

Chapter 287 Rena, How Long Are You Gonna Giv...

After their brief conversation on the phone, Rena finally hung up and took charge of the workers.

Within half a day, a suite was fully arranged.

Exhausted, Rena leaned against the sofa to catch her breath.

The solitude of the afternoon made her yearn for Waylen even more.

She couldn't help but open the diary he had left for her and read it carefully.

Her eyes filled with tears as she thought of him.

She missed him deeply.

She missed their relationship, and all the moments they had shared together.

In the late afternoon, around four o'clock, the sleek black Maybach slowly pulled up. Waylen opened the door and stepped out of the car.

Korbyn and Juliette had taken the children out, leaving the villa very quiet. Waylen stopped a servant and asked in a hoarse voice, "Where is my wife"

The servant was aware of their quarrel and hesitated before answering, "She's upstairs."

Waylen nodded and made his way slowly to the upper floor.

He was still dressed in the same clothes he wore a few days ago, appearing neat but in need of a shower. However, before freshening up, he wanted to see Rena.

Finding her was no trouble.

In the dim light, he spotted Rena lying on the sofa, asleep and looking incredibly soft.

As he got closer, he noticed tear stains in the corners of her eyes.

Did she cry?

A pang of guilt washed over him. He placed a gentle hand on her side and leaned down, intending to kiss her...

But Rena stirred awake.

Her long eyelashes fluttered, and when she met his gaze, she seemed to regain her composure. She sat up, her tone carrying a hint of coldness. "You're back."

Waylen felt the distance in her voice.

Then, he surveyed their surroundings.

The bedroom had been well-decorated, suggesting that she planned to stay here for a while. Lowering his head, he whispered, "You're angry with me, but you don't want to leave, do you? The fact that you haven't moved out means you still care about our marriage."

Rena closed the book slowly, a sneer playing on her lips.

"Mr. Fowler, don't flatter yourself. I only stayed in this marriage for the children. Have you forgotten about Alexis' condition?"

Waylen was taken aback.

Alexis had autism, so Rena just stayed for their daughter sake?

"That's it. You can leave now,"

Rena said softly, acting as if he was a complete stranger.

But just a few days ago, in his car, she had a different expression on her face. "Waylen, I want to kiss you," she had said with intoxication in her eyes.

Waylen couldn't bring himself to leave.

Instead, he held onto Rena's wrist, preventing her from escaping. He still wanted to kiss her, but as he leaned in, she turned her face away.

"Don't touch me," she said firmly.

Despite her resistance, Waylen was persistent.

However, Rena suddenly froze and then plucked a long black hair from his shoulder with her slender fingers.

The hair didn't belong to Rena.

Looking at the strand, his brows immediately furrowed.

He hadn't been involved with any other woman. The only time he could think of was when Mavis hugged him unexpectedly at the hospital.

Could it have come from her?

Rena's smile turned cold. "It's disgusting."

She couldn't believe that Waylen would fall for Mavis' shameless trick to sabotage their relationship.

She let out a sigh, clearly tired of dealing with all of this.

Noticing the weariness etched between her eyebrows, Waylen tried to comfort her, "I don't know when I got that hair. Trust me, I haven't done anything to hurt you or the children."

His mention of the children was a smart move to appeal to her emotions.

But Rena couldn't help but sneer.

Waylen wanted to kiss her, hoping to dispel the indifferent look in her eyes, as if she was on the verge of giving up on him.

But instead, her hand landed with a loud slap on his face.

Her hand stung from the impact, but she couldn't bear to look at him. "Get out."

Waylen was stunned.

When he regained his composure, his face darkened. He stared at her, saying each word with intensity, "Rena, that's a life."

Rena closed her eyes, her voice sounding ethereal.

"Her life is important. But doesn't my life and Alexis' life matter too?"

She chuckled softly.

"Waylen, do you think I'm cold-blooded? Let me tell you my real thoughts. I really want her to die. If she died, she wouldn't..." Rena murmured, her eyes filled with intensity.

"Rena!"

Waylen's voice was stern, cutting her off. He couldn't allow her to continue down that dark path.

But Rena seemed undeterred.

In a harsh tone despite the gentleness in her voice, she said, "She'd better not play tricks again, otherwise... Mr. Fowler, I don't mind challenging the law."

Waylen's heart raced, realizing the depth of her anger and

frustration.

He looked at her, trying to understand the real her. After a moment, he whispered, "Rena, who are you really? Look at yourself. You're not gentle at all."

In response, Rena threw a magazine at him and retorted, "Then you can treat me as a bad woman."

Waylen gritted his teeth, feeling the tension between them.

He decided to leave, and as he slammed the door behind him, Rena's words echoed in his mind.

Back in the master bedroom, he took a shower to calm himself.

As he removed his coat, he thought about the hair on it.

Without hesitation, he discarded the coat into the trash can.

But when he opened the closet in the cloakroom, he was taken aback. Half of the closet, where their clothes used to hang together, was now empty. The absence of her beautiful dresses made him realize the depth of the divide between them.

Rena had moved all her things away, leaving only his suits and shirts behind.

At that moment, Waylen's realization hit him like a wave crashing onto the shore. Rena wasn't joking.

Yes, she was still living under the same roof as the Fowler family.

However, their marriage had become nothing more than a facade, held together only by their two children.

As he washed his face and shaved, he couldn't help but touch his own reflection in the mirror.

He silently wondered if Rena still felt anything when she looked at him.

Despite residing in the same house, they barely crossed paths.

Rena deliberately avoided him, retreating to her own space whenever he spent time with Alexis.

Even during Marcus' nursing sessions, she politely asked him to leave, treating him like a stranger.

One night, Waylen offered to prepare milk for Alexis.

As he pushed the door open, he saw Rena sitting there, calm and composed. The soft glow of the light accentuated her features.

Alexis nestled in her mother's arms, listening intently as Rena read fairy tales with a soothing voice.

Rena's voice was sweet and slightly hoarse, reminding Waylen of the intimate and romantic nights they once shared, when she would whisper softly under his touch.

His Adam's apple bobbed as these memories flooded his mind. Trying to regain composure, he gently handed Alexis the feeding bottle, allowing Rena to continue the tender moment with their daughter.

Alexis drank more than half the bottle.

Afterwards, her drowsiness became evident.

Rena's voice grew softer.

She continued to hum a lullaby, lulling Alexis to sleep.

In the middle of the night, as Rena gently patted Alexis' shoulder and continued humming, Waylen leaned over and whispered, "She's asleep."

Rena gently laid Alexis down in her princess bed and planted a loving kiss on her forehead before getting out of bed.

She then headed to the next room to check on Marcus.

The baby was sleeping soundly in the nursery, with two nannies taking turns to watch over him at night. Rena glanced at her son, reassured by his peaceful slumber, before leaving the room. Waylen followed closely behind her, and in the quiet corridor, he reached out and took her hand, gently pinning her against the wall.

"Rena, how long are you going to give me the cold shoulder?"

I told you. Nothing happened between me and her," he implored.

Rena placed her hand on his shoulder and gently pushed him away. She continued walking towards her bedroom.

But Waylen didn't give up. Instead, he grabbed her wrist once more.

"Let's talk," he urged.

Rena halted, her slender figure looking frail in the dim light.

In just a few days, she seemed to have lost a significant amount of weight.

It was evident she no longer resembled a woman who had given birth just two months ago.

Her voice was hoarse as she said, "What else is there to talk about? I've been rejecting and despising Mavis ever since she appeared. If you truly cared for me and considered me your wife, you wouldn't have made such a decision."

With those words, went straight to her bedroom.

She softly closed the door behind her, leaving Waylen standing there, feeling deeply unsettled.

Chapter 288 Mrs. Fowler, You're Having Too Much...

The following morning, Waylen and Rena were the only ones in the dining room.

The servant informed them, "Mr. Fowler and Mrs. Fowler went out with the children."

Waylen knew that his parents intended to give them some alone time. He turned to Rena and suggested, "There's a concert at two o'clock in the afternoon. Marcus has been nursed. Shall we go to the concert together?"

Rena ate quietly, taking her time.

After a while, she replied softly, "I'd rather stay home."

Waylen observed her face and said, "The snow has stopped outside. Wouldn't you like to go out and take a look?"

"Not really," Rena responded, keeping her distance.

Waylen was taken aback after being given the cold shoulder.

He was used to being the center of attention, a pampered prince in his wealthy family. No woman had ever given him the cold shoulder before.

Yet, this woman treated him so indifferently.

Feeling a bit embarrassed, he decided not to press the issue further and thought of visiting his study upstairs later.

As he was about to get up, his phone started ringing.

It was Mavis calling.

Waylen hesitated, glancing at Rena before choosing to ignore the call.

The phone rang again.

Once more, he ignored it and softly said to Rena, "I won't contact her again, but only after I make sure she's safe."

Rena calmly put down her knife and fork, fixing her gaze on him. "Why did you remove her number from your blacklist? Can't you bear to let her go?"

"Rena!"

"Waylen, if she slipped down at the foot of the mountain this time, she might jump off a building next time. If you don't answer her calls, she'll find another way to reach you. Then you'll go back to her again, saying it's a life after all," Rena said with a faint smile.

"If she succeeds once, she'll go on and use this trick every time."

Rena didn't want to say anything more. She stood up and returned to the bedroom to immerse herself in a captivating book.

At noon, she skipped lunch with Waylen.

In the afternoon, Rena retreated to the basement home gym for a yoga session, pushing her body to the limit, drenched in sweat.

Waylen stood at the door, holding her phone. "You have a phone call."

Rena, stretching her legs, walked over to him and thanked him for the message.

It was Vera who called Rena.

Vera had heard some intriguing gossip from unknown sources and invited her friend for a small gathering.

Rena was feeling a bit lethargic.

Vera leaned on Roscoe's shoulder, gently caressed his prominent nose, and inquired, "Just some old friends. You're the most well-off among us right now, with a couple hundred billion dollars, a son, and a daughter... Just come along. There's even a mysterious special guest."

Rena was amused. "Who is it? Who's so important?"

Vera playfully refused to divulge any details.

Rena wiped her sweat with a towel and said, "Alright, I'll come. Is it the same club as before?"

Vera affirmed with wit, adding in a hushed tone, "Dress up nicely. It's going to be worth it."

Rena couldn't help but laugh.

After so many years, Rena cherished having a friend like Vera by her side.

Ending the call with a cheerful mood, Rena's expression changed when she noticed Waylen's darkened face.

Though he couldn't hear the conversation clearly, he understood that it was a social event.

Leaning against the treadmill, he said unhappily, "You weren't free to attend the concert with me, but now Vera asks you to have fun, and you're available? I'm going with you."

Continuing her running, Rena replied lightly, "Vera didn't invite you."

"You can take me there."

Rena simply smiled, making her intentions clear.

Waylen stared at her for a few seconds, his emotions swirling within.

Then he turned around and left, his temper evident.

At seven o'clock in the evening, Rena was ready to head out.

Unexpectedly, Waylen suddenly swung open the bedroom door and fixed his gaze upon her.

She was donning a stunning golden dress with delicate shoulder straps.

No silk stockings adorned her legs, which were elegantly slender and straight.

Matching fur coat and heels of the same color as her dress elevated her appearance.

Tonight, Rena exuded an unparalleled radiance.

Waylen's Adam's apple bobbed slightly as he said in a hoarse and low voice, "Let me drive you there."

"No, thanks. Ross is waiting for me."

"Are you sure you want to attend the party dressed like this? Rena, you have a husband."

Rena lowered her eyes and let out a smile.

Husband? Did he genuinely consider her his wife?

In his eyes, she was nothing more than a skilled lover in bed or the perfect daughter-in-law for the Fowler family. Their relationship had nothing to do with love.

Without hesitation, she turned around and walked away.

As she entered the car, Ross couldn't help but compliment, "Mrs. Fowler, you look stunning tonight."

"I'm attending a party," Rena replied absentmindedly.

Half an hour later, they arrived at the Mellowny Club.

Rena opened the door to the small banquet hall and confirmed that Vera's words were true.

Numerous old friends of theirs were present, creating an atmosphere suitable for relaxation and enjoyment.

In high spirits, Rena removed her coat and settled into a corner sofa, engaging in conversation with Vera.

Regardless of Rena's low-key demeanor, all eyes were drawn to her.

They marveled at her social status.

Aside from that, they were also curious about her marriage with Waylen.

Vera, too, was aware of the situation with Mavis. She leaned closer to Rena and whispered, "What if we... you know, get rid of her?"

Amidst the luxurious lighting, Rena raised her goblet.

Then, she swirled the golden champagne inside of it.

After a moment, she flicked her long brown hair and replied with a smile, "Let's wait for her to be released from the hospital."

In that moment, the atmosphere felt electric...

Vera was whisked away to the bathroom by Roscoe for an intimate moment, leaving Rena alone to bask in the ambiance.

"Rena!" a voice called out.

A slender figure appeared before Rena, and his voice sounded familiar.

Rena lifted her head and saw Harold standing there.

It had been a long time since they last saw each other...

Harold tilted his chin slightly and inquired, "Can I sit here?"

The past had faded away, and Rena remained composed. "Of course."

Harold respected the boundaries between them.

They had known each other for so many years, experiencing love and pain. Today, they could still sit together calmly and share a drink, which made him contemplate a new possibility.

"Rena, how have you been?"

Rena chuckled softly. "I'm doing well. And what about you? Are you married?"

Harold extended his hand, but there was no ring on his finger.

Rena didn't comment on it.

In a hoarse voice, Harold continued, "I've been away on business in the north recently. When I returned, I heard that you... you haven't been doing so great. Rena, we're not young anymore, and I won't beat around the bush. I admit I've had many women around me over the years, but in the end, I only ever liked you."

He deeply regretted it.

He regretted losing the girl who loved him and stood by him during tough times.

All these years, he lived a life without much introspection.

Meanwhile, Rena struggled in her marriage.

Harold implored Vera to give him a chance to see Rena. He said candidly, "Waylen has lost his memory, hasn't he? He's forgotten that he loves you."

Rena didn't say anything.

"Rena, if it's too difficult for you, why don't you consider me? I'm willing to take Alexis and Marcus as my own."

Harold's eyes bore into Rena...

Still leaning against the back of the sofa, Rena gently swirled the contents of her goblet.

After a moment, she smiled and replied, "Harold, are you unable to father children or something? Is that why you're so eager to take other people's kids? If you can't have children, visit a fertility clinic or better, a brain specialist."

Their past relationship was over, and there was no going back.

Rena's good mood was ruined, and she felt bored. She grabbed her handbag, ready to leave.

But Harold reached out and grabbed her wrist.

Her wrist was delicate, her skin smooth.

Rena shook off his hand and uttered, "I shouldn't have said anything to you."

Harold wore a bitter smile.

He had genuinely loved Rena, but she stopped trusting him long ago. Gazing at her beautiful face, he said with bitterness, "Rena, you've changed so much."

He kept a photo of her in his phone album.

It was a snapshot of Rena waiting for him at the table in the middle of the night, with steaming food set before her.

That was the best relationship he had ever had.

However, Rena had no interest in revisiting their past with Harold.

She left shortly after. Inside the elevator, she called Vera, who was probably busy with Roscoe. Vera's voice trembled slightly. "You're leaving? Wait... I'll be right there."

Rena felt a mix of anger and amusement.

As she stepped out of the club, Rena realized that she had left her fur coat inside.

She touched her tender arm and was about to ask Ross to help her retrieve it. She really didn't want to go back inside and see Harold anymore...

Suddenly, a long leg stepped out of a black Rolls-Royce.

It wasn't Ross, but it was Waylen.

Under the neon lights, he looked regal and handsome.

Rena was feeling a bit tipsy, and after a moment, she asked coldly, "Why are you here?"

Waylen took off his coat and placed it on her shoulders.

Rena struggled for a moment but found herself firmly wrapped in his coat. It smelled of rosin, and she was engulfed in the warmth of it.

He held her close, pressing his lips against her ear, and said unwillingly, "Mrs. Fowler, you're having too much fun."

"It's none of your business. Let go of me."

"No."

As they continued their little argument, a man emerged from

Chapter 288 Mrs. Fowler, You're Having Too Much +120 Points at most
the club.

It was Harold.

In his hand, he held Rena's fur coat. Seeing the couple hugging, he smiled faintly and said in a gentle and indulgent tone, "Rena, you left your coat."

Rena's body stiffened upon hearing him.

Despite she was having a fight with Waylen, for their reputation's sake, she never wanted to make a scene outside their house.

Waylen was furious.

He held his wife and glared at Harold with fiery eyes...

Harold took a bold step forward.

Waylen slightly leaned to the side, opened the car door, and pushed Rena inside. Then he sneered at Harold. "Thank you, Mr. Moore."

Waylen reached out to take Rena's coat.

Harold held on to it, and the two men engaged in a subtle tug-of-war. Eventually, Harold relented and let go.

Waylen sneered, "Mr. Moore, you're single now. If you feel lonely, why don't you go on more blind dates?"

Harold smiled, lighting a cigarette as he replied, "Rena is married. Isn't she here because she's lonely too? Waylen... If she takes you seriously, why did you leave you out like her driver?"

Waylen shot back, "Being her driver is still better than you lusting after someone else's wife."

Harold took a slow drag of his cigarette, glancing at Waylen. "You're right. I'm not over Rena. I'm going to pursue her starting tomorrow. Maybe one day, she'll be moved by me."

He was venting his frustrations while speaking the truth.

Deep down, Harold knew Rena could never accept him again.

Waylen didn't want to argue further.

He got into the car and tossed Rena's coat onto the back seat. Tonight's events bothered him, but he didn't show it.

He had lost so many memories. He knew Rena and Harold were once together, but what was the extent of their relationship?

Did they kiss?

Did they... make love?

Waylen drove at a high speed...

Rena sensed something was amiss. She covered her chest and asked softly, "Where are you taking me?"

Waylen remained silent.

His handsome face looked particularly stern in the darkness of the night.

He now reminded her so much of that cold and aloof lawyer when they first met...