

Chapter 278 What About You Do You Love Me

Rena carefully tucked a photo inside Waylen's top pocket.

After that, Rena helped him straighten his clothes with her slender fingers, giving his outfit a final pat.

He then looked at her and took out the photo.

The woman in the photo was the new intern of the law office, Mavis.

Seating himself at the edge of the bed, he loosened his tie slightly, seemingly unimpressed. "Is all this fuss really necessary for an intern?"

"Just an intern?"

Rena's voice dropped, and she walked slowly towards him. Bending down, she whispered, "Waylen, you've crossed a line. Don't think I have no boundaries."

Waylen smiled and reached out to touch her delicate face.

Rena felt uneasy with his closeness and tried to dodge, but he swiftly held her waist and caressed her playfully.

"Is that so?"

And what about you, Rena? Do you really love me?

When we made love, you held me and called me Waylen. But were you really calling me, or just the man from your memory?
" He teased, "You know, Rena, I might just be a substitute.

Perhaps, you're no better than me."

Her heart aching, Rena couldn't find the right words to respond.

Her eyes narrowed, and she sneered at Waylen. "You've said so much, but it's just because you don't want to fire her, right? Tell me, are you keeping the intern or holding onto the regret of your youth?"

Waylen, you enjoy the benefits of marriage with me, yet you keep her by your side... Who do you find more disgusting?"

Rena picked up the photo of the intern.

In a fit of anger, she tore it into pieces right in front of Waylen.

He leaned back, his eyes gleaming, as if he had never encountered Rena's fury before.

After a long silence, he chuckled softly. "Looks like I've married a tigress."

With those words, he reached out and pulled Rena towards him, causing her to fall onto his lap.

Their bodies pressed against each other, and a romantic atmosphere filled the room.

Rena averted her gaze, her tone icy. "It hasn't even been 42 days since I gave birth. Are you some kind of animal?"

Waylen indeed wanted to have sex with her.

His desire however, was dampened by her words, and he didn't feel the need to hide his feelings.

After all, there was no need for pretenses when they expressed their innermost thoughts to each other. He playfully pinched her cheek and confessed, "What can I say? Ever since I met you, Mrs. Fowler, all I've been wanting to make love to you."

Rena pushed him away, straightened her clothes, and left the master bedroom, leaving Waylen behind to contemplate the storm he had unintentionally unleashed.

That night, she didn't go back to the master bedroom.

Waylen was well aware that she had slept in the guest room, or perhaps she was in the study, thinking about him.

There was no denying that something was amiss in their marriage.

She loved him, but for Waylen, it was different.

He had spent over half a year with her, trying to find that elusive feeling called love, but it remained elusive.

As he looked at the pile of shredded paper on the floor, he realized that if he truly loved her, he would have fulfilled her request tonight.

However, the truth was that he didn't love her. They were merely two strangers sharing the same bed, and now even the pretense was unnecessary.

A sense of relief washed over him.

He thought that perhaps marriage was better kept simple, which was raising children together and only indulging in intimacy on weekends when they both needed it.

The idea of a serious relationship seemed tiresome to him.

But soon, Waylen realized that Rena's actions weren't just a display of her emotions. She was genuinely serious about this.

Whenever he returned home from social engagements, she was often absent.

The servants informed him that Rena had gone to the Fowler's house to take care of their two kids.

Even when she was at home, Rena avoided sharing a bed with him. The distance between them seemed to grow wider with each passing day.

A week later, inside the Sterling Law Firm, the atmosphere in Waylen's spacious office was intense.

He sat there, his chin resting on his slender middle finger, lost in thought.

After Jazlyn finished her report, she offered a warm smile. "Tomorrow is Saturday. Mr. Fowler, have a good weekend."

Waylen managed to force a smile in return.

Just as Jazlyn was about to make some suggestions to improve the relationship between the couple, the office door was gently pushed open. In walked a slender figure, the young and good-looking intern, Mavis.

Waylen frowned, feeling a bit annoyed by the interruption.

Curious, Jazlyn asked, "What's up?"

Holding a small cake box in her hand, Mavis said timidly, "Mr. Fowler, today is my birthday. I made this cake myself, and I wanted to give it to you."

Waylen glanced at Jazlyn, who graciously accepted the cake and placed it on the desk.

"Thank you."

But Mavis didn't leave just yet. She bit her lip and said, her voice filled with emotion, "Actually... Some of my colleagues are planning a birthday party for me. Mr. Fowler, Jazlyn, I'd like to invite both of you to the party."

Inside, Jazlyn couldn't help but think of Mavis as an angelic troublemaker.

However, Waylen promptly declined, "No, thanks. And please remember not to barge into my office like this in the future."

Mavis' face bore a resemblance to Elvira's, and it seemed quite apparent that she was flirting with Waylen.

Yet, Waylen remembered he had never had any romantic feelings for Elvira, and the same applied to the young girl standing before him. He just... Elvira was gone, and seeing someone who resembled her so closely evoked a sigh of emotion from Waylen. He simply hoped that this girl, who looked so much like Elvira, would find her own path in life.

Even though Rena had fought with him, he still decided against firing Mavis.

Waylen's rejection left Mavis feeling embarrassed and on the verge of tears.

"Mr. Fowler, I didn't mean anything else."

"Get out then," Waylen firmly instructed.

Covering her face, Mavis hurriedly left the room and closed the door behind her.

Waylen closed the file on his desk and turned to Jazlyn, saying softly, "You mentioned that tomorrow is the weekend. Order a bunch of flowers for me."

He was planning to pick up Rena.

Jazlyn nodded with a smile, taking note of his request.

Meanwhile, Rena had been keeping busy with her workout routine and yoga sessions.

Her friend Vera had heard of the benefits and decided to join her. However, after just a short workout, Vera was already exhausted, while Rena remained composed and calm. Vera couldn't help but feel envious and jealous. "Rena, you're so persistent."

Rena continued with her yoga moves, the fitness coach observing her progress and deciding to give them some space.

As Rena applied skin care cream to her waist, she said with a self-mocking smile, "After giving birth to two children, if I don't work out hard, how can I compete with those young girls?"

Vera couldn't help but disagree, seeing Rena's flawless figure with envy.

Rena had a curvaceous body, with a small waist and ample curves...

Regular girls couldn't compare to Rena's stunning physique.

Vera playfully touched her friend's waist, but their fun was interrupted when Rena's assistant, Wendy Benson, entered the room and said softly, "Mrs. Fowler, there's a young girl here to see you."

Rena inquired, "Did she say anything specific?"

"She mentioned her surname is Lynch.

Rena wiped her sweat with a towel and replied, "Let her in."

Wendy opened the door and left the room.

Vera looked uneasy. "Is she the person you told me about last time? That's impossible. Elvira kept pestering Waylen, but he never liked her."

Rena smiled knowingly. "I guess this is a blast from the past."

Vera rolled her eyes playfully.

After a while, Wendy returned, accompanied by a young and somewhat nervous girl. "Mrs. Fowler," the girl greeted politely.

Rena was in the middle of her stretching routine, displaying her graceful figure with a slender waist and long, straight legs that

made Mavis envious.

Mavis couldn't help but imagine Waylen lying on such a beautiful body, indulging himself during the night.

The thought made Mavis bite her lip in frustration.

Rena didn't immediately respond to Mavis, finishing her stretch before turning to face the girl.

Indeed, Mavis was a striking young woman.

However, up close, her skin was not as flawless as it appeared in the photo.

Rena couldn't help but recall Elvira's first appearance when she had been so aggressively breathtaking.

Thinking of this, Rena felt a twinge of weird satisfaction.

Wendy thoughtfully handed Rena a water bottle and towel. "Mrs. Fowler, drink some water."

Leaning against the bar, Rena took a few sips of water and smiled at Mavis. "What brings you here?"

Mavis' red lips trembled slightly...

In a low voice, she said, "Mrs. Fowler, I know you don't like me, but you really don't have to be so ruthless. I was looking forward to the birthday party, but none of my colleagues are attending. I have a feeling it's because of you."

Birthday party?

Colleagues not attending?

Rena guessed that Jazlyn had something to do with this. All Jazlyn needed to do was spread the word about Mavis' resemblance to Elvira, and no one would dare associate with her.

Rena thought Jazlyn was quite reliable.

She smiled lazily. "Really? Why haven't I heard anything about it?"

Rena glanced at Wendy, who then took the bottle from Rena's hand. Then, Rena continued her stretching routine as if nothing was bothering her... As she practiced, Rena spoke up again gently. "Miss Lynch, you are young and beautiful. Why entangle yourself with a married man? Yes, you do resemble Waylen's first love... Sometimes, when he looks at you, he might reminisce about the past. I don't mind, but he... He can only think about it."

Mavis felt her pride wounded.

She hadn't expected the woman in front of her to so easily uncover the truth.

How dare Rena?

Still sweating from her workout, Rena said indifferently, "You probably don't know that Elvira is a taboo in our family. If you were thinking off wanting to marry into the Fowler family just because you look like her, it would be an impossible wish."

Mavis looked at her in disbelief.

She considered herself young and beautiful, and she refused to believe she couldn't compare to the woman in front of her.

Besides, Waylen would be here soon...

With a razor blade in her hand, Mavis pressed it against her own beautiful face, tears welling up in her eyes. "Mrs. Fowler, you misunderstand me. I never intended to ruin your family. It's not my fault that I look like this. If... If you don't like how I look, I'll ruin it."

Rena blinked and raised an eyebrow, looking unfazed.

She turned to Wendy and asked, "Does Miss Lynch perhaps study acting?"

Wendy cleared her throat and replied, "Her major is history."

Rena nodded and continued with her workout, but suddenly, six strong bodyguards in black appeared in front of Mavis...

Mavis' face turned pale. She hadn't expected Rena to be so well protected.

In a casual tone, Rena said, "Hurry up if you want to harm yourself. When Waylen arrives, you can complain to him. Tell him I bullied you and ask him to take you to the hospital."

After saying that, Rena's mood seemed to be ruined.

It reminded her of the past... Elvira had pulled this same trick before.

The blade in Mavis' hand fell to the floor. Her red lips trembled as she said, "Mrs. Fowler, I won't ruin your family."

Then, she turned and ran away.

With a gentle smile, Rena anticipated Waylen's arrival...

Sure enough, at the door, Mavis bumped into Waylen.

No, she practically threw herself into his arms.

The man immediately helped her up and frowned, asking Rena, "What is she doing here?"

Before Rena could respond, Mavis said in a trembling voice, "I'm sorry, Mr. Fowler. I didn't mean to ruin your family. Please tell Mrs. Fowler not to worry."

Rena couldn't help but roll her eyes.

Waylen asked his men to send Mavis away. Vera and Wendy left

wisely. After Rena finished her exercise, she applied massage ointment to her waist and gently rubbed it until she felt the heat. It was a satisfying sensation.

Her waist was slender and even tighter after the workout.

It was so thin that he felt that he could grab it with one hand.

Waylen took the ointment, his hand gently pressing against her back while the other skillfully massaged her waist.

Rena arched her back slightly, raising her chin to gaze at him through narrowed eyes.

A mischievous spark glinted in her gaze, and it was undeniably alluring. Waylen felt an overwhelming desire to make love to her right there, but he knew Rena was intentionally teasing him, and she would never let him have his way.

He leaned in, his lips close to her ear as he whispered, "Your waist is so slender, and your skin feels so warm."

Rena scoffed playfully. "Oh, really? But I don't think it's as enchanting as the face of some young girl."