

Chapter 433 Cecilia's Question

In the plush confines of the black limousine, Cecilia and Waylen occupied the back seat side by side.

Cecilia clung to one side of the car and remained silent.

After an extended silence, Waylen, her brother, couldn't help but steal a glance at her. "You know I don't bite, right?"

Cecilia inched closer, until she was right next to him.

Waylen gently cradled her head, resting it on his shoulder.

In the dimly lit car, they were the sole occupants of the back seat, as if they had retreated to their childhood sanctuary.

At that moment, the entire world consisted only of the two of them.

Waylen longed to speak, but after careful contemplation, he held back his words.

Cecilia misunderstood his silence.

She raised her head, her eyes searching his face. "Waylen, are you mad at me? I won't meet him alone again," she said earnestly.

Waylen replied, his voice hoarse, "Silly girl!"

How could he be angry with her?

He was simply consumed by worry, imagining how heartbroken she would be upon learning about Mark's serious illness.

Yes, even though their relationship seemed to have reached an

impasse, Waylen had never doubted her love for Mark.

By destiny, Rena and Mark could really be the death of the Fowlers siblings.

Waylen had never been one to hesitate.

However, this matter had left him in constant turmoil, unable to reach a decision.

During the quiet hours of the night, Waylen smoked in his study.

Suddenly, the closed door creaked open, allowing a sliver of light to filter in from outside.

He assumed it was Rena.

To his surprise, it was a small figure with a head of brown, curly hair.

Waylen extinguished the cigarette and patted his thigh gently. "You have trouble falling asleep? Do you want Daddy to hold you?" he asked in a soft, soothing voice.

Wrapped in her white comfort blanket, Alexis hurried barefoot into Waylen's embrace. She whispered, "Mommy is feeding Elva. Marcus is hungry, too!"

Waylen understood her the best.

He affectionately rubbed her nose and teased, "Are you feeling hungry for Mommy's milk too?"

Alexis was in high spirits; she lifted her head and proudly declared, "I am not! I'm a big girl now! I'm already seven years old!"

Waylen gently touched her hair.

He was well aware of Alexis' longing for her mother's milk.

Having spent the first two years of her life in the sterile lab environment, she hadn't tasted much milk, let alone a mother's

nourishing natural kind. The only thing she had was the bland, artificial nutritional fluid provided during those years.

The thought softened Waylen's expression, making it even gentler than the serene night outside.

Meanwhile, Alexis kept babbling away.

Waylen scooped her up and headed towards the nursery, and Alexis wrapped her arms around Waylen's neck.

His Alexis was undeniably adorable.

Marcus was not in the room when he entered the nursery, and Rena was still nursing Elva.

Elva's hair was gently tousled, and her dark eyes sparkled brightly.

She was clinging to her mother's breast.

Upon noticing her father's arrival, Elva loosened her hold and grinned up at him.

Of course, Waylen was also fond of her.

He gently settled Alexis in Rena's arms and picked up Elva, stating, "I'll change her diaper."

Rena didn't question his motives.

Alexis was too embarrassed to drink, and as Waylen observed Alexis' hesitation, he leaned close to Rena's ear and whispered, "Don't let it go to waste."

Rena grasped his underlying message.

A flush of embarrassment colored Rena's cheeks. After all, Alexis was no longer a baby.

"Waylen!" she couldn't help but exclaim softly.

Waylen simply turned away, feigning indifference, and changed

Elva's diaper at a deliberate pace. In the end, as Rena embraced her older child in her lap, she had no choice but to let Alexis nurse.

Rena actually felt a bit embarrassed.

After soothing the children, they returned to the master bedroom.

Seated at the dressing table, Rena applied her skincare products. Waylen teased her incessantly, but she chose to ignore him. Finally, he draped himself against her back, his arms encircling her slender waist, and softly inquired, "Are you upset with me?"

Rena turned her head and retorted, "What do you think?"

As Waylen caught a whiff of her fragrance, he couldn't resist leaning in and biting her.

"Alexis hadn't tasted your milk yet! Your breast milk disappeared so soon after giving birth to Marcus. She didn't get the chance," Waylen explained.

Rena countered, "And who's to blame for that?"

Waylen knew it wasn't easy to placate Rena, so he apologized softly, "It's all my fault!"

Rena kept silent and continued to apply her skincare products.

Their life was peaceful now. They didn't have to keep bringing up what had happened in the past.

Later, as they both felt provoked, their intimacy unfolded naturally, and they had intercourse.

Consumed by overwhelming lust, Rena stroked Waylen's face and asked in a low voice, "What's bothering you?"

Waylen didn't reply; instead, he covered her body with his.

He dipped his head and kissed his wife passionately, their lips

locked for an extended moment.

After a while, he rolled to his side.

Rena mirrored his movement, her fingers gently caressing his face. "Are you worried about Uncle Mark?"

Waylen lay on his back and gazed at the ceiling. After a brief pause, he responded softly, "The results of his latest medical examination aren't promising. The doctors have to devise a new treatment plan for him."

He turned to look at her and continued, "Rena, the treatment is bound to be excruciating."

He couldn't help but entwine his fingers with hers.

Waylen cherished Rena deeply. Yet, due to what happened to Mark and Cecilia, he feared what might transpire between them.

At times, he would dream that he had been separated from Rena.

However, when he woke up, he'd find her safe and sound, sheltered under his watchful care.

Rena was taken aback.

She had been his wife for a long time, so naturally, she knew exactly what he was thinking even though he didn't say anything.

After a prolonged silence, Rena whispered, "Are you planning to tell Cecilia?"

Waylen stayed silent, his gaze fixed on her with profound intensity.

"I don't think it's wise," Rena said softly. "Cecilia is five months pregnant now. Moreover, her relationship with Uncle Mark has evolved... Waylen, if he doesn't recover, how will Cecilia cope with the future?"

Her question tormented Waylen, stirring a mixture of

tenderness and sorrow within him.

He understood that Rena faced greater difficulty in this situation than he did.

So he enveloped her in his arms and murmured in her ear, "Rena, I understand you're doing this for Cecilia's sake, but... If he really couldn't make it, it could be Cecilia's lifelong regret. Yes, the challenges in the future might be daunting for them, but Rena, could you offer them the chance to stand by each other? Perhaps this will be the last time that Cecilia can be with Mark."

His words hinted at Mark's deteriorating condition.

For a moment, Rena was left stunned by his underlying message.

A chilling sensation enveloped her, sending shivers down her spine. She stayed silent but wept quietly in Waylen's arms.

Waylen's voice emerged hoarse, laden with emotion. "He said every bullet has its billet, but I don't believe he'll just give up like that. He's not a weak man."

Rena listened quietly.

She could still vividly recall the first call she received from Mark in Heron.

He had said, "Rena, I'm your uncle."

At that moment, Rena understood that Waylen had made his decision.

She knew he now bore the responsibility for the Fowler family. Even Korbyn and Juliette respected his choices, almost entirely deferring to his authority.

In a hushed tone, Rena asked, "So, will you talk to her, or should I?"

"I'll handle it," he replied, gently kissing her, preventing her tears

from falling further.

The next morning, Waylen appeared at the Fowler's villa.

As Cecilia descended the stairs, she found Waylen sitting on the sofa, calmly sipping his coffee.

Hearing her footsteps, Waylen said indifferently, "You missed your prenatal check-up yesterday. I'll accompany you today."

Cecilia thought it was unnecessary to bother her brother, so she replied, "Ross will come with me!"

Waylen glanced at her and scolded, "Aren't you afraid that others will think you have married an old man?"

Ross touched his nose and retorted, "Mr. Evans isn't really much younger than me. He just takes good care of himself and looks youthful!"

Cecilia burst into laughter.

She affectionately looped her arm through Ross' and teased, "When we get to the hospital, I might just refer you as my Dad!"

Korbyn nearly choked on his daughter's words.

The Fowler family erupted into laughter.

Amidst the laughter, only Waylen stood alone, his face wearing a severe, indescribable expression, a detail not lost on Korbyn.

He understood his son all too well.

Korbyn soon ceased his laughter, realizing something was amiss.

Once in the car, Waylen closed his eyes, seeking a moment's rest.

Cecilia remained silent, afraid her words might provoke him further.

She sensed that something was amiss with Waylen today.

Upon reaching the hospital, Waylen suddenly instructed Ross, "Drive to the inpatient department. Let's visit Rena's uncle."

Cecilia bit her lips and hesitated before asking, "But why should we visit him?"

Waylen stayed composed and said calmly, "He's been in the hospital for four months. He's family, and we should at least pay him a visit, right?"

Four months?

When the image of Mark's frail body and pallid face flashed in her mind, Cecilia instinctively clenched her hand.

It took her a while to regain her voice. "Waylen, what happened to him?"