

Chapter 277 Honey, Are You Happy

In the VIP ward, the atmosphere was very harmonious.

Rena's eyes were wet though.

Only Cecilia noticed that. Feeling heartbroken, she excused herself and blurted out that she wanted to go out and get some fresh air.

Unexpectedly, she ran into Mark outside.

Mark had a meeting in Czanch after which he took a special plane to come and see Rena and little Marcus.

Mark saw Cecilia outside the door of Rena's ward.

Mark hadn't seen her in a long time. He was always busy with his work, so when he saw Cecilia, he realized that he had missed her very much. Looking at her tearful eyes, he asked in a gentle voice, "What's wrong, Cecilia? Is there something wrong with Rena or the baby?"

Then, he handed Peter the gift he got for Rena and told him, "Go on ahead. I'll be there to see Rena and the baby in a minute."

Peter knew that it wasn't easy for Mark and Cecilia to meet, so he took the gift, nodded, and entered Rena's ward.

Mark took Cecilia's hand, led her to an empty passage, and shut the door behind them. He pulled her hand away from her eyes and said, "You're a grown-up. Why do you always cry?"

"None of your business."

Cecilia turned away, her eyes red.

Mark beamed and shook his head. Then, he took out a cigarette and lit it. He took a long drag, blew out a cloud of smoke, and asked, "You're crying because of Rena, aren't you?"

Hearing Mark speak her mind, Cecilia felt a little annoyed.

But sadness was eating at her more at the moment.

After all, someone in the world understood her, but no one understood Rena.

It was the first time in months that Cecilia had spoken nicely to Mark. She even cried in front of him, which was a little weird because she now hated him so much. "Everyone thinks that Rena is happy, but I know that she isn't. Waylen is back, but he doesn't remember Rena. But she still loves him."

If it wasn't love, if it wasn't nostalgia...

No woman could stand her husband's cold shoulder.

Mark kept smoking in silence.

He understood Cecilia's worries, but what could they do?

Rena and Waylen had so much history. They used to love each other so much that no one who knew them could bear to tell Rena to give up, including Mark.

He worried about Rena. From the very beginning, nothing happened to Elvira was Rena's fault.

Waylen just did what a husband should do to protect his wife and daughter.

But now Rena had to pay everything back with her whole life. It wasn't fair at all.

Mark raised his head. He had tears in his eyes.

He thought of his sister, Reina, himself, and Rena. It seemed that the children of the Evans family were destined to have difficulties in love.

When Mark entered the ward, Waylen walked his parents out.

Except for Rena, there was only Peter in the room. When he saw his boss come in, Peter said with a smile, "There you are, Mr. Evans."

Rena attempted to sit up.

Mark stopped her. "Oh, don't get up, please. I don't want you to feel uncomfortable. You must be in pain."

He worried about her. He touched her head and asked about her delivery.

Rena smiled. "I'm fine. It was much easier this time than when I gave birth to Alexis."

These words made Mark feel even worse. He silently played with Marcus for a while and then said casually, "If you ever feel the need to get away, you can always come to Czanch on vacation. Mon is already too weak for air travel, but she's always talking about wanting to see you and your two children."

Rena understood what he meant. She looked at Marcus and said softly, "When we get the chance, I will visit Grandma with the kids."

Mark grinned in response. He was happy to hear such an answer from Rena.

Just then, Waylen came back with Alexis.

As soon as Alexis saw Mark, she pestered him to carry her.

Mark loved Alexis the most. With the family she had, Alexis was the most pampered and spoiled little girl in the world.

Mark wanted Waylen and Rena to speak in private. He picked up Alexis and said to Peter, "It's time we learned how to take care of a child. Let's take Lexi out for a stroll."

Alexis happily wrapped her arms around Mark's neck.

Then, Mark left the ward with Alexis in his arms and Peter following suit.

Once again, the room fell silent. Rena gently pulled the quilt to her chest and groaned, "People have been coming and going. I'm a little tired. I need to get some rest."

Looking at her, Waylen remembered what Mark just said.

Waylen guessed that Rena felt wronged in this relationship.

They had been together for months, but neither of them was willing to speak up about what was deep in their hearts.

Rena was definitely attached to the marriage.

And Waylen was gradually feeling that their union was more good than bad for him.

Eventually, Rena fell asleep.

Waylen leaned against the sofa and watched her quietly. He let his mind wander while he stayed by his wife's side.

While he was lost in thought, Marcus suddenly woke up.

The healthy baby cried loudly that his face turned red.

Rena was roused by her crying baby. She looked at Marcus and said to Waylen, "He must be hungry. Carry him to me, and I'll feed him."

There was depth in Waylen's eyes.

He gently picked up his infant son and put him in Rena's arms.

Then, he stood there and watched.

Marcus was Rena's second child, but it was her first time to nurse a baby. She unbuttoned her shirt in a somewhat rusty way and gently moved Marcus so that he could latch onto her nipple.

The baby fed greedily.

Waylen sat down beside Rena.

He gently stroked his son's head and glanced at Rena's body. He said casually, "You just gave birth. Why is your waist so thin already?"

Her body was still so tempting.

Waylen hadn't had sex with Rena in nearly two months. At this time, he was a little distracted. Rena was focused on nursing Marcus and didn't notice how Waylen was looking at her.

After a few minutes, Marcus stopped feeding.

Waylen's eyes deepened further at the sight of her moist nipple.

Marcus was very docile. He slept right after feeding.

Rena wanted to close up her shirt, but it hurt her every time the fabric rubbed against her breast. Marcus loved gorging himself on his mother's milk, and he always left Rena sore after breastfeeding.

She wanted to pump out some of her milk, but Waylen was sitting right next to her. She didn't feel comfortable pumping with him watching.

Early in the morning the next day, Waylen was still sleeping on the sofa.

Rena felt much lighter. She walked to the bathroom with the help of the walls and began untying her hospital gown.

It was the first time that she had done such a thing. She was a

little nervous and flustered.

The bathroom door was slightly ajar.

Next thing Rena knew, Waylen was hugging her from behind and kissing her behind one ear. He whispered, "Let me help you."

Rena was startled.

She looked at him through the bathroom mirror.

Waylen might seem nice, but he didn't behave himself. Rena wondered if he had learned that especially. Slowly but surely, he started undressing her and massaging her sore breasts.

She closed her eyes and didn't dare to look at herself in the mirror.

She knew how terrible she looked.

"Are you already feeling better? Are you still in pain?"

I can keep on massaging you if you want."

He breathed those intimate words into her ear. Rena knew that he did it on purpose. She tightened her clothes around her body and whispered, "I'm feeling much better now."

But the next second, Waylen carried her and sat her by the wash basin.

Waylen remembered that Rena had just given birth, but at this moment, his blood boiled with lust, and he was losing control. He rudely tore away Rena's clothes with one hand and said in a voice that brimmed with need, "This height is just right."

Then, he lowered his head and did what he had wanted to do since yesterday.

For the first time in a long time, he lost his inhibitions in front of Rena like this.

After they were done, he leaned on her shoulder and panted.

Rena loved Waylen so much that she was overwhelmed with emotions just now. She wrapped her arms around his tight waist and murmured, "Are you still attracted to me, Waylen?"

Waylen crashed his lips upon hers in response.

He liked her body, which was so soft.

He whispered in her ear and coaxed her, "Don't you think our life is good right now?"

Rena tipped her head up and kissed his chin.

In such a situation, she was willing to speak her heart to him. She whispered back, "I don't know. But I don't think I'm satisfied."

She just wanted his love.

She didn't care anymore if he didn't get back his memory. As long as he loved her, it would be enough.

Perhaps it was because they had another child that their relationship was a little better.

Waylen came to the hospital to see her and Marcus every day.

The day Rena was discharged from the hospital, he took Alexis to pick up Rena. He also prepared a lot of gifts for her, most of which were precious jewelry that women would like.

At night, he got up and took care of his infant son.

Because of Waylen's behavior, Rena thought that he liked her more now and that their relationship was growing stronger than before.

She was a contented woman.

Happiness was written all over her face.

The day Marcus turned a month old, Waylen worked overtime, so he came home a little late. He got home around 9:00 PM.

He brought a gift for Rena and carried Marcus in his arms for a long time.

In the late winter, Rena happily sat by the fireplace.

The next day was the weekend. Rena received a call.

It was from Jazlyn. Jazlyn asked Rena to come meet her at a cafe.

Holding the phone to her ear, Rena was in a trance.

She knew Jazlyn very well. Jazlyn was very cautious. Rena had just given birth, and Jazlyn would never ask her to meet unless it was about something really important.

Eventually, Rena went to meet with Jazlyn.

When Rena arrived at the cafe, Jazlyn was already inside and sitting at a table in a remote corner. When Jazlyn saw Rena, she waved at her. "Rena, over here."

Rena sat opposite Jazlyn.

Rena ordered a glass of lemonade. After taking a sip, she asked Jazlyn, "Is this about Waylen?"

Jazlyn pursed her lips.

Rena was beginning to guess what was going on. She smiled and prodded, "A woman is also involved perhaps?"

Jazlyn set down a photo on the table and said, "Rena, please know that if it weren't for the situation, I never would've told you about this the day after Marcus turned a month old."

Rena picked up the photo and looked at it. Her face instantly turned pale.

The woman in the photo uncannily resembled someone she knew.

She looked exactly like Elvira when she was 22.

At that age, Elvira was pure and wouldn't do anything bad.

Jazlyn explained, "This woman's name is Mavis Lynch. She is 22 years old and a college student. Mr. Fowler's law firm has been funding for a group of students for the past few years, and she's one of them. Last month, Mr. Fowler offered her an internship in his office."

Last month.

That was when Rena gave birth to Marcus.

Rena clenched her fists.

Jazlyn said affirmatively, "I am certain, though, that Mr. Fowler isn't having an illicit relationship with her. But I don't think this girl is simple. Her eyes are full of ambition."

Rena lowered her eyes and smiled bitterly. "She must know who she looks like."

After saying that, Rena stood up and nodded at Jazlyn. "Let me know if Waylen gives you a hard time because of this matter."

Without waiting for Jazlyn's response, Rena left the cafe.

When Rena entered the establishment, she felt as powerful as fire.

But now she felt as if hell had frozen over inside her veins.

It turned out that the happiness she had been feeling lately was just that, a feeling, which was fleeting and elusive.

Rena returned to the villa.

One of the servants said courteously, "Good evening, Mrs. Fowler. Mr. Fowler called and said that he would be home late tonight. We have prepared your dinner as per Mr. Fowler's instructions."

Rena nodded. "All right. Thank you."

She slowly ascended the stairs, but she suddenly stopped midway and said, "Please come upstairs and help me pack up some things. I want to gather and box up Mr. Fowler's gifts to me and leave them at the door."

The servant dared not ask any questions.

At 9:00 in the evening, Waylen came home and saw the boxes of stuff at the door.

"Where did these come from?"

The servant bit the bullet and answered, "Mrs. Fowler asked me to pack up your gifts to her, Mr. Fowler, and leave them at the door."

Waylen frowned and went upstairs.

In the main bedroom, Rena was sitting in front of the dressing table and putting on makeup.

She usually put on light makeup, but now she wore a very enchanting night look. She'd also changed into a tight black dress with tens of millions of dollars' worth of jewelry around her neck.

Waylen came in and looked around. "Where are Alexis and Marcus?"

Rena looked at him through the mirror.

After a long time, she opened her red lips slightly and drawled, "With your parents. I asked them to take care of the kids for the time being, and they were more than happy to oblige."

Waylen walked up to Rena.

She stood up, put her hand on his shoulder, and said seductively, "I want to have more time to take care of you. Would you like that, honey?"