

Chapter 292 Don't Touch Me

Waylen had to attend a social engagement for work one day.

He was in a bad mood, so he drank a little too much at the banquet. After the party, he got in the car tipsy and dizzy.

The chauffeur knew nothing about Waylen's private life, so he commented while he was opening the car door for his boss, "You're drunk, Mr. Fowler. Mrs. Fowler won't be pleased. Women don't like their men coming home to them intoxicated."

Hearing the chauffeur's remark, Waylen just leaned against the back seat.

He took out a cigarette from his cigarette case and lit it. Exhaling the smoke, he smiled bitterly and asked, "Are you sure she even cares?"

He had been living like he didn't have a wife. Right now, he and Rena were more like roommates sharing a house.

Rena kept away from him, her own husband.

They hadn't shared a bed in months.

She didn't allow him to touch her at all.

It was normal for a couple to have fights sometimes, but they should be able to resolve their problems and kiss and make up. But Rena chose to move into another bedroom. It was difficult for Waylen to talk to her, much more sleep with her. Because of the wedge that Rena drove between them, they couldn't tackle their difficulties and move on.

Sensing the pain in Waylen's tone, the chauffeur decided not to say anything more. He shut the car door, walked around the car, and hopped into the driver's seat. He gunned the engine and was about to pull away when someone shouted.

"Mr. Fowler!"

Waylen looked out the window and saw Mavis.

She was on a crutch and hobbling toward Waylen's car.

Following Waylen's gaze, Mavis looked at her leg with grievance. She explained, "The doctor said my leg should recover within two months, and there will be no sequela."

After saying that, she put on her victimized look.

She thought that Waylen would come visit her more often now that he and Rena were no longer in speaking terms.

But he hadn't shown up.

It didn't matter. If he couldn't come see her, then she would just come see him.

Waylen just nodded at Mavis and ordered the chauffeur to drive.

The chauffeur started driving toward the main road. Watching the lavish black vehicle pass her by, Mavis sneered.

She deliberately dropped her crutch and let herself fall to the ground.

She made sure to appear frail and helpless.

Waylen happened to see Mavis falling. He frowned and barked, "Stop the car."

The chauffeur dithered about following Waylen's order.

Waylen said in a low voice, "Help her get in the car and give her

a ride home."

The chauffeur hesitated, "Mrs. Fowler isn't going to like this, Mr. Fowler."

Holding his spinning, aching head, Waylen retorted, "If you don't tell her, then she won't find out. Besides, we're just sending the poor girl home. There's nothing wrong with that."

Unable to refute his boss' logic, the chauffeur had no choice but to get out of the car and then help Mavis into it.

Mavis sat next to Waylen.

Feeling exhausted, Waylen ignored Mavis, rested his head on the back of his seat, and closed his eyes. Meanwhile, Mavis savored Waylen's scent that was like pine.

She quietly turned to stare at him.

His facial features were so sharp and perfect, and he exuded such a beautiful, noble temperament.

And this car was extremely luxurious.

Thinking about all those things, Mavis felt her blood boil with desire. She greedily inhaled the air around Waylen and then imagined what sex with him would be like.

Would he press her against the mattress? Would his handsome face contort in sweet agony as he thrust into her?

The mere thought of it made her hot and bothered.

Looking at his snow-white shirt, she leaned in and planted a soft kiss on his collar, making sure her lipstick marked the fabric.

Mavis put on a light orange lipstick today.

If Rena looked closely enough, she would be able to spot Mavis' kiss mark on Waylen's shirt.

Waylen frowned and then opened his eyes. Before he could fully wake up, Mavis immediately sat up straight.

Half an hour later, they arrived at Mavis' apartment, which was located in a good neighborhood.

The chauffeur helped Mavis get out of the car.

Waylen stayed put. He had no intention of getting out and walking Mavis to her door. Mavis bowed to meet his gaze and said in a soft voice, "Thank you for giving me a ride home, Mr. Fowler. If you need me to explain to Mrs. Fowler, I'll tell her that nothing is going on between us."

Waylen looked at her face, smiled, and said nothing.

As the chauffeur drove away, Waylen stared out the window and let his mind wander.

The truth was, he was aware that Mavis leaned in earlier and kissed his collar. She was Elvira's biological sister, and they had a striking resemblance to each other. Such a young and attractive girl was throwing herself at him.

He knew that he would possess her the moment he let her in.

Then he would have a young and obedient lover.

She could be Elvira's replacement.

What he let happen between himself and Mavis earlier was a test he set for himself.

He wanted to see how much he cared about Rena.

When Mavis leaned toward him earlier, he instantly thought of Rena. With his mind's eye, he saw her playing the piano with such vigor and passion. Then, his heart started racing. The only woman who could make him feel that way was his wife.

Men always weighed the pros and cons of everything.

This time, Waylen chose Rena and his children.

At the house of the Fowler family.

Waylen got out of the car and looked up at the house. It was already the middle of the night, so most of the lights in the house had already been turned off. However, the lights in Rena's bedroom were still on.

Waylen passed through the foyer and ascended the stairs to the second floor.

After checking on Alexis and Marcus, he opened the door to Rena's bedroom.

The door was left unlocked, so he was able to enter.

Rena had fallen asleep on the sofa with a book in her hand. She had on soft silk pajamas. Her exposed skin gleamed like crystal under the lights.

Waylen liked her body.

He hadn't gotten close to her like this in a long time. He didn't know if it was just the alcohol, but every fiber of his being ached to touch her, take her, and own her.

He bent over and kissed her, softly at first and then more and more hungrily. He began tracing her bottom lip with his tongue.

Rena didn't even stir.

She was way less resistant of him in her sleep.

After kissing her for a while, Waylen finally gave in and began touching her.

His caress was what woke up Rena.

She opened her misty eyes and stared at the big, handsome face in front of hers.

She instantly noticed the orange kiss mark on the collar of his white shirt.

A woman must've left it there.

Rena stared at Waylen quietly, but he was still fired up. He had already started taking off her pajamas.

"Let go of me!" Rena's face turned pale.

Waylen didn't know what was going on. He thought that Rena was still angry with him and didn't want to sleep with him, so he gently nibbled on her earlobe and whispered, "Are you still upset?"

Rena lay back on the sofa. Her body was alluring and attractive, but her words were icy.

"You saw Mavis today, didn't you?"

Waylen was stunned.

After a while, he looked at her and explained, "Yes, I did, but nothing happened. I just gave her a ride home."

Rena began putting her pajamas back on.

Then, she undid two buttons of his shirt and showed him the lipstick mark.

The orange, lip-shaped stain on his white shirt stood out like a sore thumb.

Waylen knitted his brows and said, "I swear we didn't do anything. You can ask the chauffeur."

Resenting the mark that Mavis left on him without his consent, he took off his shirt and tossed it into the trash can.

Then, he turned around and looked Rena straight in the eye. "I didn't betray our marriage."

Rena didn't even bother to lose her temper anymore.

She sat there quietly, her eyes starting to burn with tears. After a few heartbeats, she said calmly, "No, you didn't do anything unfaithful. You just helped that woman get reinstated in college, rented her a nice apartment, paid for her education, and found her a good job.

Tell me, Waylen. How is that any different from keeping a lover?"

Waylen replied, "I was just trying to help. I don't have a romantic interest in her."

Rena didn't want to have this conversation again.

She stood up and walked to her bedroom's French window. Gazing at the blackness outside, she murmured, "You allow her to get close to you. You allow her to provoke your legal wife. You have already crossed the line.

If the chauffeur hadn't been with you today, I bet you would've pushed your limits.

You would've gone to her apartment and let her take your coat. You would've let her touch you and kiss you. You would've taken her as your lover. You would've let her replace Elvira in your heart."

Feeling unsettled, Waylen grabbed a cigarette and lit it. He was shaking so badly that he almost burned himself while lighting up.

After a while, he said, "You didn't have to say such harsh words, Rena."

Rena didn't quarrel with him.

She just whispered, "The truth has always been harsh, especially to those unprepared to hear it. Waylen, the only reason we still share a home is that we no longer share a bed.

It's only a matter of time now before our bond breaks completely and Mavis gets her chance to be with you. Honestly, I think you won't refuse her."

Rena's heart ached as she spoke.

The truth was indeed strident.

Having had too much to drink, Waylen couldn't stand his alcohol-induced headache anymore.

He stared at Rena's back and thought arguing tonight wouldn't do either of them any good. He rubbed his forehead and muttered, "Let's talk about this tomorrow. Go to bed."

Rena stood still.

When she heard Waylen turn the doorknob, she called after him, "Take your shirt. I don't want it in my trash can."

Feeling like his wife just stabbed him in the chest, Waylen turned and looked at Rena's back once again.

He couldn't help wondering whether or not she truly loved him.

Did they really love each other?

After Waylen left, Rena slowly walked back to the sofa and sat down.

Staring blankly into space, she ran her fingers over the book she was reading before she fell asleep on the sofa earlier. She had expected this to happen since Waylen started dealing with Mavis' affairs.

She had never forgotten about that romantic encounter between Waylen and Elvira many years ago.

Their exceedingly sentimental display of affection had pricked her eyes.

Waylen had lost his memory. Elvira might be dead and gone, but

now there was another perfect substitute. How could he resist it?

Rena knew her husband's contemplation.

If she were single, she would fight for the man, but she was a mother now. She had Alexis and Marcus to think about.

If she continued to fight for a relationship that was doomed to fail because she was the only one willing to save it, then she would be setting a bad example for her children.

Perhaps it was time.

Rena opened the drawer of her bedside table and took out two documents.

One was a separation agreement, and the other was a divorce agreement.

It was early the next morning.

As always, Rena took care of the two children. She helped Alexis get ready for school and nursed Marcus.

Rena and Waylen hadn't been getting along well lately, but they made sure that their children never saw them arguing or fighting. However, as a sensitive child, Alexis knew that something was wrong.

While having her breakfast, Alexis suddenly asked Rena.

"Are we moving out of this house, Mommy?"

Last night, she overheard her mother on the phone, telling someone that she was looking for a big house with five bedrooms.

Rena was startled by her little girl's question.

She pinched her little face and smiled, "Would you like to live with Mommy? The house I'm getting is very close to your school. I can drive you and then pick you up every day."

She could even take Marcus to pick up Alexis should the weather permitted.

On his way downstairs, Waylen happened to overhear what Rena told Alexis.

Would Rena really take the kids and move out?

Waylen came over and sat down next to Rena. He didn't want to pick a fight with her in front of their daughter, so he said in a low voice, "Have the driver take Alexis to school. We need to talk."

Rena wiped Alexis' mouth. After a while, she replied in a casual manner.

Waylen held her hand with more force than necessary.

But she decided not to make a scene over it.

After breakfast, Rena handed over Alexis to the driver, and the driver took Alexis to school.

Waylen took his car keys and said to Rena, "I'll drive you to the office. We'll talk on the way."

Rena agreed.

She sat in the passenger seat and pretended not to notice the fragrance that lingered in her husband's car, a scent that smelled nothing like her perfume.

She thought it must be left by Mavis last night.

Rena took out the two agreements from her briefcase.

One was titled "separation" and the other "divorce".

She said flatly, "If you sign the separation agreement, we'll get divorced in two years. If you sign the divorce agreement, we'll get divorced right away. That's the only difference between these two documents. The other stipulations such as your

visitation rights with the children are the same."

Waylen scanned the papers.

Apart from the time of divorce, the content of the two agreements was the same, and there was no mention of property division.

Exceed Group was originally registered under Rena's name.

And she wasn't interested in the assets.

She only wanted her two children.

Waylen closed the file, threw it aside casually, and lit a cigarette.

Soon, the car was shrouded in smoke.

Feeling a little choked, Rena rolled down her window. At this time, Waylen asked, "Do you think my father will let you take away his grandchildren?"

Rena's eyes turned red. "Your father has already agreed with my decision."

Waylen's fingers that were holding the cigarette trembled slightly. After a while, he asked through gritted teeth, "Is this just because of what happened last night? Rena, nothing happened between me and Mavis. I didn't even touch her."

His wife had been ignoring him for too long.

Waylen wanted neither a separation nor a divorce.

What he wanted was a reconciliation with his wife. He wasn't quite ready to give up on this marriage. He reached out, squeezed Rena's hand, and said, "Let's go on vacation. Just the two of us."

Rena pulled her hand away.

She leaned against her seat and sighed, "Let's not drag this out,

Waylen. Let's just end this." Then, she got out of Waylen's car and transferred to hers.

Waylen chased after her and pounded on the window after she shut the car door. "Rena, get out of the car. Please. Let's talk about this."

He didn't want a divorce.

He not only wanted to save his image. He also didn't want Alexis and Marcus to grow up with only one parent.

In a dilemma, the chauffeur Ross started, "Mrs. Fowler..."

Rena commanded immediately, "Just drive."

Ross started driving, passing Waylen by. Rena thought she was already all cried out over her husband, but once more, tears welled up in her eyes.

She was extremely disappointed in him.

But she knew in her heart that she still so stupidly loved him.

Then, there was the undeniable truth.

Different beginnings had always drawn distinct conclusions.