

Chapter 302 Sometimes Obedient

Rena carefully picked up the coat from the floor and handed it to Mark.

Mark was well aware of the potential gossip and rumors that could arise if the servants caught a glimpse of his current image.

So, he decided to retreat to the guest room first.

Meanwhile, Rena approached Cecilia and let out a sigh. "You are a working model now, a famous one even. It's important to work on your impulsive temper, or else it might deter others."

Cecilia's eyes glistened with tears, feeling wronged by the situation.

She pulled Rena into her bedroom.

This prompted Rena to quietly close the door behind them.

What she saw inside shocked her. The room seemed to have witnessed a wild night.

There were bottles and jars scattered on the dressing table with some sprawled on the floor.

Even the bed sheet was a crumpled mess.

Deciding not to make a fuss, Rena simply opened the window to let fresh air sweep in and freshen up the room.

Fearful of making her angrier, Cecilia whispered, "Please don't be mad at me."

Rena felt a mix of anger and amusement, finding it challenging to interfere in such matters.

She chose her words carefully and said, "You can treat it as a free experience... Hmm... Well, it's true that my uncle has quite a nice figure!"

Cecilia blushed at Rena's bold remark.

She did not expect her to say such things.

Unexpectedly, as she was about to say something, she noticed a man standing at the now slightly ajar door, eavesdropping on their conversation.

It was Waylen.

He had just gotten up and was dressed in comfortable casual attire.

Rena was taken aback. She thought he would be staying in his own apartment or villa, but apparently, he was still residing here.

Following her gaze, Waylen looked at himself and stated, "If I stayed at home, there would be witnesses that I'm not fooling around."

His words held a hint of flirtation.

Rena left the bedroom and guided Waylen away.

She did not want him to witness the messy state of Cecilia's room.

Yet, she paid the price, as Waylen pushed her against the wall on the corridor. He lowered his head, breathing warmly against her soft ears, and whispered, "Do you also want a free experience?"

Placing her hands on his chest to resist his advances, Rena replied, "Don't harass me all the time!"

Waylen's gaze grew deeper.

As a passionate man, it was unusual for him not to feel aroused by Rena's presence in the early morning.

However, he controlled himself, gently caressing her rosy lips with his slender fingers, and whispered, "Are you really going to attend the premiere? Who will you walk the red carpet with?"

"I haven't decided yet," Rena replied and refused his caress.

"I'll be there too. Can you walk with me?" he persisted.

Turning her face away, she declined, "No, that wouldn't be appropriate."

After all, how could a divorced couple walk the red carpet together?

He continued to press her for an answer, so Rena decided to tease him, "Fine, I'll go with Hector."

This revelation made Waylen furious, and he bit her neck in anger. "Don't you dare!"

But Rena wasn't afraid. Now, she felt brave enough to do anything.

Before she could provoke him further, she noticed Mark nearby. So she coughed lightly and suggested, "Let's go to the study to talk!"

Waylen also spotted Mark.

He sneered. "You're always willing to sacrifice yourself for others, aren't you?"

As they entered the study, Waylen casually lit a cigarette and began to smoke.

Rena sensed that something was bothering him.

Now that they were divorced, she had to be cautious about what she said, unlike before when she could freely express herself. After a moment of hesitation, she asked, "Did Uncle Mark say something to you?"

With the cigarette between his slender fingers, Waylen looked handsome and enigmatic.

He squinted at Rena, taking a drag before finally replying, "Do you know Theo Howard?"

Of course, Rena knew him.

He was Elvira's ex-husband.

But why did Waylen bring him up?

Immersed in the dim glow of the study, Waylen's handsome features appeared even more chiseled as he elegantly puffed on his cigarette.

After what felt like an eternity, he finally said, "This is the main purpose of your uncle's visit to Duefron."

Rena's heart raced, wondering if he had regained his memory.

Gazing at her, he seemed to understand her thoughts.

In reality, he had visited a doctor.

But, unfortunately... he couldn't recover his lost memories.

He didn't want to disclose this to her, fearing it would only disappoint her.

Waylen flicked the ash from his cigarette and murmured, "Lately, there have been several incidents among the upper class, all similar to mine. Uncle Mark believes these events might be connected to Theo!"

However, Mark couldn't find solid evidence for this theory yet.

Rena stood there, momentarily lost in thought, but Waylen gently pulled her to sit beside him.

Their bodies were a bit closer.

In a hoarse voice, he continued, "Mavis is with Theo now. I suspect she's also in this."

Just imagine, only when a man had sex with a woman would he let his guard down.

The mere thought of it made Rena feel nauseous.

Mavis had an abortion less than a month ago, yet she had already been involved with Theo and possibly other men.

Her face turned pale.

Waylen's voice softened as he said, "So, Rena, it doesn't matter if you attend the premiere, but remember not to get too involved in the entertainment circle. It's too complicated!"

Rena wasn't stubborn.

She heard him loud and clear, nodding in agreement.

Her voice sounded gentle and soothing to him.

Waylen's eyes darkened and he gave her a faint smile. "Sometimes, you can be quite obedient."

Rena felt the atmosphere between them becoming too ambiguous.

She wanted to leave, but he stopped her and whispered, "Don't go out now. Don't you want your uncle to spend more time with Cecilia? He's leaving for Czanch this afternoon. This is a rare chance for them to be alone."

Hearing that, Rena obliged and sat back down.

She couldn't fully comprehend the new Waylen. His actions were different from before, and it left her puzzled.

He didn't do anything to her but quietly smoked. The faint scent of nicotine permeated the air and filled every corner of the room.

After a while, Waylen unexpectedly confessed, "Rena, I actually envy Mark."

At least, he hadn't lost his memory.

At least, he always knew what he wanted.

But for Waylen, he had lost a crucial part of himself. Yes, he could still be the charismatic and untamed Waylen. As long as he wished, countless women would still vie for his attention and revolve around him.

But he couldn't reclaim his past.

He had experienced marriage with Rena. How could he forsake and forget it again?

In truth, he struggled.

At times, he didn't even know whom to blame.

Or, who should bear the burden of guilt.

The atmosphere felt a little somber, and Rena couldn't help but feel down as well.

Whenever he spoke to her in such a gentle manner, she couldn't help but imagine that they had returned to the past.

But going back was never easy, especially when they had reached this point.

Looking at Waylen, tears welled up in Rena's eyes as she said, "It's better for us to remain like this now."

Waylen wasn't known for being tender with women, but Rena had a way of melting him.

He was no stranger to romantic feelings and could sense that Rena desired him, but she was also afraid.

He didn't approach her aggressively, instead gently running his fingers through her long hair, he murmured, "I'll return the diary and voice recorder to you."

Rena was taken aback by his words.

He got up to retrieve the items. After a moment, he placed them in her hand. She lifted her head slightly, and her lips parted slightly as if she was about to say something.

He truly wanted to kiss her.

To kiss her passionately, with his tongue...

He knew that in truth, she couldn't get him off her mind.

Waylen leaned in closer, and her long eyelashes fluttered nervously.

But he hadn't kissed her in the end.

Rena felt a bit embarrassed.

He smiled softly and lightly brushed her soft, red lips with his thumb. "Don't see me as a substitute! If you want to kiss me, you should tell me."

He was infuriating. Rena darted away with the diary and the recorder pen.

Waylen didn't chase after her.

He sat quietly, reminiscing about his conversation with Mark last night.

After a while, Rena's face resurfaced in his mind.

He believed he truly liked her. Otherwise, why would he willingly let his sister be with that old man!

Their lovemaking session last night had been intense. He wasn't deaf. How could he not hear it?