

Chapter 381 Aline's Trick

Waylen's words moved Rena.

She had a feeling that he had regained his memory, but he didn't tell her. He was determined to surprise her.

Grown men and women were somewhat fond of being flirtatious with each other.

Even though Rena had been married to Waylen for a few years and was pregnant with their third child now, she still liked the romance and chemistry between them. Who could resist such a feeling?

It was late at night, and the cool weather was suitable for lying down and talking.

Inevitably, Rena and Waylen talked about Cecilia's marriage.

With her head on Waylen's shoulder, Rena whispered, "Cecilia will be one year older soon. You know, Waylen, I've always wished my uncle happiness, but it's just too unfair to Cecilia."

In the dark, Waylen gently stroked Rena's face.

He didn't say anything.

As Cecilia's brother, Waylen thought that their father, Korbyn, was right. If Mark couldn't make Cecilia happy, then no one could.

A week later, Nora called Rena.

She spoke in a very low voice, but it did nothing to mask her anxiety. "Hi, Rena. I'm just calling to inform you that Harrison's operation has been very successful. I really can't thank you and

Mr. Fowler enough."

Rena was making fruit tea at home.

The children were all around her.

It was snowing pretty heavily, so classes were suspended. Cecilia had also come with Edwin.

At this time, Edwin was holding onto Rena's leg and carefully stroking her belly.

Edwin wanted a sibling, too.

Rena looked down at Edwin and gently ran her fingers through his hair. She said to Nora, "Harrison saved my life. It's the least I could do. He still needs to undergo a few more procedures. Please take care of him."

Nora couldn't help choking up a little.

Her feelings for Rena were complicated.

Nora then said, "Thank you for asking Miss Holt to remind me about Aline."

Rena beamed.

After hanging up with Nora, Rena focused on making fruit tea for the kids.

Edwin asked in a soft voice, "Will the baby look as pretty as Alexis when it's born?"

Rena looked at the little boy with dotting eyes.

She sat on the sofa, stroked Edwin's hair, and replied, "Maybe the baby will look like your mother."

Alexis and Marcus both looked like Rena.

Rena thought that maybe her third child would inherit the

Fowler family's genes this time.

Edwin thought his mother was beautiful, too.

Feeling satisfied, Rena smiled and kissed Edwin on the forehead. She felt that her baby would have excellent traits no matter what, but she didn't want to tell Waylen that because he would definitely be narcissistic.

The children went out to play in the snow and build snowmen.

Rena was pregnant, so it was inconvenient for her to take care of the kids. She asked one of the servants to watch over them. After the kids' playtime, Rena made them some ginger tea to warm up.

It was sunny at Christmas.

Waylen went on a business trip and said he would make it back in the evening.

Rena had been pregnant for four months. She didn't want to go out tonight, but Cecilia had been in a bad mood lately. She wanted to make her feel better, so she said yes to Vera's dinner party invitation. Rena took Cecilia to the party to relax and have some fun.

The hostess of the Smith family, who was extremely powerful and wealthy, was the one who threw the party. She held a masquerade ball.

Many famous people were in attendance.

Rena sat on the sofa in the corner with several acquaintances, enjoying the event and the wintry atmosphere.

The movie Rena financed made two billion dollars in the box office.

Flora finally turned things around.

The performers, who played supporting roles of the movie, were well received, so many young newcomers came to accost Rena for good opportunities. However, Rena was here for pleasure, not business, so she didn't appreciate the unwanted attention.

Besides, at this moment, she was thinking of someone who had once been dear to her.

She remembered that Harold had once sat next to her and said something to her in such a party.

Rena thought that if Harold were still alive, he would never cross her mind.

But Harold was gone.

And she would occasionally think of him and feel a little regretful.

Seeing the expression on Rena's face, Cecilia guessed that Rena was thinking of Harold, and she also felt a bit dejected.

At this time, Talisa Smith, the hostess of the Smith family, came over.

It was said that she was very noble and cunning. Obviously, she wanted to make friends with Rena.

Talisa approached Rena and whispered in her ear, "I didn't invite Aline, but she's outside and wants to see you, Rena."

Aline...

A faint smile curled Rena's lips.

Rena thought Aline was so shameless. She had done so many bad things, but she still had the nerve to show up.

Aline's gall was definitely unmatched.

Others might relish embarrassing Aline in front of a crowd.

But Rena didn't.

Rena didn't want to give Aline a chance to speak with her, so Rena said to Talisa, "If she doesn't have an invitation to your party, Talisa, then don't let her in. She's not a friend of mine, so I don't have to talk to her."

Talisa understood what was going on.

Then, she asked her butler to drive Aline away.

Talisa's butler was observant. He left the banquet hall and said to Aline directly, "Mrs. Smith said that uninvited guests aren't welcome to this party. I'm sorry, Miss Hanson, but I can't let you in. And if you want to see Mrs. Fowler, make an appointment with her yourself."

Aline had on a red evening dress, and she was clutching a tassel handbag.

She insisted, "But I just want to have a few words with Rena."

The man looked at her up and down and then said with a polite smile, "I'm really sorry. You can't come in. Mrs. Fowler seems very easy-going. Since she has refused to talk with you, you must have offended her, right?"

Aline's face darkened.

After Talisa's butler left, Aline leaned against the wall and wondered whether or not Rena had found out the truth.

No, it was impossible.

Aline thought she'd done the deed perfectly. No one should be able to trace it back to her.

What was more, that glass of water that she gave Harold was meant to send his libido into overdrive. He insisted on leaving and died in a car accident. It wasn't her fault.

Aline didn't want to give in to Rena.

But Rena could handle her effortlessly even without showing up.

Aline had a couple of projects that got screwed up.

And there was something more excessive.

It was a cold, snowy night. The night breeze was blowing strongly, but Aline stayed outside the hotel.

She was waiting for someone.

Around 10 o'clock in the evening, a black Maybach slowly stopped in front of the hotel, and a man got out of it.

It was Waylen who had returned from his business trip.

He promised that he would celebrate Christmas with Rena, so as soon as his plane landed, he rushed to pick her up.

His ten-hour return flight didn't tire out Waylen at all.

On the contrary, he felt quite invigorated.

Aline had been with a lot of men, so she knew them well.

Judging from Waylen's appearance, she could tell that Rena and Waylen had been compatible lately, both sexually and spiritually.

And Aline was ridiculously jealous.

But in addition to her jealousy, there was another more important thing for her. That was to plead for mercy.

She had proven a thousand times over that men couldn't resist beautiful women.

No matter how much Waylen loved Rena, Aline believed that she could shake him and sow dissension between him and his wife by acting all pitiful and miserable. That would soften up

Waylen for sure.

Aline walked up to Waylen and greeted him. "Hello, Mr. Fowler."

Waylen stopped and turned to face Aline.

He took out a cigarette and lit it.

"Hi, Miss Hanson. What's the matter?"

He was being perfectly polite, but Aline didn't care. She put on a soft, delicate expression and replied, "Please call me Aline. No need to be so formal. After all, Rena and I were classmates in the past."

A faint smile could be seen on Waylen's face.

Aline continued, "I think Rena is misunderstanding me, Waylen."

Waylen frowned in response.

He said straightforwardly, "Please don't call me Waylen. Conduct yourself with dignity, Miss Hanson."

Aline's face instantly turned bright red with shame.

But she didn't let Waylen's remark get to her. She forced a smile and said, "You two have a great relationship. But I just have one request, Mr. Fowler. I would appreciate it if you could stop your wife from sending people to monitor me as retribution for something she thought I'd done to her. It's really making my life difficult."

Waylen fixed his eyes on her.

The mature man's stare made Aline's legs go weak, but she held on.

At this time, Waylen chuckled and replied, "Is that so?"

Aline didn't know what he meant.

Waylen then said seriously, "Miss Hanson, it's not my business what my wife wants to do. If I interfere with whatever is going on between you and Rena, Rena will be unhappy, and that unhappiness will destroy our relationship."

Aline was stunned.

Waylen narrowed his eyes and continued, "You've dreamed of Harold, haven't you? You have to ask yourself what you have done to merit Rena's wrath."

Her dream...

Aline's face turned bone-white.

Waylen looked at her expression and sneered.

Then, he dropped his finished cigarette and stubbed it with the toe of his shoe. Once again, he turned to Aline and said, "Rena almost died, Miss Hanson, and we haven't found out who's responsible. Now I want to say something to you. If anything happens to Rena again, I will hunt down whoever tried to hurt her and make that person pay. So you better behave yourself."

He spoke vaguely, so Aline couldn't figure out what he meant.

But Aline didn't dare to hurt Rena again.

Waylen left.

Aline remained standing there. Wearing only a dress, she couldn't help shivering in the cold.

About ten minutes later, Rena and Waylen walked out of the hotel.

They looked very much in love.

Waylen took off his wool overcoat and draped it over Rena's shoulders.

He wrapped one arm around his wife's waist.

Witnessing this, Aline thought that absence indeed made the heart grow fonder.

When Rena was about to get into the car, Aline called her name from a distance, "Rena!"

Rena turned around.

Aline was really scared at this time.

She tried to kill Rena before, but Rena survived, and Aline went to a lot of trouble to destroy evidence of her wrongdoing.

Now the entire Fowler family was hostile toward Aline.

Aline figured that she had to flatter Rena.

Rena didn't get in the car immediately. She watched Aline approach her. She really wanted to hear what Aline had to say.

Once more, the cold night wind blew.

Rena leaned on Waylen's shoulder and looked at the plain woman in front of her.

Aline lowered her head and said in a low voice, "Let us be reconciled, Rena."

It made Rena feel disgusted.

But she didn't show it.

With a sneer, she replied, "Aline, I don't understand what you mean. We have never had a conflict."

Aline's face darkened. "So you're not going to forgive me?"

Cocking her head to the side, Rena fixed her gaze on Aline.

Rena seemed to see in Aline's eyes the evil that Aline had done.

Harold, Harrison, Vera... And Rena herself. All of them were in pain because of Aline, a vile woman who would do anything for her own gain.

Aline wanted to make peace with Rena and erase what she had done.

If Rena couldn't find evidence that Aline had done something horrible...

Rena beamed and answered, "I'll think about it. In fact, you're right. One more enemy isn't as good as one more ally."

Hearing this, Aline was quite shocked.

Rena wrapped her arm around Waylen's waist and said with a faint smile, "But don't snatch my husband away from me."

Rena's tone was gentle, but the ice in her words was unmistakable.

"Otherwise, I will be very, very angry."

Aline did appreciate a man like Waylen, but she also knew that Waylen didn't like her at all.

So Aline gave up hitting on Waylen.

She thought that Rena's kindness already bordered on stupidity. Now that she and Rena were reconciled, Aline was confident that she would get more chances to take advantage of Rena in the future. Once she used Rena's connections to reach the pinnacle of her life, this little conflict would turn into a speck of forgotten historical dust.

Rena got in the car.

It was warm inside, so she took off her coat.

Waylen gently touched her belly and said, "You hate her so much. Why didn't you leave directly?"

Rena sighed.

After a while, she said in a low voice, "I heard you the other night while you were on the phone. You said it was difficult to get evidence."

Waylen stroked her abdomen again.

"The case will be solved eventually."

Rena looked at the bright lights in front of the car and said thoughtfully, "I'm just covering all the bases."

If the law couldn't punish Aline, then Rena would employ other methods.

Waylen had a great connection with Rena. He could guess what she was thinking.

He talked to her on the drive home.

When the car stopped, Rena looked out the window and was surprised. "Why did you drive here?"

It was the apartment they used to live in.

Rena looked at Waylen with wide eyes.

Waylen unfastened his seat belt and leaned in to kiss Rena.

He said in a hoarse voice, "Didn't we agree to spend Christmas here together? I've arranged everything for the kids. My parents picked them up earlier. We can stay here all night."

Rena had been his wife for a long time, so she knew what he was thinking.

She was a mature woman. The truth was, she also wanted to

sleep with her husband, but she was worried about the baby.

Besides, there was something he hadn't told her yet.

Thinking of this, she looked at him affectionately.

Waylen held her face, leaned in once again, and kissed her. This time, he kissed her deeply and passionately. He didn't let go until they were both gasping for air.

He always liked to say the words that made his wife blush. "What do you want me to tell you? I'll tell you and give you everything tonight, how about that?"

Rena's cheeks bloomed with color.

She was still wearing a dress, but he couldn't restrain himself and began to flirt with her.

She answered in a sweet, coquettish tone, "You really are unlike any other man. You are 35 years old, but you are not abstinent at all."

Waylen let out a small laugh.

He whispered in her ear quite seductively, "We are revisiting the old haunt, Rena."

He made a pun.

How could Rena not understand?

She raised her head slightly, looked at him affectionately, and murmured, "Waylen..."

Waylen was turned on.

But because Rena was pregnant, he couldn't have sex with her in the car.

When the two of them finally entered their old apartment, they couldn't stand it anymore.

The porch light was dim.

They hugged and kissed passionately. Waylen sensed that Rena was as turned on as he was. He stared at her and gasped, "You haven't been like this in a long time."

Rena began unbuttoning his shirt.

She kept going until his strong, lean chest muscles popped into view.

He was handsome and charming, and even had a good figure.

Rena raised her head, kissed his chin, and said affectionately, "Waylen, I'm the only one who knows all these good things about you, right?"

Waylen looked down at her.

At this moment, he seemed to see the former Rena, the woman he once shared a home and life with.

Back then, she had always wanted him to hold her and yearned for his body very much.

Rena's words greatly satisfied his male pride. He held her face and whispered, "Yes, you are. Rena, you're the only one for me now and forever."

Hearing this, Rena kissed him more intensely.

Waylen picked her up and put her on the piano.

The piano made a sound on the impact.

They had been away from each other for a few days, so their reunion was wild and sweet all at once. Waylen finally got his wish and had Rena once again in this apartment.

They made love repeatedly and thoroughly.

They had no words because they understood all too well the things they made each other feel.

Waylen was his old self again.

He was back.

Finally, Rena had an orgasm. She touched her husband's face and whispered, "Are you really back, Waylen?"