

Chapter 236 Rena, I Want To Please You

As the clock struck nine in the evening, Alexis finally stepped out of the wardrobe, her appetite restored.

She devoured her late dinner, savoring each bite with a newfound contentment.

Today, Rena had showered Alexis with extra love and attention, personally bathing her, drying her hair, and even sharing a bedtime story. Aware that Rena would be staying the night, Alexis drifted off to sleep with a smile adorning her face.

Rena dimmed the bedside lamp, leaving Alexis to rest peacefully.

Silently, she slipped out of the room, her footsteps carrying her to Waylen. She found him in his study, sitting in quiet solitude amidst the dimly lit room, his usual cigarette absent from his hand.

"Waylen," Rena called out softly, her voice breaking the silence.

Startled, he stood up and approached her, closing the door behind him with a deliberate motion. "Is she asleep?"

Rena nodded, her intent to have a serious conversation lingering in her gaze.

But before she could utter a word, Waylen pulled her into his embrace, pressing her gently against the door.

His strength caused a slight discomfort in Rena's back, but sensing his troubled state, she suppressed her pain and said with gentleness, "We need to talk."

Absentmindedly, Waylen responded, "Okay."

Slowly, he lowered his head, burying his face in Rena's neck. Time seemed to stand still as their bodies melded together, an intimate connection reigniting between them.

Rena's neck felt a moist warmth that initially unsettled her, yet she refrained from pushing him away.

In that moment, she realized that Waylen was not invincible.

Just as she had carried the weight of her own emotional battles, he, too, had endured his share of tribulations during the past three years.

Perhaps it was this shared understanding or the responsibility they now shared as parents that softened Rena's heart. She gently cupped the back of his neck, her touch offering solace amidst the darkness.

Waylen's body tensed.

Slowly, his gaze met hers in the dimly lit room.

Though their features were obscured, the atmosphere that enveloped them felt ethereal, their connection palpable.

Yielding to the overwhelming emotions, he couldn't resist lowering his lips to hers, initiating a soft and tender kiss that transported them back to the days of newfound love.

Their breaths mingled, growing ragged with each passing second.

Rena's body remained pressed against the door, confusion etched across her face. She had intended to discuss about Alexis, yet Waylen's kisses stole away her focus.

Waylen's lips found hers once more, the taste of tobacco lingering as he kissed her with a delicate and deliberate pace.

His intentions were far from carnal.

Instead, he sought to please and comfort her, to remind her of the depth of his love.

His heart raced within his chest, rediscovering that yearning.

He had that urge to kiss her without any sexual agenda.

For a long while, he continued to kiss her, savoring the intimate connection they shared.

Time seemed irrelevant as he fervently sought to please her in every way.

Finally, in a hoarse voice, he murmured, "It's late. Go take a shower and get ready for bed. I'll fetch your some clothes to change into."

Rena's body still leaned against the door, her legs weakened by the intensity of the moment.

Were it not for Waylen's hand supporting her waist, she might have crumpled to the floor.

Waylen gently stroked her waist, whispering, "If you desire more, we can go to the master bedroom."

Yet Rena declined his offer, her voice soft as a whisper.

"I will sleep with Lexi. You can get me pajamas."

Waylen switched on the study lights, his other hand tenderly grazing Rena's arm. "Take a shower in my room. Your clothes are in the closet. I need to attend to something in the study."

Following his instructions, Rena retrieved her clothes and headed to the guest room for a shower.

She spent the entire night by Alexis' side, providing comfort and warmth.

The following day, the atmosphere between Waylen and Rena

had transformed.

He treated her with newfound tenderness and affection, as if a shift had occurred overnight.

Rena attempted to disregard it, focusing on her early morning routine of preparing breakfast for Alexis and waking her up.

Alexis, in a cheerful mood, clung to Rena, seeking her mother's affection.

Waylen's voice carried a hint of nonchalance as he told his daughter, "You can handle these things yourself."

Rena yearned to say something, to challenge his assertion, but his gaze met hers, and he offered a faint smile.

"When a mother spoils her child excessively, the child may become dependent in the future."

In that moment, Rena likened Waylen to Korbyn, seeing him as a man prone to explaining and dictating. After all, age had a way of imparting such traits.

However, Rena refused to be intimidated. Her sole focus was showering Alexis with all the tenderness and care she deserved.

Alexis, feeling a twinge of unease, relinquished her grip on Rena's legs and attempted to eat independently. Rena, unable to resist, began feeding her mashed potatoes.

In an instant, Alexis abandoned her utensils.

She then climbed onto Rena's lap, yearning to be held and fed.

Waylen observed Alexis' actions with a fleeting glance, adhering to his own set of principles in parenting.

He loved her dearly, but he believed in instilling independence in her.

Alexis grew increasingly apprehensive, slowly sliding down from

Rena's lap and resuming her meal independently. Food scattered around her, but Waylen remained unruffled.

Unable to contain herself, Rena said, "She's still young."

Waylen took a sip of his black coffee, his tone nonchalant. "Sometimes, she's more obedient than you."

Rena chose to remain silent, allowing her actions to speak louder than words.

As Waylen observed Rena's expression, he feared her potential anger. The intimate kiss they had shared the previous night had propelled their relationship forward, and he didn't want their discussion to escalate due to their different parenting methods.

In a gentle tone, he explained, "Children indeed need companionship, but you can't do everything for them."

He brought up Cecilia as a negative example, prompting Rena to pause.

Her eyes widened a bit.

Her gaze shifted towards Waylen, who seemed to be burdened with thoughts of his disappointing sister, causing his expression to darken.

Sensing Rena's confusion, Waylen lowered his voice and assured, "She's fine. She's just hiding."

Waylen had sought out Harold.

However, after talking to Harold, he was able to confirm that the man had no involvement in Cecilia leaving home.

Rena had held deep affection for Cecilia, and she softly responded, "I'll ask someone to look for her later."

A faint smile graced Waylen's lips as they found better understanding.

As they took Alexis to her therapist, their communication improved, laying the foundation for a united front.

The therapist conducted a thorough evaluation of Alexis' condition.

Subsequently, Alexis was led to the adjacent amusement room, accompanied by a dedicated staff member.

After an extensive examination, the therapist said in hushed tones, "Her recent behavioral changes may be related to Mrs. Fowler's sudden return... Children are highly sensitive, especially when it comes to their parents' divorce. It can have a significant psychological impact."

Rena's eyes welled up with tears.

Waylen placed a comforting hand on her shoulder, fully understanding that no woman could remain strong in such circumstances.

The therapist looked at them both and offered a sincere suggestion, "If neither of you is currently seeing anyone, consider living together again. It will greatly benefit Alexis' mental health and may resolve her psychological issues completely."

Waylen nodded in agreement, stating, "We will take it into consideration."

The therapist then shared additional information with Rena and handed her Alexis' medical records.

Rena sat there, turning the pages, her emotions teetering on the edge.

During Alexis' early years, they had frequented this clinic almost weekly.

At that time, Alexis had exhibited autistic tendencies every other day...

Rena closed the medical record, feeling overwhelmed by the weight of the information.

She finally understood why Waylen had kept the truth from her. She might not have been capable of providing the necessary care for Alexis during her most difficult moments.

Rena's tears flowed freely, as they had for the past few days.

Waylen held her tightly, his voice a soothing murmur as he whispered, "She's much better now. The therapist even mentioned the possibility of her making a full recovery. You heard him, right?"

Resting her head against his shoulder, Rena whispered back, "Waylen, I've made a decision."

His heart skipped a beat, but he restrained his excitement, asking in a soft tone, "What decision have you made?"

Rena straightened herself, her teary eyes meeting his. "Let's pretend to be a loving couple for now."

Waylen was left speechless, unable to believe what he had just heard.

"Is that all? Rena, think about the kiss we shared last night. Do you really think we need to pretend? We... Do you no longer desire me?"

Had it not been for Alexis' treatment, his words would have been far less restrained.

Rena, however, had her own considerations.

The events of the previous night had been a bit impulsive, and while she acknowledged the allure of their connection, she recognized that their feelings had been heavily influenced by Alexis' presence.

They both sought solace and comfort, which naturally led to

emotional attachment.

Rena had made a series of mistakes, and she wished to exercise caution in her decision-making when it came to love.

Softly, she responded, "Waylen, for the time being, this is all I can do. If you don't want to—"

"I'm willing," he said, his voice gentle.

"I'm willing."

How could he be unwilling? Rena had finally relented, ready to engage in a closer relationship instead of maintaining separate lives.

The diagnosis had concluded, and Waylen had an important meeting to attend to.

As he climbed into the car, he caught a glimpse of Rena in the rearview mirror and proposed, "Why don't you accompany Alexis to my company?"

Rena hesitated.

"Dad's company has the best muffins," Alexis chimed in, gazing at Rena with hopeful eyes.

Rena immediately agreed.

Waylen pressed the accelerator, a smile forming on his face. "Your mommy only listen to your words now!"

Leaning comfortably against Rena, Alexis raised her curly brown hair and posed an innocent question, "That's because I'm a good girl and mommy loves me!"

Waylen and Rena were left speechless.

After a long moment, Waylen responded in a soft voice, "Well, let's just say you shouldn't worry. She's smart and adorable."

During the drive, Waylen engaged Rena in a conversation about Alexis' progress, creating an illusion of an ordinary couple.

Rena was still acclimating to this new dynamic.

Waylen brought the car to a stop, unbuckling his seat belt. Gently, he suggested, "Come home with me on this Saturday."

Rena no longer refused.

If she were to play the role of Waylen's wife for Alexis' sake, she would have to act as his partner on all occasions. Uncertain if it was a hasty decision, Rena, nevertheless, had no regrets.

Waylen escorted them to his company, prompting rumors to circulate among Exceed Group employees.

They believed Waylen's ex-wife had returned and that a reconciliation was imminent.

Waylen guided Rena and Alexis to the top floor, where Jazlyn awaited them by the elevator, her face beaming with concealed amusement. It appeared her boss was on the verge of reclaiming his woman. However, as Jazlyn approached, she delivered the unexpected news.

"Miss Stanley is at the company. She's waiting for you to sign the contract."

Waylen frowned. "Wasn't the deputy general manager responsible for handling the contract with the spokesperson?"

Jazlyn coughed lightly, her smile strained. "Miss Stanley is quite persistent."

Rena wasn't oblivious to the situation.

She surmised that Miss Stanley must be the female celebrity who had been reported in the media and was seen celebrating alongside Waylen. It was evident that this Miss Stanley held feelings for him.

Waylen glanced at Rena, aware of her thoughts.

He instructed Jazlyn, "Ask Miss Stanley to join us. And bring some desserts."

Jazlyn departed, her smile still intact.

Waylen lifted Alexis onto the sofa, allowing her to settle in comfortably. He then turned to Rena with a smile. "I don't really know her. But since you're unhappy, I'll let you see her... So as to prove my innocence."