

## Chapter 265 It Won't Hurt Our Baby

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Enveloped by the serenity of the late-night darkness, Rena gently lulled Alexis into slumber, and then she quietly returned to the master bedroom.

To her surprise, Waylen was not there.

She found him in the study, standing by the French window.

The soft glow of a cigarette was illuminating his silhouette against the night sky.

Without turning on the light, Waylen stood alone in contemplation, the smoke from his cigarette dancing in the night breeze, dissipating into the air.

Rena closed the door behind her and embraced Waylen from behind, her voice filled with concern. "Are you still thinking about the prophecy?"

Ever since he returned from visiting the fortune teller, Waylen had been troubled by the prophecy.

Obviously, he was anxious about its implications.

Rena's arms around him provided some comfort as he extinguished the cigarette. "No, don't overthink it."

Rena pressed her face against his back, trying to reassure him. "Then try to relax, okay? The prophecy might not be accurate, or perhaps the soothsayer was just speaking nonsense."

Waylen turned around, a slow smile forming on his lips as he

gently placed a hand on her belly, asking, "Has the baby moved yet?"

Amused by his eagerness, Rena glanced at him. "The baby's only one month old. How can it move already?"

Hugging her close and kissing her hair, Waylen made a heartfelt promise, saying, "Rena, I will be with you throughout the entire pregnancy and watch our child grow. I won't let you push me away."

Resting her head on his chest, Rena listened to his words.

She had been with him for a long time and knew that he was still anxious about the prophecy.

She wanted to soothe him.

So, she raised her head, kissed his handsome face, and then trailed kisses along his neck. Rena's affectionate actions caught Waylen's attention, and he couldn't help but feel drawn to her.

He wanted to give in to his desires, but he also cared deeply for their unborn baby.

After teasing him for a while, Rena tried to move away, but Waylen held her firmly, linking their fingers together and planting gentle kisses on her lips. Rena was a little scared and wrapped her arms around his neck tightly as he made her sit on the table. "Waylen!"

In the faint light, he leaned over and kissed her.

Rena wanted to move, but he stopped her. He clasped her fingers and pecked her.

"Waylen..."

Rena's voice trembled as she surrendered to him.

It was not the first time they had shared such intimacy. She

recalled a snowy night when he had held her against the piano, and that memory lingered in her mind.

Understanding her hesitance, Waylen said hoarsely, "Don't worry, Rena. It won't hurt our baby."

His words were an attempt to alleviate his own anxieties. He had been unsettled by the prophecy and sought solace in the distraction of physical intimacy.

After a long while, Waylen lifted his head and leaned in to kiss her again.

Rena's body still trembled slightly, but she allowed him to continue, experiencing the passionate embrace together.

In the chill of the night, their fervent breath mingled, and they sought warmth in each other's arms.

Lying on his shoulder, Rena whispered, "Are you feeling better now?"

Waylen responded casually, but he leaned closer to her ear and gently asked, "Did you enjoy it just now?"

Rena blushed, too bashful to answer.

Waylen held her tightly, embracing her in silence. As Rena began to drift off to sleep, he whispered, "Rena, I love you."

His words carried a burning passion

that warmed her heart to its core.

Their wedding day was fast approaching, and the excitement in the air was palpable. With the help of Juliette and Cecilia, Rena felt at ease knowing that everything was being taken care of.

Her main focus now was on Alexis, their adorable daughter, whom she lovingly cared for.

Meanwhile, Waylen had his hands full with work

responsibilities.

However, he wanted to make sure to spare time to accompany Rena and Alexis after the wedding. Together, they would explore the city, creating beautiful memories as a family.

One day, while Waylen was engrossed in official business, Jazlyn walked into the room with a stack of financial reports.

Waylen, barely glancing at her, instructed, "Thank you. You may leave now."

Jazlyn hesitated, but didn't move.

Waylen eventually picked up the reports and realized they were from the Sterling Law Firm – the firm he had founded and was still the major shareholder of.

Waylen was taken aback.

He had left the legal profession three years ago.

He had intended to sell it off but had been too occupied to do so.

Leafing through the reports, memories of his legal career flooded his mind. "Make an announcement for me. If there is a suitable offer, sell it off."

Jazlyn nodded sadly.

Waylen had handled numerous sensational cases, both at home and abroad, and gained immense recognition and success. The cases were a testament to his dedication but also reminders of the heartache he endured.

Jazlyn sighed and left soon.

Waylen sat there quietly and looked through the financial reports. The reason why he made such a quick decision was actually influenced by the soothsayer's words.

Only he himself knew that he had won a good reputation and



skyrocketing commissions from those lawsuits.

The truth was... Those lawsuits witnessed the violation of his heart.

While grappling with emotions, Waylen received an unexpected call from a detention center.

The caller politely greeted him.

Suspecting it had to do with Elvira, Waylen found himself clenching the phone too hard.

The man paused for a moment and then asked, "Mr. Fowler, Miss Coleman wants to see you before she is executed. Is it convenient for you to see her?"

Waylen angrily replied, "She tried to killed my daughter. Do you think it's convenient for me to visit her?"

The caller apologized and hung up, understanding the sensitivity of the situation.

Frustrated, Waylen threw the phone away and lit a cigarette, seeking a momentary escape from his thoughts.

The fortune teller's words haunted him once again.

"Your character is exceedingly strong, which may at times endanger those around you. In the future, you will experience a rebirth, and only after that, you'll find solace and tranquility."

What did the 'rebirth' mean...

Waylen wasn't a believer in the past, but now he was in awe of such things.

While contemplating, he said to Jazlyn as soon as he finished smoking, "I intend to establish a charity foundation. Let's call it Exceed Foundation. Invest one billion in its incubation stage and maintain our focus on the orphaned children."

Jazlyn was a bit surprised at her boss' sudden whims.

However, she did not pry any further despite her curiosity.

She dutifully noted down his requirements to apply for the foundation.

Waylen then waved his hand for her to leave.

With the fortune teller's words still playing on his mind, he felt an urge to do more philanthropic work to bring good fortune to his loved ones. He leaned back in his chair, lost in thought, contemplating the meaning of the so-called "rebirth."

Later, Rena called about the wedding dress.

Waylen eagerly inquired, "Have you picked something out?" I'll pick you up this afternoon. I want to see you try it."

Rena replied, "I'm not being too picky. I'll take the chauffeur's car and meet you at the bridal shop." She revealed she had also chosen an exquisite dress for Alexis and sent Waylen a picture.

Waylen agreed.

He hung up the phone and soon received a picture.

The sight of the adorable bubble skirt brought a smile to his face as he imagined the beautiful family portraits they would take on their special day.

Imagining the portrait of taking wedding pictures of his family, Waylen felt soft in his heart. He replied, "It looks good. I'll pick you up first this afternoon, and then we'll pick up Alexis together."

## Chapter 266 Waylen, Don't Do It

The clock struck two in the afternoon as Waylen eagerly made his way back to the elegant villa to pick up Rena and then Alexis at the kindergarten.

At the kindergarten, Alexis' teacher greeted her with a warm smile. "Alexis, your parents are here to pick you up."

Sporting a charming floral dress, Alexis beamed with pride.

"My parents are going to take wedding photos, and so am I," she announced with excitement, earning chuckles from her classmates.

The teacher, couldn't help but laugh at Alexis adorable enthusiasm.

"Well then, let's get you to the wedding dress shop," she said, holding Alexis hand.

Waving goodbye to her teacher, Alexis cheerfully said, "See you tomorrow!"

As they all settled into the car, Alexis' curious eyes landed on Rena's belly. "Mom, when will my brother come out? Will he be born after I have a good sleep?" she inquired innocently.

Rena glanced at Waylen, unsure how to explain.

Waylen stepped in to answer, fastening his seatbelt. "Not quite, sweetheart. You'll have to wait a bit longer and get plenty of rest."

Alexis seemed a little disappointed, but she soon brightened up

again.

"The kids at kindergarten said their fathers plant radishes in their mothers' bellies. Did you do that too, Daddy?"

Rena instantly blushed when she heard this.

Waylen chuckled softly and looked at her through the rearview mirror.

"Well, planting radishes is just a funny story they made up."

As Rena's face got redder, he continued explaining, "When you're older, you'll understand."

Believing her father's words, Alexis settled back in her seat as they drove towards the high-end wedding dress shop.

Waylen and Rena exchanged warm glances, excited for the photo shoot and their future together as a family.

Arriving at the wedding dress shop, the manager greeted them with utmost professionalism.

"Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, we have specially prepared the venue exclusively for you and will provide the best service," he said graciously.

Waylen stepped out of the car, carrying Alexis in his arms.

The little girl's eyes were full of joy as she bounced along beside her mother.

Rena picked out a beautiful dress for Alexis, making her feel like a true princess.

On the second floor, they were led to the fitting rooms to try on their wedding attire.

Waylen quickly changed into a dashing black velvet tuxedo.

He looked so handsome and noble.



The striking appearance of his automatically earned admiring glances from the staff.

Sitting in the VIP area, Waylen waited patiently for Rena and Alexis to emerge. The first to come out was Alexis, looking like a little fairy in her champagne-colored bubble skirt. Her brown, curly hair was all fixed up with an adorable hair band, making her look more beautiful.

Alexis dressed so grand for the first time.

She blushed with embarrassment and sought comfort in her father's arms, feeling a bit overwhelmed by all the attention.

"She's so pretty, just like her mother," the service staff commented with admiration.

Waylen's heart swelled with love as he looked at the little girl he had raised with so much care. Taking Alexis hand, he walked with her to a full-length mirror.

"You're absolutely stunning, my dear.

And your dad is pretty handsome too," he said with a gentle smile.

Then, he watched her eyes light up with joy.

Meanwhile, Rena emerged from the fitting room, breathtakingly beautiful in her white wedding dress.

Waylen's breath caught in his throat as he admired her elegance and grace.

Despite seeing her in all sorts of sexy ways, her radiant smile made his heart skip a beat.

The top of her white wedding dress showed off her figure. Along the slender waist line, the hem was a delicate and gorgeous lace design.

Her long hair was gently rolled up, and the pearl earrings he gave her were on her ears.

She looked gentle and stunning.

"You look beautiful," Waylen murmured, caressing her neck lovingly.

Rena blushed, feeling her cheeks warm up.

Even the service staff couldn't help but blush at the intimate moment they witnessed.

Rena said softly, "We're not at home. You'd better restrain yourself."

Waylen smiled. With a lowered voice, he said, "I don't have to restrain myself at home. Do you mean that?"

She opened her mouth, unable to form any words at his snarky comment.

The photo shoot then began, capturing the essence of their love and happiness.

Waylen and Rena were lost in each other's eyes, as if the world around them ceased to exist. Their love radiated from the photographs, immortalizing their bond.

When the photoshoot ended, they took a moment to review the pictures. The photographer was in awe. "If Mr. Fowler weren't such a public figure, I would use these pictures for an advertisement. They are simply mesmerizing," he praised.

Waylen smiled modestly, thanking the photographer.

He then turned to Alexis and Rena, gently suggesting, "Why don't you go freshen up and change? I'll take you both out for a celebratory dinner."

Excited for the prospect of a meal outside, Alexis happily ran to

the fitting room to change. As they waited for Rena, the manager handed Alexis a ball to play with, keeping her entertained.

However, as time passed, Rena didn't emerge from the fitting room.

"Dad, the ball fell inside," Alexis came to Waylen and said with a frown.

Waylen began to feel uneasy.

"Rena, Rena," he called gently, knocking on the door.

There was no response, but he could hear the faint sound of a ball bouncing inside.

Worry gnawed at his heart, and he felt an ominous presence.

Waylen kicked the door open without hesitation.

The thick door faltered and slammed open.

The moment the door was opened, Waylen almost couldn't breathe... Two service staff members were tied up, their mouths gagged, while Rena was held hostage by Elvira, her former acquaintance, who brandished a knife against Rena's throat.

Waylen's voice was firm but laced with concern.

"Elvira, this isn't the way. Let Rena go, and we can find a solution together," he implored, trying to keep her engaged while contemplating his next move.

Elvira's eyes glinted with madness and desperation.

She ranted about her past grievances, claiming she had gone to extreme lengths just to see Waylen again.

"Bet you didn't expect to see me again, huh? I had to cut myself to get out of that shithole, to make them send me to the hospital..."

One little trick and here I am in front of you again," Elvira said hysterically.

All of a sudden, she shouted hysterically, "Waylen, you're so cruel. In order to save your precious daughter, you almost drained my blood. Do you know how painful it is when you lose a lot of blood and go into convulsions? You don't know, because you only love this bitch and her child."

Alexis, terrified, cried out for her mother.

"Alexis, go downstairs," Waylen commanded with a serious but gentle tone.

The little girl hesitated, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Waylen said gently, "Listen to dad, Alexis. It'll be alright."

With a trembling lip, the little girl looked at her mother. It hurt a lot to be strangled, but Rena tried to say in a calm voice, "Listen to you dad, honey."

Alexis took a few steps back and ran downstairs as her father instructed.

Elvira sneered. "That's very touching."

Waylen's fists clenched as he stared at Rena, and then turned his gaze to Elvira. He asked firmly, "What do you want?"

Elvira laughed hysterically, her emotions erratic. "What do I want?"

I want to go back to the past, Waylen. Can you forgive me? If you make up with me, I'll let her go," she said, her voice laced with desperation and longing.

Waylen's expression remained stoic as he responded, "Okay, I forgive you."

Elvira's eyes glinted with malice.



"You're lying. You just want to save this woman," she accused, tightening her grip on the blade.

Blood began to trickle, staining Rena's white wedding dress red.

Rena felt her throat constrict, afraid to make any sudden movements that might provoke Elvira.

She didn't even dare to breathe. If Elvira's blade had moved one inch down, she would have been dead. She didn't dare to call Waylen. She was afraid that Elvira would be irritated.

Elvira's laughter echoed cruelly. "In fact, I don't want to kill her. I only want you to suffer."

Eyes mad with anger, the woman took out a syringe from her pocket.

There was a yellowing reagent in it.

She threw it under Waylen's feet and said coldly, "Inject this reagent, and you will forget her, forget everything. This is a good thing. This shot will put an end to my pain. Because you will gradually forget Rena and your unforgettable memories."

After saying that, Elvira laughed crazily...

Waylen's face hardened, his heart aching at the prospect of losing his memories of Rena. Rena, in tears, begged him not to do it. "No. Don't do it. Don't do it."

Rena was not afraid that he would forget her.

She was afraid that it was actually poison and Waylen would die because of this.

"Don't move," Waylen instructed Rena with a determined gaze.

He needed to buy time, to keep Elvira engaged while he figured out a way to save them both.

Elvira was crazy. Rena would die if Elvira was stimulated. He loved Rena and their child. He couldn't let anything happen to Rena, even if he had to trade his life for hers.

He picked up the syringe, fully aware of the consequences. "I'll do it," he said resolutely.

Tears streaming down her face, Rena pleaded with him once more, but Elvira's sick game was far from over.

"Hurry up, or I'll kill her immediately. One, two, three!" Elvira shouted.

Waylen immediately took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves.

His arms were beautiful and strong. On countless nights, he held Rena in those arms, but now... The needle pierced into the flesh and the pale yellow liquid was injected slowly.

Everything seemed still.

In his world, there was only Rena's tearful eyes...

His heart ached at the thought of having to always make Rena sad.

Seeing her face filled with tears, his chest hurt even more. Even so, he thought that the pain he had to endure was nothing compared to the pain he had caused her over and over again.

In his mind, he murmured to himself, "Rena, that fortune teller said I might endanger those around me. I actually believe it. I have been on tenterhooks... But I didn't expect the separation to come so quickly.

Rena, if I really reincarnate and have my rebirth, I will definitely come back to you.

Don't cry, Rena.

Rena, I can't speak, but my mind is only filled with thoughts of

you.

"I love you."

Waylen's vision was blurred.

Gradually, his vision became blurred.

All of a sudden, the sound of gunshots filled the air, and Elvira fell to the ground.

The door was slowly being surrounded, and Rena was left standing amidst the bloodshed.

Waylen discarded the syringe, rushing to embrace Rena tightly, holding her as if his life depended on it.

"I'm fine. Waylen... I'm fine." Let's go to the hospital," Rena said, her voice trembling with worry.

Waylen nodded, guiding Rena to the first floor where Alexis was anxiously waiting.

Alexis sobbed, relieved to see her parents unharmed despite the blood on Rena's body. "It's okay, Alexis. Mommy is fine,"

Waylen reassured their daughter, his own voice hoarse and gentle.

Her mother's body was covered with blood, causing the little girl to widen her eyes in fear.

Korbyn and Juliette also rushed over to them, and Waylen let Juliette tend to Rena and Alexis while he and Korbyn headed to the top hospital in Duefron.

In the car, Korbyn inquired about what had happened.

Waylen leaned against the back of the chair and said in a low voice, "I don't know where Elvira got the injection. It will cause nerve damage."

Korbyn's voice trembled slightly. "Did you get the injection?"

Waylen didn't utter a word, but stared at his father quietly.

Waylen loved his wife and his child, but he made his parents worry about him.

Korbyn's heart broke at the news, but he was determined to stay strong for his son.

The driver drove fast and soon they arrived at the hospital.

Waylen had his blood drawn and tested.

At the hospital, the doctor delivered a grim diagnosis and requested to have a word alone with Korbyn.

Korbyn took a deep drag on his cigarette.

He said, "Let Waylen hear it, too. He's not weak. Whether it's good or not, he should be prepared."

The doctor was silent for a moment.

Pointing at the test report, he said, "This is the latest illegal reagent developed in Braseovell. It won't kill people, but it will damage the nerves, resulting in memory loss and migraines. As for how severe it will be... We need to observe."

Korbyn blinked and asked, "Is there any way to fix it?"

The doctor looked at Korbyn and shook his head slowly.

Korbyn raised his head, tears starting to form in his eyes.

He had been strong all his life and seldom cried, except when Alexis was born.

Now something happened to his son, who might not remember his parents or his wife and children in the future. How could he not be sad?





Compared to his reaction, Waylen was much calmer.

All of a sudden, Waylen remembered what Jarrod once said.

"In the future, you will experience a rebirth, and only after that, you'll find solace and tranquility."

He muttered softly, "Dad, I want to see Rena."

If fate had planned for him to forget her, he resolved to love her as much as he could when he still had the memories. He had a lot of things to tell her.

He wouldn't allow her to give up on them even if he lost his memory.

In the face of uncertainty, Waylen held onto his love for Rena, vowing to never give up on her, no matter what challenges life would throw their way.