father, he could engage in playful banter with Rena, and it thrilled Waylen. At least, he relished the experience immensely.

Clad in her onsie, Alexis emerged from the bathroom.

Waylen calmly deleted all the messages. He then held Alexis in his arms, gently drying her hair...

Throughout the night, Rena had a weird dream.

In her dream, she saw her daughter, Alexis, who bore a striking resemblance to Lexi. And then Lexi called her "mom."

Rena awakened from her dream.

She sat silently on the bed for a prolonged moment.

Eventually, she extended her hand and tenderly caressed her belly, the very place where Alexis Fowler came into the world.

Three years had elapsed and nearly all traces of Alexis' existence had faded from the world.

Rena didn't want to forget Alexis.

She couldn't bear the thought of forgetting Alexis.

Early in the morning, Rena visited the Fowler family's cemetery.

Three years had gone by.

The cemetery had undergone significant changes and the elderly keeper had aged considerably. Upon seeing Rena approach, he greeted her warmly, ushering her inside and engaging in heartfelt conversation.

"Over the past two years, Mr. Fowler has planted numerous roses here. White roses, red roses... All of them imported from Ypsila. The entire cemetery is adorned with their beauty."

Rena was equally taken aback.

The cemetery, spanning tens of thousands of square meters, had once been devoid of life. Now, it had transformed into a magnificent rose garden.

The season of blossoms had arrived.

Due to its private nature, outsiders were not permitted entry.

Influencers gathered outside, capturing its splendor and sharing their explanations, turning it into an Internet-famous location.

Clutching a bouquet of daisies in her hand, Rena stood before the modest tomb, which had also undergone a great transformation since her last visit.

A small square stone tablet bore engraved names.

Waylen and Rena.

But Alexis' name was absent.

Rena gently caressed the stone tablet, a tingling sensation coursing through her being.

It felt more like a tomb of their love rather than the resting place of a child taken too soon.

She remained there in quiet contemplation for an extended period. Sensing her melancholy, the keeper said softly, "Mr. Fowler comes here every Valentine's Day and spends the entire day here."

Valentine's Day...

Rena couldn't fathom why Waylen had chosen this particular day to visit their daughter. She didn't inquire but simply uttered softly, "Enough."

She gently placed the daisies down and departed in silence.

Throughout the day, Rena was overcome by a sense of melancholy.

When she gave birth to Alexis, she had grappled with severe depression. It took a year of medication before she fully recovered. Today's visit to the cemetery had stirred up old emotions, dampening her spirits.

At noon, Vera invited Rena for an afternoon tea.

Rena agreed, considering the offer. She arrived at their designated spot, a place where they often savored their coffee.

Vera was already there, waiting.

As Rena entered, Vera waved her hand excitedly. "Here!"

Rena settled into her seat, her gaze fixed on Vera, elegantly dressed in a white business suit. "You look wonderful. It seems your career is flourishing."

Vera sighed. "I'm merely riding on Roscoe's coattails. You know me. I wouldn't succeed based on my own merits. I'm involved in some minor tasks at the company, mainly to keep an eye on Roscoe and prevent him from making any rash decisions."

Rena smiled and remarked, "Why? Roscoe is quite loyal actually."

Vera smoothed her hair and confessed, "Yeah, yeah. I mainly want to find something to occupy myself. I feel too idle at home."

Rena refrained from further inquiries. It wouldn't be appropriate to delve into their private lives.

Rena sipped her coffee slowly...

Having been friends with Rena for many years, Vera discerned the source of her troubles. "You don't seem well. It appears that you're entangled with Waylen once again. Am I right?"