

Chapter 250 Be The Real Mrs. Fowler

With grace and gentleness, Rena lifted little Alexis into her arms.

As Waylen settled into the car, fastening his seat belt, he pondered and proposed, "These days, I'm swamped to look after Alexis. How about dining out tonight?"

Tenderly, Rena caressed Alexis' head and inquired, "Would you like a grand feast, my dear?"

Alexis stretched out her chubby legs and let out a cute yawn, saying, "Daddy wants to have a special dinner with Mommy."

Her words infused the car's atmosphere with a subtle charm.

Rena couldn't fathom the depth of Alexis' intelligence, leaving her in awe.

Through the rearview mirror, she locked eyes with Waylen. He responded casually, "Isn't it common for children to be intelligent these days? Don't worry too much, Rena."

Little Alexis burst into giggles.

Excitedly, she recounted to Rena everything her kindergarten classmates had shared, with Leonel's name coming up most frequently.

Rena couldn't help but worry about Alexis' habit of gossiping.

She knew she had to discuss this with Waylen when they had the time, fearing he might inadvertently mislead Alexis.

Half an hour later, Waylen brought the car to a stop.

Stepping out, Rena realized they were at the French restaurant she had invested in.

Turning to Waylen, she shot him a look.

Leaning against the car door, Waylen playfully teased, "You know, in other families, wives usually foot the bill... You won't deprive me of the chance to enjoy a free meal, will you, Rena?"

Rena didn't give in.

Waylen walked up to her and admitted, "Guilty as charged! I planned this! I simply wanted to be a part of your life. I want everyone to know that you're Mrs. Fowler. I hope those who seek you out will keep their distance!"

Seeing through his intentions, Rena calmly stated, "I never even considered accepting another man."

With that, she prepared to lift Alexis out of the car.

Waylen wrapped his arms around her slender waist, insisting, "Let me carry her."

Alexis emerged from the car with a disapproving expression, saying, "Daddy just wants to have a date with Mommy!"

Yet, she relished the fact that she could hold both her father's and mother's hands at the same time.

Once inside the restaurant, Waylen accomplished his goal.

The employees and regular customers now knew that Rena had a husband and a child.

Waylen was so down-to-earth that he even joined the chat group of the restaurant's staff.

Although Rena found his actions somewhat too obvious, she

decided to let him be.

As she cut Alexis' steak and taught her how to use knives and forks properly, Alexis imitated her mother's actions with ease.

Looking at her adorable face, Rena felt a profound affection for Alexis in her heart.

Putting aside her relationship with Waylen, her aspiration now was a life filled with love and care for little Alexis.

Her daughter needed to be cherished and looked after and Rena was determined to do just that. For Rena, Alexis was not a burden but rather her savior.

Waylen savored his meal with delight but his euphoria didn't last long.

It dissipated when Tyrone unexpectedly appeared, casting a shadow over his good mood.

Why did they have to encounter him at this moment?

Tyrone wasn't alone; he was accompanied by his girlfriend, who was rumored to be a socialite from a prominent family in Heron.

Spotting them, Tyrone paused and greeted, "Mr. Fowler! Rena, it's been a while."

Tyrone extended courteous greetings, and naturally, Waylen responded without impulsive rudeness.

Taking Rena's hand in his, Waylen stood up and smiled, "Long time no see, Tyrone! Did you bring your girlfriend for dinner?"

Tyrone nodded affirmatively.

His gaze shifted from Rena's face to little Alexis.

The resemblance between Alexis and Rena caught his attention and he couldn't resist picking her up.

However, before he could kiss her, Alexis took the initiative and sweetly greeted him, kissing him on her own accord.

Tyrone's girlfriend also approached to greet Alexis and the little girl generously kissed her in return.

Touched, Tyrone couldn't help but compliment Alexis tearfully, "She's incredibly adorable!"

Waylen concurred with a smile, "Indeed, she's a darling! Rena and I were even discussing having a little sibling for her to keep her company."

Waylen's words dimmed the sparkle in Tyrone's eyes.

Rena was taken aback, wondering when she had agreed to this.

Waylen was feeling particularly magnanimous today, inviting Tyrone and his girlfriend to join them for dinner.

Rena was left speechless by Waylen's childlike behavior. She observed him calmly discussing stocks and the economic landscape with Tyrone and then making arrangements to step out for a smoke.

Tyrone's girlfriend admired, "You two love each other so deeply!"

Rena replied with a faint smile.

She didn't know Tyrone's girlfriend and had no intention of forging a friendship with her.

After all, she knew Waylen all too well, including what he would do once driven by jealousy.

For Tyrone's sake, she decided to maintain a distance.

Outside the French restaurant, Waylen and Tyrone stood together, smoking peacefully for the first time in years.

Waylen patted Tyrone's shoulder and complimented, "You have

a wonderful girlfriend!"

Looking up, Tyrone exhaled a cloud of smoke and self-deprecatingly remarked, "Is that supposed to console the loser?"

He turned to face Waylen, accusing, "You secretly backed my first business in Heron, didn't you?"

Waylen remained silent.

He smoked quietly and, after a while, he mockingly added with bitterness, "Because of you, Rena despised me back then! She truly regarded you as her friend!"

Waylen still cared about their relationship to some extent.

Deep down, he knew that Rena had never liked Tyrone romantically.

Besides, every time Tyrone accompanied Rena, it was entirely his own doing. Waylen knew he should blame no one but himself for everything that went wrong between them.

So, he resolved to make amends to Tyrone.

Tyrone took a drag on his cigarette, dropped it on the ground, and extinguished it.

Waylen imparted a lesson to him: pursuing a relationship without financial resources was indeed a burden for women.

Tyrone went back inside the restaurant first, his back evoking a sense of familiarity in Waylen, reminiscent of his younger self from years past.

After the dinner, everyone exchanged polite goodbyes but the gestures seemed empty.

On their way home, Rena remained silent.

With Alexis' presence, Waylen restrained his urge to speak his mind.

When they reached home, Alexis had already fallen asleep.

Gently holding little Alexis in his arms, Waylen's eyes and brows softened with tenderness, and Rena followed him.

They went to the little girl's bedroom together.

Waylen carefully placed the little one on the bed, while Rena changed her into a comfortable pajama and tenderly wiped her hands and feet.

Embracing her delicate waist from behind, Waylen drew Rena closer to him, pressing his body against her back. "Let's talk, okay?"

Rena turned her face slightly and asked, "What do you want to talk about?"

"About Tyrone. I can't help feeling jealous of him. Don't you notice it?"

When he returned to their table earlier, he observed that Rena didn't try to forge friendship with Tyrone's girlfriend at all. He knew that keeping distance was Rena's way of secretly protecting Tyrone, and in turn, he also projected similar sentiments toward her.

Waylen was intrigued by the unspoken understanding between them.

Being open and honest, he laid his feelings bare.

Rena smiled. "It's been years. Why bring it up again? Besides, it's impossible for me to be with him!"

Resting his hand on her back for a moment, Waylen couldn't help but be affectionate.

Finally, he carried her back to the master bedroom.

Though Rena put up a show of reluctance, she knew it was best

not to wake up Alexis.

In the bedroom, Waylen gently pressed her against the end of the bed, interlocking his fingers with hers and passionately kissed her, their tongues dancing together.

After a long, intimate kiss, Rena pulled back and averted her gaze.

Whispering into her ear, Waylen said, "Rena, I've been pondering why I can't get Tyrone out of my mind. I don't even feel this level of envy towards Harold."

Curious, Rena looked at him and asked, "Why is that?"

Waylen reached out, caressing her delicate features tenderly, and revealed, "Because he treats you so well! No man had ever treated you better than him back then, not even me. It makes me insanely jealous."

Rena couldn't help but burst into laughter.

"Waylen, let me go!"

He gazed at her intensely, struggling to find his voice. "Sometimes I feel like you've fully returned to me but other times, it's as if you're not here as my wife, but just Alexis' mother... Rena, I'm not satisfied."

Sincerely, Rena responded, "I'll accompany you to see a therapist tomorrow then!"

Whispering seductively into her ear, he enticed, "Rena, it's not me with the problem; it's you!"

He gently nibbled on the dewy skin behind her ear and continued, "All I want is for you to want me, just like the passion you once showed when you first saw me... Rena, do you know why we haven't been intimate for so long? It's because you don't truly care about me. The only person you care about and love is Alexis. Even when I try to flirt with you, you're only interested in

the physical pleasure, not me as a person!"

Rena was left speechless, his words catching her off guard.

Waylen unbuckled his belt and gently wrapped it around her wrist.

Taken aback, Rena asked, "Waylen, what's the meaning of this? Let me go right now!"

He removed his tie, kissed her cheek tenderly, and smiled softly. "Relax, I just want you to feel me."

Then, he covered her eyes.

Blindfolded, Rena's other senses heightened, making her acutely aware of every touch and sound...

After kissing her passionately for a while, Waylen knelt beside her, took out his phone, and played a recording. Then, he placed the phone gently on her pillow near her head.

"I've put it on repeat."

Upon listening to the recording for a few seconds, Rena's face flushed with heat!

The recording was from that night when he was touching himself...

She bit her lip in frustration and finally cursed, "Waylen, you're a despicable bastard! You're out of your mind! You..."

Waylen continued to flirt with her, undeterred, "I'm just jealous! And I simply want you to rediscover your love and desire for me!"

With an air of nonchalance, he added, "I'll go to the study and come back to you later!"