

Chapter 345 Did You Enjoy Last Night

In a mysterious box rested a resplendent diamond ring.

A dazzling gem, approximately 12 carats in size.

Cecilia stood motionless, her eyes glistening with unshed tears.

Years ago, when she was with Mark, she would often dream of him proposing with a diamond ring while they embraced. Back then, her heart brimmed with hope for their future.

Now, their child had grown up and the diamond ring remained concealed in Mark's pocket.

Cecilia pondered the depths of misfortune that enveloped both her and Mark...

Clasping onto his mother, Edwin inquired softly, "Why are you crying, Mommy?"

Cecilia shook her head, unable to find the words to explain.

Rena gently touched Edwin's head, embracing him as she whispered to Cecilia, "Over the years, my uncle always spoke of you with intention. I believe this diamond ring was meant for you."

Rena chose not to plead Mark's case.

After all, Cecilia had devoted her entire youth to him for four long years.

But how long could a woman's youth last?

Rena led Edwin away, leaving Cecilia with work to do, yet her emotions were turbulent. Seated in the car, she cried bitterly, transporting her back to the day when Mark abandoned her, leaving her feeling utterly helpless.

Mark's coat was draped over Cecilia's lap.

She knew he had done it deliberately, trying to ensnare her once again.

For his so-called career, he had almost sacrificed her entirely. How could he have the audacity to present her with a ring now?

Cecilia wept like a vulnerable young girl.

Just then, her phone began to ring—it was Mark calling. Her assistant saw the caller ID and hesitated for a moment before picking up.

"It's Mr. Evans," the assistant murmured softly.

"I don't want to answer it," Cecilia replied with a heavy heart.

But the assistant, who had worked for Cecilia for a long time, decided to take the call.

Mark was unaware that it was the assistant who answered. In a soft and tender tone, he said, "Cecilia, have you seen the diamond ring in my coat pocket? Keep it safe for me. I plan to use it for a proposal in the future."

The assistant felt a shiver down her spine.

Summoning her courage, she informed Mark, "Miss Fowler is crying."

There was a brief silence before Mark responded, "Put her on the phone. If she won't talk to me, I'll find her myself."

Cecilia overheard their conversation.

She took the phone, her voice hoarse as she confronted Mark. "What's the point of all this? Why did you assume I couldn't wait? Why did you consider me an ignorant little girl who was unworthy of being your wife? Why do you think I should wait for you now?"

Overwhelmed by sorrow, Cecilia ended the call abruptly.

The assistant was taken aback by Cecilia's words.

She couldn't believe that Cecilia and Mark had reached the stage of discussing marriage.

On the opposite end of the line, Mark sat comfortably in the back seat, his fingers gently caressing the phone.

Deliberately, he draped his coat over Cecilia, revealing the dazzling diamond ring. He was undoubtedly a cunning and scheming individual...

After so many years, she had finally made some progress.

Yet, it seemed that her progress was not complete.

Otherwise, why would she cry so heartrendingly?

Hearing the conversation's contents, Peter turned around in the front seat and spoke tenderly. "You can comfort her later. She's like a child. You should give her at least a candy to bring a smile to her face."

Mark chuckled. "If you consider her a child again, she won't be pleased."

Mark's "little girl" was already in her thirties.

Rena took Edwin home.

Waylen left work early, picked up Alexis and headed home. When Waylen saw Edwin, he gently patted the boy's head.

In the kitchen, Rena busily prepared the ingredients for dinner.

Waylen entered, embraced Rena from behind, and inquired in a hushed tone, "Did Cecilia quarrel with Mark again?"

Rena paused her work.

Her gaze fell upon the hands encircling her waist. She gently bit her lip and replied, "Waylen, don't do this. The children might come in at any moment. It's not appropriate for them to witness us like this."

Waylen playfully nipped the tender flesh on her neck and retorted, "Alexis has seen us like this plenty of times."

"Even so, we should still be cautious."

Waylen didn't press the matter further. He gently caressed her waist.

Rena had been working out and her waist was beautifully toned.

Waylen wanted to compliment her sweetly and asked, "Did you enjoy last night?"

Rena blushed.

She considered that discussing intimate matters after a night of drinking was rather unnecessary.

Last night, Waylen had been affectionate and perhaps his desire had been reignited after their lovemaking. Then he must have been concerned about her emotions, so he changed the topic.

"Yesterday, I heard from Roscoe that you plan to shoot a movie?"

Word was that Aline aspired to enter Duefron's film and television industry. Was Rena doing this intentionally?

Rena confirmed his words.

She whispered, "I want to film an opera-themed movie. I hope Miss Holt will be the leading lady. But Miss Holt has a history with my uncle. Surprisingly, Cecilia agreed to it."

Waylen was familiar with Flora.

His mother was an avid fan of Flora and Waylen had once heard her sing opera.

Waylen found Flora remarkably beautiful.

Considering Mark's affair with her was not entirely unexpected.

With a smile, Waylen rested his chin on Rena's shoulder and murmured, "That's because Miss Holt is married and has a child. If she were still in contact with Mark while being single, Cecilia would surely be jealous."

Flora's husband was the toy boy at the banquet.

Unexpectedly, destiny had led them down the path of matrimony.

Pondering this, Rena felt a tinge of regret, though she kept her thoughts unspoken.

Waylen, ever perceptive, sensed her emotions keenly.

He held her closer, whispering in a soft and tender tone, "Rena, we have a lifetime ahead of us. I'll be by your side always."

Rena smiled warmly.

She turned to face Waylen and kissed him tenderly...

Their lips met passionately in the kitchen.

Normally, Waylen wouldn't mind locking the door and taking Rena to the counter until she reached ecstasy but he could sense that she wasn't in the mood.

This kiss could be seen as a reward or even a consolation for him.

Late at night, sitting in his study, Waylen couldn't help but wonder if Rena found their intimate life too monotonous and lackluster, especially after reminiscing about her past relationship with Harold on the school anniversary.

After all, she couldn't seem to find the same passion in him.

Waylen felt a pang of sadness, realizing that Rena only seemed aroused and able to derive sexual pleasure after consuming two glasses of red wine.

He knew Rena had her struggles and challenges, almost like a mental illness but he had no cure for her.

Despite any dissatisfaction they might have in their marriage, he couldn't let her go, and he knew she probably wouldn't ask for a divorce either, considering the welfare of their children.

Waylen began to fear losing her.

He treated Rena with even greater care, fearing any discomfort she might feel.

Social engagements became rare and he dedicated himself to looking after the children after work.

He relinquished half of the shares in his law firm and assembled a professional team to manage the Exceed Group, making sure to leave ample time for Rena to pursue her own interests.

From an outsider's perspective, their marriage seemed perfect.

The negative rumors about Rena seeking therapy gradually faded from public memory. Among the upper class, Waylen and Rena were seen as a loving and devoted couple.

But only Waylen truly knew that their moments of genuine intimacy came to life only when Rena had indulged in two glasses of red wine.

After several attempts, he found it disheartening to witness her resort to this to ignite their passion.

He began working overtime at home, tending to endless business matters after putting the children to bed.

He would remain in the study until after midnight before finally retiring to the bedroom.

By that time, Rena would have already drifted into slumber.

In this way, they didn't have to face each other or grapple with the complexities of their marital obligations. It seemed that both sides were content, as if they had finally struck a harmonious balance.