

## Chapter 351 I Don't Have Any Mistress

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It was already past midnight when Rena came back to the villa, a sense of peace settling over her.

Within the hall, bathed in a soft glow from the lamps, Waylen sat, cradling a glass of crimson wine in his hand.

Exhausted, Rena removed her coat and settled down beside him.

With gentleness in her voice, she requested, "Waylen, would you mind pouring me a glass of red wine?"

His gaze spoke volumes, revealing profound emotions that stirred within.

Yet, despite the emotions that lingered, he poured her a glass of wine, watching as she sipped from it.

As the wine's warmth enveloped her, Rena felt a subtle flush on her cheeks.

Leaning against the sofa, she murmured with closed eyes, "Now, I understand your feelings. I comprehend why you continuously aid Elvira and rescue Mavis."

A tinge of wistfulness washed over her.

With eyes slowly opening, Rena gazed dreamily into the distance, her words tinged with detachment. "Harold is no more. There's no need for you to be jealous anymore."

Silently, she made her way upstairs.

Remaining seated, Waylen watched her retreating figure



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Silently, she made her way upstairs.

Remaining seated, Waylen watched her retreating figure disappear into the soft shadows on the second floor.

Rena secured the necklace in a safe, knowing that when it saw the light of day again, it might trigger memories of a man named Harold, at times.

As she closed the safe's door, she sensed Waylen's presence behind her.

Without evading his advance, she gently said, "I'm a little weary tonight."

In silence, he pressed her against the safe and pressed his lips against hers.

Finally, resting his chin on her shoulder, he murmured, "Does his passing sadden you?"

"A little," she confessed.

With a slight turn of her head, Rena caressed his handsome face with her fingers, her voice soft and sincere. "We came to know each other after his betrayal. You lost your memory because of me. I believed that you should be mine, and you should regain your memory and come back to me. But now, what matters most to me is your happiness. If you find someone you love, I truly don't mind. As long as she is a good person..."

Rena's emotions overwhelmed her, leaving her momentarily speechless.

"In that case, I would be happy to see you with her," she said tenderly.

In a tender gesture, Waylen playfully nibbled on her finger.

He didn't protest but, instead, he carried her gently to the bed.

In a wordless expression of his dissatisfaction, he engaged in intimacy with her.

As desires consumed her, Rena instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck.

Her voice came out hoarse as she called out his name, "Waylen... Waylen..."

Waylen completely captivated her. In a soft murmur, he whispered into her ear, "Rena, do you still love me?"

The heat and sweat subsided, leaving behind a sense of cooled ardor.

Lying flat, Rena breathed gently. She turned her head to gaze at the hazy darkness outside.

The moonlight scattered through the autumn rain.

Thoughts of Harold and his untimely demise occupied her mind, but Waylen's body was warm, which offered solace. A faint smile graced her lips as she replied, "Yes, I do."

Her words held true.

Love took on various forms, some as intense as spirits, while others flowed gently like clear tea or spring water.

In the dim light, Waylen gazed at her for a prolonged moment.

Eventually, he tenderly pressed his body against hers and murmured, "Rena, don't lie to me."

Rena evaded his touch.

With her slender fingers, she traced the exquisite lines of his nose and said in a seductive tone, "Shouldn't you tell me about the business card?"

Waylen recalled the social engagement from that night.

He lifted Rena's body and kissed her. "On that night, the chauffeur paid more attention than I did. Rena, I swear, I won't

have any mistress."

Rena ceased her inquiries.

Perhaps it was a mundane story.

Rena did not extend her condolences for Harold.

With Harold's death, the Moore Group was leaderless and it declined soon.

Addie had visited her twice, seeking her help for the Moore Group's accounts.

Overwhelmed by the complexity of the accounts, Addie didn't fully comprehend them.

Rena invited her to the study on the second floor.

Addie didn't expect that Rena would be willing to help her. As they sat in the study, savoring scented tea, Addie stared at Rena.

Rena's undivided attention was fixed on the account book before her.

As the years passed, her beauty had only grown more resplendent.

Staring at her, Addie felt a surge of emotion welling up, almost on the verge of tears. Her brother had left no heir for the Moore family, prompting her to say in a hushed tone, "Rena, I reached out to Aline. She wept inconsolably at Harold's funeral, but when I attempted to seek her help, she even refused to see me."

Unperturbed by the matter, Rena replied with composure, "I am willing to assist for the sake of the more than two thousand employees of the Moore Group."

Many of those employees were once her father's colleagues.

Addie dared not say more on the subject.



Meanwhile, Waylen collected Alexis and brought her home.

Upon her return, Alexis joyfully threw herself into her mother's arms, triumphant over the prize she had won today.

She was the only child that had won a prize that day, and even Leonel had praised her.

Rena picked up the adorable girl and planted a kiss on her cheek, asking, "What reward did you receive?"

Puffing up her chest proudly, Alexis replied, "I was named 'The Best Hygiene Model!' The teacher praised me for doing a great job sweeping the floor!"

Rena was left momentarily speechless.

At that moment, Waylen walked over with Marcus.

Upon spotting Addie, he seemed mildly surprised but he greeted her with a reserved nod.

Rena almost finished the verification of the account book. She closed it and handed it to Addie, saying, "Pass it to the accountant and have him recheck it."

With gratitude, Addie thanked her and departed, after explaining to Waylen the reason for her visit.

Wordlessly, Waylen smiled. In truth, he was disinclined to engage in any disputes due to Harold's passing.

It would be improper to be irked by things related to the deceased.

Rena didn't feel the need to explain further.

She cradled Marcus in her arms and played with him for a while.

Meanwhile, Waylen kept company with Alexis.

The study exuded a warm and comfortable ambiance. Waylen couldn't resist approaching Rena, whispering softly, "Rena, have we reconciled?"

Rena smiled gently, signifying her agreement.

In the ensuing days, a sense of tranquility enveloped them. Waylen assumed the leadership of the Exceed Group, while Rena was busy with her film projects.

Their two children were also well taken care of. It appeared that the once-violent quarrel between them had waned.

Yet, every now and then, Rena could not help recalling Harold.

Once, she was startled awake in the midst of a dream, lying alone on her bed while Waylen was away on a business trip in Hondrau.

She wrapped herself in her nightgown and approached the window.

The desolate autumn was further intensified by the ceaseless night rain.

Feeling a slight chill, Rena dialed Waylen's number. After a few rings, he answered the call with tenderness, "Rena, did you have a nightmare?"

She nodded, recounting the dream where Harold had a tragic traffic accident.

In a hushed tone, Waylen inquired, "Do you want me to come back?"

She declined his offer.

A prolonged silence followed and with weariness evident in her voice, she asked, "Are you going to sleep?"

Glancing at the stack of documents on the desk, Waylen replied

hoarsely, "Not yet. I want to conclude the negotiation as soon as possible and return home."

They continued chatting for a while.

Finally, Rena ended the call first.

She couldn't help but think if she were a few years younger, she might have longed for him to come back and keep her company.

On the other end of the line, after hanging up, Waylen picked up a photo of Rena and gazed at it quietly for a long time.

Their relationship had improved considerably in recent times.

Perhaps it was Harold's tragic death that had eased the tension between them.

Deep down, Waylen understood that Harold's demise had left an indelible mark in Rena's heart.

He knew better than to make a fuss about it since Harold was no longer among the living.

Gradually, he adapted to their waning passion and doubts began to creep in. How much did Rena love him?

Adults' love often involved weighing the advantages and disadvantages.

They choose to stay in their comfort zone after considering all the factors.

Moreover, Waylen had no improper desires for other women.

Putting away his phone, he was about to resume his work when a soft knock resounded at the door. Assuming it was room service, he went to open it.

To his surprise, it was Ruth standing outside.

Upon learning that Waylen was on a business trip to Hondrau,

she had deliberately adjusted her schedule to stay at the same hotel as him.

Dressed in a silk pajama, she exuded a captivating sexual allure.

"Mr. Fowler, the heater in my room is broken. Can I use yours?" she hinted.

Unmoved by her advances, Waylen stood firm at the door.

Even in the dead of night, he remained impeccable.

Clad in a white shirt and black suit pants, he exuded the masculinity of a mature man.

With a nonchalant tone, he mocked, "How much do you charge, Miss Powell? If you don't mind, many of my subordinates are single and in need of companionship."

The humiliation overwhelmed Ruth; she hadn't expected him to be so sharp-tongued.

The last time she saw him, though he appeared indifferent, he treated women with grace and politeness. She had hoped that her current status as an A-list actress would gain his favor.

Yet, his words seemed to imply that she was nothing more than a prostitute.

With trembling lips, Ruth attempted to explain, "Mr. Fowler, I would never sell my body!"

Waylen asked with disdain, "Really? Then wrap yourself up and don't knock on men's doors in the middle of the night! Furthermore, if word of this gets out, your tiny company won't survive for much longer."

After delivering that cutting remark, Waylen slammed the door shut.

In the dead of night, Ruth found herself standing there, a chill



running down her spine, overwhelmed by the encounter with Waylen.

Waylen's unwavering loyalty to his marriage had surpassed her expectations. She had been convinced that all men would eventually cheat on their wives.

Deaf to his biting remarks, she had overestimated the depth of his emotions towards her.

In a bid to annoy his wife and hype for herself, she had made up her mind to spread gossip about their supposed affair.

Early the next morning, Rena came across a headline from the Hondrau media.

"Breaking News: Late-Night Rendezvous Between The Wealthiest Man of Duefron and A-List Actress"

The illustration showed Ruth standing at the hotel room's door, donned in her alluring pajamas, while Waylen appeared visibly perturbed opposite her.

Checking the timestamp, Rena realized that this incident coincided with their phone call from the previous night. Ruth must have been the one to initiate the rendezvous. Rena had no doubt that Waylen must have declined her advances.

If Waylen had succumbed to Ruth's advances, there would be no gossip.

In most cases, men chose to keep their mistresses hidden from the public eye if they were truly having an affair.

Setting the newspaper aside, Rena continued having breakfast with the children. Alexis playfully fed a large spoonful of rice to Marcus, coaxing him, "Marcus, eat more!"

Marcus eagerly devoured it.

Curious, Alexis pointed at the headline and asked in a hushed

tone, "Mommy, is this dad's mistress?"

Rena couldn't help but be amused. Where had Alexis learned such words?

In a delicate tone, Alexis elaborated, "Leonel's father's mistress dresses just like her and she's so skinny!"

Rena chuckled and said softly, "No, dear. That woman is not your daddy's mistress. Your daddy doesn't want her."

Alexis fed another spoonful of rice to Marcus.

Deep down, she believed what her mother said was true because her mother was far more beautiful than that woman and her father was far from being blind.

In the afternoon, Rena took a nap and later woke up feeling refreshed.

After tending to her personal grooming, she changed into a different outfit and planned to take a stroll in the backyard. Just then, a servant approached her, announcing, "Mrs. Fowler, Miss Powell is here and wants to see you."

Rena cast her gaze downwards, her lips curling into a faint smile.

It seemed that Miss Powell was really eager to take actions.