

Chapter 209 Rena, Have A Baby For Me

The air was heavy with unease after their passionate encounter.

Waylen and Rena couldn't shake off the feeling of discomfort, particularly Rena, who believed such intensity was not suitable for them.

Nonetheless, they had succumbed to their desires.

A slight chill permeated Rena's body, and she felt unwell. She yearned for a shower, but Waylen held her back, pleading, "Stay with me a little longer."

Rena halted her movements, and he drew closer, pressing his lips against the back of her ear.

Emotionally, he whispered, "Don't be so distant with me, okay?"

Reaching over, he grabbed his suit pants from the edge of the bed, and a small box fell out.

Rena understood his intentions and rose to her feet, declaring, "I'm going to take a shower."

Waylen pulled her back, and she found herself enveloped in his embrace.

With a diamond ring in hand, he revealed, "52 carats. Do you like it?"

His gaze burned with intensity as he fixed his eyes on her.

yearned for a shower, but Waylen held her back, pleading, "Stay with me a little longer."

Rena halted her movements, and he drew closer, pressing his lips against the back of her ear.

Emotionally, he whispered, "Don't be so distant with me, okay?"

Reaching over, he grabbed his suit pants from the edge of the bed, and a small box fell out.

Rena understood his intentions and rose to her feet, declaring, "I'm going to take a shower."

Waylen pulled her back, and she found herself enveloped in his embrace.

With a diamond ring in hand, he revealed, "52 carats. Do you like it?"

His gaze burned with intensity as he fixed his eyes on her.

She accepted the ring and gently slid it onto her middle finger. Of course, it was not the perfect fit.

She smiled and remarked, "It's too small, not quite suitable."

Waylen's eyes deepened. "Perhaps it'll fit your ring finger. Give it a try."

Rena recognized this as a rare display of flattery from him. If she were sensible, she would accept his gesture happily and marry him with joy.

But that was the old Rena.

Before that fateful Valentine's Day, she would have never refused him when he presented the diamond ring for her ring finger.

Yet, now, although Waylen retained his charm, her feelings toward him had changed.

Rena contemplated declining, but the memory of their passionate encounter lingered, and she didn't voice her refusal.

Besides, she recalled that he hadn't used a condom in the

heat of the moment. Worried, she decided to purchase contraception herself.

She placed the ring back in the box and closed it.

After a moment of silence, she spoke up. "I'm not in the safe period."

Waylen immediately understood her concern. A flush crept up his handsome face, and he coughed awkwardly before responding, "No need to take birth control pills. I didn't come inside you..."

Rena remained concerned.

Although she wasn't particularly religious, she believed that if she were to become pregnant, it would be fate, and she would embrace it.

Clearly, Waylen didn't want her to take medication, so she would acquire it herself.

Gently, he pressed her, eventually succumbing to her wishes. "I'll buy it for you."

Rena nodded gratefully and politely replied, "Thank you."

Waylen chuckled, his frustration apparent.

While getting dressed, he pinched her chin and grumbled, "Sometimes I feel like you deny yourself the pleasure you experience during sex. You're one way during the act and another way afterward."

He expressed his frustration crudely.

Rena refused to be taken advantage of.

She lifted the quilt in front of him and headed for the bathroom,

declaring, "I don't deny it. It's indeed very pleasurable."

Her actions and words fueled Waylen's desire for her even more.

This woman...

He completed dressing, grabbed his wallet, and left to buy the necessary medication.

When he returned, Rena had already taken a bath and attended to herself. Standing by the French window, she gazed outside.

Waylen closed the door behind him, poured her a glass of warm water, retrieved a pill, and handed it to her.

Rena swallowed the pill with a mixture of water, finding it somewhat bitter. Waylen embraced her gently, whispering into her ear, "Rena, am I not worth another chance? Have I been sentenced to death in your heart?"

Rena was taken aback, and as she swallowed the water and pill, she experienced a pang of bitterness.

Waylen held her tenderly, his fingers caressing the soft flesh behind her ear, as he softly added, "I want to be a father, Rena. I don't care much about the gender, but it'll be better if it is a girl. She'd better get your brown hair and unlined face. We'll raise her as a princess and won't let anyone bully her."

Rena's body stiffened.

"Have a baby for me, Rena. I long for it with all my heart."

In this tender moment, Waylen's phone rang.

It was Korbyn, speaking in a stern tone.

"Waylen, return to Duefron immediately.

Cecilia has tried to take her own life. She took three sleeping pills and your mother is distraught."

"Why? What happened?" "Harold is having an affair, and that woman came to us."

Waylen felt helpless.

Had taking three sleeping pills even passed as an attempt at suicide?

However, this matter needed to be resolved. Waylen had a hunch that Rena was somehow involved in the matter, even if his father hadn't explicitly mentioned it.

He lit a cigarette and sighed. "I have to go back to Duefron."

Rena overheard the conversation.

Given her deep affection for Cecilia, she suggested, "You should stay with her."

Waylen paused, his gaze fixed on Rena as a faint smile appeared on his lips. After a long while, he inquired, "You care about her so much, don't you?"

Rena opted not to respond. She lay down on the bed, closing her eyes.

Fatigue washed over her, causing her to appear particularly vulnerable.

Waylen couldn't help but kiss her and complain in a low voice, "We've done it a little too much and my legs are a little weak."

Rena was so angry that she threw a pillow to him.

Waylen chuckled and put his hand into the quilt to tease her. "Don't be goody-two-shoes. You were also very comfortable, but you have to pretend that you don't care about it. Just admit it, where else can you enjoy a handsome man like me?"

He hadn't talked to her like this for a long time. At this moment, they seemed to go back to the past.

Rena was in a trance.

Unable to resist, Waylen leaned in and kissed her, murmuring softly, "I'm leaving.

Don't meet Tyrone."

Waylen boarded a private plane and returned to Duefron.

Upon entering the Fowler residence, he sensed the oppressive atmosphere that had settled in.

When his mother, the beautiful and affectionate Juliette, caught sight of him, she approached as though she had found a savior and whispered, "Go and persuade your little sister. She hasn't eaten anything all day and has even taken three sleeping pills."

Waylen comforted his mother, assuring her, "It's okay. I'll go check on her."

Tears welled up in Juliette's eyes as she nodded.

While making his way upstairs, she stopped him, as if on the verge of saying something, but ultimately remained silent.

Waylen understood what Juliette wanted to convey.

He smiled and reassured her, "Mom, I'll explain everything to Dad later." With that, Waylen ascended to the second floor.

Pushing the door open, he found Cecilia lying on the bed, covering her head with a quilt.

He sat on the edge of the bed, attempting to pull the quilt away, but she resisted.

He then playfully teased his sister. "Taking three sleeping pills and not dying? What a survivor you are! But don't suffocate yourself now. If news of such a twist were to spread, it would bring shame to the Fowler family."

Cecilia emerged from beneath the quilt, throwing her arms around her brother.

Waylen understood her distress, gently caressing her head and saying softly, "Are you attempting to harm yourself or just trying to act like a spoiled child?"

In his embrace, Cecilia uttered softly, "Waylen, you're wicked."

"What's wicked about me?"

"Rena had a relationship with Harold, and you didn't tell me. You even date her and want to marry her."

Waylen reclined against the headboard, gently caressing his sister's head, as a mischievous smile adorned his face.

"They did have a relationship, but it doesn't count. Rena's first man was me."

Cecilia remained skeptical. "So, you meant to say that they weren't in a real relationship because they didn't have sex?"

Waylen adopted an "of course" expression, emphasizing, "A shared meal doesn't equate to a relationship. By that logic, is Dad in a relationship with the servants he dines with?"

Cecilia was left speechless, unable to counter his argument.