

## Chapter 333 Rena, Do You Still Love Me

---

Cecilia wept sorrowfully, seeking solace in Waylen's comforting embrace.

Rena made an educated guess and tenderly caressed Cecilia's hair, sharing a knowing glance with Waylen.

Walking up to Korbyn, Rena expressed her gratitude to the policemen.

Korbyn faintly sensed Rena's intentions and discreetly dismissed the policemen.

A hush fell over the house, with only Cecilia's muffled sobs audible, which left Edwin feeling a bit overwhelmed. Rena embraced Edwin tenderly and spoke in a gentle tone, saying, "Your mom isn't feeling well. Let Aunt Rena keep you company for now, alright?"

With a bowed head, Edwin murmured, "Dad told me you're not my aunt, but my sister."

Rena found herself at a loss for words.

She glanced at Waylen.

Waylen lifted Edwin and said softly to Rena, "I'll take Edwin to the office today. You stay with Cecilia. It's easier for you girls to talk."

Rena agreed.

She also prepared toys and snacks for Edwin, giving him a loving kiss before closing the car door.

Once Edwin was off, Rena returned to the mansion.

Korbyn sat on the sofa, smoking. He tapped the seat beside him, signaling Rena to sit down, and said, "Juliette is keeping Cecilia company at the moment. Rena, come over here."

Rena joined him on the sofa.

Korbyn cherished Rena deeply, so he didn't hesitate to share his true thoughts with her. He said softly, "I actually approve of Cecilia being with your uncle but it seems that Mark is facing a dilemma."

Rena listened attentively to Korbyn's words.

After a long pause, he whispered, "If Mark can't make her happy, no one else can."

Then Korbyn departed.

Sitting there alone, sipping the fragrant tea brought by a servant, Rena pondered Korbyn's words for a long while before faintly smiling.

Indeed, Korbyn was a good father and his mindset was remarkably open. His only concern had always been his beloved daughter's true happiness.

Rena ascended the stairs to check on Cecilia.

After conversing together throughout the morning, Cecilia finally lapsed into slumber.

Rena gently tucked her in.

As Rena descended the stairs, she felt somewhat melancholic. For over a year, she couldn't forget the moment when Cecilia took Edwin to the milk tea stand. After queuing for so long, Cecilia was only able to buy a single cup.

Rena called Mark.

Mark's voice sounded weary but he asked tenderly, "How is she?"

"She's alright. Just a little sad," Rena replied.

After much hesitation, Rena finally mustered the courage to ask what was on her mind. "Uncle Mark, is it true what the newspapers are saying? Are you truly going to be engaged to Miss Wilson?"

After a brief silence, Mark replied softly, "Help me take care of her for another six months."

That was all he needed it before he could finally...

Rena understood the sensitivity of the matter and ceased her inquiries, diverting the conversation to Edwin.

Although Edwin was of kindergarten age, Mark firmly opposed sending him, so he stayed home for another year.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Rena picked up Alexis and headed home.

Waylen returned home earlier than expected, bringing Edwin with him. The two kids clambered onto the piano, and immersed themselves in playful melodies while Waylen found solace in their cheerful innocence.

After a while, he called for the servant, "Where is Rena?"

The servant beamed, replying, "Mrs. Fowler is preparing dinner for little Miss Lexi and Mr. Eddie."

A warmth filled Waylen's heart.

He didn't rush to the kitchen right away. Instead, he went to check on Marcus first, and then took a relaxing shower and changed into comfortable loungewear.

Once he stepped into the kitchen, the tactful servants made their exit.

Quietly approaching Rena from behind, Waylen tenderly enveloped her in his arms and planted a gentle kiss on the back of her ear. "Did you make me dinner?"

Rena was setting the table and playfully complained that he was tickling her.

"Your dinner is being taken care of by the servants."

Waylen gazed deeply into his wife's eyes.

Rena was a flawless wife, maintaining harmonious relationships with his parents and sister while taking exemplary care of the children. She managed her appearance with grace, her figure and skin attesting to her meticulous care. In their intimate moments, Waylen never felt anything but captivated.

Yet, despite Rena being the epitome of perfection, Waylen still felt dissatisfied.

He couldn't fathom if they were experiencing the proverbial seven-year itch or if Rena struggled to connect with her original feelings due to his lost memories.

This concern weighed heavily on Waylen, causing him to ponder the gains and losses in their relationship.

After dinner, he attended to Marcus, as was his routine. Rena tenderly put Alexis and Edwin to sleep, the two adorable children displaying the charming features inherited from the Evans family.

Waylen had some work to attend to in his study.

He labored until 11 o'clock, feeling somewhat fatigued as he emerged. Upon returning to the bedroom, Rena was engaged in a phone conversation, likely with a friend, as he overheard names like Harold and Vera in passing.

As Waylen entered, Rena concluded the call.



She glanced at him and said, "Are you tired? Take a shower and go to bed."

As usual, Rena went to the cloakroom to retrieve Waylen's clothes. Each garment meticulously ironed, and the scent of the laundry detergent he was familiar with permeated the air.

A gentle and virtuous wife was meant to provide comfort to her husband.

However, despite Rena's efforts, Waylen couldn't find happiness. Everything seemed too programmed, as though Rena were playing the part of the perfect wife—attending to him, caring for the children and fulfilling their intimate desires.

Yet, it appeared that Rena's emotions remained detached, as if whether she genuinely loved him or not didn't even matter here.

Moreover, she had never broached the subject of his memory loss.

This sense of being undervalued and unloved only grew with each passing day. Waylen even began to entertain the idea that he might be suffering from a mental ailment, leading him to seek the counsel of a psychologist in solitude.

The psychologist assured Waylen that he wasn't suffering from any illness, suggesting that perhaps his discontent stemmed from an imbalance in his sexual life.

During their intimate moments at night, Waylen found himself pondering whether having sex twice a week was insufficient for a couple of their age.

Rena buried her face in the pillow, lost in her thoughts, mirroring Waylen's distracted state.

"What's on your mind?"

Waylen leaned in, planting a tender kiss on her cheek.

Rena embraced him, her arms encircling his neck, and replied, "I'm thinking about what breakfast I'll prepare for Alexis and Edwin tomorrow morning..."

Waylen gazed at her quietly, gently holding her slender waist.

Their lovemaking came to an end.

Waylen got up to take a shower, while Rena lay on the bed, a sheen of sweat on her forehead.

From the bathroom, a slightly hoarse and muffled groan could be heard.

Rena was taken aback. Was Waylen... masturbating?

Was he unsatisfied with their earlier encounter?

As a wife, Rena knew it wasn't appropriate to pry into his privacy; instead, she should uphold her husband's dignity. Besides, after a tiring day, she felt exhausted. She adjusted her pajamas, pulled up the quilt and drifted off to sleep.

Half an hour later, Waylen emerged from the bathroom, naked.

Looking at the woman sleeping on the bed, his heart felt inexplicably complex. He yearned for her but, despite the apparent warmth of their embrace, he couldn't escape the feeling of a lack of reciprocation.

In the past six months, they hadn't faced any major hardships.

Yet, something vital seemed to be missing.

Waylen didn't want Rena to be exposed to second-hand smoke, so he retired to the study, lit a cigarette and smoked it leisurely.

He convinced himself that this life was satisfactory and that he should find contentment in it.

However, the void in his heart only seemed to grow larger...

Late at night, the door creaked open.

Wearing a white nightdress, Alexis tiptoed in, clutching her comfort blanket in her arms. As soon as she arrived, she snuggled up to her father's lap, seeking comfort.

Setting his worries aside, Waylen kissed his little girl and inquired, "What brings you here?"

"Edwin Evans snores so loudly."

Waylen playfully pinched her cheek and asked, "Why do you call him Edwin Evans?"

Resting her head on Waylen's arm, Alexis pulled the blanket over herself, closing her eyes. "Because he is the son of my great-uncle."

Pride swelled in Waylen's heart.

He showered his little girl with affectionate kisses and settled down on the sofa, cradling Alexis in his arms.

She playfully tickled her father, placing her feet on his belly, bringing a sense of joy amidst the complexities of his thoughts.