

Chapter 273 We Are A Couple

After uttering those words, Waylen retrieved a set of garments from the wardrobe.

In the presence of Rena, he donned the outfit, eliciting her quiet, attentive gaze.

Waylen exchanged his attire and locked eyes with her. As he was on the brink of delivering a taunt, his phone interrupted the moment with a jingle.

Peering at the screen, he noticed the caller was Korbyn, prompting him to answer with a casual, "Dad."

From the other end of the line, Korbyn spoke, and Waylen's focus returned to Rena's countenance. With assurance, he stated, "Yes, she's with me Okay... I'll bring her back for dinner tonight."

Hanging up, he nonchalantly mentioned, "Dad wants us back for dinner. I'm a bit occupied. You, on the other hand... Go with the child first."

Rena comprehended it all too well.

His purported busyness was merely a pretext; he simply didn't wish to fetch her.

Respecting his decision, Rena readily acquiesced. The two descended the stairs in hushed silence.

Waylen instructed the driver to take Rena home, while he approached a sleek black McLaren, preparing to step inside.

Approaching him, Rena found them separated by the car door.

In a composed tone, she addressed him, "Waylen, I can deal with it when you are distant with me, but... Alexis is quite sensitive. Please refrain from saying such things in her presence."

Waylen's thoughts wandered to the little girl in the photograph.

Resembling Rena with her tender countenance and curly hair, the child exuded undeniable cuteness.

In a cold gesture, he nodded, "Don't worry."

Rena felt a sense of relief.

As she watched the black sports car slowly vanish, conflicting emotions enveloped her—happiness and sorrow entwined.

Initially brimming with determination, his demeanor had thrown her into uncertainty.

There she stood for a prolonged moment...

Ross sympathized with her plight, compelled to approach and whisper, "Mrs. Fowler, do board the car first. Considering your pregnancy, prolonged standing isn't good for your well-being."

Placing her hands on her waist, Rena mustered a forced smile. "You might be right; my back does feel a tad sore."

Ross chauffeured her back to the villa.

Upon arrival, she secluded herself within the study, drawing all the curtains.

Within the dimly lit confines of the study, Rena reclined on the sofa, intently listening to the recording on the voice recorder left behind by Waylen. After countless playbacks, she felt a renewed strength stirring within.

In the evening, she collected Alexis and headed to the Fowlers

' residence.

Upon entering, Edwin eagerly rushed over and greeted Rena with warmth, "Auntie Rena."

Squatting down, Rena tenderly caressed the little boy's head.

A faint blush adorned his cheeks.

Observing Edwin's flushed face, Alexis made a playful expression, thinking he should feel embarrassed by such frequent blushes.

Korbyn and Juliette joined them.

Juliette whisked the two children away to indulge in desserts, while Korbyn inquired of Rena, "Have you seen him?"

In response to the question, Rena's reply was a gentle affirmation.

Preferring to shield the elders from embarrassment and anger, she chose not to divulge certain matters.

However, unbeknownst to her, Korbyn had been privy to the events, thanks to his network of spies.

Fixing his gaze on Rena with a shrewd gleam, he asked deliberately, "Aren't you angry at him for making such a request? Rena... Allow me to remind you, indulging him merely because he has done much for you is not wise. You don't need me to recount Waylen's troubled past, do you? In any case, tolerance is not a sustainable solution. You slapped him so many times, but he still begged you to get back together, right?"

Rena maintained her silence.

Korbyn recognized her tender-hearted nature, understanding her reluctance to be harsh with Waylen now.

Care and concern for both Rena and Waylen stirred within

Korbyn's fatherly heart, leaving him with a throbbing headache.

At seven o'clock in the evening, Waylen returned. The Fowler family was preparing to dine together.

As the dark silhouette of the sports car halted, Waylen emerged. Unable to resist her excitement, Alexis rushed over, wrapping her arms around his long leg and nuzzling her little face against it. "Dad, I missed you so much."

Waylen's body tensed slightly...

For he had never been accustomed to interacting with children in his memory. Yet, carrying Alexis, he felt a hint of tenderness in his heart.

Could this be the bond of blood?

Witnessing his son cradling his granddaughter, Korbyn concealed any trace of rejection on his face, though a touch of sadness lingered in his heart.

In that moment, Korbyn surmised that Waylen couldn't possibly fathom the depth of his love for Alexis.

Juliette discreetly wiped away her tears.

During the family reunion dinner, an air of silence enveloped them all...

Waylen and Rena sat side by side but a palpable sense of distance separated them.

Waylen couldn't recollect Rena.

And Rena couldn't surrender to vulnerability, knowing Waylen had forgotten her.

Korbyn yearned to bring them together, believing that through physical intimacy, familiarity might gradually return.

Following the meal, Waylen dabbed his lips and expressed, "Dad,

I have a case to handle. I must return to the law office."

Korbyn's displeasure surfaced. "Is your case more important than your family?"

Exchanging a knowing glance with Juliette, Korbyn whispered, "Instruct the servants to tidy up Waylen's room. He and Rena should have a meaningful conversation tonight and Alexis will sleep with us."

Juliette, ever loyal to Korbyn's wishes, promptly complied.

A faint smile adorned Waylen's face.

He lit a cigarette and ascended the stairs with a sense of detachment.

Rena felt a profound sadness settle within her.

Gently patting the back of her hand, Korbyn proposed, "Let's proceed with that approach for now. Just endure it a little longer."

Rena nodded in agreement.

Rather than ascending the stairs immediately, she chose to remain downstairs with the two children. After soothing Alexis to sleep, she made her way to the room once inhabited by Waylen.

By the window, Waylen stood, cigarette in hand.

Observing him from the doorway, Rena fixated her gaze upon his perfect profile. As he smoked, he inhaled and exhaled, the wisps of smoke swiftly vanishing into the air.

Sensing her presence, Waylen turned his head to meet her eyes. He then extinguished the cigarette and quipped casually, "Have you learned to tell on me now?"

Rena closed the door softly.

Approaching him with measured steps, she gently wrapped her

arms around his waist under his unwavering gaze.

"He knows. Waylen, we are a couple. I don't wish to be apart from you. Isn't it normal for me to yearn to be close to you?"

Waylen's eyes held an enigmatic gleam.

Leisurely, he leaned in, his gaze fixed on the woman embraced in his arms.

She appeared pliant and submissive, as though she belonged entirely to him. The sensation aroused a flicker of desire within him, and he huskily inquired, "Is your craving for me that intense?"

He had heard that women could engage in intimacy after the first three months...

Chapter 274 If You Love Me, Why Don't You Let Me...

Waylen was a man who would never willingly subject himself to suffering.

In his recollections, he had always kept his distance from women. However, even though he couldn't remember any of it, he found himself with a wife – a young and beautiful woman carrying his child.

The mere thought of it was exhilarating.

Though he harbored no emotional connection with her, his body seemed to have its own feelings...

And now, she was lying beneath him at the edge of the bed.

Instinctively, he held her waist and caressed her gently.

She feared that Waylen might accidentally harm the baby, so despite her desire to be close to him, she struggled to overcome her inhibitions and be aroused.

But their efforts were in vain...

With a mocking whisper in her ear, Waylen taunted, "Don't you love me very much? Why don't you want me to touch you? Look at yourself. You weren't turned on at all... Huh?"

Tears welled up in Rena's eyes.

She averted her gaze awkwardly and responded, "I'm pregnant. I don't want to do this."

Waylen tenderly touched her bulging belly, where his child resided...

He knew that if it weren't for the presence of his child, he would never be aroused by a pregnant woman in his life.

He believed that true intimacy required mutual arousal.

Since she didn't seem interested, his desire waned and he was about to turn over and head to the bathroom.

Suddenly, a faint sound emanated from the thick bedroom door.

Through the door's crack, a little head peeked in. In a voice reminiscent of a kitten's, she called out, "Mommy!"

Rena felt a surge of tension...

Her posture was slightly awkward as she weakly replied, "I'm here."

Though her appearance was disheveled, she was fortunate that the room was dimly lit.

Waylen and Rena quickly straightened their clothes.

Especially Waylen, whose face darkened.

He never expected that a little child would interrupt them.

Alexis climbed onto the bed, holding something in her arms.

Skillfully, she nestled into her father's embrace, and then pulled out a toy stethoscope and placed it on Waylen's chest. "Grandpa said that dad was seriously ill and I'll treat you."

Waylen was left speechless.

With a soft click, the room was bathed in light.

Waylen's striking countenance flushed, a lingering trace of

desire evident. Alexis tenderly patted her father's face, concerned by its crimson hue. She assumed he must be unwell.

With meticulous care, she examined her father.

Rena's appearance was no better. Seizing the opportunity, she discreetly adjusted her clothing and slipped into the bathroom.

Gritting his teeth, Waylen couldn't help but be amazed at how swift she was.

Tucking a lock of her curly hair behind her ear, Alexis blinked and remarked, "Daddy, your heart is racing."

In her innocent thoughts, she believed he must be suffering from an ailment.

Then, she retrieved a small bottle and poured out two vibrant pills. "Dad, take these."

Waylen glanced at the container.

Skittles.

Of course, he wouldn't indulge in such saccharine treats...

With tearful eyes, Alexis resembled a forlorn puppy.

Waylen's countenance stiffened.

Summoning his resolve, he gritted his teeth and swallowed the two candies. Surprisingly, the sweetness wasn't unpleasant.

Caressing his head, Alexis praised, "Dad, you're so good."

She always yearned for her father's affection.

Waylen didn't decline her request, so she decided to exploit the opportunity. From seemingly nowhere, she produced a fairy tale book and handed it to him. Then, snuggling comfortably in his arms, she rested one bare foot on his abdomen.



No one could resist such an adorable girl.

In the past, Waylen was not particularly fond of children but he didn't want to disappoint her, perhaps because he knew she was his child, or perhaps because this little girl displayed remarkable intelligence.

He leaned against the headboard, cradling her in his arms.

And so, he began reading fairy tales to her. Due to his partial memory loss, his reading lacked fluency.

Alexis seemed somewhat dissatisfied. "You can't read as well as my former dad."

Former dad...

Waylen was visibly taken aback. After a moment, he realized that Alexis was referring to his pre-memory loss self.

Did the man he used to be truly love his wife and daughter and prove to be a devoted husband?

Waylen couldn't fathom it.

He continued to read the fairy tale slowly until Alexis fell asleep in his arms...

Her temperature ran high. Though her body was petite, it emanated warmth. Holding her felt like embracing a cozy furnace on this late autumn night.

In the soft, yellow glow, Waylen scrutinized the little girl in his arms attentively.

Her eyes and brows were beautiful.

With tender features and brown curly hair, she had inherited Rena's appearance entirely.

However, within half a day, he could tell that Alexis' personality

strongly resembled his own.

No DNA test was necessary to know she was his child.

Gently placing Alexis aside, Waylen observed her silently for a while before he got out of bed and made his way to the bathroom.

Rena sat there, lost in thought.

Clad in a soft cotton dress, her profile exuded stunning beauty—precisely his type. Moreover, due to her pregnancy, she embodied an even more womanly aura.

He mused that if she weren't pregnant, she must have had an incredible figure.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have been captivated by her.

Having collected himself, Waylen chose to be frank with Rena.

Leaning against the wall, he said lightly, "I remember that you were Harold's ex-girlfriend. Despite knowing what transpired later, I still find it difficult to envision that we'd marry and have children..."

Waylen was acutely aware of his past persnickety nature.

In the bygone days, countless women surrounded him, yet none managed to captivate his attention.

This left him utterly perplexed. Why did he find himself loving Rena so intensely? What compelled him to see Elvira meet her end with indifference, for Rena's sake?

Upon hearing his thoughts, Rena looked up at him.

Though he didn't divulge every detail, she understood his sentiments.

He knew that Elvira was no more.

But he chose to bury all her misdeeds, remembering only her

betrayal that had cuckolded him.

At that moment, Waylen inquired about Harold. Rena knew that men always cared about such things. Waylen suspected that she had been intimate with Harold before...

Rena refrained from explaining, nor did she desire to.

She felt so weary...

Her belly harbored a baby of nearly five months old, and its movements grew more pronounced.

Even if she yearned to reconcile with Waylen, she had to ensure the safety of their child first.

With composure, Rena declared, "Waylen, I won't consent to a separation."

For her to agree to part ways would mean endorsing him to seek other women's attention.

Rena wasn't that naive.

Upon hearing this, Waylen arched his eyebrows and mustered a faint smile.

Rena cast her gaze downward and continued, "You probably think you hold all the power, and I can't stop you from not coming home. It's true, I may feel helpless, but there's a difference between me allowing a separation and you choosing not to return."


With that said, Rena exited the bathroom.

As she passed by Waylen, he gently grasped her shoulder.

Somehow, he sensed her quiet sorrow.

Rena's nose turned slightly red. "I'm very tired. I want to sleep."

Drawing near, Waylen whispered, "Did you enchant me with

Chapter 274 If You Love Me, Why Don't You Let  +120 Points at most
your affectionate vulnerability before? Otherwise, why would I
continue to be passionate with you and have children with you?"

What a scoundrel!

Tears welled in Rena's eyes...

She gently pushed him away, walked slowly to the bed and lay
down beside Alexis.

Eventually, Waylen also lay down.

Rena had her back to him but he knew she was not asleep. From
the darkness, occasional soft sobs escaped her... She seemed to
be crying.

Waylen closed his eyes gently.

Five years of his life were now lost to memory. When he awoke,
he found himself with a wife, who happened to be Harold's
former girlfriend.

And to add to the turmoil, his sister was violated by Rena's uncle.

Waylen didn't particularly care for Rena.

Yet, he was drawn to her appearance and figure. Even now, with
her pregnancy, her waist remained slender and her legs
appeared long and alluring... She had an undeniable allure.

In the darkness, Waylen's desires were suddenly ignited...