

Chapter 304 Rena, Is That Your Revenge

In the vibrant city, rows of century-old buildings stood tall, their grandeur exuding timeless charm.

The architectural design boasted elegance, while the lavish decorations added an extravagant touch.

Owning such a little mansion was undoubtedly a symbol of status, and these influential people often host private feasts there for celebrities in Duefron.

Unfortunately, these exclusive banquets were not accessible to the common folk.

The Smith family, newcomers to prosperity in Duefron, desired to befriend the Fowler family. However, Juliette was not enthusiastic about social engagements and Korbyn's priority was caring for their grandchildren. Hence, the Smiths set their sights on Rena.

Despite Rena's divorce from Waylen, it was common knowledge in Duefron that Korbyn held her in high regard.

Rena went home to change into a sophisticated black dress, which accentuated her purity and allure, showcasing her slender waist.

The gathering being a private banquet, Rena recognized most of the attendees.

To her surprise, the renowned actress, Mary, was among the guests.

A nod of acknowledgment passed between Rena and Mary before

Rena mingled with the rich ladies, holding a cocktail in hand.

A sense of happiness enveloped Rena; this rare moment of relaxation was a welcome respite after the demands of being a single mother.

Outside the mansion, a black car pulled to a stop, and Waylen leaned against it, enveloped in the darkness of his attire, his occasional puffs of smoke blending seamlessly into the night.

At midnight, Waylen extinguished his cigarette and made his way towards the mansion. The guard recognized him and granted him easy entry, aware that Waylen was the person his boss sought to impress.

Inside, extravagance and liveliness pervaded the atmosphere, with a plethora of stars, models, celebrities, and renowned violinists in attendance, making it a splendid affair.

Having grown up in a wealthy family, Waylen was accustomed to such private parties but nothing could prepare him for the sight of Rena.

Rena was engrossed in a card game, leaning against a dark red sofa, accompanied by a popular heartthrob whom ordinary girls admired and who, was now gazing at Rena, looking smitten by her presence.

Radiating playfulness, Rena seemed to have the upper hand in the game.

Her admirer graciously handed her a glass of champagne, and she accepted it with ease.

Clad in black, Waylen's countenance appeared darker than his attire, as he realized that Rena's world extended beyond the realm of marriage.

He felt her life should always be related to him.

After their divorce, her focus had been on taking care of her

children.

He hadn't expected her to enjoy herself so thoroughly.

Her captivating looks and figure were undeniably appealing even to a 24-year-old young man.

Waylen, the highly respected lawyer in Duefron, now resembled a jealous husband catching his wife in an act of infidelity, seemingly out of place in this setting.

Already, some individuals had approached Waylen with greetings.

"Mr. Fowler, are you here to indulge in some fun as well?"

Rena's slight surprise was evident; she hadn't anticipated his presence in this place.

Waylen nonchalantly discarded his black windbreaker onto the sofa, taking a seat opposite Rena.

As he lowered his head to light a cigarette, he remarked, "Ms. Gordon, your private life seems quite enjoyable."

With those words, an air of tension became palpable and others sensed that Waylen was feeling jealous.

Unable to confront an actor directly, he could only subtly hint at Rena.

Undeterred, Rena gracefully flipped her long hair and responded with a faint smile, "It does."

She harbored no intention of stopping him from having fun here. After all, they had divorced and now they both had to be civil about it.

They continued to play a few more rounds of cards.

Luck was not on Waylen's side but Rena seemed to be on a winning streak. Occasionally, the young star would offer her

advice. Although they weren't particularly close, they didn't deliberately exclude Waylen either.

Finally, it dawned on Waylen.

Rena had genuinely divorced him.

The hints of nostalgia and reluctance she occasionally displayed were not for her own feelings but rather out of consideration for Waylen's memory.

The time she had spent with him was solely for the sake of their children.

In reality, she didn't miss him at all.

Up until this moment, Waylen had held onto the hope that they might reconcile.

However, he now realized that it was merely wishful thinking on his part.

It wasn't that Waylen couldn't reclaim Rena but they were both people of high social standing, and they couldn't afford to let others ridicule them.

Rena showed no sign of leaving until one o'clock in the morning.

Ross' car was nowhere to be seen.

She pulled her coat tighter around her and observed as Waylen drove up. She didn't reject the idea of getting into his car.

She knew he had something to say tonight.

She braced herself for his inevitable anger.

Regardless of his emotions, Waylen courteously opened the car door for her, his tone chilly. "Get in the car."

Rena settled into the passenger seat.

As she slowly fastened her seat belt, she casually asked, "Why did you come here?"

Waylen pressed down on the gas pedal.

Rather than driving back to her villa, he continued onward, following the course of the river. The open window allowed the scent of saltiness and humidity to permeate the car gradually.

Abruptly, the car came to a stop.

Gripping the steering wheel tightly, Waylen stared ahead into the dark night, suppressing his emotions, and inquired, "Rena, is this your revenge?"

Rena maintained her silence.

He turned slowly, his eyes tinged with redness. "I have never betrayed our marriage," he asserted.

Rena opened the car door and stepped out into the darkness, where only the pale river offered its faint glow.

Despite the chilly night, Rena felt the need to take a walk, hoping it would clear her mind.

Waylen remained seated, his gaze fixed on her retreating form.

Suddenly, he emerged from the car, reaching out to grab her arm from behind and gently pulling her into his embrace. "I've never seen anyone torture themselves like you do," he murmured.

His lips brushed against her hair as he continued in a husky tone, "Rena, don't go there again. If you want to indulge yourself, I'll accompany you."

Waylen could not bear seeing her admired by others. He was filled with a longing to kiss her.

Rena gently pushed him away.

The night wind tousled her hair but she paid no mind to it. Standing before him, she said softly, "Waylen, it's not about whether we still love each other or not... I truly don't want to go through this torment repeatedly. I'm serious. Tonight has brought me genuine happiness."

He regarded her with a perplexed gaze.

As Rena turned to face the river, she expressed, "I understand what you mean. You want a fresh start with me. But, Waylen, I'm no longer a young woman in her early twenties. We divorced with two children involved... While we need to maintain contact for their sake, we shouldn't intrude into each other's personal lives."

Waylen's hand was in his trouser pocket, clutching a diamond ring he had planned to give her.

In a gentle voice, he proposed, "What if I tell you that you have a choice?"

Rena remained silent.

Silence could be the cruelest response.

After a long while, Waylen smiled faintly and remarked, "Looks like I've been deceiving myself these past days... It's getting late. Allow me to drive you home."

He opened the back door for her, displaying his elegance and grace.

During the journey, they exchanged few words, mostly about the children, before parting ways.

Rena knew that it was truly over between them.

The night wind blew fiercely.

She stood amidst its embrace, watching him drive away...

In the days that followed, he stopped pestering her.

Even when they encountered each other by chance, they merely exchanged nods and behaved like any other divorced couple—respectful to one another, both having their lives to lead, with nothing but their children being their common topic...

Chapter 305 Are You That Desperate

A week had passed and Rena found herself attending the much-anticipated premiere.

Rather than walking the red carpet, she discreetly entered the hall from the backstage.

Unexpectedly, she encountered someone she wished to avoid - Mavis.

It had only been a short while but Mavis appeared significantly slimmer.

Despite being in her early 20s, her skin lacked vitality and had an unhealthy tone, even under a heavy layer of makeup.

The light pink dress she wore accentuated her thin figure.

Mavis was accompanied by a man in his 30s, who, though handsome, had a slightly unpleasant demeanor.

Rena furrowed her brow, trying to recall where she had seen him before.

Just then, Mary hurried over and showed great respect to the man, addressing him as Mr. Howard - a name that suddenly triggered a realization within Rena.

This man was Elvira's ex-husband, Theo Howard, the one her uncle had been investigating.

Seeing Mavis holding Theo's hand made Rena feel uncomfortable.

Mary, who was cunning and sly, introduced Rena, saying, "Mr. Howard, this is Ms. Gordon from the Exceed Group."

With an air of sophistication, Theo extended his hand to Rena. "I'm Theo Howard. Ms. Gordon and I have some history."

While Rena couldn't shake her negative impression of Theo, she put on a faint smile and shook his hand, knowing she had to maintain appearances on a public scene like this.

Studying Rena's face, Theo complimented, "Ms. Gordon, it's a shame you're not a star. You look absolutely stunning."

Then, he turned to Mavis and lightly pinched her face, comparing her favorably to her sister.

He treated Mavis with an air of superiority, as though she were a docile pet.

Despite her reluctance, Mavis forced herself to agree with him, speaking in a flattering tone. "You're absolutely right."

Theo patted Mavis on the head, exchanging a subtle wink with her.

On the other side, there was a man in his forties with whom Theo sought to collaborate.

Without hesitation, Mavis walked up to the man, clung to his arm and soon left with him, leaving Rena and the others behind.

In the entertainment industry, such dynamics were all too common and Mary didn't find it surprising.

As a prominent female star, Mary knew she didn't have to resort to such tactics. She simply needed to flatter Theo a little and respond with some coquettish remarks...

Casting a casual glance at Mary, Rena excused herself and made her way to the restroom.

Unfazed, Mary mustered a forced smile and commented, "Ms. Gordon isn't part of the entertainment circle. She's different from us."

When Rena reached the bathroom, she was met with disappointment as the sign on the door read "In Maintenance."

As she was about to leave for the second floor, a cleaner appeared, disapprovingly questioning, "What kind of lunatic put a sign up here?"

The cleaner then promptly removed the sign.

Rena entered the bathroom, only to be met with a tumultuous scene.

Mavis' light pink dress was hiked up to her waist as she swayed and trembled.

The man leaned over Mavis as they were engaged in sexual intercourse.

Even though Rena was accustomed to witnessing dramatic scenes, this sight still shocked her.

The man swiftly finished, patted Mavis' head and departed.

Exiting the bathroom, Rena was immediately approached by two vigilant bodyguards, asking, "Ms. Gordon, are you okay?"

Rena shook her head, clearly not alright.

At that moment, Mavis emerged, adjusting her clothes with a rosy flush on her face, looking better than before.

Mavis halted Rena. "Can I talk to you for a second?"

The bodyguards swiftly intervened, blocking Mavis' approach.

Mavis stubbornly gazed at Rena, her eyes filled with jealousy.

Rena seemed to possess everything that Mavis coveted.

After this unsettling encounter, Rena lost all interest in the premiere. She walked to the wash basin and turned on the tap, trying to regain her composure.

"Do you look down upon me?" Mavis confronted Rena in the mirror.

Rena met Mavis' gaze in the reflection.

Lowering her head, Mavis extracted a long, slender cigarette from her handbag and lit it with trembling hand.

Taking a deep drag, she looked at Rena with a malevolent glint in her eyes. "Yes, I was a troubled soul. But is that my fault? I was sold to the mountains. Do you know who my first man was? It was the old man who raised me... Now I finally had a chance to change my fate. But you ruined everything."

With a faint smile, Rena retorted, "Does your idea of changing fate involve using your looks to entice Waylen, wreck his marriage and become his mistress, and eventually his wife?"

Rena had no sympathy for Mavis.

Both Mavis and Elvira shared the same self-centered nature.

They only cared about themselves and didn't hesitate to harm others.

With tears glistening in her eyes, Mavis forced a smile and admitted, "If I hadn't taken that 200 thousand dollars, Waylen might have softened towards me sooner or later. But you, you're so ruthless. If Joseph hadn't seduced me, how could I have easily... hooked up with him?"

Mavis had hoped to win over Joseph.

After all, the man was young and wealthy.

Rena turned off the tap, her smile enigmatic.

"Do you perceive yourself as pure and untainted? You're absolutely right. I did it on purpose. My loathing for you and your sister has endured a lifetime."

Rena had no desire to argue with Mavis any further and decided to leave the bathroom.

Outside, Waylen stood against the wall, leisurely smoking a cigarette.

The light gracefully illuminated his handsome face, lending him an air of nobility and allure, yet his expression remained stoic.

Rena paused for a moment, surprised to find him there. She contemplated saying something but eventually kept silent and departed.

Mavis hurried after Rena.

When she saw Waylen, she was momentarily stunned. "Mr. Fowler..."

Waylen calmly finished his cigarette.

In a cold and indifferent tone, he said, "If you encounter Rena again in the future, steer clear. Otherwise, I can't guarantee what will happen to you..."

Mavis was taken aback.

Was he defending Rena?

Weren't they divorced? Didn't they have a contentious relationship recently?

Waylen extinguished his cigarette, turned away and left.

Mavis chased after him, her voice trembling. "I'm under Theo's control. I know a lot about what he did... I can find a way to get

Waylen furrowed his brow.

Mavis added softly, "Mr. Fowler, I just want a chance to turn over a new leaf. When it's over, I'll leave Duefron and won't disturb you anymore."

As she lifted the hem of her dress, the truth was revealed—her thin waist was marked with bruises, and her thighs bore countless pinpricks.

It was a shocking sight.

Mavis' lips trembled. "I thought he would treat me well but, in his hands, I'm treated worse than an animal. Mr. Fowler, please save me, for my sister's sake."

Mavis took out her phone and showed Waylen a photo.

In the picture, Waylen at 24 and Elvira at 22.

They leaned against a piano, exuding youth and beauty.

Waylen gazed at the photograph in silence.

Elvira was gone. As he looked at her image in the photo, even though he hadn't held fond feelings for her anymore, he couldn't help but feel a hint of emotion now.

Meanwhile, Rena didn't stay to watch the ensuing drama and instead hailed a taxi back.

While in the car, she called Mark.

To her surprise, Mark was also in Duefron, investigating the case involving Theo.

Sensing Rena's fear, he said in a hushed voice, "Theo is a lecherous man. We've already deployed people to get close to him. Once he falls into the trap, we'll have the evidence enough to put him behind bars for life."

Rena felt a slight relief hearing this.

She returned to her villa. Upon exiting the car, Waylen's car followed closely behind.

As Rena stood by the car door, she gazed at Waylen under the moonlit night.

After a moment, she said casually, "It's late. Try to come here during the daytime from now on."

Waylen's voice sounded weary. "I was on a business trip to Heron. I just landed a few hours ago and wanted to see Alexis."

Recalling her encounter with him just now, Rena wondered, he had just gotten off the plane and then immediately attended the premiere?

However, when he mentioned seeing Alexis, she couldn't refuse him. "Walk softly. Alexis might be asleep."

The two of them entered the villa together.

Once inside, Waylen noticed a piano in the hall, which slightly caught him off guard.

He appeared nonchalant as he inquired, "You brought the piano here?"

Rena confirmed that she did.

Waylen approached the instrument and lightly ran his fingers over the black and white keys, his expression inscrutable.

Quietly observing him, Rena felt a pang of sadness.

This piano held countless memories of her and Waylen, but he didn't remember. Suppressing her emotions, she said, "I'll go upstairs first."

Just then, her phone rang.

Seeing an unfamiliar number, Rena answered without much thought.

It turned out to be George Shelton, the young male star from the private banquet that night. Rena couldn't fathom how he obtained her number.

George was skilled in charming conversation and had a keen sense of timing.

He mentioned he saw Rena earlier but she left before he could approach her and say hello...

Rena responded casually and they chatted for a while before ending the call.

The moment she hung up, Waylen had pulled her over and firmly pressed her down on the piano.

Her lithe figure lay beneath him and the piano seemed to resonate, as if lamenting...

Looking down at the woman beneath him, Waylen asked in a low, deep voice, "Rena, do you fancy that kind of boy?"

Rena felt both embarrassed and infuriated. "That's none of your business, Waylen. Let go of me."

He didn't release his hold.

He didn't know why, but he felt so angry.

They had divorced, yet she...

He couldn't let her go. Instead, he sensually caressed her body with his slender fingers, and then decisively unbuttoned her skirt. "Ms. Gordon, are you really so desperate? Can a boy like that satisfy you? How about... Let's fulfill each other's desires. After all, we've done it countless times before. I believe even if you don't like me, you still yearn for my touch... What do you say? I don't mind being his substitute this time."

He whispered in her ear, "Turn off the light. You can hold me all you want and call me sweetheart. Just pretend I'm him. I'm certain you'll soon..."

Waylen knew he shouldn't be doing this. Rena's rejection earlier had severely wounded his pride.

He had really just come to see Alexis tonight but his temper flared when he heard the boy charming Rena.

"Do you enjoy flirting with men this much? When you do, make sure to avoid involving the children, okay?"

Rena felt a blend of shyness and anger.

She didn't dare to raise her voice. If Alexis awakened and came downstairs, she would see them...

Waylen undid all of Rena's buttons.

He kissed her chin and cajoled, "How did he satisfy you in the past? Tell me. I won't perform worse than him..."

As he asked, his hand slid under Rena's clothes.

A moan escaped her lips.

A large mirror was positioned beside the piano and if Rena turned her head, she could see herself being manipulated and twisted by him.

She struggled fiercely and the veins at the end of her eyebrows slightly protruded.

Waylen kissed the veins and asked in a husky voice, "Ms. Gordon, would you like the servants or bodyguards to see you like this? Would you like to witness your current appearance?"

Rena couldn't stand the thought of being seen like this.

He was such a jerk! If he couldn't have her willingly, he would

force her...

Waylen lifted her up and positioned her in front of the mirror, urging her to look at herself.

"Look at yourself. And yet, you claim you don't want me? Who else could provoke such a reaction in you other than me?"

Rena's breathing became erratic.

She turned around in his arms and leaned against the mirror. Raising her slender neck, she sneered, "I'm sorry, but I am not that desperate."