

Chapter 225 Don't Scare Your Mom

Waylen made his way back to the exquisite villa, an enclave meticulously developed by the esteemed Exceed Group.

This opulent residence exuded an air of utmost security and seclusion and it belonged solely to him.

The sleek black Maybach glided gracefully through the imposing ebony gate, eliciting a cascade of radiance as all the lights within the villa instantly illuminated. Accompanied by the delightful symphony of a music fountain, gracefully spurting water, a euphoric ambiance filled the air.

Parking the vehicle with care, Waylen stepped out, and a dutiful servant promptly approached him, ready to attend to his needs.

"Miss Lexi remains silent once more," the servant reported.

Handing over his coat to the servant, Waylen strolled beneath the moonlit glow of an osmanthus tree.

Meanwhile, Alexis' mind wandered aimlessly, lost in thought.

Beside her, Waylen crouched down, his gaze brimming with affection as he observed her intently.

Her chestnut locks cascaded in gentle waves, framing her shoulders in a carefree manner.

Her visage boasted petite features, exuding an ethereal pallor. Her eyes resembled lustrous gem stones, her nose was perfectly straight and her lips formed a delicate pout, reflecting her discontent.

Engrossed in her own reverie, she clenched her dainty hand around the osmanthus leaves, plucking them off one by one.

Waylen addressed her tenderly, yet she remained indifferent, completely absorbed in her own secluded world.

Waylen made no effort to carry her away; instead, he chose to squat beside her, providing unwavering company. It was not until half past ten that the young girl abruptly threw herself into his embrace. "Today, some kids at school said I have no mother."

With Alexis in his arms, Waylen escorted her back inside the house.

Caressing her petite head, he assured, "You do have a mother, my dear... Your mother possesses the same breathtaking beauty as you."

Setting Alexis down at the table, Waylen prompted the servant to arrange a sumptuous feast, serving piping-hot delicacies.

Alexis' voracious hunger urged her to haphazardly scoop food into her bowl, resulting in remnants scattered across the table.

After the meal, a flicker of remembrance crossed Alexis' eyes, and she gazed at Waylen with longing. "I want my mommy. I want what the other kids have too."

Sweeping Alexis up into his arms, Waylen ascended the stairs.

Alexis prepared a bath and following her refreshing shower, she nestled against her father's comforting embrace.

With tender care, Waylen dried her hair, his eyes overflowing with affection, as he imparted, "Lexi, if you desire a mother, you must fight for it yourself."

Puzzled, Alexis sensed an incongruity.

If she had to seek out her mother independently, what role did her father play in this pursuit?

Waylen maintained his composure as he explained, "I shall enroll you in piano lessons... There, you shall encounter numerous talented female instructors. Should you come across someone with your hair color and striking looks, you can ask her to be your mother. But let's make a deal first! Don't tell your true name or my name to anyone, okay?"

Alexis struggled to comprehend.

Waylen proceeded to offer a rational explanation, "If they were to discover who I am, they would covet my beauty and their affection for you would be disingenuous. Just like Miss Carson and Miss Garcia. And we wouldn't want that, right?"

Alexis pondered over her father's words and found herself in agreement.

As nightfall approached, Alexis gazed at her reflection in the mirror, contemplating the possibility that someone with her hair color and striking features could indeed be her mother.

Unbeknownst to Alexis, Rena had ceased her teaching career.

However, in the early morning hours, Paisley called Rena from Rouemn, urging her to care for a friend's child.

Rena harbored curiosity and was about to inquire further when Paisley swiftly changed the subject. "I must take my medication. I have to go."

Once the call ended, Rena felt a sense of helplessness. After contemplating for a while, she made her way to the music studio.

Approaching the front desk, Rena inquired if such a person existed. And there was!

The individual's identity remained confidential though. Rena surmised that the child must belong to someone of great importance, and so she patiently waited.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, the receptionist approached Rena, wearing a warm smile. "Miss Gordon, the child has arrived. You may go and have a look."

Rena didn't take the matter too seriously.

Setting aside the report she held in her hand, she entered the reception room.

A servant had brought the child there. To Rena's astonishment, the child was incredibly young, barely reaching a meter in height.

Initially, Rena was inclined to decline, deeming the child too young to embark on a piano-learning journey.

However, when the child turned around, Rena was overcome with a chilling sensation that coursed through her entire being.

The child's hair possessed a lustrous brown hue and her features were exquisite.

She was undeniably beautiful.

She resembled... she resembled...

Rena's throat felt constricted, and her composure threatened to crumble. She extended a trembling hand and cautiously touched the child.

Alexis' excitement even surpassed Rena's.

She fixated her gaze upon Rena's brown hair, lovely countenance, slender waist and graceful legs. In Alexis' eyes, Rena epitomized stunning beauty—a mother tailor-made for her.

Alexis willingly allowed Rena's touch.

In fact, Alexis nestled against Rena affectionately.

Resting her pointed chin on Rena's shoulder, Alexis introduced

herself, "My name is Lexi."

Lexi...

Rena was stunned for a moment. The name too, reminded her of her own lost little angel.

She felt a profound fondness for the little girl, yet the pertinent question still needed to be posed. "What is your father's name?"

Glistening tears welled up in Alexis' beautiful eyes.

"My father is a street vendor who sells eggs. People say he's a profiteer. My mother is no longer with us... Dad is always very busy and there is no one to care for me."

In a few succinct words, the portrait of a destitute child was painted.

Rena's heart ached.

She gently wiped away Alexis' tears, unable to resist the impulse to plant a tender kiss on her cheek. In that fleeting moment, Rena's heart melted, although a lingering sense of guilt nagged at her, as if she were stealing something from others.

Without hesitation, Rena resolved to teach Alexis the art of playing the piano.

Alexis' tender age posed a challenge for Rena, who needed to cradle the little one in her arms while they sat before the piano.

Nestled in Rena's embrace, Alexis wore a joyful expression. However, she seemed oblivious to the instructions Rena imparted.

Rena couldn't stifle Alexis' learning progress.

Thus, Rena adopted a stern demeanor and requested Alexis to demonstrate what had just been taught.

Alexis readily agreed.

She extended her slender fingers and began to play the piano...

Rena was taken aback.

The child possessed an innate talent that surpassed Rena's wildest imagination. She proved to be the finest student Rena had ever encountered, surpassing even Rena's own childhood proficiency.

As Rena marveled at the sight before her, Alexis, her brown curls bouncing, inquired obediently, "Miss Gordon, is this how it should be played?"

Miss Gordon...

Somehow, Rena's thoughts drifted to Waylen.

During their early acquaintance, he would jokingly refer to her as Miss Gordon...

Rena dismissed the notion as mere overthinking.

How could she possibly entertain the idea that the Lexi standing before her had any connection to Waylen? Their child had already...

Rena dared not delve further into such musings. Instead, she cradled Alexis in her arms and proceeded to teach her the rudiments of finger placement.

Following a single lesson, Alexis appeared content. Though learning the piano might prove tedious, it propelled her closer to her ultimate goal.

Rena guided Alexis out of the piano room, entrusting her into the care of the servant.

Truth be told, Rena found it difficult to avert her gaze from the little girl. "Lexi, see you next Friday."

Alexis beamed with satisfaction.

Behaving impeccably, she instructed the servant to accompany her downstairs.

Rena harbored immense fondness for Alexis, prompting her to personally escort the child out. A sleek black extended limousine awaited them on the ground floor, exuding an air of opulence. Alexis climbed into the car...

In truth, Alexis longed to bring her newfound mother home that very day.

Yet, upon reflection, Rena might not agree.

Alexis could do nothing but wait patiently.

Waving her hand, Alexis bid farewell. The driver closed the car door.

Seated on the back seat, Waylen, dressed in a formal suit, pretended to casually inquire while perusing documents, "Have you found her?"

Alexis clambered onto her father's lap and whispered, "Daddy, you like her."

Waylen maintained an air of indifference. "Really? Is it that obvious?"

Alexis remained silent.

Resting her head against her father's shoulder, Alexis softly questioned after a prolonged silence, "Daddy... she's my real mommy, isn't she?"

Tears welled up in Waylen's eyes instantaneously.

He responded with a gentle affirmation.

Alexis nestled closer to Waylen. After a prolonged period, she

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 +120 Points at most

heard her father murmur, "Sweetie, don't scare your mom just yet, alright?"



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