

Chapter 289 To Hurt Him

An hour later, the car came to a stop at the villa where Waylen and Rena once lived. Since they rarely stayed here now, all the servants had gone on vacation. The grand villa stood empty.

Waylen unbuckled his seatbelt and went around to pull Rena out of the car.

Rena resisted and struggled.

Undeterred, he lifted her up in his arms, paying no heed to her limbs flailing.

He switched on the lights, and soon the villa was bathed in a bright glow.

Then, he tossed Rena onto the bed.

Her soft body bounced gently on the plush mattress. As she tried to escape, he firmly held her hands down on the bed.

Tonight, she was exuding an irresistible allure.

In her anger, her ample bosom heaved, making her even more tempting.

Harold's challenge to his desire and possessiveness had ignited Waylen's uncontrollable lust. With one hand holding hers to prevent her from moving, he used the other to grip her chin and force her into a kiss.

Rena was overwhelmed by his wild and passionate kisses.

She didn't want this with him.

So she shook her head, attempting to break free from his embrace.

"Waylen, don't touch me!" Rena cried out.

Waylen lifted himself off Rena, his breath heavy and his eyes filled with confusion. "We are a couple. Why can't I touch you?"

After struggling for a long time, Rena lost her strength.

She could only sink into the soft bed and murmured, "Because you make me sick."

Waylen was taken aback by her harsh words, which went beyond his expectations.

He gazed at the woman beneath him.

She said he made her sick?

Didn't she once... love him?

Rena's lips trembled, her nose turning red, but she refused to cry.

"Waylen, if you truly loved me, you would have understood how deeply Elvira hurt me and Alexis. Our daughter almost died because of that woman!

But what did you do? You took care of her sister when you were supposed to be with your family! You left your entire family behind and went to look after her for so many days!

Waylen Fowler, Mr. Fowler, You are truly captivating. She was completely infatuated with you and would die for you!"

Listening to her accusations, Waylen released his grip on her.

He slowly retreated, sitting on her calf.

Then, he considered lighting a cigarette.

He stared at her for a long time and asked, "What about you? As you said, she can die for me. What about you, Rena? What position do I hold in your heart?"

Lying on the bed, there was only one thought circling in her mind.

It was to hurt him!

She grinned and replied, "Haven't you always wanted to know the difference between 'you' and 'the past Waylen' in my heart?"

Let me tell you, you can never hold a candle to the past Waylen!

You don't even deserve that apartment. You don't deserve anything that I've experienced with him!

Mr. Fowler, to be honest, I hate you for occupying and sharing his body!"

Waylen froze.

He was infuriated by her!

This woman was lying on his bed, but she spewed such maddening words at him!

He leaned over and gently traced her body from top to bottom, finally resting his fingertips on her abdomen where their babies had once lived. He sneered, "You didn't disdain the days we had sex but also indulged in love... Rena, Mrs. Fowler, Are you a bit of a prig?"

Rena's emotions were in turmoil.

She sat up, lightly patting his handsome face, and retorted, "Yes, having sex with you was once a good experience. But I don't want to experience that now!"

"Really?" He pressed his lips against hers, his face contorted with an awful expression.

"Your body doesn't say so!"

His anger knew no bounds.

At that moment, Rena's phone rang.

It was little Alexis calling, asking in a sweet voice, "Mommy, when will you and daddy come back home?"

Rena brushed a strand of hair and turned her back.

Her tone was a bit broken in gentleness. "Mommy will be back soon!"

"I also want daddy to read me a fairy tale book," Alexis continued.

"Okay," Rena replied.

"Mommy misses you, sweetie!"

With a sweet smile, Alexis said, "Alexis misses Mommy too!"

Waylen continued to listen to their conversation.

He noticed Rena's face changing colors faster than a set of traffic lights. She treated him in one way, and treated their children in another!

He couldn't help but care about her remarks, so he lost interest in making love to her. Ungracefully, he lay on the bed with his shoes on, smoking quietly...

Rena said in a low voice, "Tidy yourself up and go back."

He knew what she meant: they had to calm down and return to their usual lukewarm relationship before going home, to avoid their parents and children finding out about their conflict.

He slowly exhaled the smoke and asked, "Rena, aren't you tired?"

"I am," Rena replied.

"But I have no choice. Waylen, if it's possible, I also yearn for freedom."

She was burdened with too many responsibilities.

Besides Waylen, there were many things she couldn't bear to part with.

Rena stood up and made her way to the cloakroom, changing into a soft wool dress. When she emerged, Waylen said with a sneer, "What? Afraid my parents will see that sultry dress?"

Indifferently, Rena flipped her long hair back. "If you like it, I'll wear it every day!"

Her response infuriated Waylen.

But Rena had already walked out. "Let's go back in half an hour!"

She descended the stairs gracefully and turned off the lights. Then, sitting before the morning dew piano, she closed her eyes and began to play the Moonlight Sonata.

Bathed in the lunar glow, Rena's radiant face glimmered white. Yet, her expression carried a hint of sorrow, as if her eyes reflected the glimmer of tears.

Was she crying?

Quietly, Waylen stood on the stairs, gazing at her.

Earlier that night, he had suspected that she still had unresolved feelings for Harold, but now, he convinced himself that the person she truly loved was always this 'Waylen Fowler' from the past.

Jealousy and discomfort churned inside him.

He couldn't take his eyes off her, for she was so mesmerizing when she played the piano.

Outside the French window, the starry sky paled in comparison to her.

The cold war between Rena and Waylen persisted.

Both of them were busy and also unwilling to compromise.

In February, as the weather warmed, Rena found herself in the CEO's office on the top floor of Exceed Group.

She worked quietly when Wendy entered with a bouquet of flowers, greeting her with a smile. "Mrs. Fowler, your flowers have arrived."

Without looking up, Rena instructed, "Find a trash can and throw them away."

Wendy cleared his throat to hide her embarrassment. "We've already disposed of Mr. Moore's flowers. These are a gift from Mr. Fowler."

Rena looked up and said, "Give them to me!"

Wendy placed the bouquet on the desk.

Rena gazed quietly at the bunch of champagne roses and extracted the card, which carried only a brief sentence, "Mrs. Fowler, Happy Valentine's Day!"

Valentine's Day...

Another Valentine's Day arrived.

Rena felt a little down. As she looked up, she said to Wendy, "Tell everyone to leave work two hours earlier today. Valentine's Day's for everyone."

Wendy beamed. "Mrs. Fowler, you're so kind! Everyone will be delighted!"

Rena nodded, signaling Wendy to leave.

Once alone, Rena picked up the newspaper and saw Waylen's face on the headlines. The newspaper stated that he had won a lawsuit in Heron.

The illustration depicted him holding a glass of champagne, wearing a smile that exuded cool handsomeness at a celebration party.

In that moment, her phone chimed with a new message from him.

"Rena, I really want to share my joy with you!"

Chapter 290 Rena's Fighting Back

Rena stared at the message for a long moment but chose not to reply.

She was aware of Waylen's infatuation with her, but it felt too uncertain. He still had Elvira on his heart, which was something Rena couldn't simply overlook.

He claimed her too easily.

Marriage and children could easily be the tools he used to manipulate her, but she refused to be manipulated.

Leaving the office, Rena headed to pick up Alexis.

She decided not to take the bouquet of flowers with her.

Downstairs, there was some commotion in the hall.

A few security guards prevented two girls from entering, but they persistently called out to see Rena.

Wendy whispered, "I'll handle them. You should leave."

Rena looked at Mavis amidst the commotion.

Likewise, Mavis stared back at her from across the crowd.

After a moment, Rena said softly, "Take her to the reception room."

Five minutes later, Mavis and her friend, Rita, entered the opulent reception room on the first floor.

As they gazed at the luxurious surroundings, they felt intimidated, especially Rita. She tugged at Mavis' sleeve and whispered, "Why don't we forget it, Mavis? I don't think it's a good idea to provoke Mrs. Fowler."

Mavis pursed her lips but said nothing.

Sitting on the sofa, Rena was served scented tea by Wendy.

Her eyes were fixed on Mavis.

Mavis hadn't fully recovered yet; her legs were still weak, and her arms were wrapped in gauze. How could she dare to tempt Rena's husband looking like this?

Rena pondered, thinking that perhaps Mavis was in dire straits.

As Mavis gazed at Rena before her, she compared herself to her. Although Rena was stunning with her curvaceous figure, Mavis couldn't help but feel that she was younger.

Rather than taking a seat, Mavis placed a stack of money on the tea table.

"Mrs. Fowler, I'm here to return the money.

Mr. Fowler paid three hundred thousand in medical fees for me, and there's still sixty hundred unspent. I feel like I should return them," she explained, talking quickly.

Rena took a sip of her scented tea, listening attentively.

After Mavis finished her explanation, Rena gently placed her teacup down.

She smiled and said, "Miss Lynch, you made a mistake in your calculations."

Mavis was taken aback.

Rena picked up the stack of money and counted before saying,

"Actually, you should be repaying me three hundred thousand. You just said my husband paid three hundred thousand for you!"

Mavis didn't expect Rena to be so meticulous.

Her pride was hurt, and her lips trembled. "Mrs. Fowler, that's the amount Mr. Fowler paid for me. You have no right to ask for repayment."

A sneer immediately formed on Rena's face.

"Is that so? But that money is our shared property!

I have every right to get it back.

Besides, how would I even know about the money if you hadn't shown up?

Now, let me ask you, did you have sex with Waylen?"

With trembling lips, Mavis couldn't lie.

Rena gently tossed the notes in her hand and said, "If you two had sex, I wouldn't demand you to repay the money. It would be your payment for services rendered. But since that didn't happen, I'm sorry, Miss Lynch, but please repay the three hundred thousand within a month!"

Mavis felt completely humiliated.

Her friend, who had been trying to intervene, whispered to her, "I warned you! Now, apologize to Mrs. Fowler. She won't make things difficult for you."

With her back held straight, Mavis turned a deaf ear to her friend, refusing to apologize.

"Mrs. Fowler, I love Mr. Fowler!

I believe he has feelings for me too. Otherwise, he wouldn't have stayed in the hospital with me for days! I know you're not happy about this, but I want to tell you that even if you try to stop us,

it's futile!

Mrs. Fowler, I don't need a title or anything. I just want to be with Mr. Fowler.

Surely you can live with that, can't you?"

Mavis's bold words sent a shiver down Wendy's spine.

This girl was reckless, and Wendy could feel the tension in the room.

Rena's eyes turned cold as she looked at Mavis.

At that moment, her repugnance for Mavis had nothing to do with Waylen anymore.

When she raised her head again, she smiled and replied, "Of course, I can manage it. From now on, I won't just stop disliking you, but I'll treat you well!"

Mavis looked puzzled.

With a gentle gesture, Rena raised her hand.

Wendy immediately responded, "What can I do for you, Mrs. Fowler?"

Rena muttered softly, "Select a few top-notch bodyguards to protect Miss Lynch around the clock. Ensure her safety until she can repay all the money she owes me.

And as for her friend Rita, she seems quite capable..."

Rena stood up and added, "Send the recording of our discussion to their school leaders. Let them know what kind of person she is associating with. I doubt the school would appreciate having such a person without moral integrity among their students."

Wendy nodded and replied, "Yes, Mrs. Fowler!"

Mavis's eyes grew wide.

She never expected Rena to be so ruthless. Wasn't she afraid of angering Waylen?

Lost in her thoughts, Mavis didn't notice Rena leaving.

She dragged her injured leg and hurriedly chased after her. "Mrs. Fowler, you have no right to do this to us! You can't understand my feelings for Mr. Fowler. Do you truly love him? No, you only love the Exceed Group and the power he gives you!"

Rena came to a halt, her expression cold as she warned, "Mavis, I've held back so far, but don't push me beyond my limits!"

Her voice trailed off as Rena disappeared through the doorway.

Standing there in a daze, Mavis realized that her attempt to provoke Rena and strain their relationship had backfired.

She had underestimated Rena's authority and power.

Rena didn't follow her thought at all.

Clutching her fingers tightly, Mavis couldn't believe that Rena would actually take action against her.

In that moment, Wendy stepped forward, gesturing to the two tall and robust bodyguards beside her.

She then said politely, "Miss Lynch, from today on, these two bodyguards will accompany you at all times, ensuring your safety whether you eat, sleep, or use the bathroom. They will closely escort you. Please cooperate and don't disappoint Mrs. Fowler."

Mavis was furious.

She waved her hand, as if wanting to overturn a nearby vase.

"This vase is an authentic antique worth two million and sixteen thousand dollars," Wendy gently reminded her.

Tears welled up in Mavis' eyes. Still holding on to her last shred of pride, she retorted, "I don't need your protection! She just wants to monitor and control me!"

Wendy gave Mavis a faint smile, secretly despising the girl's arrogance.

Despite her good looks, Mavis seemed overly confident in competing with Mrs. Fowler. The Exceed Group might have been a gift from Waylen to Rena, but Rena had the capability to manage it and turn it into a successful venture.

Under her leadership, the company had experienced remarkable growth.

All the shareholders were pleased with her performance.

With a smile, Wendy took out a voice recorder from her pocket, taunting Mavis, "If you have any grievances, you can take it up with your school leader!"

Mavis was infuriated.

She stormed out of the Exceed Group building, drawing the attention of onlookers.

The two bodyguards followed her closely, making her feel even more humiliated.

Rita was distressed.

She ended up crying out in regret for offending Rena.

Meanwhile, Mavis tried repeatedly to call Waylen, but his phone remained busy.

It was obvious that he had blacklisted her.

At the same time, Waylen was attending a celebration party in Heron.

It was supposed to be a joyous occasion, with him holding a glass of wine with the others.

He always enjoyed this kind of social gatherings, especially ones to celebrate his success.

However, his current mood was far from uplifted. Rena had not responded to any of his messages, and her silence weighed heavily on his mind.

As he exchanged pleasantries with others, he couldn't help but think of Rena and the image of her playing the piano with closed eyes.

Despite their differences and conflicts, she still held a certain allure over him. Was it merely because she was his wife?

Waylen knew it was more than that. There was something deeper, something captivating about Rena that drew him in, something he wanted to possess beyond her physical beauty.

Half an hour later, he decided to call it a day.

Waylen politely declined the host's kind offers and decided to return to the hotel. It was Valentine's Day, and the city seemed to overflow with lovey-dovey couples, only amplifying his feelings of isolation.

As he drove his sleek white Bentley through the city streets, he couldn't help but feel a tinge of disappointment and loneliness.

Feeling the need for a moment of solitude, Waylen pulled over and rolled down the car window. He lit a cigarette, trying to calm his restless mind. A strange longing had stirred within him, a desire to be with someone on this special day.

Up ahead, he noticed a woman holding a little girl in her arms.

Their clothes were tattered, and their faces were covered in dust.

The sight was heart-wrenching as the mother held out a bowl,

begging passers-by for money to buy some food for her child. It was pretty obvious that the child was sick.

At first, Waylen didn't recognize them, but after a while, memories flooded back.

They were the wife and daughter of a defendant who had lost a significant economic case—which Waylen won—in the past and later took his own life, leaving the family in dire straits.

Years had passed since then, and now they were living on the streets, struggling to survive.

Back then, Waylen might have turned a blind eye to their suffering, but now, looking at the child's desperate state, he couldn't help but feel a pang of guilt.

Seeing the child's frail form made him think of his own child, Alexis, who had grown up in a life of luxury and comfort.

That little girl on the roadside used to be the apple of eye of a billionaire's family as well.

He wondered if showing a little compassion in the past could have changed their fate, preventing this young girl from lying on the cold pavement, struggling to afford medical treatment and losing her father.

As he lost himself in these thoughts, the cigarette between his slender fingers burned out, and the ashes fell to the ground.

Waylen made a firm decision. He opened the car door and stepped out.

Approaching the mother and daughter, they looked up at the noble and handsome man standing before them.

The woman recognized the car parked behind him.

It was a brand her husband had favored.

Waylen gently placed his hand on the child's forehead, sensing the slight warmth of her fever. With determination in his voice, he said softly, "I'll take you both to the hospital!"

The kid's cries filled the air.

Then, the woman bowed to Waylen with tears of gratitude in her eyes.

Unbeknownst to her, he was the lawyer who had dealt with her late husband's case.

Without a word, Waylen gently picked up the crying child.

The woman followed him into his luxurious car, feeling uneasy about the opulent interior.

She suggested they could take a bus, but Waylen remained silent, soothing the little girl with a tender touch.

The child's soft hair reminded him of Alexis.

Driving through the bustling city streets at night, Waylen hurriedly brought them to the hospital.

The child was diagnosed with pneumonia.

Luckily, it was not too severe, and she would get better and be discharged within a week.

Waylen arranged a private ward for them and left briefly, only to return later with a bag in his hand, the little girl seemed genuinely happy to see him again.

He walked over and touched her little head. "I'm leaving! Be a good girl and get better."

The woman silently prayed for the blessing she received.

She walked him out and thanked him over and over.

When she returned to her daughter and peered inside the bag the man left, her eyes widened a bit.

It was filled with food, some cakes kids would adore, five hundred thousand in cash, and the key to a nice apartment—a property he had transferred to their ownership.

The woman remained stunned for a while as she stared at the contents of the bag.

Being sharp and perceptive, she understood that such kindness came with a purpose.

After much contemplation, she finally remembered who Waylen was.

Overwhelmed with emotion, she burst into tears, while the child held her hand nervously. Gradually, she calmed down and gently reassured the little girl, "Don't be afraid. He is a good man!"

Waylen left the hospital, lost in his own thoughts.

At night, he sat in the car and smoked quietly. For some reason, he heard a few words—

"You will experience a rebirth!"

This unexpected voice in his head startled him, and he found himself yearning to see Rena again. Closing his eyes, he couldn't help but imagine her radiant face.

That night, Waylen returned to Duefron.

However, Rena was not home. He inquired with a servant and learned that she had taken Alexis out to celebrate Valentine's Day.

He smiled to himself, amused by the thought of a little girl celebrating this romantic day with her mother.

Curious, he drove to the French restaurant Rena had invested.

Even though it was late at night, the restaurant was still bustling with patrons.

Rena was playing the piano under a mesmerizing crystal chandelier.

Her skin glowed like exquisite crystal as well.

Her perfect figure complimented her elegance as well.

She looked so graceful and enchanting in her Bohemian-style dress.

Alexis sat straight and looked at her mother proudly.

As he entered the restaurant, Alexis spotted her father and gleefully rushed into his arms, calling out, "Daddy!"

Her soft body was adorable.

Waylen couldn't resist the urge to kiss his adorable daughter's chubby and radiant face before whispering, "I'm here to pick you and your mom up!"

Sitting on his lap, Alexis playfully counted her fingers and said, "There have been four or five men who want to date Mommy tonight!"

Waylen's gaze shifted towards Rena.

She was still at the piano, her silhouette exuding an air of tenderness and passion.

Love filled his eyes as he lowered his voice to explain to Alexis, "Mom and Dad are married. She can't fall in love with other men."

Confused, Alexis furrowed her little brows, contemplating for a while before finally expressing, "I haven't married Leonel. Can he still fall in love with someone else?"

Chuckling, Waylen replied, "In fact, yes, he can!"

Alexis then secretly decided that she and Leonel should get married as soon as possible.

After finishing the music, Rena was surprised to see Waylen's return.

Walking over with a smile, she asked, "Congratulations, Mr. Fowler. Weren't you... Weren't you supposed to come back tomorrow?"

Waylen gazed at her, his eyes filled with emotion.

"I missed you so much that I came back early."

As Rena always showed respect for him in public, she smiled and accepted the present he took from his pocket.

Opening the extravagant velvet box, she saw a pair of pearl earrings.

Her eyes became a little misty, realizing that even though he had forgotten the past, his impeccable taste in gifts remained unchanged.

Noticing her reaction, Waylen said softly, "I've noticed you often wear that pair of earrings. The maid told me that you lost one of them and have been searching for it for a long time. So, I bought another pair for you."

"Thank you!" Rena replied with gratitude.

Waylen grabbed her hand and asked gently, "Do you like this present?"

Rena smiled at him.

Then, she carefully put on the pearl earrings.

However, Waylen couldn't help but feel a pang of disappointment.

He sensed that Rena was merely being polite, not genuinely interested in reconciling with him. She was only acting as Mrs. Fowler in front of others.

On their way back home, with little Alexis in the backseat, they couldn't engage in the intimate conversations of a couple.

Still, Waylen stole glances at Rena through the rearview mirror whenever the traffic light turned red.

Tonight in Heron, he was deeply touch by the mother and daughter, and he longed to share all his emotions with his wife.

When the car stopped, Alexis hopped out first.

Waylen gently touched the steering wheel and murmured, "Rena, today is Valentine's Day. Let's celebrate it together, just you and me..."