

## Chapter 336 The Press Conference

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When Rena woke up, the first thing she saw was Waylen sitting beside her.

He gently stroked her long, brown hair. His behavior was so intimate that she sat up, feeling somewhat uneasy. "How long was I asleep?"

Waylen slowly withdrew his hand, as though he was scared that he'd frighten her.

"A little over an hour."

Rena stood up and put on her shoes. "Am I holding you up? You can go ahead to work. I'll be fine here."

She had lowered her head and busied herself with her shoes, but the next moment, her hand was held by him.

Rena looked up at him and asked, "What's wrong?"

Waylen gently pinched her nose. "I don't mind being late for work if I get to spend a little more time with my wife."

Rena smiled.

She had just woken up, yet she still looked so beautiful. Waylen realized it had been a long time since he last kissed her, and he couldn't help but lean closer to do just that.

"Waylen..."

She tried to turn her face away from him.

But he ignored her and gently slipped his tongue into her mouth.

After a long time, he finally felt satisfied and pulled away...

Rena leaned weakly on his shoulder, her face red and ruddy from

his breathtaking kiss.

Waylen slipped his arms around her waist and pulled her closer. He wanted to do her more than anything, but he didn't dare to force her lest she despise him. Rena could tell that he wanted her, so she whispered, "Let's do it tonight."

She knew that it wasn't good for him to keep holding himself back like this.

Besides, she was still his wife, and it wasn't like she wasn't attracted to him.

Waylen patted Rena's cheek lazily in response.

A few minutes later, they got in Waylen's car. Waylen wanted to spend more time with Rena, so he suggested, "Come with me to the office. I'll take a nap with you at noon and later, we can pick Alexis up from school together."

Rena mulled over this for a while before finally shaking her head. "I still need to take care of Marcus."

Waylen was a little disappointed, but he still followed her wishes and dropped her off at home first.

In the clinic's parking lot, a big black Mercedes pulled to a stop and a woman got out.

She looked like a rich lady, dressed head to toe in designer clothing.

It was none other than Aline!

She sneered when she recognized Waylen's car. At first, she thought she was mistaken, but it turned out that it really was Rena that she saw earlier in the clinic.

Everyone thought that Rena had the perfect life, but it turned out that even she had to see a therapist.

And the class reunion was coming...

If this matter was exposed, then who would envy her anymore?

However, this clinic was very high-end, and information on

patients could not be easily obtained by outsiders. It took Aline a fortune to pay off a nurse from the record's office to get Rena's file, but when she read it, it was totally worth it.

Postpartum depression, distrust in marriage, and little to no sex drive...

This made Aline ecstatic.

Seeing the evil look on Aline's face, the nurse was a little scared. But Aline just sent the nurse away dismissively. As soon as the nurse left, Aline got in her car and dialed a number. "Is this Duefron Daily? I have a story for you—and it's a big one."

Aline told the reporter everything.

After ending the call, she smiled playfully. Broken marriages were worse than divorces.

Would Waylen want to stay with a mentally ill wife? A man like him could have any woman he wanted.

He was in his prime, and many women were more than willing to have his children.

Aline felt happy at the thought of destroying Rena's marriage. She longed to see how Rena would react, and how Vera would worry endlessly about her friend. As long as she could hurt these two women, Aline was satisfied.

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That afternoon, Duefron Daily printed the news.

They published screenshots and Rena's medical record.

The article revealed everything about Rena's private life. Her postpartum depression, her sex life, the matter regarding Elvira, Mavis, et cetera...

"Broken Marriage Between The Rich"

"Wealth Can't Buy Love"

"The CEO of Exceed Group's True Story Exposed"

These horrific headlines instantly went viral online. Coupled with the recording during the session, it was fair to say that Rena's and Waylen's marriage was going south.

Their private lives were exposed to the public in the blink of an eye.

Naturally, such news caused a sensation in Duefron.

Everyone was waiting for Waylen's response, because whatever he did would directly affect the stock prices of the Fowler Group and the Exceed Group...

Jazlyn opened the door to the CEO's office with trepidation.

Waylen was on the phone, and she could tell that it was Rena on the other end of the line.

As the subjects of today's gossip, it was impossible for them not to have heard the news.

But Waylen didn't mention the matter. He just said to Rena gently, "I'll pick up Alexis this afternoon. You can stay at home. By the way, is Marcus' baby food almost finished? I'll stop by the store and buy some more after I get Alexis. Is there anything else you need me to buy?"

On the other end of the line, Rena was sitting in front of the Morning Dew piano.

She had seen the news and naturally knew why Waylen called her.

She didn't say anything, and the two fell silent for a while.

Finally, Waylen cleared his throat and said, "I'll hold a press conference this afternoon. Don't worry, Rena. Just relax over there. I'll take care of everything."

Rena started absentmindedly playing the piano with one hand. All of a sudden, she stopped and said in a low voice, "I want to know who did it."

"Okay," Waylen said immediately.

After hanging up, he stared at his phone screen in a daze, lost in thought.

Jazlyn awkwardly cleared her throat, her voice tense as she said, "Mr. Fowler, I've looked into it and traced the first article to Duefron Daily. But at present, I haven't found out any relation between the clinic and the paper."

Waylen leaned back in his leather chair. After a while, he looked up and ordered, "Get our people to get in touch with the editor in chief. He'd better talk, and if he refuses, then teach him a lesson."

After years of working for Waylen, Jazlyn knew her boss best.

She could tell that he was furious. Whoever dared to mess with his wife was doomed from the start.

Waylen didn't forget to add, "And prepare for the press conference."

Jazlyn nodded and briskly set out to do as she was told.

After Jazlyn left, Waylen was about to call Cecilia to ask her to keep Rena company, but his father called first.

Korbyn was also very angry.

He scolded Waylen severely, blaming his son for being such a useless husband for not protecting his wife well.

After venting his anger, Korbyn's tone softened. "Your mother has gone to see Rena."

Waylen felt relieved, touched that his mother would do this.

After discussing with Waylen about how to deal with the matter, Korbyn finally asked the question that had been bugging him. "Waylen, tell me the truth. Did the injection affect your sex drive?"

Having sex only once a month?

What kind of man was he?

Waylen felt both angry and amused. "Don't get me wrong, Dad.

"I have the energy, but how am I supposed to have sex alone?"

Sex was a matter of mutual consent. It was only fun if both parties wanted it.

Rena usually wasn't responding at all when Waylen was turned on. He just could not bear to force himself on her.

Korbyn was just testing his son. Now that he got the answer he hoped for, he was relieved. As long as Waylen wasn't sick, then things could still be fixed.

Korbyn then warned, "You should be more considerate to your wife from now on. You should do more chores at home so that she can take a break, have coffee, watch movies... If you're too focused on work, then your mother and I will pitch in to take care of Marcus."

A few exchanges later, Waylen hung up.

He really wanted to call Rena again, but at least his mother had gone to see her.

Half an hour later, Jazlyn knocked and came in. "Mr. Fowler, the press conference is about to begin. All the major media outlets in Duefron have come. Don't worry. I've arranged everything well. They won't dare to write anything too... random."

Waylen stood up and straightened his tie.

In the conference room of the Exceed Group.

Hundreds of reporters pointed their cameras at the podium. The room was filled with chaos as everyone discussed their thoughts on the matter.

The news was too thrilling to pass up.

They all wondered whether Waylen would announce the divorce or put on a public show of affection with his wife, pretending that the news was false.

The door to the meeting room opened slowly.

Waylen strode in with a reserved look on his face. He didn't look like a man that was about to divorce his wife.

Before any of the reporters could question him, he spoke a few words into the microphone.

"First of all, I reserve the right to investigate the matter and sue whoever divulged my wife's privacy.

Secondly, I'm not divorcing my wife.

"And thirdly..."

Faced with hundreds of snapping shutters and flashing lights, Waylen smiled and said affectionately, "Mrs. Fowler, whether as a husband or a lover, I'll strive to be the best. We still have a lifetime to try. I believe that one day, you'll want me again."

The audience instantly burst into an uproar. Was this Waylen's confession of love?

What a bold man!

How could he say such a thing in public in front of all those cameras?

Unfazed, Waylen smiled and continued, "It's true that there might be something wrong with our marriage, but I don't care. I'll never give up on us, and I'll never fall for anyone else. And if you don't believe me, then... Mrs. Fowler, I'll transfer all my property to you. If you're not happy, you don't have to force yourself to share a bed with me. Even if it's reduced to once a year, I don't mind. I'll always be loyal to you, Mrs. Fowler."

Sure enough, the Exceed Group's corporate lawyer came over and liquidated all of Waylen's properties.

The properties were transferred under Rena's name on the spot.

The reporters were baffled. When they went back to work on their manuscript, they found that Waylen had said a lot, but that it could all be summarized in one sentence.

Waylen's message was basically like, "What goes on between me and my wife is none of your goddamned business."