

Chapter 346 You Are No Longer Able To Enjoy Th...

Two weeks later...

The coal mine of Aline's husband was thoroughly investigated.

It turned out that the coal mining company was involved in five homicide cases four years ago, and Aline's husband, the coal magnate, was arrested immediately. It was expected that he'd get at least twenty years in prison.

Without her husband, Aline had no one to fall back on.

She went to see Mark in his office, but Peter stopped her at the door.

With a fake smile, Peter said, "Mrs. Hanson, Mr. Evans was planning to cooperate with your husband, but he didn't expect that your husband was involved in something illegal, so he had to give up on the cooperation."

Aline was thick-headed, but even so, she could tell that something was off about this whole thing.

Unfortunately, she wasn't as powerful as Mark, so she couldn't do anything to offend him. Her last resort was to ask him for mercy.

Knowing what she was after, Peter smiled calmly.

"Mrs. Hanson, think about it. Who have you offended recently?"

Aline was stunned.

After a long time, she whispered, "Rena..."

Peter didn't confirm her guess directly. He just said, "Mr. Evans's sister died at an early age, so he has devoted all his affection to Miss Gordon. Mrs. Hanson, you really need to find out who you're offending before you offend them. Now, look at what has happened to you and your husband."

After saying that, Peter walked away, leaving her alone with her thoughts.

Sitting at the tea table, Aline broke down.

She clutched a cup of coffee tightly, trying her best to calm herself down, but she still kept trembling... She refused to believe that she was still defeated by Rena, even after struggling for so many years.

Rena didn't even lift a finger, yet she still made her so miserable!

No, no!

Aline couldn't just watch Fred go to jail for such a long time. Even if it meant humbly begging Rena, she had to get Fred out of prison and back on his feet.

When Aline headed outside, it was raining. The cool autumn wind whipped at her violently.

It was drizzling outside the villa.


Rena was sitting in the pavilion in the backyard, arranging flowers.

She had planted these flowers with her own hands, so it felt nice to see the fruits of her labor.

Just then, the servant came over and said in a low voice, "Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. Hanson is here and wants to see you."

Rena looked up from what she was doing and blinked.

She had read the news today and guessed that Aline would

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come to beg her for mercy, but she didn't expect it to happen so soon.

Smiling faintly, she said, "Tell her that I'm not here."

The servant nodded and scurried off.

At the gate of the villa, Aline paced back and forth anxiously, holding an umbrella over her head.

Indeed, now that things had come to this, she had no choice but to beg Rena.

She figured that no matter how heartless Rena was, they were still old classmates at the end of the day. She thought Rena would help her as long as she was willing to beg Rena.

In the distance, Aline saw the servant coming over with an umbrella.

"Sorry, Mrs. Hanson, but Mrs. Fowler is out. Please come again some other time."

Of course, Aline knew that Rena was just making excuses.

Rena must be at home.

Unwilling to give up, Aline shouted at the gate, "Rena, I know you're in there! Why won't you see me? I'm sorry I leaked your privacy, okay? But it didn't really affect you, right? Do you really have to ruin me completely?"

The servant's face darkened. "Mrs. Hanson, please don't make things difficult for me."

Rena was good-tempered, so she turned a deaf ear to Aline's grating voice. If it were Waylen, however, he wouldn't let Aline off easily.

Aline was so angry that she threw the umbrella away, got closer to the gate and shouted even more loudly. "Rena, come out! Why

the hell are you ignoring me? Do you think you're better than me? Have you forgotten how you desperately pursued Harold? You said you'd love Harold for the rest of your life! Haha, it turns out that just like me, you only love power! You never loved Waylen! You always look down on me, huh? Rena, I swear you'll get what you deserve!"

Knowing that Rena wouldn't help her now, Aline gave up on humbling herself and decided to curse the hell out of Rena.

Rena could hear her shouts from the backyard pavilion.

She gestured at a servant and said calmly, "Tell security guards to drive her away."

While the security guards dragged Aline away from the gate, the latter kept screaming and shouting like a shrew.

"Just maintain your marriage like this, Rena! You are no longer able to enjoy the sexual pleasure! Maybe if you choose to sleep with Harold, you'll feel better than doing it with Waylen, huh?"

Unbeknownst to Aline, a golden Bentley was slowly driving towards the gate.

The window of the driver's seat was rolled down.

Waylen had overheard Aline's words clearly.

Still, his handsome face remained expressionless.

Aline seemed to notice that someone was staring at her, so she turned around and met Waylen's gaze.

She pounced towards the car and slapped the car door desperately. "Mr. Fowler, please help me! Can you ask Rena to have mercy on Fred? Please! I'll do anything to repay you!"

Aline was confident in her good looks, so she hoped that Waylen would pity her if she cried a little.

After all, Waylen probably wasn't satisfied with his marriage since Rena refused to sleep with him. Aline, on the other hand, would be able to satisfy him if given the chance.

The golden Bentley Continental GT stopped next to her.

The windshield wipers kept swishing.

Waylen was wearing an expensive suit, rendering him particularly dapper. He lowered his head and lit a cigarette, which made him look both noble and unapproachable.

Aline gritted her teeth. She knew she was a terrible person.

She loved Harold. She had dated many men and even married a wealthy one, but at the end of the day, she still longed for Waylen.

She was jealous of Rena. Staring at Waylen, she knew that Rena was so lucky to have him.

Waylen puffed out a smoke ring and slowly turned his head to look at Aline. His glance was enough to make a woman have the desire to approach him.

Aline pleaded pitifully, "Help me."

Smiling faintly, Waylen said in an icy-cold voice, "Mrs. Hanson, what happened to your husband was all orchestrated by me. What makes you think I'll spare him? Oh, and you should know that I'm nothing like Harold. I'd never accept a disgusting woman like you."

As he spoke, he looked at Aline with disgust.

Then he stubbed out his cigarette and turned his attention to the security guards.

"Why the hell are you still standing here? Get her out of my sight!"

Aline was stunned.

Waylen started his car once more. As he was driving past Aline, he suddenly stopped.

His side profile was good-looking, but his words were cold and ruthless. "Mrs. Handson, I care about Rena very much. If you dare to make her unhappy, I don't mind destroying the person you care about most."

Aline's blood froze. The person she cared about most was...

Harold.

She both loved and hated him. Waylen figured that Aline couldn't bear to see Harold suffer.

The next moment, the car window was rolled up.

The golden Bentley Continental GT slowly pulled into the villa.

Aline was so angry that she screamed.

She was the one with the bad luck. Why was everyone on Rena's side?

Waylen parked the car, ignoring Aline's scream.

Sitting in the driver's seat, Waylen smoked quietly.

He thought about what Aline had just said when she cursed Rena.

"Just maintain your marriage like this, Rena! You are no longer able to enjoy the sexual pleasure! Maybe if you choose to sleep with Harold, you'll feel better than doing it with Waylen, huh?"

Waylen shouldn't have cared about anything that came out of Aline's mouth, but he couldn't help but feel bothered.

As an especially proud man, he cared about his wife's happiness.

He also knew that Harold would never stop pining for Rena.

After all, he and Rena had been together for four years.

Whether those memories were good or bad, it didn't change the fact that they had once been together.

Waylen finished his cigarette, got out of the car, and went straight to the backyard.

Rena was still arranging the flowers in the vase.

Seeing Waylen approach, Rena looked up and asked softly, "Is she gone yet?"

Waylen unbuttoned his suit, shrugged off his coat, and gently draped it around Rena's thin shoulders. "It's cold. Why are you sitting here?"

Rena smiled. "Sitting here makes me feel comfortable."

Waylen couldn't help but smile back at her, leaning over to kiss her.

Rena let him kiss her, probably to make him happy. She even wrapped her arms around his neck to kiss him back. Waylen sat down and pulled Rena to sit on his lap.

His coat around her shoulders fell to the ground, and his palm sneakily slipped into her skirt.

She gently bit his shoulder and whispered shyly, "We should go back to the bedroom first."

Waylen withdrew his hand, patted her on the waist, and teased, "What's going on in your dirty mind? And where are Alexis and Marcus?"

Rena blushed at Waylen's teasing, but she also guessed what he was thinking.

She gently stroked his handsome face and answered, "Your parents said that you and I need some alone time to cultivate our relationship, so they picked up the kids earlier."

Waylen nodded, wrapping his arms around Rena's waist.

The two fell silent.

Truth be told, their relationship was stable, and they got along well with each other. He was considerate to her, and she was obedient to him.

The only problem was that there was less passion between them these days, and there was nothing wrong with that. It was only normal.

Two more weeks later.

Aline's husband was found guilty of homicide and was sentenced to prison for twenty years with no chance of parole.

And just like that, Aline's family was broken up.

Aline got about 500 million in cash, but that was it. It was a far cry from the rich life she had dreamed of having.

Rena, on the other hand, didn't kick Aline when the latter was down. In fact, she barely thought of her.

Unexpectedly, their paths crossed again at the party of the Smith family.

Rena was going to shoot a movie, so she was surrounded by a group of young actors who were eager to act with Flora.

Vera's husband, Roscoe, always kept an eye on her.

But tonight, Roscoe wasn't around, so Vera let her guard down. Looking at the handsome young men around her, she touched her face, regretting that she hadn't worn a more delicate makeup.

Seeing this, Rena asked Vera to restrain herself in a low voice.

If Vera hit on some other guy, Roscoe would kill her!

Vera was about to defend herself when she suddenly caught a glimpse of a familiar figure in the distance. "Aline's here," she whispered to Rena in a low voice. "What a cunning bitch! Her husband's in jail, but now she's hooking up with a big shot in the entertainment circle."

Rena turned to look in the direction Vera pointed at. Wearing a gorgeous silver dress, Aline held the arm of a paunchy man.

Aline had lost some weight, so she looked particularly elegant.

And it was not strange that she was able to hook up with another man in such a short time.

At this moment, she was staring at Rena with unmasked hatred.

But Rena wasn't afraid of her.

Smiling faintly, Rena whispered to Vera, "The producer Aline's relying on is not capable at all. His movies always lose money. I think he's just after Aline's money."

Vera was surprised at the news.

Rena smiled. "I had tea with Miss Holt the other day. That's what she told me."

Throughout the party, Aline kept her distance.

Rena didn't care. She continued to socialize until 10 o'clock that evening. She said to Vera, "Vera, you can stay if you want. I'm going back home."

Vera was surprised. "I didn't expect that Waylen would keep a tight rein on you!"

Rena chuckled.

It wasn't that Waylen asked her to go back early, but ever since the school anniversary, she could tell he felt very insecure. Rena understood why he had such a feeling, so she tried to do whatever she could to reassure him, including heading home early.

Their relationship was already a little bland. After watching the video of Rena and Harold, Waylen always kept an eye on Rena. Rena still thought that there should be someone normal between her and Waylen.

Therefore, even if he kept a close eye on Rena, she didn't mind.

And she never refused him whenever he wanted to have sex with her.

Rena didn't bother to explain these things to Vera. She simply said goodbye and then left.

It was cold outside. Rena took her coat and was about to leave.

At this time, Rena heard Aline's sharp voice coming from behind her.

"Rena!"

Rena turned around, only to meet Aline's hateful gaze. Rena frowned slightly and asked, "Mrs. Hanson, what's the matter?"

There was a long, slender cigarette in Aline's hand.

Aline lowered her head and lit the cigarette. After staring at Rena for a long time, Aline sighed and said softly, "Rena, you've won. Fred's in jail. I can only rely on myself from now on."

Rena shrugged imperceptibly.

Aline took a drag on her cigarette and continued, "I know you must be happy. You did it for Vera, right? I hurt her deeply before, so you took revenge on me for her. Now, you got what you wanted. Are you satisfied?"

All of a sudden, Aline narrowed her eyes at Rena and smiled.

"I'm curious. Since you don't love Waylen anymore, why are you still with him? You're rich, aren't you? The Evans family will never make you suffer. Your uncle is a very capable man, too. What are you afraid of?"

With one brow raised, Rena said calmly, "Aline, do you think everyone's as self-centered as you? Waylen isn't just my husband; he's also the father of our kids."

Aline burst into crazed laughter, tears rolling down her cheeks.

The father of her kids...

It was just as Aline had expected.

Rena was not happy at all. It was just a ruse to fool the public into envying her.

Rena admitted that she was with Waylen for the sake of her children. Aline took solace in knowing that Rena was no better than she was.

Not wanting to waste time on Aline, Rena turned around and was about to leave.

However, as soon as she turned around, she saw Waylen standing at the door.

He was looking at her quietly.

His eyes were deep...