

## Chapter 380 Sweet Love

Beneath the shroud of night, the villa rested in profound tranquility.

Waylen shed his coat and ascended the staircase with measured steps. All the household staff had succumbed to slumber, leaving only a solitary night lamp to break the darkness.

In the bedroom on the second floor's eastern wing, he pushed the door ajar, greeted by a gentle, inviting yellow glow.

Rena hadn't retired for the night yet. Wrapped in a cozy pajama, she nestled against the sofa engrossed in reading a script.

Waylen quietly shut the door behind him.

"Are the kids asleep? Did you have the ginger tea before bed?"

Upon hearing his voice, Rena put aside the script and met his gaze.

Waylen approached her, his lips poised for a kiss, but he hesitated, his voice gravelly, "I'll take a shower first."

Rena had been ready to rise and prepare a midnight snack for him.

However, Waylen stopped her in her tracks, his tone gentle but firm. "Stay in the bedroom. I'll whip up some noodles later."

With that, he proceeded to freshen up.

Post-shower, a wave of relief washed over him, dispelling the remnants of unease that had lingered from the electrician's rental house. His spirits were lifted as he rejoined Rena on the sofa, wrapping his arms around her form for a comforting

embrace.

He traded his attire for a casual shirt and suit pants, a subtle transformation that didn't escape Rena's observation.

She was privy to the nuances of his moods, recognizing his tendency to appear more composed when troubled.

Nestling against his shoulder, she inquired in a hushed tone. "What's bothering you?"

"Nothing."

He brushed her concern off with a gentle touch as he grazed her delicate features.

Waylen proceeded downstairs to prepare a noodle dish, soon returning with a steaming bowl. Rena, having consumed chicken soup earlier, was lacking appetite due to both her dietary preferences and pregnancy considerations.

His understanding of her needs was impeccable.

He sat by her side, consuming the noodles.

Amidst the mundane, their companionship brought ease to the moment. Rena scrutinized his features beneath the soft light, noting the passage of time etched subtly around his eyes. The years had lent a mature charm to his countenance, enhancing his allure.

Her fingers extended to caress his eyes, a touch that evoked a warm response from him.

Following a pause, he resumed eating and inquired in a lighthearted voice. "Are you craving another intimate encounter?"

His playful touch grazed her protruding belly affectionately.

A blush dusted Rena's cheeks, and her heart raced in response.

Though her instincts told her to push him away, the warmth of

his hand was irresistible, and she hesitated to release it. "Enough already."

A faint smile played on Waylen's lips as he concluded his meal.

With the table cleared, he scooped Rena into his arms, placing her on the sofa. His shoulder became her pillow, fingers tenderly smoothing her hair.

This simple intimacy held a profound significance, offering comfort in the midst of an ordinary night.

His caresses, though gentle, held a power akin to balm, soothing Rena's soul.

With her head nestled on his shoulder, she murmured, "Waylen, you've changed a lot."

"Have I? What's different?"

"It's hard to explain. For instance, you wouldn't have dined at the tea table before. You used to be so meticulous about meals."

His fingers brushed against her face, a smile curving his lips.

Rena nestled deeper into his embrace, her voice soft as she probed, "Can you tell me now what's been troubling you?"

Waylen was hesitant, for the darkness he faced was closely tied to her.

After a moment, he said slowly, "Rena, the chandelier incident in the theater was no ordinary accident. I suspect it was deliberately orchestrated."

"So you suspect Aline?"

Rena straightened, her long brown hair slightly disheveled.

Her graceful movements exuded an irresistible allure, reminding Waylen of the business they ought to discuss.

Nonetheless, he found himself captivated by her charm.

Teasingly, he remarked, "They say pregnancy clouds the mind for three years. Are you an exception? Blame my high IQ for offsetting your intelligence."

He playfully touched her belly.

Flushed and slightly flustered, Rena scolded, "Don't change the subject!"

Waylen reined in his emotions, speaking after a moment's contemplation. "I believe Aline may have bribed the electrician. However, the man died at dusk, likely during a sexual encounter."

Rena, despite her strong mind, couldn't help but tremble, fear coursing through her veins.

She furrowed her brow slightly and commented, "Aline is slender; it wouldn't be easy for her to overpower a man when he's off guard. She must have used other means."

Waylen's eyes sparkled with recognition.

Rena's thoughts aligned with his.

The sensation of tacit agreement between them was too beautiful to disrupt.

Just as Rena was about to speak, Waylen's phone rang. Glancing at the caller ID, he noted it was from the detective. Without avoiding Rena's gaze, he answered the call. The detective's voice lowered as he said, "The prosecutors found drugs in the deceased electrician's stomach. It's plausible that it contributed to his demise. Otherwise, a strong man like him wouldn't be easily subdued by a woman."

Waylen replied before ending the call.

Turning his attention back to Rena, he noticed her lost in contemplation.

"What's on your mind, Rena?" He playfully pinched her cheek.

Meeting his gaze, Rena responded quietly, "I'm wondering whether Harold's car accident was truly a coincidence or Aline had a hand in it."

Waylen's response was silence, his eyes shimmering with an intensity Rena couldn't ignore.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" She inquired.

"You're just so stunning."

Waylen's gentle smile accompanied his soft words. He continued, "Mentioning him again, aren't you worried I might get jealous?"

Rena nestled into his chest, her belly snugly nestled beneath his palm. The warmth of their embrace created a cocoon of comfort in the midst of the snowy landscape. Rena surrendered herself to the moment, entrusting her worries to Waylen.

In response, she murmured, "I'm carrying your child; why would you be jealous?"

Waylen's smile deepened.

He rested his chin on Rena's head and said, "Every time I think about the questionable things I've done in the past, I worry about losing you. I fear you might leave me."

Rena responded with a faint smile.

As she teetered on the edge of slumber, her tranquility was interrupted by a call she remembered from Flora earlier. "Miss Holt called this afternoon and mentioned that Harrison is scheduled for a second surgery. Waylen, I want to visit him."

Waylen didn't oppose the idea.

While it was true that Harrison loved Rena, he had also saved

her life.

Though Waylen wished to accompany her, Rena declined. Nestling against his neck, she whispered softly, "You have a busy schedule. I can ask Wendy to accompany me. Moreover, I have bodyguards for protection."

Rena was an adult and didn't need to be confined at home due to an accident.

So, Waylen consented.

The next day, Rena arranged to visit Harrison with Flora.

Observing Rena's improved condition, Flora sighed in relief. She spoke with enthusiasm. "Though Harrison's face was disfigured, Mr. Fowler has employed a foreign expert for him. It's expected his face can be restored to about seventy or eighty percent."

Rena remained silent.

Even if his face could recover to that extent, it would be challenging for him to return to his acting career.

Flora patted Rena gently and commented, "His aspirations go beyond acting, actually."

A forced smile played on Rena's lips.

Wendy ushered them in and saw Aline already present.

Adept at socializing, Aline appeared to have established a close rapport with Nora Moore, Harrison's mother. The anxious mother wiped her tears intermittently, the bond between the two women seeming genuine.

Observing this, Flora frowned.

She whispered in Rena's ear, "I don't believe her intentions are sincere!"

Rena was aware of it.

She knew Aline had likely anticipated her visit and disgusted her on purpose. While Rena wasn't concerned about Aline's interactions with the Moore family, she regarded Aline as a potential threat.

Rena lowered her eyes and hatched a plan.

Approaching Flora, she whispered her idea.

Amused, Flora chuckled and remarked, "You've come up with quite a clever plan. No wonder Mr. Fowler remains captivated by you."

Rena replied with a faint smile.

Aline, observing Rena's apparent obliviousness, relaxed her guard.

She acknowledged her role.

She had orchestrated the unfortunate events that befell Rena and Harrison. And she was unbothered by it; after all, Rena was unaware of the truth, and Nora had shared family secrets in her naivety.

It seemed that Nora trusted her.

A hint of discomfort lingered in the air as Nora met Rena's gaze.

After all, her son's disfigurement was a direct consequence of saving Rena.

With a few exchanged words, Rena took the opportunity to visit Harrison. This was their first meeting since the incident, imbuing the situation with complexity.

Harrison found himself in a quandary, his feelings for Rena a mix of affection and resentment.

Understanding Harrison's sentiments, Rena knew she had to draw a clear boundary.

Wendy brought a lunchbox, filling the room with a delectable aroma.

With a smile, Rena said, "You've received plenty of fruits and tonics. This is homemade meat porridge. It's a favorite at home, especially among the children, especially Alexis."

Although her tone carried warmth, Rena also subtly emphasized her maternal identity.

Nora's demeanor softened, gratitude evident in her voice. "Rena, you're so considerate."

Stepping aside, Rena gestured for Nora to take her place and said, "Mrs. Moore, please feed him."

Harrison's appetite had diminished recently, leaving Krista worried. Eagerly, she took the spoon and began to feed him. Observing his improved appetite, she commented, "This porridge is delicious. If I could be so good at cooking, he'd surely regain some weight."

Rena smiled gently and suggested, "I could prepare it daily and have the driver deliver it here."

Nora felt it was unnecessary to trouble Rena, particularly due to her pregnancy and noble status.

She recognized Rena's offer as a gesture of gratitude to her son.

Rena didn't press the matter.

She visited Harrison on subsequent occasions. Bandages obscured his features, leaving only his eyes visible. Silent and subdued, he hardly engaged in conversation.

As Rena prepared to leave, he said softly, "I don't regret it."

Positioned by the door, Rena felt a pang of sadness wash over her.



To be loved but unable to reciprocate was a weighty burden. Especially considering this young man's connection to Harold as his nephew.

With a soft sigh, Rena said, "I'll visit you again in a few days."

After departing, Aline followed her.

Meanwhile, Flora remained behind.

Flashing her alluring eyes, she perched on the edge of Harrison's bed. Bold as ever, she openly talked with him. "Aren't you always hoping for Rena to visit? Why didn't you say anything when she was here? But today, I'll be forthright. Even if Rena divorces, she won't be with you. Consider her relationship with your uncle."

Harrison understood it well.

He replied softly, "That's not what I meant."

Grateful to Flora, Nora said, "I feel much better after Rena came to visit him. Although Waylen has compensated us generously, that's not what Harrison wants."

With a sigh, she continued, "Miss Hanson is warm-hearted too."

After a moment, she got to the point.

Flora understood the implication, covering her mouth as she chuckled. "Miss Hanson is indeed excellent. Furthermore, she's still single, and she once pursued Harrison ardently. Despite her being older than him, they might be a perfect match."

Nora was taken aback.

Had Aline pursued Harrison?

She doubted it and queried Harrison, "Is that true?"

Recalling Aline's business card she had given him earlier,

Harrison remained silent.

Observing his silence, Nora erupted in anger.

She discarded the items Aline had brought and raged, "I thought she seemed decent. Who could have known she's so shameless? She's been involved with so many men. How dare she entangle herself with Harrison?"

Harrison didn't approve of his mother's interaction with Aline.

Yet, in the recent situation, he had to maintain an appearance of normalcy.

Flora's words had effectively severed the connection between his mother and Aline, which suited Harrison perfectly.

He whispered, "Thank you, Miss Holt."

Flora was equally compassionate. Bending down, she whispered, "It was Rena's idea! She recognized your unease around Aline."

Hearing this, Harrison clenched his fists.

Flora smoothed his blanket and said softly, "In truth, she's concerned for you, but she's a married woman and can't be here all the time. You can understand her predicament, can't you? Take care of yourself. Don't disappoint her."

Harrison nodded in agreement.

Flora ruffled his hair playfully and teased, "If I were single, I'd rescue you from emotional turmoil."

With that, she turned and left, her departure carrying an alluring aura.

Exiting the hospital, Flora headed to a café.

Rena was already waiting for her.

Taking a sip of coffee, Flora stated. "I've followed your plan. It

worked just as you predicted. Nora is cutting ties with Aline."

Unable to drink coffee herself, Rena stirred it gently and smiled. "Nora was eager to find someone to confide in about Harrison's accident. Aline's character doesn't really matter. But if Aline tries to seduce her son, as a mother, Nora won't stand for it."

Flora praised Rena for her meticulous strategy.

Rena mustered a forced smile.

Certain things couldn't be shared with Flora, forcing Rena to act covertly.

It was highly likely that Aline was behind the harm of her and Harrison. Rena couldn't allow her to remain by his side.

Driven by the need to shield Harrison from Aline's machinations, Rena discreetly stationed several undercover bodyguards to watch over him in the hospital.

Employing Waylen's subordinates for this purpose, he was quickly informed.

Waylen called Rena to inquire. She detailed her hospital arrangement. She expected his jealousy, yet to her surprise, he merely smiled and said, "I'll follow your lead!"

Whenever he acted casually, Rena couldn't shake the feeling that something was amiss.

True to form, he returned from work as usual.

But after he tended to the children and wrapping up his affairs, his passion flared, and they became intimately involved.

Waylen had always been dominant in their encounters.

However, on this night, cradling her, he gently pinched her soft face and playfully remarked, "Rena, tonight, I'll follow your lead."

How audacious!

Their ardor peaked in his tenderness.

He lightly nibbled on her delicate neck and murmured, "Men are often jealous, Rena. But please, don't always sadden me."

Rena leaned against his shoulder.

After going through life and death together, their relationship had grown stronger.

However, there were certain matters he hadn't disclosed to her, and Rena didn't find it pressing for him to reveal them.


She extended her slender fingers, tracing his handsome face, and said softly, "Waylen, we've been together for so long, and you still get jealous!"

Waylen's gaze held a depth of emotion.

As her fingertip brushed his lips, he playfully nibbled on it.

"As long as my feelings for you persist, jealousy will always find a place within me!"



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