

## Chapter 308 You Are My Wife

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In the early hours of the morning, Rena stirred from her slumber, the remnants of a dream lingering within her.

In the realm of her dream, Waylen had uttered tenderly, "Rena, I've returned."

Startled from her reverie, Rena sat upright, reaching up to touch her face, a trickle of chilly tears adorning the corners of her eyes.

By the bedroom entrance, Waylen held a tray of breakfast. Witnessing Rena's tears, he asked hoarsely, "What troubles you, my dear?"

Approaching her side, he gently placed the tray on the bedside table, caressing her forehead and reassured, "It's not that warm anymore."

Rena gazed intently at him, her nose slightly flushed.

Her pitiful countenance concerned Waylen, and he murmured, "Please don't look at me like that; you know I have no control of myself whenever you look at me like that."

Trembling lips kept Rena from mustering the courage to voice her query.

Gradually, she regained composure and inquired, "Why have you come here?"

Waylen positioned a pillow behind her waist and tried to feed her some broth, but she declined and took the spoon to eat by herself, only realizing after two spoonfuls that she realized she had forgotten to brush her teeth.

Her inadvertence struck him as adorable, prompting Waylen to pinch her cheek tenderly. "Consider this a special case; I can afford to be lenient with you," he remarked.

Rena shook her head and pushed the tray away, admitting, "I have no appetite."

Yet, she still yearned to ask why he was here.

Leaning in close, Waylen's striking face nearly touching hers, their breaths intertwined as he gazed into her eyes, asking gently, "Is divorce truly the solution? You're unwell and you're struggling to face it alone."

An urge to withdraw surged within Rena but Waylen's arm wrapped around her slender waist, holding her in place.

He caressed her softly, devoid of any carnal intentions; he merely sought her presence.

Though Waylen's charm and tenderness were difficult for Rena to resist, she remained steadfast. "I can find someone else to take care of me," she insisted.

"Like who? Hector? Or that toy boy named Shelton? ... Rena, do they truly compare to me in your heart? If they were better, why did you turn them both down?" Waylen inquired, exerting pressure on her, causing her breath to waver.

The unsettling sensation of nausea returned and Waylen noticed her distress. Loosening his grip, he handed her some water and medicine.

Sweat beads formed on Rena's forehead as she recalled her appointment with a client later in the day to survey a piece of land.

Waylen urged her gently, "Prioritize your recovery. I'll go in your stead."

Taken aback, Rena remained speechless as a knock resounded

at the door, revealing Hector's voice on the other side.

Waylen and Rena locked eyes, a silent exchange passing between them.

Eventually, Waylen rose from his seat and headed towards the door, prompting Rena's cautionary plea, "Please don't open the door..."

He responded with a disdainful snort. "Do you find me disgraceful?" Despite her words, Waylen proceeded to open the door.

Sure enough, Hector stood outside, holding breakfast in hand.

When Hector met Waylen, the atmosphere was a little awkward, but Hector immediately smiled and asked, "Is Ms. Gordon feeling better?"

"Her fever has subsided but she still needs ample rest," Waylen responded.

He then stepped back, allowing Hector to enter the room.

Hector nodded, placing the breakfast on a nearby surface but his gaze darkened when he noticed the other tray on the bedside table.

Throughout, Hector understood that his chances were slim. Rena had indirectly turned him down numerous times, and what's more, it was Waylen who had given him an opportunity years back by hiring him. He owed his current position to Waylen.

Hector couldn't bear to resort to treachery and steal his wife.

Subsequently, Hector and Waylen discussed the matter of the land.

In the bedroom, Rena listened to their conversation...

Gradually, she drifted into slumber, but her last conscious thought was the sensation of having someone to rely on, akin to the moment she risked everything to confront Elvira with a car.

Fear gripped her then, yet comforting hands reached out, assuring, "Rena, don't be afraid."

All along, it was Waylen who provided her with that sense of security.

It made Rena want to embrace this feeling wholeheartedly...

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Rena spent an entire day resting in the hotel.

As night descended, the sky adorned itself with fiery clouds, a spectacular display of red hues resembling flames.

After taking a soothing shower, Rena felt much more at ease.

Waylen gently tapped the room key card and entered with some takeout boxes. Observing her standing with her back to him, he asked softly, "Are you feeling better?"

Rena turned around, her gaze quiet and contemplative.

She had been by his side for over half a year since he lost his memory.

She believed she knew him well but now she found herself somewhat perplexed about his thoughts... What was Waylen truly thinking? Was he merely ingratiating himself with her to eventually remarry her?

And...

Could last night's events have been a mere dream?

Sensing her inner turmoil, Waylen smiled reassuringly and said, "You are the mother of my two children. For now, I have no

intention of marrying anyone else. Is it so strange... that I'm kind to you?"

Rena made her way to the table and took a seat.

Her appetite had returned; she was a little hungry...

As Waylen set out the food, he couldn't help teasing, "You're incredibly obedient when you're hungry. Will you completely ignore me once you're satisfied?"

Rena was amused by his remark, especially considering she was just savoring her meal.

Her eyes narrowed as she shot him a penetrating glare.

With a warm smile, Waylen proceeded to share his insights after inspecting the land earlier that day. His keen eye and persuasive words held considerable weight. Even though Rena had achieved much herself, she couldn't help but admire his abilities.

After careful consideration, he added, "However, I believe the current owner still has some unresolved matters with the land. My suggestion is, if the price exceeds 400 million dollars, it's not worth the investment."

Surprisingly, that figure closely aligned with Rena's bottom line.

She nodded, acknowledging his viewpoint.

Seeing Rena clad in a bathrobe, looking meek and compliant, Waylen couldn't resist reaching out to touch her chestnut hair gently, remarking, "You're quite obedient in this state."

A slight chill ran down Rena's spine...

She glanced up at him but Waylen appeared entirely composed, as if nothing had transpired.

Following dinner, he didn't pester her further. Instead, he

booked a suite opposite hers.

Rena was aware that Hector would be working overtime in Waylen's room tonight...

In the dead of night, Rena found herself sprawled across the soft bed.

She couldn't comprehend her own actions...

The next day, unable to resist, she knocked on Waylen's bedroom door. She needed answers...

The door swung open.

There stood Waylen, expressionless and scantily clad.

His upper body was bare and only a bath towel was wrapped around his lower body.

Droplets of water clung to the tips of his hair, cascading along the sharp contours of his face, eventually vanishing into the bath towel just below his abdomen, evaporating from the heat.

Rena's throat tightened.

Waylen dried his hair with a towel and asked nonchalantly, "Aren't we going to an appointment later? Shouldn't you be getting ready?"

Though he spoke casually, he stepped aside to let her in.

Rena's back pressed against the door.

Waylen reached for his cigarette case at the end of the bed, pulled out a cigarette and lit it. As wisps of smoke spiraled upwards, he inquired lightly, "Is there something you want to tell me?"

Rena hesitated for a moment before asking softly, "Have you regained your memory?"

Waylen took a deep drag on the cigarette and replied, "Yes, certain things have come back to me."

Her heart raced.

He had regained some of his memories...

She longed to ask him what he remembered but the words remained trapped within her. It felt as though he was pursuing her, yet also treating her politely as his ex-wife.

His ability to manipulate emotions was astounding.

Neither of them spoke further. Waylen simply observed her as he leisurely finished his cigarette.

Finally, he approached her, his voice a gentle whisper, "Let's take all the time we need."

Her lips quivered with emotion.

Waylen tenderly caressed her lips, expressing his longing, "I desire you deeply but I understand your apprehension. I'll treat you right and with utmost care. Let's proceed slowly this time, alright?"

With tears in her eyes, Rena looked up...

Waylen embraced her gently.

His cheek rested against her hair as he whispered softly, "I apologize, Rena. I'm truly sorry. I should never have forgotten you."

In his arms, she tensed but, throughout, she was unwilling to push him away.

It was as if they were destined to be intertwined for the rest of their lives...

Eventually, nothing more occurred.

They refrained from any further intimate actions, merely holding each other for a fleeting moment. After a while, Rena's voice, somewhat nasal from suppressed tears, broke the silence. "I'll go change my clothes."

Waylen opened the door for her.

Yet, as she stepped out, he caught her wrist and implored, "Rena."

Her eyes welled up with tears.

Waylen's hand slid down, gently caressing the diamond ring adorning her finger—a true piece of art he had placed on her during their time in Czanch...

Softly, he beseeched, "Rena, don't reject me any longer."

In a rush of emotions, Rena fled...

Meanwhile, Waylen stood still. He did want to keep her, but beyond the desire to preserve their marriage, the physical longing he harbored for her, and the unexplained possessiveness, there was something more.

For instance, when he touched the diamond ring, Rena's ears turned rosy...

Her inadvertent shyness ignited a mixture of admiration and jealousy within him.

Half an hour later, they departed from the hotel.

The client displayed great hospitality. Unaware of Waylen and Rena's connection, he thoughtfully arranged for two young and beautiful girls to accompany Hector and Waylen.

These girls, rumored to be art school students, possessed striking beauty.

Hector, going with the flow, found himself unable to decline and allowed the girls to sit beside him.



Waylen gently draped his arm around Rena's shoulder, speaking with a reserved air. "Mr. Kent, it's not that I'm opposed to relaxing. It's just that she keeps a close watch on me, and she is clingy even when we're away on business trips."

Their client, Mr. Kent, appeared momentarily taken aback.

In an effort to apologize, he downed three glasses of wine.

Rena found herself at a loss for words, so she offered a smile instead...

Throughout the night, Waylen imbibed a considerable amount. Fortunately, the contract negotiation took place over the wine-laden table, surprising Rena. She had always assumed that Waylen's negotiating prowess was limited to the courtroom.

Unexpectedly, he also excelled at negotiating over drinks.

Hector, too, indulged in the wine but his tolerance was meager, and he needed support to return to the hotel halfway through the evening.

By the end of the dinner, Waylen was nearly intoxicated as well.

The driver helped him into the car and Rena sat beside him, feeling a twinge of unease.

Waylen was drunk.

Yet, he wasn't completely incapacitated. He extended his hand and patted Rena's shoulder. "This is how business is conducted in the south. Especially with real estate developers; if they don't get you to drink a fair amount, it's hard to seal the deal."

Rena turned to look at him.

Though the car was dimly lit, his flushed face still exuded an alluring charm.

In a hushed voice, Rena inquired, "Why are you helping me?"

A profound silence enveloped the car...

Waylen covered his face with his arm, his eyes closed as he softly responded, "You are my wife. How could I stand idly by while you're trying so hard to get this project? And you just had a fever... Of course, I worry about you."