

Chapter 348 Their Tense Relationship

Rena couldn't help but cry.

As the tears rolled down her cheeks, she tried to suppress the whimper in her throat.

She reckoned that she was still the passive party in this relationship, always giving in to Waylen.

She was the first to compromise every time they squabbled. Apart from her residual affection for him, the main reason why she always conceded to Waylen was that she felt guilty. After all, he had lost his memory for protecting her.

He had risked his life to save her.

Therefore, no matter how disgusted she felt with what had happened between Mavis and Waylen, she could only choose to forgive Waylen.

Otherwise, what else could she do?

Rena squatted down and started picking up the scattered pills. One by one, she put them back into the small bottle.

Staring at these white little pills with hopelessness, she even considered the idea of ending this torture by swallowing them all.

Then, she would never need to hear Waylen question her about whether she still loved him or not, nor would she have to see the hurt in his eyes.

But she wouldn't let their tense relationship affect the children.

The following morning, Rena got up early.

At the same time, Waylen came out of the guest room opposite their bedroom. He hadn't changed out of the clothes he wore last night. Noticing the dark circles under Rena's eyes, he considerately offered, "I'll take Alexis to the kindergarten."

It was a simple sentence, but it represented the message that he was just going to make do with how things were for the rest of their lives.

Rena nodded in agreement.

Then she went downstairs to make breakfast for the children, as usual.

While they were having breakfast as a family, Alexis pouted like a spoiled child, begging them to send her to the kindergarten together.

Rena raised her head.

Coincidentally, she met Waylen's gaze at that moment.

He had taken a shower and changed into a set of formal clothes by then. At this moment, his eyes held unfathomable depth.

The atmosphere grew a little subtle. Rena knew that Alexis needed to be coaxed, but unexpectedly, it was Waylen who spoke first. "It's rare for us to have the chance to take Alexis to school together. Let's go together. I can drive you back later."

Albeit a little startled, Rena found herself nodding.

Eyes darting between her daddy and mommy, Alexis gently tapped Rena's hand and asked, "Mommy, do you like the card from me and Marcus?"

Rena planted a tender kiss on Alexis's tender cheek and replied dotingly, "I love it."

As she spoke, she pressed her face against the little girl's cheek.

Standing there, Waylen just stared at them.

After breakfast, Rena went upstairs to change her clothes. She picked out a silk shirt and a fishtail skirt. Just as she was taking off her pajamas, the bedroom door creaked open.

Seeing what Rena was doing, Waylen was startled at first. Then he slowly closed the door behind him.

Ignoring him, Rena continued to change her clothes.

Her spine bulged slightly when she bent down, possessing an irresistible allure.

Waylen leaned against the door and said softly, "Jazlyn said you have an appointment with the doctor today?"

Rena buttoned her shirt up, pulled her long brown hair out of the collar, and combed it. As she did so, she said, "Something came up, so I have to cancel."

The truth was that she refused to ever set foot in that clinic again.

Without giving him any more details, she walked out of the bedroom, brushing past him.

Waylen grabbed her hand, calling her name anxiously. "Rena!"

Rena gracefully broke free from his grasp and looked at him in a composed, steady manner. "Waylen, that's it. We don't have to force each other. Just live your life, and I'll live mine."

After a short pause, she added, "I'll respect whatever you choose."

When she was about to go downstairs, Waylen's voice sounded from behind her. "I won't let you go!"

"I don't care!"

Rena's legs buckled from underneath her, and she leaned against the wall for support for a few seconds.

It was just that Aline raked up Rena's past love affairs, yet he couldn't stand it. He doubted her love for him, but actually, what he wanted was just that Rena belonged to him completely.

Smiling bitterly, Rena steadied herself and kept walking as though nothing had happened.

When she arrived at the garage, she got in the car.

Instead of sitting in the passenger's seat, she sat in the back seat with Alexis. Along the way, she talked to her daughter, only occasionally talking to Waylen if it was about the children.

Since Rena and Waylen did everything to keep their ramshackle marriage a secret from Alexis deliberately, Alexis remained oblivious to her parents' predicament.

Grinning widely, Alexis got out of the car and went to school, making sure to wave at them before disappearing behind the gate.

Standing side by side, Waylen and Rena watched her retreating figure. After a prolonged silence, he wordlessly walked back to the car and opened the door to the passenger's seat, hinting at Rena to get in.

Rena obediently sat in the car, but then she said, "Drop me off at the next intersection. I'll take a taxi."

Looking at the road ahead, Waylen lit a cigarette.

"Where are you going? I'll just drive you there."

After a moment of hesitation, Rena gave him the address. Along the way, neither of them spoke a word.

She thanked him when she got out of the car.

But before she could shut the door, Waylen grabbed her hand and sneered, "Rena, we're married. No need to say thank you when I give you a ride! Why are you acting so distant?"

Rena sat back in her seat and tried to suppress her boiling rage.

"Waylen, if you want to maintain our marriage, you should talk to me in a proper way. But if you don't want to, you can just vent your dissatisfaction."

A hush fell over the car.

After a long time, Waylen stepped on the gas, his knuckles turning white from gripping the steering wheel so tightly.

Maybe Rena was right. Maybe they'd both lead happier lives if they freed themselves from this tortuous relationship. They could still raise their children, and if he wanted to be with a beautiful young lady, he could...

Waylen didn't want to think about it anymore, so he pounded on the steering wheel with guilt, anger, and anxiety.

The horn of the car blared, startling nearby birds into taking flight.

He had dropped Rena off at the entertainment building. As soon as Rena shut the door, he drove away.

Anyway, he harbored rage.

Rena stood there quietly for a long time before finally forcing herself to walk into the building.

In the afternoon, it was Rena who picked Alexis up from school.

While she was making supper, a servant came over and said, "Mrs. Fowler, Mr. Fowler just called and asked me to tell you that he's not coming back for dinner."

Rena was kneading the dough when the servant reported this.

She paused and asked, "When will he be back?"

The servant shook her head and said, "I don't know. He didn't tell me about that."

Rena nodded and continued to knead the dough absentmindedly. Since Alexis was craving for cake, Rena promised to bake a beautiful little cake for her.

After pondering for a while, Rena came up with a compromise. After the kids grew up, she would reconsider her marriage with Waylen.

She took care of Alexis and Marcus by herself that night. After dinner, she gave Alexis piano lessons, as usual. Marcus was already able to walk. He stood up, held the piano for support, and shook his head along to the music.

After playing the piano for a while, Alexis went to play with her little brother.

It was ten o'clock, and the children had long gone to sleep, but Waylen still hadn't come back.

After taking a shower, Rena lay on the bed quietly, her mind blank.

When they had gotten remarried, Waylen seldom committed to social gatherings late at night. Did he do this because of their quarrel?

At this moment, Waylen was in the club.

It was just a normal business dinner, so he intended to leave at nine o'clock initially.

But those men, who sat near him, were bombarded by incessant phone calls.

"I'll be back soon!"

"You're overthinking it again. It is just a business dinner. There are no girls here."

"Okay, okay, I'll come back home right now!"

The men responded casually to their wives and put down their phones. One of them said, "Sorry about that. My wife likes monitoring me."

He complained while he put his arm around the female escort's shoulders.

Someone wanted to take this opportunity to flatter Waylen, so he said, "Mr. Flower's different! His wife doesn't call him even when it's so late. She must trust him a lot!"

The other men laughed in agreement.

But their laughter made Waylen unhappy.

He fell into deep thought, lost in bitterness.

It wasn't that Rena trusted him. He knew that she just didn't care about him.

At the thought of this, he drank a few more glasses of wine. Experiencing discomfort, he shuffled to the washroom to wash his face slowly. He didn't return to the private room until he was sober.

Just then, there happened to a girl entering the room.

She was a newcomer in a film company. Only twenty one years old, she was young and naive, but she must've had some plastic surgery.

Because she bore an uncanny resemblance to Rena.

Waylen was slightly taken aback at the first sight of her strangely familiar face.

The young girl was sensible, so she didn't try to pester him. She just sat next to him and listened to men's talk.

Those present were all shrewd businessmen.

They all saw through the intention of this newcomer named Ruth Powell. She was here for Waylen.

So they even encouraged Ruth to get closer to Waylen, teasing them openly.

Waylen ignored their joke.

He lowered his head and lit a cigarette. He smoked slowly, exuding an extremely distinct aura of masculinity.

Right after the dinner, he took his coat and left.

However, as soon as he got in his car, the girl approached and asked softly, "Mr. Fowler, can you give me a ride home?"

There was still half a cigarette clamped between Waylen's lips.

He slowly finished it off before finally replying, "Don't get involved with a married man."

Then he gestured at the chauffeur to drive.

While pulling away, the chauffeur looked at the girl from the rearview mirror and couldn't help but comment, "She's quite stunning. She looks a lot like Mrs. Fowler, but it seems that she's had plastic surgery. Mr. Fowler, do you think she changed her face to look just like Mrs. Fowler?"

Absentmindedly listening to the chauffeur's chitchat, Waylen fell into deep thought once more.

He found himself missing Rena.

He was heading back so late. Would she ask him where he had gone? Would she still care?