

Chapter 311 Coming Clean

It was a moonless night, and the room was dark. Waylen looked down at Rena, staring at her intently.

Rena wanted to push him away, but the man grabbed her hand and interlocked his fingers with hers before she could do so...

The atmosphere was thick with sexual tension.

Waylen's eyes were filled with lust.

His Adam's apple bobbing slightly, he buried his face in her neck and whispered, "Rena, there's something I need to tell you."

"What is it?" Rena looked at him.

There was a slight tremor in her soft voice...

Waylen turned over in bed, making her lie on top of him.

They had been through so much. He knew that if he hid this from her, he'd easily win her over.

But he also knew that if he kept secrets, he'd eventually end up losing her.

So he made up his mind and confessed, "I ran into Mavis just now."

Mavis?

Rena instantly frowned at the mention of this name.

Waylen cupped her cheek and caressed her eyebrow with his thumb, saying, "She's pregnant, Rena, and I plan to have her moved to Heron. I know this might make you unhappy, but I



want to give her a chance, okay?"

Waylen also told Rena about Theo.

Rena rested her head on his chest and didn't say anything for a long time.

Her silence made Waylen think that she was indeed unhappy with his decision. He gently stroked her hair and opened his mouth to say something, but Rena ended up speaking first. "Okay."

Waylen's eyebrows shot up in surprise. He didn't expect her to be so easily persuaded.

Rena raised her head to look at him, saying softly, "If she wants to keep the baby, then that means that she loves the baby... I wouldn't want to give a pregnant woman a hard time, even if that woman is Mavis."

Seeing how calm Rena was, Waylen was amazed. At that moment, he wanted her even more.

But since he was only pretending to have regained his memory, he didn't dare to touch her without her permission for fear that she'd recoil from him.

Still, now that he had come clean about Mavis, he couldn't help but kiss her.

Holding her gently, he pressed his lips against hers.

Rena obediently responded to his kiss, even going so far as to wrap her arms around his neck while doing so. Waylen was so hot for her. If he didn't take her right then and there, he feared he would explode from sexual frustration...

Just as he was about to tear off her clothes, Rena suddenly said in a low voice, "Waylen, you haven't regained your memories, am I right?"

Waylen stopped in his tracks, staring at her in disbelief.

How did she know?

He always thought that he had put up a good performance these past few days.

Rena pulled down her nightgown and flicked on the bedside lamp. Kicking him lightly, she said in a coquettish tone, "If you really regained your memories, you probably would've killed Mavis by now."

How could he be so kind as to give Mavis another chance?

Waylen was rendered speechless.

Rena opened the drawer in the bedside table, took out a notebook, and showed it to Waylen. It was a copy of the diary left at Waylen's apartment, and inside were all kinds of notes in red ink.

"Shame on you, Waylen," Rena chastised him playfully.

Waylen turned his face away, feeling a little embarrassed.

He was just about to ravage Rena in bed when she stopped him abruptly and exposed his lies. How humiliating!

Moreover, he couldn't figure out what Rena really meant, and that bothered him.

All of a sudden, Rena's expression became serious. "I'm willing to let you help Mavis and her baby, but I'm the one who will pick her obstetrician and make other arrangements."

Of course, instead of doing this herself, Rena would have her people handle the matter. Because she still didn't like Mavis.

Waylen flopped down at the other end of the bed, pretending to be a defeated warrior. He kissed Rena's foot and whispered, "Whatever you say."

Grinning, Rena rubbed his handsome face with her foot.

Waylen grabbed her foot and warned her in a low voice, saying, "That's enough, Rena. I'm not going to let you walk all over me."

But instead of heeding his warning, Rena rubbed her foot against his chin once more.

Waylen couldn't help but chuckle. "Well, at least my wife's feet smell good."

It was getting late.

The two didn't have sex. They simply enjoyed each other's company and talked about anything and everything under the sun. All of a sudden, Rena leaned on his shoulder and whispered, "I didn't intend to tell you this, but since you're being so honest tonight... Waylen, let's not hide anything from each other from now on, okay? I don't care if you get your memory back or not. As long as we're together—as long as we still love each other—what more do we need? We can always make more memories in the future."

Moved, Waylen gently touched her lips.

He lowered his head and said in a hoarse voice, "But I still want to ask you a question."

"What is it?"

With a mischievous glint in his eye, Waylen wrapped his arms around her and asked, "How did I do you before?"

Rena's cheeks turned as red as tomatoes.

Indeed, old habits die hard.

That night, they talked for hours. Rena couldn't even recall when she fell asleep.

Early the following morning, she awoke and found herself alone

in bed.

Lying next to her was a rose so fresh that dewdrops still glittered on its delicate petals.

Rena smiled.

She picked it up and smelled it, taking in its fragrance.

She could hear a faint stir coming from downstairs, and soon, the smell of food followed. Waylen was probably cooking breakfast in the kitchen.

Rena pulled herself out of bed and took the notebook.

Truth be told, she had found out a long time ago that Waylen was just pretending to have regained his memories, but she had humored him. After all, both Alexis and Marcus needed a father...

Just then, Rena's phone rang. It was from an unknown number.

But Rena recognized that it was Mavis' number. She answered it and asked in a calm tone, "Did he tell you everything?"

Mavis replied weakly, "Yes."

After a long pause, Mavis cleared her throat and continued, "Mrs. Fowler, I had a crush on Mr. Fowler, but a man like him doesn't belong to me. I want to thank you for helping me."

Rena didn't say anything. She didn't feel relieved even though it sounded like Mavis was giving up.

But if Mavis had to leave a mark in Waylen's life, then Rena hoped it was a benign mark.

Finally, Rena said flatly, "I'll have someone arrange an OB-GYN for you."

From the other end of the line, Mavis seemed to be sobbing softly.

"I'm not that softhearted," Rena said. "But I'll be softhearted this one time and give you another chance to start over."

Then without waiting for a response, Rena hung up.

Pursing her lips, she ruminated and realized that she was a little different from before. The old Rena wouldn't have been so controlling.

She wondered whether Waylen would hate her for this.

At the thought of her new dominating self, Rena lowered her head and smiled...

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After looking up, Rena found Waylen leaning against the door.

His eyes were gentle as he stared at her.

Rena held up her phone and explained, "That was Mavis. She has gone to Heron."

Without saying anything, Waylen came over and kissed Rena on the tip of her nose.

"I just fed Marcus. The little guy can drink a whole bottle in under five minutes, I swear. Oh, and the doctor said we can start introducing some solids to him."

Rena wrapped her arms around his neck and asked in a purr, "What about Alexis?"

"Downstairs, having breakfast," Waylen answered briefly, bending over to give Rena a kiss. After kissing her for a long time, he finally pulled away and gently asked, "What kind of wedding do you want?"

Rena giggled like a schoolgirl. "We're an old married couple. There's no need for a wedding."

While Rena was in the bathroom freshening up, Waylen sat at the edge of the bed and lit a cigarette. He watched in pensive silence as the cigarette slowly burned out.

He could feel it.

Rena was somehow still distant from him.

Majority of the reason why she compromised and made up with him was for the sake of their children, which was understandable.

However, Waylen wasn't satisfied with just that.

He wanted Rena to love and rely on him...

After washing her face and brushing her teeth, Rena came out, only to find Waylen smoking inside their bedroom.

She was a little surprised, but she decided not to comment.

Waylen stared at her deeply. After a while, he reached out his hand and said softly, "Come here."

Rena obediently walked over.

As soon as she got close, he pulled her to sit on his lap and said in a low voice, "Let's go on a date tonight. I want you to know how good a man in his thirties can be."

Rena gently traced his eyebrows with the tip of her finger.

It seemed that what had happened previously was a big blow to his ego.

"Okay, then. Let's go on a date."

Then Waylen got close and whispered in her ear, "I'll do you until you beg me for mercy."

With a face as red as a tomato, Rena shyly pulled away from him and escaped from the bedroom.

Downstairs, Alexis was happily eating breakfast when she saw her parents coming downstairs.

Even though she was young, Alexis perceived that something was different.

She jumped off her chair, wrapped her arms around Waylen's leg and asked innocently, "Are you going to live here from now on, Daddy?"

Waylen scooped Alexis up, kissed the tip of her nose, and said, "Yes! You're going to see lot more of Daddy now!"

Alexis wrapped her arms around Waylen's neck and giggled happily.

Seeing the bright smile on her daughter's face, Rena couldn't help but smile, too. She carried Marcus and approached the father-daughter duo, wondering if this was what it meant to be a family.

Waylen treated her very well, and he was a natural family man.

He seldom committed to social engagements and even reduced his stake in the law firm to spend more time at home with his family. He often took them out on trips, too. Both Alexis and Marcus looked like wonderful children raised by wonderful parents.

In the eyes of outsiders, Waylen was the perfect husband and father.

Six months later, Rena gave him back the management rights to the Exceed Group.

Compared to her career, she leaned more towards a serene life, mainly because taking care of Alexis and Marcus was her top priority. No matter how many nannies Rena hired during their upbringing, none could ever replace a child's own parents.

This decision surprised many.

After all, Rena had been managing the Exceed Group really well over the past two years.

Only Vera was able to figure out her reasons.

Vera arranged to meet Rena at their favorite cafe, just like they often did. As Rena arrived, Vera couldn't help but acknowledge that Rena seemed to have it all together, living the best life among all the girls in their class.

Rena wasn't only rich, but she also had a loving husband and beautiful children.

Even after giving some shares back to Waylen, Rena still held forty-five percent of the company, while Marcus was the successor of the Fowler Group.

No one was better off than Rena.

But only Vera dared to ask, "Rena, did you only make up with Waylen for the sake of your kids?"

Rena smiled at her knowingly. "Of course not. We've been so happy together."

But even while saying that, Rena looked a little listless, stirring her coffee absentmindedly.

She wasn't lying...

It was true that as time went by, she had gradually grown used to Waylen's company.


In fact, she had almost forgotten that he had lost part of his memory.

Because whenever she dwelled on that subject for too long, she'd keenly feel that their relationship lacked something so important... But Rena always pushed it to the back of her mind, believing it didn't affect their everyday lives.

One day, Waylen confessed to her that he wanted another child.

She refused immediately.

Even though she knew that he was very disappointed, she didn't

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budget, and eventually, he gave up on the idea.

Though there wasn't an obvious issue between them, Rena couldn't help but notice that they had less time for each other than before. He was often swamped with work, while she devoted her time to taking care of their child. Sometimes, it all boiled down to her just resting with Alexis, leaving them with fewer moments together.

Rena stared into the distance, lost in thought...

Vera patted her hand and asked gently, "Rena, do you still love him?"

Love?

Of course she loved him... Right?

Rena was in a trance when her phone suddenly rang, pulling her back to reality. It was Waylen calling.

He must be on his way back home. Rena could hear the traffic sounds in the background as she answered his call. His voice was as soothing as always. "Hey, I just got a call from Dad. He mentioned that he already picked up Alexis and Marcus. Where are you right now? Let's head to the concert together."

Rena spoke softly—so softly that it hid the almost imperceptible tremble in her voice.

"I'm having coffee with Vera."

Waylen fell silent for a moment before finally laughing bitterly. "It seems that you don't have the time to accompany me, your husband. Mrs. Fowler, I'm beginning to feel a little depressed..."

Vera hurriedly mouthed at her, "I'm good."

But Rena felt that she and Vera hadn't seen each other in so long, and she couldn't just leave her friend alone.

Nevertheless, around an hour later, Rena returned to the villa.

The light in the hall was bright, and a delicate spread of delicious-looking food was laid out on the table. It looked like Waylen's cooking.

At this time, he was sitting on the sofa, reading a financial report.

Even upon hearing her approaching footsteps, he didn't look up.

Rena shrugged off her coat and plopped down beside him. "Are you mad?"

Waylen put down the financial report and pulled her to sit on his lap. While kissing her, he reached under her skirt and said in a low, hoarse voice, "You came home too late. Mrs. Fowler, I almost began to wonder if you had grown tired of me."

He was really busy these days.

He hadn't made love with her in over a week.

They usually got along well with each other. Whenever Waylen wanted to do it, Rena would submit to him obediently.

With Rena in his lap, he was instantly turned on. From the way things were going, it was clear that he intended to do it on the sofa, so Rena tried to stop him. "What're you doing? The servants will see us!"

Smirking, he rubbed his nose against hers.

"I gave them the day off. Besides, they're all adults. Even if they saw us, who cares? It's normal for a couple to do it on the sofa!"

Rena found herself unable to argue, so she nodded weakly.

Waylen was a thirty-five-year-old man with an extreme sexual appetite, so one round with Rena was never enough.

After a few rounds on the sofa, he scooped her up and carried her into the bedroom upstairs, where they did it several more times. He didn't stop doing her until past midnight...

It was getting very late.

When Waylen finally finished, the exhausted Rena soon fell asleep.

Waylen should've been exhausted as well, but for some reason, he wasn't sleepy.

Whenever he closed his eyes, his mind flashed images of him and Rena in that sex video.

It wasn't that he was horny and had to force Rena to do that with him. He just... Even after so long, he could still feel that Rena was a little distant.

Previously, she had forgiven him a little bit too easily.

They got back together and lived in harmony, despite not having a wedding.

And yes, they got along well with each other.

This kind of life, while not without its challenges, was not necessarily bad. After all, they knew that the majority of couples in the world lived like this. They raised their children together and managed to spend intimate moments with their partners after work, which helped release the pent-up stress in their bodies.

But the more they got along, the more empty Waylen felt.

Because he couldn't tell whether Rena still loved him or not.

He wasn't really the kind of man who would talk about love every day. However, he was the kind of man who would shower Rena with presents on her birthday, Valentine's Day, et cetera... And he would often tell Rena that he loved her.

But she rarely said that she loved him back...

Waylen wanted to smoke, but he knew that Rena didn't like to second-hand smoke, so he controlled himself.

He spooned her in bed and gently stroked her delicate skin.

After a while, Waylen was turned on again. He couldn't help himself and did her while she was asleep.

Rena was so exhausted that she barely stirred...

The following morning, Rena got up very early.

She went downstairs and found the sofa in a mess. Blushing furiously, she quickly gathered hers and Waylen's strewn clothes.

Despite being one of the bosses of this household, she still had a sense of shame and didn't want the servants to talk about her sex life.

Soon, Waylen went downstairs in a suit and tie. Glancing at the clean and tidied up sofa, he smiled and said, "The servants wouldn't have said anything even if they saw it, you know. You're already over 30, Rena. Why are you still as shy as a school girl?"

Rena rolled her eyes and stuck out her tongue at him, but she still proceeded to prepare breakfast for him.

She cooked the food lovingly, looking gentle and mild...

Waylen couldn't help but hug her from behind and kiss her earlobe gently. "You have a package on the coffee table," he whispered, his breath tickling her ear.

After saying that, he calmly sat down to drink his coffee.

Rena glanced at the package.

It was sent from Heron. There was a photo attached, and the person in the photo was none other than Mavis.

In the photo, she was heavily pregnant and standing beside a bookshelf in a small library.

The background showed a primary school in some remote village.

Rena flipped to the back of the photo and saw that Mavis had written her a letter.

"Mrs. Fowler, thank you so much for finding me this job. I'm really enjoying it here. Maybe I belong in a place like this. Now, I feel at ease, unlike before. And besides, I found my Mr. Right. He's a teacher at this school and an honest man, and he's willing to accept my child and become its father. We've got married already.

Mrs. Fowler, I can't thank you enough for giving me a second chance.

Maybe you don't know, but when Mr. Fowler offered his assistance, I had certain expectations in my heart. I thought, perhaps, I could use this child to gain Mr. Fowler's sympathy or even damage your relationship. However, when Mr. Fowler's assistant informed me that you agreed to help and provide the best medical treatment... That day, I cried like a child. I felt like such a pathetic fool. Again, thank you for everything, and also, I'm sorry for everything.

Goodbye. Take care. Wishing you and Mr. Fowler happiness."

Rena read it several times.

Her heart sank. Despite having passionate sex with Waylen last night, she didn't feel any better.

Rena put down the photo in a daze.

Waylen guessed what was going on. "Is it from her?"

Rena simply nodded in response.

She put the photo back into the envelope and put it away carefully.

After a while, she remarked, "Mavis got married."

Waylen's eyebrows shot up in surprise. He hadn't stayed in touch with Mavis, so he had no idea. But when he saw that Rena's eyes were a little red, he deliberately tried to make her laugh. "See? Women's beauty works. She managed to find herself a husband even though she was already pregnant!"

Rena didn't say anything and just glanced at him.

She was still a little upset. After all, she couldn't help but think about Elvira whenever Mavis' name was mentioned.

They both had left heavy marks in Rena's heart.

In Rena's eyes, Mavis was different from Elvira though. The main reason why Rena was willing to spare Mavis was that aside from frightening Alexis by accident while trying to win over Waylen, Mavis never actually hurt Rena.

Rena whispered, "But I still can't like her."

Brows creased with concern, Waylen came over and pulled Rena into a warm hug.

He didn't mention Mavis anymore. He just held her and asked gently, "What about me, Rena? Do you still like me?"

Rena slipped her arms around his waist...

"Of course," she answered softly.

Waylen reached out and stroked her hair away from her pretty face. "Well, don't cry anymore. After breakfast, let's pick up Alexis from my parents' place and drop her off at school together."

Along the way, Rena suddenly remembered something. "Our school's anniversary will be held next week. Are you free?"

Waylen leisurely steered the car with one hand.

He held Rena's hand with the other and said, "Anytime, Mrs. Fowler."

Rena was and would always be his top priority.

For the rest of his life, his time was Rena's.

He was willing to wait—no matter how long it took—until she said she loved him.

However, as soon as the gold Bentley Continental GT pulled slowly into the Fowler mansion's driveway, both Rena and Waylen sensed something was wrong.

They stepped inside the house with trepidation.

In the living room, several policeman were talking.

"Dad, what's going on? What happened?" Waylen looked around and drowned.

A depressed-looking Korbyn was sitting on the sofa. He seemed to have aged overnight. "Cecilia was kidnapped," he said wearily.

Waylen was stunned.

His mind was flooded with countless possibilities. Finally, he cracked a smile and suggested, "Maybe she had a few drinks and ended up somewhere, being her usual playful self. Who would bother kidnapping someone like her? It wouldn't make any sense."

At this, Juliette buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

Korbyn glared at Waylen and hissed, "How could you say that about your sister?"

The policemen couldn't help but chuckle. They shook hands with Waylen and said, "Mr. Fowler, we'll inform you as soon as we get any clues."

Waylen nodded. "Thank you, officers."

After walking the policemen out, Waylen sat on the sofa and looked at Rena, who had been quiet this whole time. "Rena, what kind of person do you think would kidnap Cecilia? Are they after her money or her beauty?"

Rena was speechless.

Waylen had obviously guessed who the kidnapper was, yet he still asked Rena such a question!