

Chapter 283 I Don't Have Any Contact With Her

Rena gracefully adjusted her coat and smiled, her eyes locking onto Mavis.

"Oh, so how I treat my husband is now related to you, Miss Lynch?" Rena's voice carried a hint of sarcasm.

Mavis bit her lip, attempting to appear innocent. "You are his wife. You shouldn't be constantly showing up in public and embarrassing him."

Rena sneered, not buying into Mavis's act. "What? Did my husband complain to you? Did he tell you that he leads a difficult and unhappy life with a wife like me?"

Mavis struggled to find the right words.

Rena's voice turned cold as ice. "Think carefully about the consequences before you lie."

Stepping closer, she fixed her gaze on Mavis and continued saying, "You've come this far... If I were you, I would cherish my current life and stop dreaming of seducing other people's husbands with that face of yours."

Mavis' lips trembled as she asked hesitantly, "You investigated me?"

Rena casually patted her coat. Dealing with a girl like Mavis was easy for her now.

However, Rena couldn't help but still show some leniency towards Mavis because of Waylen.



Feeling embarrassed, Mavis stammered, "Mrs. Fowler, you're too aggressive."

Then, she added, "Mr. Fowler won't like a woman like you."

Rena smiled slyly. "Oh, really? And what kind of woman do you think he'd like? Do you believe he likes someone who cheat on her boyfriend on a regular basis or perhaps one who engage in shady dealings at a young age to get money for smoking and drinking?"

Rena knew Waylen very well.

When he was younger, he was drawn to Elvira's strong personality.

As he matured, he preferred obedient women, especially those who listened to him in bed. Of course, he didn't mind some extra excitement when his woman fought back, but that could only happened in the bedroom.

Waylen had always been a man with particular fine tastes.

Rena's smile faded as she said, "Miss Lynch, I'll give you one last chance. From now on, don't appear in front of me or my family, including Waylen.

My patience is running thin."

After her firm warning, Rena motioned for Ross to open the car door.

Respectfully, Ross bent down to do so. His humble demeanor amused and annoyed Rena at the same time. She shot a sharp glare at him.

Several bodyguards also got into other cars, and the fleet of limousines drove away.

Left behind, Mavis stood in the chilly night, shivering.

She realized that she had made a mistake.

She thought a man like Waylen would be easily tempted by a young attractive girl like herself and that she could easily have her way with him.

But, in reality, she couldn't even get close to him, let alone have an affair.

All she could do now was go and see Rena.

Rena's intelligence surpassed Mavis' expectations. Despite Mavis' attempts to provoke her, Rena remained composed and didn't engage in any confrontation.

Without Rena's response, how could Mavis play the victim card? And how could she garner sympathy from Waylen?

Sitting in the car, Rena remained silent, feeling a strong sense of disgust towards Mavis.

Ross, the driver, started chatting, "Waylen is successful and handsome. It's normal for women to throw themselves at him, but this girl is just clueless."

Rena turned her head and whispered, "She is Elvira's sister."

The resemblance in character between the sisters was striking.

Ross was taken aback. After a moment, he said, "That's unbelievable. Then Waylen..."

Rena's mood soured, and she whispered, "He knows Elvira has hurt us. But it's different for him—he's never experienced it personally. He can't fully understand."

That was why he easily helped Mavis.

Feeling upset, Rena fell silent for the rest of the journey.

After half an hour, the car stopped in front of the Fowler

mansion. As Rena stepped out of the car, she noticed someone standing outside the house.

It was Waylen.

She gracefully pulled her coat and softly asked, "You're back from your business trip?"

It had been a week since they last saw each other.

Waylen replied softly, "Yes."

He caught a whiff of the faint fragrance of red wine and perfume on her body, creating a unique scent.

She was captivating.

To Waylen, Rena was like a ripe peach, incredibly tempting.

However, he noticed her slightly pale complexion and couldn't help expressing his concern. "If you can't handle alcohol, don't force yourself. With your status, you don't need to entertain clients like that."

Rena smiled and closed the car door.

Ross got out of the car as well, saying, "Mrs. Fowler actually enjoyed her night. On our way back however, we encountered a troublemaker who upset her."

Rena touched her forehead, pretending to be upset. "Enough, Ross."

She was about to walk towards the house when Waylen reached out and held her hand, asking, "What happened?"

"Nothing. Just an irrelevant person," Rena replied.

Ross couldn't keep quiet though. "It was a woman named Mavis. She claimed to be concerned about you, Mr. Fowler; and she also said something like Mrs. Fowler always appears in public and doesn't care about her husband."



Waylen seemed surprised.

Mavis had gone to see Rena again?

He softly explained, "I don't have any contact with her."

Rena looked down and smiled. "Your concern for her is a form of contact. Otherwise, how else could she give me a hard time? Waylen, I don't care if you miss Elvira or feel pity for this girl... But listen to me, if she dares to harm my family, I'll make sure she regrets it. I will start with breaking her legs."

With that, Rena walked confidently into the villa.

She was determined not to let another Elvira-like person cause trouble again.

As he watched her retreating figure, Waylen sensed her anger. He took a cigarette from his pocket and lit it.

Ross boldly approached him and requested a cigarette, which Waylen granted.

They smoked together in silence for a while before Waylen asked casually, "Has she always been this hot-tempered?"

Ross chuckled and replied, "Yes, she used to be like this. You've had an on-and-off relationship with Mrs. Fowler multiple times. Each time, you were the one who couldn't resist going back to her. Eventually, she got pregnant, and you two got married."

He initiated those encounters?

Waylen exhaled the smoke slowly...

Suddenly, Ross turned serious. "Mrs. Fowler loves you deeply. She went through a tough time when you slowly lost your memory."

Thinking of that, Ross didn't want to say more. He waved and left.

After finishing his cigarette, Waylen strolled into the lively hall.

The room was filled with joy.

Mark had come from Czanch to see the children. Everyone knew the one he truly wanted to see was Cecilia...

Mark and Cecilia had been entangled with each other for the past six months.

As Rena entered the house and saw Mark, she gently hugged him, saying, "There you are."

Mark touched her face and said to Korbyn, "She drank quite a bit."

Korbyn laughed. "Rena has a lot of spirit right now. Many women admire her, and she's now even more popular than Juliette."

Korbyn playfully teased his wife, asking, "What do you think?"

Juliette didn't envy her daughter-in-law.

She loved Rena dearly. She personally asked a servant to bring Rena some soup to sober her up and whispered, "Don't drink too much in the future. You still have to take care of Marcus."

Rena obediently replied, "I rarely drink this much these days."


Korbyn was eager to play cards, so he asked the servant to set up a table. He was excited about playing cards.

After changing into fresh, cozy clothes, Rena descended the stairs. Waylen, Korbyn, and Mark were seated at the table.

Waylen's gaze darkened slightly.

Upon entering, he had seen Mark touching Rena's face. Though he knew Mark was her uncle, Rena looked too young and beautiful.

Waylen held resentment towards Mark. Not only had Mark been

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involved with his little sister, but he also dared to touch Rena's face.

Rena took her seat.

Korbyn tossed her a check for 50 million dollars.

With a smile, he said, "This is for you. Alexis and Marcus both received a check as well... Only Waylen didn't get one. I'm helping you vent your anger."

Rena graciously accepted the check.

With her makeup removed, Rena still looked stunning. Waylen deliberately said softly, "Rena, give me some money for the game."

Casually handling her cards, Rena responded coldly, "Your usual funds are not managed by me. I don't have money for you."

Waylen took out a wallet from his pocket and handed it to Rena.

"From now on, my money is under your management."

The elders blushed at his flirtatious remark directed at Rena...

Rena casually opened the wallet and found a photo inside.

It depicted her, Alexis, and Marcus.

There was also a condom in the wallet.

In a soft and slightly aggrieved voice, Waylen said, "I've been carrying it in my wallet for half a month. I never got a chance to use it."

How shameless he was!

Rena blushed and tossed the wallet back to him. "Handle your own money."

Rena understood that Waylen was trying to please her because

he was ashamed of himself after Mavis caused trouble.

Rena felt a bit unhappy.

What was he doing?

He used to be with Elvira, so what did he think of Mavis now?

Did he view Mavis as an innocent, misguided little girl?

Throughout the night, Rena remained somewhat distant. Waylen assisted Rena considerably, and in the end, she won a substantial sum of money on her own. Even Korbyn was envious and jokingly said his son was raised for nothing.

As the clock struck midnight, Waylen pushed the cards aside and said, "I've lost too much. I don't want to play anymore."

He looked at Rena and asked, "Shall we go upstairs to bed?"

Rena knew he had something to say and she was willing to give him the chance. She smiled and replied, "Sure, I'm indeed a little tired."