

Chapter 343 Who Is More Handsome

In the commemoration at school, a multitude of influential figures were present but the one who stood out as remarkably capable was none other than Waylen. Aline, deeply impressed by his prowess, contemplated the idea of seeking his favor and ingratiating herself with him.

Nonetheless, Waylen had departed from the event, accompanied by Rena, leaving in a car parked nearby.

As the engine hummed to life, he attentively secured his seatbelt and turned to gaze at Rena.

Her tearful countenance, peering out the window, betrayed the emotional impact of the videos they had watched earlier, which had struck a poignant chord within her.

How could she easily forget her first love?

Curiously, Waylen's slender fingers brushed against the steering wheel as he inquired, "Do you miss it very much?"

A swift, yet resolute response from Rena followed, "No."

Puzzled, he probed further, "Then why do you wear the look of someone on the brink of tears?"

Caught off guard, Rena found herself at a loss for words, unsure of how to respond.

Upon observing Rena's distress, Waylen's grip on the steering wheel tightened. He pressed down on the accelerator, guiding the car away from their familiar route, leaving Rena puzzled about their destination. Anxious, she questioned, "Where are

you taking me?"

In a tense tone, Waylen disclosed, "To the apartment where we used to reside."

Sensing his intentions, Rena tried to dissuade him, "Waylen, whatever happened between Harold and me was a long time ago. You can't be so obstinate over a mere video."

Waylen remained silent and, as they halted at a red light, he reached for a cigarette from the center console and lit it. Amidst the smoke, he admitted, "Rena, I am jealous."

Caught off guard by his candidness, Rena's surprise was evident.

With this confession hanging in the air, Waylen focused on driving until they arrived at the apartment building.

Reluctant to leave the car, Rena held her ground.

Waylen unfastened his seatbelt and leaned in, whispering in her ear, "Would you rather step out on your own or should I carry you?"

Indignant, Rena stepped out of the car, walking ahead of him with frustration.

The door slammed shut behind them, and Waylen trailed after Rena, a cigarette still held between his fingers.

Upon entering the apartment, Rena finally demanded, "Waylen, what on earth..."

But before she could finish her sentence, he firmly grasped her wrist and pinned her against the wall, their bodies pressed close together.

Though they were a couple, the intensity of the situation was overwhelming, surprising Rena.

She looked up at him, seeking answers, "Waylen?"

He tenderly touched her delicate face, his voice raspy with emotion. "I just want to ask you something."

His words were followed by an unexpected gesture; using his tie, he bound her wrist gently.

Then, with a swift motion, he guided her to the soft sofa.

Determined, Rena struggled to rise, kneeling on the sofa as she scolded angrily, "Waylen, is this how you plan to ask me?"

Kneeling before her, Waylen softly caressed her face and offered a gentle smile.

In a graceful manner, Waylen rose from his seat and glided over to the wine cabinet. His slender fingers delicately caressed the bottles before selecting two exquisite vintages of red wine. Such libations had the power to induce a gentle intoxication, striking a perfect balance that wouldn't lead to excessive inebriation – an ideal choice, especially for women.

Bedecked in a crisp white shirt and accentuated by a belt that cinched his lean waist, Waylen's tall, well-proportioned frame exuded an undeniable allure, particularly appealing to the fairer sex.

Approaching Rena with the wine, he half-knelt before her, exuding an air of poise as he gracefully poured the crimson liquid into two glasses. Rena presumed he intended to make her drink and, in a moment of vulnerability, she confessed, "Waylen, whatever you wish to know, I will tell you."

With a gentle sway of the goblet, he declared, "I desire to hear the truth."

Sipping from the glass, he revealed a captivating sight as his Adam's apple bobbed, highlighting his masculinity.

Rena's gaze remained fixated on him, her enticing lips parting slightly as she murmured in a seductive tone, "Waylen..."

Seizing the opportunity, he captured her lips in a kiss, exploring her mouth passionately as he sought to entice her with the rich, mellow wine. Yet, Rena resisted, pulling away from his advances. However, Waylen persisted, his proximity intensifying.

The dark red wine left its mark on her flawless skin, staining it with a rosy hue.

Her silken shirt clung to her voluptuous figure, further enticing Waylen. Whispering against her lips, he urged, "Have a little more. I shall inquire further."

Overwhelmed, Rena's voice trembled as she implored, "Waylen, please don't."

Undeterred, he offered her the glass, encouraging her to drink obediently.

When she persisted in her refusal, he gently coaxed and fed her, while Rena cried and protested...

After half an hour elapsed, Rena appeared to be immersed in the wine's embrace. Her complexion sported a blush of rose and her lips were slightly swollen from the abundance of kisses.

Her intoxication led her to lean against the sofa and the tie binding her hands had disappeared.

Waylen leaned in and kissed his wife tenderly, noting Rena's somewhat dazed state.

He playfully nipped at her earlobe, questioning, "Am I more handsome or is Harold?"

Her inebriated mind struggled to respond and a yearning for sleep washed over her, but Waylen was unyielding.

Embracing him tenderly, Rena's voice trembled with emotion as she admitted, "You're more handsome than him."

He placed a gentle kiss on her chin and inquired further, "Where were you two?"

Caught off guard by his own question, he found himself taken aback.

Soon, however, he realized that this was the inquiry he had silently yearned to make all along.

In response to his question, Rena simply kissed him back. "Why did you stop kissing me, Waylen?"

He gently held her chin, preventing her from moving away.

Rena's eyes glistened with affection and it became evident that she hadn't expressed her desires for him like this in a long time. Unlike their usual composed demeanor during intimate moments, she now showed a depth of emotion.

Under the sweltering heat, sweat trickled down Waylen's forehead and Rena longed to release her pent-up frustrations in a scream...

As he held her waist, he persisted with his questioning. Rena blinked and softly murmured, "All I ever did with him was kiss."

Overwhelmed by emotion, Waylen hugged her tightly, burying his face in her neck. For a while, he remained silent before speaking in a hushed tone, "Then, do you still have feelings for him?"

In response, Rena appeared to regain some sobriety, and gently caressed Waylen's warm neck with her slender hand. Her voice was hoarse as she responded, "I don't like him anymore."

In a tender manner, Waylen resumed kissing Rena, each gesture filled with utmost care and affection.

Carrying her in his arms, he led her toward the bedroom.

Gradually, the crimson wine left its mark on the bed sheets, and

Rena surrendered herself to passion, indulging in the moment.

Waylen hadn't been this satisfied in a long time, and he found himself reluctant to stop, yearning for this bliss to last forever.

By the time their passionate encounter came to an end, the evening had descended.

Upon awakening, Rena found herself in a dimly lit bedroom, the quiet atmosphere enveloping her.

Lying on her side, despite the lingering effects of the wine, she vividly recalled the intensity of her encounter with Waylen and how she had tried to satisfy his desires.

The remnants of the two wine bottles left her feeling both conflicted and warm.

Uncertain whether the events of today were merely driven by physical needs, Rena was left pondering.

The creaking of the bedroom door heralded Waylen's return.

Sitting at the edge of the bed, he gently pinched her face and softly asked, "Would you like to get up? Alexis has called several times, inquiring about her mom."

Rena stole a glance at Waylen and slowly rose from the bed, clutching the quilt around her.

The effects of the wine still lingered, leaving her feeling slightly dizzy.

Waylen's temper had mellowed after finding satisfaction in their intimate encounter. His forehead gently pressed against hers as he said in a tender tone, "Why don't you get up first, head home, and get some rest, alright?"

With a sigh, Rena bent down to retrieve her silk shirt.

Unfortunately, the fabric bore the telltale marks of the red wine,

rendering it unwearable.

Waylen smiled, walked into the cloakroom and picked out something for her which he helped her put on.

Rena was angry.

Yet, they were still a couple, and squabbling over their intimate matters would only become fodder for others to ridicule. Besides, she had also experienced pleasure from their liaison...

As Rena combed her long, brown hair, she issued a quiet warning, "Don't force me to drink anymore."

Waylen, resting his chin gently on her shoulder, agreed with a nod.

Today had taken an unexpected turn and he couldn't help but marvel at the surprise of it all.

Ordinarily, he found it difficult to bring himself to behave in such a manner towards her...

Chapter 344 Aline's Plan

The couple made their way home, the soft glow of street lights illuminating their path.

Rena leaned casually against the back of the car seat, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment as she considered that the children were being ignored because of their parents' indulgence in each other.

Waylen stole occasional glances at her, captivated by how beautiful she looked when she blushed.

Amidst their quiet moments, the phone rang, and Waylen promptly answered it.

On the other end was Peter, Mark's trusted assistant, who greeted Waylen and quickly got to the point. "You won't believe it. Aline somehow got wind of Mr. Evans and now wants to meet him."

Curiosity piqued, Waylen inquired, "What did Uncle Mark have to say about it?"

With a smile, Peter replied, "Mr. Evans said he'd wait and observe. The coal industry bigwigs in the southwest have been up to some shady dealings. To bring them down, we'll have to dig deep into their business to gather evidence and expose them."

Although Peter's demeanor seemed friendly, there was an underlying sense of ruthlessness emanating from both him and Mark.

Mark was known for his decisiveness and penchant for cutting off the source of any trouble.

Waylen nodded in appreciation. "Please convey my gratitude to

Uncle Mark for handling this. Yes. Alright, I'll ask Rena to take Edwin to meet him tomorrow."

Waylen hung up the phone without mentioning Aline to Rena. What did she matter anyway? She was a nobody.

Waylen merely instructed, "Uncle Mark really misses Edwin. You should take him to the hotel tomorrow."

Rena acknowledged his request with a nod.

Waylen continued to glance at her several times, and then cleared his throat gently and asked, "Are you still upset?"

Uneasily, Rena turned around.

Waylen didn't press her to speak. Instead, he held her hand tenderly and asked, "Rena, you seemed quite excited today. Was it the drinks or something about that apartment that sparked it?"

If it was the apartment that excited her, they could visit it more often.

Rena blushed with embarrassment.

Waylen chuckled softly, recalling how easy it used to be for him to fall for Rena.

She had a way of sparking conflicts and yet he found himself irresistibly drawn to her.

Meanwhile, Aline, determined to meet Mark, had resorted to pulling strings and bribing people.

After some effort, she finally had a chance to talk to Mark's secretary, Peter. "Mr. Garcia, could you please ask Mr. Evans if he would be willing to meet me?"

Peter smiled, seasoned in handling such requests. "I'm afraid Mr. Evans is on a private schedule today and won't be meeting anyone."

Aline was not deterred.

In her early thirties and quite attractive, she subtly moved closer to Peter, implying that she would be willing to accompany him if he helped her meet Mark.

Peter had encountered similar situations before.

However, he held firm and kindly declined, saying, "Please, I can't compromise my principles like that."

After careful consideration, he added, "We actually hail from the same hometown, and the matter concerning your husband, Fred, is somewhat my concern. I will grant you an audience later. If you need anything, appeal directly to Mr. Evans."

Aline felt a surge of gratitude in her heart.

Guided by Peter, she entered a luxurious suite.

At the door stood four imposing bodyguards dressed in black.

Aline's mind was sharp and she believed that if she could reach Mark, there would be no limit to the resources Fred could access. Moreover, advancing her own career would become a seamless endeavor.

With a gentle push, Peter opened the door and entered the spacious suite. Within the room's expanse, an air of tranquility prevailed.

Two individuals were seated on the carpet, busily stacking wood.

The man appeared to be in his late 30s, exuding an air of gentleness and handsomeness that contrasted sharply with the rumors of his cruelty circulating in the outside world.

The child, who seemed around four years old, possessed flawless skin and a charming countenance that struck a sense of familiarity.

Leaning closer, Peter whispered, "Mr. Evans, Miss Hanson wishes to speak with you."

Mark kept his head down and a hint of reproach laced his words. "Didn't I make it clear that I wouldn't entertain any guests today?"

Caught in an awkward situation, Peter stood still.

In a hurry, Aline implored, "Mr. Evans, I know your time is valuable. I've come about my husband's affairs. I won't let your help be in vain..."

At last, Mark lifted his head.

Gazing quietly at the woman before him, he found her actually beautiful, but her eyes betrayed a calculating demeanor.

This was the woman who had dared to harm Rena.

Mark was determined to make things difficult for her.

He smiled, rising from his seat to settle on the sofa, while Peter promptly presented him with a cup of tea.

Aline's countenance stiffened slightly.

She found Mark's arrogance to be quite palpable.

In the meantime, Edwin expressed his discontent and grievances, "Great-uncle Mark, will you play with me or not?"

Mark was taken aback.

Edwin had just called him "daddy" before they had company.

With unwavering patience, Mark crouched down to engage with the child.

Observing this, Aline took out a thick bundle of banknotes from her handbag and offered them to Edwin.

Though a mere child, Edwin was familiar with poverty from his earlier years.

Peering at the banknotes, he asked Mark, "Can I buy lots of milk tea with this money?"

Mark gently touched Edwin's head and replied, "Don't drink too much milk tea."

Edwin sniffled, fiddling with his toys, and shared, "Mommy couldn't afford many, so she always just bought one for me... She wouldn't buy one for herself."

A flicker of emotion crossed Mark's face.

Aline whispered something in Mark's ear but he paid it little heed. Instead, he gestured to Peter, entrusting the matter to him.

Peter was skilled in handling such situations.

After conversing with Peter for a while, Aline felt she had established a connection with Mark.

As they left the suite, Peter maintained a polite demeanor towards Aline.

Aline expressed her profound gratitude to Peter, already considering him a trusted ally. As she descended the stairs, she felt a surge of optimism about her bright future, even harboring a lack of affection for her upstart husband, Fred.

Coincidentally, Rena was on the hotel's lobby, sipping coffee while seated opposite Cecilia.

Feeling a sense of kinship with them, Aline approached and said, "Rena, I never expected to find you here."

Rena's emotions were complex as she saw Aline.

Had it not been for Aline's interference, she wouldn't have been whisked away by Waylen yesterday.

The issue between Waylen and Rena was clearly long-standing.

Yet now, Aline resurfacing the old story of Rena and Harold gave Waylen the perfect excuse to shift the blame.

Aline sneered. "Rena, you may put on a facade, but I'm sure your private life is filled with misery. I believe Waylen won't tolerate you much longer and you'll eventually be cast out of the Fowler family."

Cecilia was rendered speechless.

Where did this deranged woman come from?

However, Rena simply smiled and chose not to engage in an argument with Aline.

Just then, Peter came downstairs with a child. The moment the child saw Cecilia, he ran into her arms and whispered, "Mommy."

Aline was visibly stunned.

Why did the child from Mark's suite call Cecilia "mommy"?

Peter smiled at Aline and asked, "Do you know each other? That's a surprise! Still, let me introduce you to Rena. She is Mr. Evans' niece."

Disapproval crept onto Aline's face.

She had known that Rena had influential connections but she didn't expect her to be part of Mark's family.

At that moment, Mark himself came downstairs.

He touched Edwin's head and then glanced at Rena reproachfully. "Why can't you take care of yourself, just like Edwin? The air conditioner is set so low and you're showing your legs. You care too much about appearance."

Mark took off his coat and placed it over Rena's legs, touching

her head, just as he had done to Edwin.

Rena wanted to say something, but Mark had already left with Peter. In the car, he sent a message to Cecilia, "Are you jealous?"

Initially, Cecilia had no intention of responding to Mark but she couldn't resist the urge.

"Who's jealous?"

After a while, Mark's message arrived.

"Rena is my niece. Are you even jealous of a junior?"

Cecilia was left speechless.

She believed he did it deliberately when he took off his coat and draped it on Rena's lap - just to send that message later.

But there was one person who took notice of all this.

It was Aline.

Initially disdainful of Rena, witnessing Mark, a powerful man, care for her like a child pained her deeply.

How was it that Rena always seemed to effortlessly obtain everything she desired?

Though Rena struggled with a mental illness, her influential family background ensured that Waylen would never leave her.

Savoring her cup of coffee, Rena wore a smile as she remarked, "Aline, if you were to ask your husband for a divorce right now, you might be able to retain your property."

Gritting her teeth, Aline retorted, "Rena, did you do all of this intentionally?"

Rena lowered her head momentarily.

Eventually, she looked up and locked her gaze with Aline's. "You

shattered Vera's marriage years ago. Now, despite being married yourself and experiencing a favorable outcome, you still seek to harm others and tempt Waylen. Aline, I must ask, did you do it all intentionally?"

Aline was left speechless.

In that moment, she received a message from Peter, informing her that despite family meant a lot to Mark, he was willing to collaborate with her husband after all.

A renewed sense of hope surged within Aline.

She arrogantly glanced at Rena, saying, "Let's wait and see."

Once Aline departed, Rena observed her retreating figure.

Softly, Cecilia inquired, "Rena, does she bother you?"

Rena shook her head, taking her time to respond. "I just find her repulsive. In the past, she inflicted significant harm upon Vera and now she repeats her actions. A person like her can never lead a good life."

Rena didn't wish to elaborate further. She picked up Mark's coat and handed it to Cecilia.

Cecilia was taken aback.

Rena smiled faintly and explained, "He intended for you to have it. His previous words were actually directed at you. He was concerned you might feel cold."

Embarrassed, Cecilia blushed as she held the coat emanating a masculine aura. In one of the pockets, she felt something solid.

Her hand delved into the pocket and found a velvet box.

Gently, she opened it...