

Chapter 425 Cecilia's Pregnancy

Enveloped by the dim light in the parking lot, Edwin held Waylen's leg and was acting like a spoiled child.

So Waylen picked him up.

Rena smiled at him and gave him some cake. Edwin responded by kissing her softly on the cheek.

Rena had a striking resemblance to him and Mark, so Edwin liked her very much.

Rena, on her part, considered him very cute and she couldn't help but ruffle his hair affectionately.

With Edwin in his arms, Waylen went over to the porch. Cecilia, his dear younger sister, was waiting for him, with a familiar expression on her bright face.

Ever since she was a child, she had usually had such an expression on her face when she had made mistakes.

Waylen pocketed his car key and snorted, "Why do you look so guilty?"

Cecilia said nothing, but she took his bag from him.

Waylen stared at her warily. He knew she had been up to something and he wanted to know what it was.

"Don't be so harsh," Rena cautioned when she noticed that he might scold Cecilia. "Remember, you're her big brother."

Waylen laughed at this.

He set Edwin down on the ground and pinched Rena's face. "You're acting like an angel, but I'm the devil now, right?" he said teasingly.

But Rena shook off his hand.

Then she turned her attention to Cecilia and sighed. There were mixed feelings in her heart.

She knew that Cecilia had signed the divorce agreement with Mark, but Cecilia knew nothing about Mark's current condition.

Rena cared a lot about the both of them.

Mark was the precious family member she cherished so much, while Cecilia, with whom she had been together for many years, was just like her own sister.

No one could wish to see them happy again as much as Rena did.

But she just couldn't say anything to Cecilia right now.

Cecilia, on the other hand, took her hand and whispered in her ear, "Don't be angry with me, please."

Rena felt her heart so soft around Cecilia that she couldn't even think of being angry.

"How can I be angry with you?" she said with a faint smile.

Seeing this happy scene playing out in front of him, Waylen caressed Rena's back and said, "It's still a while before dinner. You can have a little talk with her. I have something to discuss with Dad."

"Okay," Rena nodded.

Then Waylen and Korbyn went upstairs to the second floor.

They entered the study and Waylen closed the door behind them. Then he leaned against it and lit a cigarette.

"Dad, what happened? Is there something urgent?" he asked as he smoked.

Korbyn remained silent with a somber expression on his face.

Waylen stared at him quietly for a moment. Then he walked over and poured a cup of tea for his father.

In an effort to cheer up his father, he said, "Dad, are you still worried about Cecilia? I think she's fine now. She won't have to worry about getting married in the future. The worst-case scenario is that we will take care of her for the rest of her life. And we can actually afford to do that."

But Korbyn glared at him and sneered, "You're all so very upbeat and optimistic now, aren't you? Why weren't you so carefree and calm when Rena didn't want you? Who went drunk and kept making a scene back then?"

Waylen was smart enough to know when he had been defeated. And this was one such moment. But his father's tone suggested that there was something else that was more serious which he wanted to tell him.

He took a sip of his tea and then he asked, "Dad, what happened?"

Korbyn cleared his throat awkwardly and said, "Cecilia is pregnant."

Waylen's jaw dropped in shock. He stood there staring at his father in astonishment until the cigarette between his fingers started burning his skin; that was when he

recovered his senses and quickly put it out.

There was total silence in the study as both men looked at each other. They just didn't know what to say to each other.

After a while, Korbyn broke the silence by saying, "Waylen, you and Cecilia both have both experienced a tumultuous emotional life, but looks like it didn't get in your way of becoming parents! Look at Rena! And now your sister's pregnant again!"

Still shell-shocked, Waylen didn't respond until quite a while later. "Dad, what did you just say?"

Korbyn repeated his words in an impatient tone.

But Waylen was still so shaken by the news his father had just given him that he reached out into the ashtray and took out the cigarette butt he had thrown there and lit it again. When Korbyn didn't get any response from his son, he teased him by saying, "Even if you siblings go on to have many more children, you don't need to be so frugal. I'm sure we can afford to raise more."

"He has a rather strong reproductive capacity!" Waylen sneered, referring to Mark.

Korbyn shrugged and stood up. "I'm sure you're not bad either, Waylen," he said, patting him on the shoulder. "Find a timing to tell Rena about this. I know it's not easy for her to get stuck in such an awkward situation. Don't take it out on her, okay?"

"How dare I?" Waylen chuckled.

Then they left the study and went downstairs together.

It was already time for dinner, and the family had gathered together. Waylen constantly stole glances at Cecilia as his

mind focused on nothing else but the sticky situation at hand.

Cecilia lowered her head when she noticed his glances.

Before long, Rena had also noticed.

After dinner, when she got in the car with Waylen, she complained bitterly, "Cecilia is going through a lot in her marriage. Why are you still so merciless enough to keep glancing at her like that?"

Though he was in a bad mood, Waylen had no choice but to be gentle with Rena.

He fastened the seat belt for her and said, "Am I merciless? This is how I've always been since childhood."

Rena didn't say anything in response.

Waylen gently touched her belly and went on in a softer tone, "I guess it's because you've compared my attitude towards you with how I behave to her, and that's why you think I'm harsh. You have to remember that I'm her brother, but I'm your husband. My behavior depends on the relationship I have with the individual I'm interacting with."

"And by the way, remember I've always told you that you're constantly being jealous of Cecilia? Yes, you are," he added teasingly.

Rena couldn't stand his cheekiness.

She kept her gaze straight ahead and said, "Let's go home."

"Okay," Waylen nodded in agreement.

It was 8 p.m. when they finally arrived at the villa.

The domestic staff had taken good care of the children.

Leonel was helping Marcus read some children's books while Alexis was dressed in a beautiful attire and playing the piano.

Young as she was, she played the instrument very well.

When they noticed the arrival of their parents, Alexis left the piano behind and jumped into Waylen's embrace with a joyful squeal. She was her father's favorite one and he never tired of being with her. He gave her a kiss on her forehead and asked, "Did you miss Daddy?"

"Yes!" she declared and insisted that Waylen should carry her. She was always trying to act like a spoiled child around her father.

"Daddy misses you too," Waylen said as he took her back to the piano. "Come on, I want you to continue playing the piano."

Alexis was surprised.

Before she could say anything, her father kissed her again and turned his attention to his son. After playing with Marcus for a while, he carried Leonel up the stairs, intending to go to the study with him. But Rena called after him, "Waylen!"

Waylen stopped on the staircase and turned to look at her. "What? I'm cultivating Leonel."

Rena knew she wouldn't be able to change his mind on this matter, so she could only smile pitifully at Leonel.

The boy's face turned red, but he quietly allowed Waylen to take him upstairs.

Meanwhile, Rena sat down to play the piano with Alexis.

But there was something weighing on her mind. She was worried about her uncle's condition and also about Cecilia.

So she didn't notice when Alexis made several mistakes while playing.

After a while, the little girl stopped playing the piano and leaned against Rena's chest, stroking her belly in curiosity.

Later, Marcus came over and snuggled with them.

Rena accompanied her children.

It was 10 p.m. Time to go to bed.

When Rena later returned to the master bedroom, she didn't see Waylen there. So she went to the study to look for him.

The door of the study was half closed and a faint yellow light spilled out from the room.

Waylen was standing by the window, smoking. He had opened the window, so the smell of smoke inside the study wasn't too strong.

Rena stood outside for a while and then decided to walk in.

Still thinking about Cecilia's pregnancy, Waylen didn't notice Rena's presence until a pair of soft hands hugged him from behind. "Have the children all gone to bed?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

Rena nodded.

Then she inquired about how his coaching of Leonel was going.

"He's really a smart child," Waylen shrugged.

After a while, he murmured absentmindedly, "What a pity!"

Rena was still holding him in her arms. She inhaled his scent and asked softly, "Waylen, you have something on your mind, don't you? Are you worried about Uncle Mark's health?"

Waylen didn't answer the question. He simply put out the cigarette in his hand.

After a while, he turned around and gently cradled Rena in his arms.