

Chapter 282 A Woman's Body Is Very Delicate

Waylen went back to the law office.

An hour later, the private detective he hired arrived with the documents he was waiting for.

Mavis was 22 years old.

When she was a little girl, she was taken to Libeou where she grew up under the roof of her adoptive parents. She was 12 years old when they died, and since then, she had been with many foster families until she reached adulthood.

The detective expertly took out a cigarette and put it in his mouth. "One more thing. Something scandalous happened when she was 16 years old. Her biological parents actually found her later on, but eventually didn't bring her back because of that ... incident."

Something scandalous.

Waylen could guess what that was.

Seeing that Waylen didn't say anything, the detective prodded, "What's our next move? Do you want me to bring her here?"

"No need."

Waylen said lightly, "Find her a decent part-time job, but don't let her know I put you up to it."

Waylen was a mature man. He saw the affection in Mavis' eyes when she looked at him, but he only wanted to help her, not

19:18





Chapter 282 A Woman's Body Is Very Delicate # +120 Points at most sleep with her. He and Rena just had another big fight over

Mavis after all.

He had spent more than half a year with Rena now. He knew a thing or two about her.

She could be very possessive at times.

After the private detective left, Waylen sat alone in his office, lost in thought.

Outside, it was still snowing.

He carefully examined his feelings.

He thought about the dead Elvira and his wife Rena. Even though it was largely because of her appearance and figure, he really liked Rena.

When he snapped back to his senses, it was already nine o'clock in the evening.

The night was dark, and everywhere was covered with snow.

Waylen grabbed his coat and walked out of the law office. On his way back to the Fowlers' house, he passed by a flower shop that was still open. He stopped and bought a bunch of champagne roses.

He thought that women liked flowers, so he might as well buy a bouquet for his wife.

At ten o'clock in the evening, he parked his car in front of the Fowlers' house.

At this time, most of the lights in the house had already been turned off. Waylen entered, unbuttoned and took off his coat, and started to go upstairs, but a deep voice sounded from the dark living room. "It's late. Where have you been?"

After that, the lights suddenly went on.

19:18





Waylen blocked his face with his arm. It took a few seconds for his eyes to adjust to the abrupt brightness.

Sitting with his legs crossed on the sofa, Korbyn said through gritted teeth, "So you finally come home, huh? If I were your wife, I would definitely leave you. What are those? Huh? You brought a bouquet of flowers? Is that what you think your wife needs?"

Waylen replied helplessly, "Dad, like you said, it's late. Can we have this conversation tomorrow?"

Waylen began ascending the stairs again.

Korbyn sneered, "Your wife isn't here. If I were her, I wouldn't be coming back here either. You abandoned your wife in the middle of a snowy day. Only you are stupid and cruel enough to do that. Let me remind you, Waylen. One day, your wife will be pissed off at you enough to quit on you. I'm telling you, many, many men are waiting for her to become unencumbered again. Stop being so complacent, or you will lose her."

Hearing this, Waylen put his coat back on.

"Where are you going?"

"To the villa."

Waylen didn't know what was wrong with him. It was snowing outside. Rena was a mature woman with a driver and bodyguards around her. She would be fine, but still, he wanted to see her.

It was already the middle of the night when Waylen arrived at the villa.

He got out of the car and looked up. The lights in the study on the second floor were on.

18,2%

Rena was here.



He walked into the hall with the flowers in his hand. One of the servants came up to him, took his coat, and said in a low voice, "Good evening, Mr. Fowler. Mrs. Fowler has been in the study for a long time. She hasn't even had dinner yet."

Waylen nodded his response.

As he went upstairs to the study, he thought that Rena must be angry with him. He insisted on driving her to the party earlier and then ditched her halfway there.

Women should at least be cajoled after being left like that.

In the study on the second floor.

Rena was holding a folder containing Mavis' comprehensive background check.

Mavis was Elvira's biological sister.

She was a smoker, had a boyfriend who knocked her up, and got an abortion when she was still a teenager.

Rena lowered her eyes and pressed her lips together in a thin line.

Mavis had such a turbulent, complicated life, but now she was pretending to be pure and innocent. And now Waylen set Mavis up with a decent job for the sake of Elvira, Mavis' dead sister.

Rena couldn't help feeling depressed.

She thought Waylen could be approached by anyone but Mavis.

Rena couldn't allow such a girl to get too close to Waylen. She couldn't allow Mavis to love him but not be able to have him as Elvira and then end up hurting her family.

Rena took the lighter from her desk drawer and then burned Mavis' file.



She watched as the record of Mavis' existence slowly turned to ash.

A few moments later, the door to the study swung open, and Waylen walked in. He frowned and asked, "What are you burning?"

Rena looked up at him.

He was still wearing that expensive designer overcoat. He was so handsome.

This was her beloved husband.

But at this time, she felt nothing for him.

After staring at him for a long time, she said softly, "Just a thing of the past."

Waylen came over and handed the flowers to Rena. She took the bouquet, held it in her arms, and smelled the roses.

"Do you like them?"

"No woman doesn't like flowers."

Waylen walked behind the desk, leaned in, and kissed her slowly and thoroughly. After a while, he let go and then planted one last soft kiss on her lips. He then asked, "Are you upset with me?"

Rena said yes directly.

Waylen smiled at her candor, which he found very cute.

The snow was still falling outside, but the study was warm and cozy.

Once more, he kissed her passionately.

In Waylen's trouser pocket, Rena felt a small square box.

Suddenly, she remembered that day he came back to see her with such a box of condoms when it had only been 42 days since she gave birth to their second child. Her husband must've come here tonight because he wanted to have sex with her.

Rena sneered.

She took the little box out of his pocket and threw it on the desk. She said flatly, "I'll say it again, Waylen—two's company, three's a crowd. If you can't let go of your past, then I can't be your present or future."

Being a proud man, Waylen found those words annoying.

Rena must've already found out the truth.

Suppressing his anger, he said, "There's nothing going on between me and Mavis. I'm not even interested in her."

Rena slowly raised her head. Her eyes were red.

"But you are giving her hope.

You are leading her on by treating her well for Elvira's sake. She wants to take Elvira's place in your heart."

She raised her hand and gently put it on Waylen's chest.

"Waylen, if you're really not interested in her, you won't help her.

I can't wait for you forever."

Waylen whispered, "Then what do you want me to do?"

Rena came straight to the point. "Mavis is a grownup. She can stand on her own feet. I want you to withdraw all of your support and all of your special favors for her."

Waylen fell silent for a moment and just stared deeply into Rena's eyes. "That file you burned was Mavis', wasn't it? You know now what she's been through. Now that you have hundreds of billions of dollars, can't you just be more generous with an ordinary trying to make a living woman like her?"

"I'm sorry she's had a hard life, but she's coveting my husband. I can't let that slide."

Waylen slowly straightened up. The look in his eyes broke Rena's heart.

He left the study and shut the door behind him.

Rena didn't follow him. She had self-respect.

She sat quietly in the study for a long time. Then, she opened the desk drawer once again and took out a diary. It was left to her by Waylen. She flipped through its pages, and then tears welled up in her eyes.

She thought that her Waylen would never treat her like this.

When he left, his wife and his daughter were the most important people to him. He wasn't going to break his family's heart over someone like Mavis.

That night, Rena didn't sleep in the main bedroom.

She and Waylen slept in separate rooms.

Early the next morning, when Waylen woke up, he found no one beside him.

Rena slept in another room last night.

After taking a shower and dressing up, Waylen went downstairs. He found the bunch of champagne roses he gave Rena last night discarded in the trash bin.

Feeling a bit embarrassed, one of the servants told him, "Mrs. Fowler left for work early this morning, Mr. Fowler."



Waylen replied nonchalantly, "I see."

As he descended the stairs, his eyes fell on the piano and recognized it as the one called Morning Dew.

"Do you like the piano, Rena?

Do you know that... you are my Morning Dew."

Then, Waylen's head ached so much that he almost couldn't bear it. The words flashed in his mind, but they disappeared in an instant. When he sobered back up, he couldn't remember anything.

The servant looked at him and said, "I heard that you gifted Mrs. Fowler with this piano, Mr. Fowler, and that it was very expensive."

She made a gesture and continued, "I heard it was worth \$600 million."

\$600 million?

Was he out of his mind?

However, Waylen still walked over and opened the lid of the piano. Without hesitation, he sat down and started playing Moonlight Sonata.

It was still snowing outside.

He played the piece twice.

Finally, he looked at his hands and whispered, "Did I really love her that much?"

Rena and Waylen were not on speaking terms.

She didn't answer his calls or agreed to see him. The only times Waylen did see her was at the Fowlers' house or in the newspapers.

But that wasn't his wife in the paper.

That was just another successful businesswoman.

Waylen was busy too. He had returned to the legal circle and had a lot of important cases to deal with.

He was always on a business trip, and he and Rena had less and less time with each other.

During this period, Mavis had been coming to the law office and looking for Waylen.

But Waylen refused to see her and just sent Jazlyn to deal with her. He even asked Jazlyn to tell Mavis explicitly not to bother him at his workplace.

Sometimes, when he wasn't occupied, he would think of Rena.

He would think of that fight they had that night. The truth was, he thought that it wasn't worth it, picking a fight with Rena over Mavis. But Waylen didn't like to be manipulated by women, not even by his own wife.

Christmas was soon around the corner.

Rena had been managing Exceed Group so well that she had gained popularity in the upper-class circles of Duefron, and she'd done it without Waylen's help or influence.

One night, Rena attended a banquet. She was in a daze when she left the party.

It was freezing outside.

The cold made her sober up immediately.

When Ross, her driver, saw her come out, he immediately took an overcoat and put it on her. He told her, "You shouldn't go around without a coat, Mrs. Fowler. It's cold. Just because you're still young doesn't mean you shouldn't take care of yourself. If Chapter 282 A Woman's Body Is Very Delicate +120 Points at most you catch a cold, old Mr. and Mrs. Fowler will blame me."

Rena was stunned.

Then, she realized that Ross was referring to Korbyn and Juliette.

Rena said with a smile, "I've been working out recently. I'm in the best shape of my life."

Ross muttered, "But you just gave birth to little Marcus only two months ago. A woman's body is very delicate. You should mind yours."

Rena couldn't help feeling warm in her heart.

She whispered, "Very well then. I'll be more careful next time."

Ross opened the car door for her and said in a cheerful tone, "Let's hurry home. Christmas is fast approaching. The Fowlers house is very lively at this time of year."

Rena was about to get in the car when she heard someone call her name in a pitiful voice.

"Mrs. Fowler."

Rena froze and then slowly turned around.

Standing not far away, Mavis looked at her. Like the last time Rena saw her, she was wearing only thin cotton clothes despite the frigid weather.

As soon as Mavis approached, several of Rena's bodyguards stopped her and forbade her to get closer.

Biting her lip, Mavis fixed her eyes on Rena.

The night wind was blowing strongly.

Rena had on a red dress under her high-quality overcoat.

Behind her was a luxury limousine.

And the jewelry she was wearing was also very expensive.

In Mavis' eyes, Rena enjoyed everything that Waylen gave her, but she wasn't grateful at all. With trembling lips, Mavis said, "You shouldn't have treated Mr. Fowler like you have, Mrs. Fowler."

19:28

98,0%

≥ 100%