

## Chapter 284 Ignorance

The night was thickening as Rena and Waylen ascended the stairs together, their steps slow and deliberate.

Once inside the master bedroom, Waylen closed the door behind them, and his arms enveloped Rena in a warm embrace.

Her face gently bumped against his shoulder, and she took in the scent of tobacco lingering on his clothes.

Rena knew what he desired.

She, too, couldn't deny missing the familiarity of that scent.

However, she knew that now was not the right time. Her emotions weren't in the right place, so she asked in a soft voice, "What do you want to say to me?"

Waylen gazed down at her, finding her demeanor quite gentle in that moment.

He began to explain, "She's just a young girl. I can't have a crush on her. Please don't be angry with me, Rena."

Rena leaned against his shoulder, her voice equally soft. "But she cares about you."

She didn't want to argue with him. Instead, Rena wanted him to figure things out on his own and make a decision that would satisfy them both.

Waylen wasn't foolish; he should understand what she meant.

After a thoughtful pause, he gently stroked her face and reassured her, "She's just an irrelevant person to our family."

Rena, you should know who I truly love. We can move back to the villa. What do you think?"

Waylen said gently and patiently.

But Rena couldn't find comfort in his explanation.

Despite the heating being on in the bedroom, her body felt colder and colder. Disappointment weighed heavily on her heart.

Exhausted, she replied, "Waylen, you still don't understand!"

Pushing him away gently, she walked towards the door. Her hand grasped the doorknob, and in a somewhat distant tone, she uttered, "I'll sleep with the children. Good night!"

Waylen tried to stop her, calling out, "Rena!"

With her gaze lowered, she opened the door and disappeared into the corridor.

Standing in the living room for a while, Waylen eventually sat down on the sofa. He had a pile of business matters to attend to, but his mind couldn't focus. All he wanted was to carry Rena to their bed.

Perhaps this was the weakness of men, he thought.

It was difficult to forget the taste of her love.

Although he despised the idea of this marriage initially, after they had been intimate, he found himself enjoying this family life and even relishing the thought of having a wife and children. It didn't seem so bad after all.

He struggled to comprehend Rena's emotions as well.

He felt no romantic attachment to Mavis at all.

Helping her had been merely a simple task, driven by sympathy.

That was all there was to it.

Finally, after two hours of reading documents, he retired to bed.

As he drifted into a daze, he felt a soft presence in the bed. Reaching out, he pulled little Alexis into his arms. Her cold little feet pressed against his abdomen as she said, "Daddy, keep my feet warm!"

Turning on the bedside lamp, Waylen saw Alexis wrapping her arms around his neck.

Her curly brown hair brushed his face like the tail of a squirrel, and her soft, tender face pressed against his skin, her sweet breath washing over him.

As he touched her chubby waist, he couldn't help but think of how much she resembled Rena, but she was a hundred times cuter!

In the morning, Rena returned to change her clothes.

When Rena opened the door, she saw Alexis sleeping soundly next to Waylen.

The sight was like a glimpse into the past, and a wave of nostalgia washed over her.

She approached the bedside and sat down slowly, gazing at the sleeping man. During this moment, there were no arguments, no worries about his memory loss, and no doubts about his feelings for her.

It felt like she had traveled back in time, and she couldn't help but murmur, "Waylen..."

When Waylen woke up and saw the tenderness in Rena's eyes, he couldn't help but be drawn to her. There was no time for her to take back her tenderness.

Startled by his sudden awakening, Rena seemed like she wanted to flee.



Before she could retract her emotions, he quickly grabbed her hand and pulled her towards him. His voice was low and intimate as he said, "Rena, you haven't called me Waylen so softly for a long time."

Rena was coerced to lie on his chest. Next to her was the sleeping face of Alexis.

She struggled slightly. "You will wake her up!"

Waylen stared at her with his black eyes.

He gently moved little Alexis aside and pressed Rena beneath him, kissing her with passion.

She was startled and thumped his chest. "Waylen, are you crazy? Our daughter is right over there!"

He paused for a moment, lifting his chin slightly to reveal desire and lust in his dark eyes.

He then teasingly pinched her chin and uttered provocative words, "You are my wife. What's wrong with having sex with me? If not with me, then with whom? I refuse to believe you don't desire it."

"At first, I wanted to take it slow, but you never gave me a chance."

"Now, let's do it directly, shall we? After all, we've been married for several years. You should be familiar with this!"

He was being a mischievous rogue, and Rena was both irritated and amused. She even kicked him in frustration.

"What a jerk!"

"Alexis is right there. You can't just..."

Rena struggled and tried to suppress her broken voice. "Let me go. I don't want to do it with you!"

But Waylen didn't hesitate, his intentions clear.

He began to caress her with his slender fingers, staring down at her with a seductive smirk. "But I want to! I've been thinking about you for so many nights!"

Rena had been distant ever since their son was born, but now he was determined to claim her.

As Rena was about to wake up Alexis, there came a knock on the door, followed by the voice of a servant. "Mr. Fowler, there is a lady here to see you. Would you like to see her?"

Waylen's body stiffened, and he glanced at Rena in his arms.

His voice was hoarse as he replied, "Ask her to wait."

In the past, clients from his law office would visit before and after the vacation to present gifts and discuss further business opportunities.

Waylen didn't want to refuse their offerings or cooperation.

He carefully climbed down from the bed, gently caressing Rena's back with a hint of electricity in his fingertips. "We'll continue later."

Though his desire was evident, he controlled himself. "Wait for me in the guest bedroom, alright?"

However, Rena was not interested in continuing.

If he hadn't pushed her, she wouldn't have kissed him like that. She got out of bed and made her way into the dressing room.

Waylen watched her go with a smile on his face.

After freshening up and changing clothes, Waylen descended the stairs slowly. However, upon seeing the woman sitting in the living room, he frowned slightly.

It was Mavis!

What did she want now after coming to see Rena yesterday?

Waylen was sure he hadn't given her any false hope. Moreover, her criminal record made him feel uneasy. He asked in a cold tone, "You're no longer an intern in my law office. What are you doing here?"

Upon hearing his voice, Mavis looked up.

Waylen was a tall and slender man with sharp and handsome features.

Despite being at home, he was dressed casually in a black high-necked sweater and gray wool trousers.

He had a striking appearance and an air of elegance.

For Mavis, everything in this luxurious villa, with servants bustling around, was something she had longed for since childhood.

Rena, as the mistress of this villa, had everything, including this exceptional man and all the servants.

Mavis awkwardly held out the fruit basket she had brought as a gift and said, "Mr. Fowler, I heard that you recommended me for that new job, and you've been helping me a lot financially.. Thank you so much!"

She extended her hand, holding the basket, waiting for him to take it.

Waylen didn't accept the gift.

He was slightly annoyed. He had been looking forward to continuing his intimate time with Rena, which was now interrupted by the woman in front of him.

Mavis' actions betrayed her clear intentions.

There was no way Waylen couldn't see through her!

He sat across from her and asked the servant to bring him a cup of black coffee. Then he said gently, "I think I need to make something clear to you. You don't need to thank me or give me gifts. And please, don't come to see my wife again. She's not happy about it."

Mavis was taken aback. "Did she tell you?"

Waylen sipped his coffee, looking nonchalant. "Tell me what?"

Mavis felt embarrassed.

The man in front of her knew about her admiration for him, but he didn't take it seriously.

His sympathy for her was probably just because of her appearance.

She wanted to say more, but she could sense Waylen's impatience. She bit her lip and said in a trembling voice, "I didn't mean anything else. I'll leave now... I won't disturb you and your wife in the future, I promise."

With that, she stood up, covered her mouth, and hurriedly left. It seemed like she was holding back tears.

Unbeknownst to Mavis, Rena watched the entire scene from the second floor.

She could easily read Mavis' intentions, just like she did with Elvira many years ago.

The difference was that Mavis was much smarter. She wasn't as reckless as Elvira. Mavis knew when to advance and when to retreat, and she was well aware of her own strengths.

What a cunning little schemer!

Waylen also noticed Rena's presence.

He went upstairs and attempted to kiss her, but Rena pushed him away, saying, "I'm not in the mood."

Waylen held her waist from behind, trying to comfort her. "Rena, there was never anything between us. Don't let this little incident ruin our relationship."

"What relationship?"

Yesterday, she managed to provoke me, and today she came into our house to see you. I wonder if she's planning to invite you to her rental house tonight? Don't overestimate her moral boundaries!

"I've told you, if you don't take a stand, we... We are done!"

As Rena turned around, she realized it wasn't that she didn't want to deal with Mavis.

If she could, she'd take care of her in a heartbeat and make her disappear for good.

After a while, she changed her clothes and headed downstairs, as if she was about to go out.

In the dining room, Waylen was engrossed in reading a newspaper. When he noticed Rena changing her shoes, he asked, "Where are you off to this early in the morning? Isn't the company on holiday?"

Rena responded with a hint of frustration, "Of course, you wouldn't remember my postpartum examination."

As she said this, she couldn't help but feel hurt.

Waylen had seemed to focus all his attention on getting intimate with her these days.

Hearing this, he was momentarily stunned.

He suddenly remembered that Jazlyn had left Rena's health



examination report on his table last time, but he didn't pay much attention to it. He guessed Rena must be upset about the fact that he didn't remember.

Without hesitation, he said, "I'll go with you."

Rena agreed.

Even though she was still upset with him, she wouldn't decline his offer to be a caring husband.

Once they were in the car, Rena leaned against the backseat in silence.

Waylen wanted to mend their relationship.

Though they didn't go all the way that morning, he felt content and satisfied. Moreover, the desire to conquer stirred something darker within him. He wanted Rena to willingly engage in intimacy with him someday. To achieve that goal, he didn't mind pampering her and fulfilling her wishes for now.

Furthermore, he adored Alexis and Marcus.

Their marriage was becoming increasingly important to him.

Waylen pondered for a moment and decided to compromise.

He gently caressed Rena's delicate face and whispered, "Are you still angry? She's just an insignificant person. I'll ensure that the law office won't support her anymore. And as for her new job, I can't just call and ask them to fire her for no reason, can I?"

"If she comes again, you won't meet her!"

"I've instructed the housekeeper not to let her in!" Waylen assured.

He wanted to reconcile with Rena, so he called Jazlyn in the car and asked her to withdraw the sponsorship. After that, he would have no further contact with Mavis.

Rena's expression softened.

She didn't want to push Mavis to a desperate situation either. She just wanted Waylen to stay away from other women, especially Elvira's sister.

Waylen sensed that she was softening, so he affectionately whispered, "I'll discuss everything with you from now on."

He tenderly caressed her waist and added in a husky voice, "I heard that a woman's figure changes after giving birth. Rena, why haven't I noticed any changes in your body? Your skin is even more delicate than that of younger girls."

Rena shot him a glance and asked, "How many young girls have you met?"