

Chapter 300 I Miss You And I Also Miss Your Mom

The bathroom cubicles were separated by thin partitions.

Waylen leaned against Rena's neck, his voice hoarse as he whispered, "Rena, I don't know if it's love, but I feel upset when I see you getting along with other men.

I was jealous of Harold and Hector, and now I find myself even jealous of Joseph."

He gently pressed his lips against Rena's hair and continued, "Rena, I don't know how to love someone. Can you teach me?"

Rena felt a tinge of sadness.

She wished Waylen had expressed his feelings earlier, without the involvement of Mavis. But she couldn't dwell on it anymore. Rena berated herself for feeling despicable, but her heart was in turmoil.

She tried to lower her head, appearing gentle.

Waylen's emotions overwhelmed him.

He couldn't resist kissing Rena against the thin partition.

Rena resisted, attempting to push him away, but her efforts were in vain.

In a rush, she slapped him across the face.

The slap left both of them stunned.

Leaning against the door, Rena said with a hint of a nasal voice,

"Waylen, do I need to make this clear? We can never be together again. It's impossible."

Was it amusing for her to go through a divorce?

Was it amusing for her to move out with her two children?

No, it wasn't amusing at all. It was something she had to do!

With red eyes, she pushed the door open and left.

Standing there, Waylen watched Rena's retreating figure, suddenly realizing that he might never be able to win her back, even if she still loved the Waylen who hadn't lost his memory...

Waylen didn't linger long and soon caught up with Rena.

A disagreement hung between them. They didn't speak to each other when they reached the ward, and even Vera could sense that they had quarreled.

Later in the afternoon, Waylen went to pick up Alexis.

When he mentioned picking up Alexis to Rena, she remained cold, leaving him crestfallen.

After he left, Vera said softly, "I think his attitude is obviously different from before."

Rena was well aware of it.

Indeed, Waylen's fondness for her and his concern had grown. But she had lost confidence in their relationship and didn't want to wait any longer...

She even thought that being apart might bring them both relief.

Vera respected Rena's choice and didn't say anything more.

Waylen was rejected again.

He felt upset, sitting in the car, head bowed as he lit a cigarette.

As he was about to start the car, Mavis appeared beside it.

In a hushed voice, she said, "Mr. Fowler, I'm pregnant."

Waylen's face remained expressionless. He exhaled a long smoke ring and responded in a cold tone, "I haven't even touched your hand."

"It's Mr. Curtis' child," Mavis hurriedly explained.

Waylen's mind connected the dots between Rena's cooperation with Joseph. Rena was truly...

Waylen gazed at Mavis' face, and a realization struck him. Rena really despised Mavis.

Mavis' heart raced with anxiety.

She bit her trembling lips and said in a hushed tone, "If it weren't for Mrs. Fowler's scheme, I wouldn't have become pregnant with someone else's child, Mr. Fowler... If, if I decide to have an abortion, then... I mean, I know you divorced her..."

Waylen's patience was wearing thin.

As he observed Mavis, a memory of Elvira crossed his mind.

He had once hoped that Mavis could lead a happy life for that very reason.

But now, with his heart entirely devoted to Rena, thoughts of Elvira were few and far between. Instead, every time he closed his eyes, all he could see was Rena's radiant face.

He dreamt of Rena on several occasions.

In his dreams, she always leaned against his chest and called his name softly.

Extinguishing his cigarette, Waylen said calmly, "Don't show up in front of me again."

The car window glided shut with a slow, deliberate motion.

Mavis tried to halt him, but he firmly clamped her hand, leaving a painful bruise.

Waylen rolled down the window and stepped on the gas to drive away.

Mavis stood rooted to the spot.

She finally realized that this man had only felt a mere trace of pity for her all along, nothing more.

Meanwhile, Waylen went to pick up Alexis.

Alexis was overjoyed. Holding her father's hand, she bid farewell to her teacher.

Then, he carried the little girl into the car.

Alexis wrapped her arms around his neck and bestowed him with a soft kiss. Waylen's heart melted as he asked gently, "Have you missed me these days?"

"Yes, I have," replied the little girl.

Waylen returned her affectionate gesture with a kiss and assured her, "If you ever miss me, just call. I promise I'll be there in 30 minutes."

Sitting in her child's seat, Alexis flipped her brown, curly hair and inquired, "Do you miss me or mommy more?"

Waylen admired his daughter's cleverness.

He tousled her hair and replied affectionately, "I miss both you and your mommy equally."

He then took Alexis back to the hospital, buying her a set meal of fried chicken along the way. Waylen's mood improved significantly as Alexis chatted excitedly during the ride.

But as he opened the door to the VIP ward, his expression darkened.

Hector was inside.

He and Rena were sitting closely on the sofa, engrossed in a business discussion.

Rena even had a radiant smile on her face.

She looked breathtakingly beautiful when she smiled...

Waylen cleared his throat.

Hector noticed Waylen's discontent and felt somewhat embarrassed. "Ms. Gordon, let's end the discussion for today," he proposed.

Rena glanced at Waylen before escorting Hector out.

Upon her return, she closed the door to the ward, prompting Waylen to ask, "Is it necessary to be so close to each other when discussing business matters?"

While munching on her fried chicken, Alexis remarked, "Dad seems upset."

Rena didn't want to talk about this in front of the children. Instead, she accompanied Alexis and helped her with her homework.

Waylen struggled to suppress his anger.

He felt jealousy bubbling within him, despite knowing he had no grounds to question Rena.

In the dead of night, Rena cradled Marcus in her arms on the bed, gazing at his plump face, her mind wandering into deep contemplation.

Marcus bore a striking resemblance to Waylen.

Their eyebrows and eyes were strikingly similar.

With tender affection, Rena lightly caressed Marcus' eyebrows with her slender fingers.

Although Marcus was generally obedient, he began to fuss in the middle of the night, refusing to drink milk.

His face flushed, and he stubbornly turned away from the bottle.

Rena gently pressed her cheek against his, and the little boy nestled into her arms. He eagerly sought sustenance through the thin fabric of her pajamas.

Concern filled Rena's heart as she fretted over Marcus.

At just over two months old, he had been weaned from breast milk.

As Rena glanced towards the closed door of another room of this suite, she could hear soft snores. Waylen and Alexis were sleeping soundly there.

After hesitating for a moment, Rena decided to unbutton her pajamas.

Marcus latched on contentedly, finding comfort in the maternal embrace even if he couldn't find any milk. In the stillness of the dark night, the soft sound of a child nursing was mesmerizing.

Waylen heard everything since he couldn't fall asleep.

After lying in bed for a long time, he couldn't resist getting up quietly.

Rena turned away at the sight of him, her back facing him.

Waylen couldn't see her expression, but he gently touched Marcus' soft hair and asked in a hushed voice, "Does it hurt?"

Rena felt somewhat embarrassed by the question.

After a brief moment, she replied softly, "Go back to sleep."

Tomorrow... Marcus would be discharged from the hospital, and Rena wouldn't have to deal with Waylen's persistent presence all the time.

Waylen's gaze lingered on Rena's slender back.

He longed to embrace her, but the memory of her rejection made him withdraw his hand.

He lay back on the bed.

Alexis crawled over and nestled in his arms.

Her little bottom was soft and chubby.

Waylen couldn't quite decipher his emotions. He yearned to spend every day with them, wondering if he and Rena could have children together again. It was evident that Rena loved children very much.

Restlessly, Waylen couldn't help but ponder whether Rena would change her mind if he ever regained his lost memory.

Chapter 301 Waylen Began To Pursue Her

The next morning, Marcus was discharged from the hospital.

Rena bent down slightly and began packing up her son's things.

Her waist was thin, and her back was slightly hunched.

Waylen still remembered how it felt when he touched her.

The nanny took Marcus away, leaving Rena and Waylen alone in the ward. Waylen had something to say to his ex-wife.

He put his hand on her shoulder and asked in a low voice, "Rena, if I regain my memories, is it possible for us to be together again?"

Hearing the question, Rena halted for a moment. She had no idea how to respond.

If she said yes, she would undoubtedly give him hope.

If she said no, then she would be lying to herself.

She was silent for a long time, and with that, Waylen already knew the answer.

He caressed the back of her shoulder and then dropped his hand. "I'll go get Marcus' discharge papers and take care of the formalities."

Then, Waylen left.

Looking at the thing in her hand, Rena was stunned for a long time.

After returning to the villa, Marcus recovered very well.

For the following month, Rena took a lot of time to take care of Marcus. As a result, she worked from home most of the time. Hector and Wendy sent her the documents that she needed to go over.

Waylen often came to Rena's villa to visit the children, and there had been many times when he bumped into Hector.

Waylen could tell that Hector adored Rena.

Perhaps it was because of his pride that Waylen never questioned Rena again regarding this matter. Waylen frequently dropped by to keep Alexis and Marcus company.

He had been spending time with his children more now than he did before the divorce.

Rena didn't forbid Waylen from seeing the children, but she didn't give him another chance to woo her.

He brought her gifts all the time.

Some of the gifts he purchased while he was away on business trips, and the others he bought because he stumbled upon them and they reminded him of her.

Rena locked all of Waylen's gifts in a drawer.

One day, after discussing business with Hector, Rena walked him out.

When Rena returned to the villa, Waylen was still there. He was sitting on the sofa and reading a business magazine, as if he was in his own home.

Rena stared at him silently for a few seconds.

Then, she walked over and sat on the sofa opposite him. She said calmly, "You come here and hang out with the kids every

day. Don't you have your own private life?"

She had no problem with him spending time with the children. She just thought that he also had to have other things going on in his life.

Obviously, Waylen didn't regard himself as an outsider.

After Rena finished her question, Waylen put down the magazine in his hand. He stared at her with his dark eyes for a long time before he asked casually, "Do you want me to have my own private life?"

Rena didn't avoid his inquiry. "We're divorced. We should both have our own lives."

He found her directness so refreshing that he couldn't bring himself to be upset with her.

It was before dinnertime when Waylen decided that it was time to go.

Rena was a little tired.

After tucking the children in and kissing them good night, she proceeded to her room.

She and Waylen were divorced now, and things were no longer the same even though Waylen was still present in Alexis' and Marcus' lives.

At least she wouldn't be affected by anything else now.

Rena went into the main bedroom and took off her clothes. Then, she stepped into the bathroom and took a shower.

After getting dressed and climbing into bed, she found a champagne rose on one of her pillows.

It was what Waylen used to do. He would come back from his daily morning jog with a rose he picked from one of the bushes

outside. He would leave it on the bed beside her, and she would wake up to it. The dew on the petals would remind her of the sex they had the night before.

Rena picked up the rose, feeling a little sad in her heart.

He didn't remember their past together at all. What was the point of doing this?

At Exceed Group.

Now that the company was stable and doing very well, Rena could relax. She had an indoor golf course set up on the top floor of the company building.

Every time she was free, she played there.

While Rena was on a break, Wendy knocked on her office door and came in. She said, "Miss Brown is here to see you. Should I send her in?"

Mary Brown? The actress?

Rena took a sip of water and smiled. "I thought she didn't want to see me anymore."

Wendy replied, "Well, she made it this far. I think she's much smarter and more flexible than those other nameless stars."

Rena nodded. "Very well. Let her in."

After a few moments, Mary entered Rena's office.

She didn't bring her agent with her. She came alone with a small delicate box of cake in her hand.

Rena darted her eyes on the cake in Mary's hand and smiled faintly. "I don't invest in movies, Miss Brown. You don't need to please me."

Mary was sensible. She was dressed simply yet elegantly today.

She put an envelope on Rena's desk and said, "I've brought you five tickets to the premiere of my movie, Ms. Gordon. If you could come show your support, I would really, really appreciate it."

Rena didn't refuse directly.

She stood up and proceeded to the office's indoor golf course. Stunned for a moment, Mary followed her.

Rena did a few swings, and Mary praised her afterward. "Wow. You are an excellent golfer."

Rena played with her white club and said with a smile, "Waylen was the one who taught me how to play golf."

Mary averted her gaze and blushed.

Rena made another strike and said casually, "You want to endorse the high-end project in the south we're working on, right?"

Mary didn't answer right away. Her cheeks kept burning bright red.

Hitting two more golf balls, Rena told Mary, "That depends on whether or not you're up for it. If your movie sells well, then we can talk about the endorsement."

Mary didn't expect Rena to be so easy-going, so for a moment, she didn't know what to say.

Rena finished with a bogey, and then said thoughtfully, "There aren't many people in this world that truly make me feel revolted. And you're not really one of them, Miss Brown."

Rena promised that she would give Mary a chance if her movie did well in the box office.

When Waylen found out about Rena's deal with Mary, he called Rena. "Are you really so bighearted, Ms. Gordon?"

Rena snapped at him.

She said sharply, "Mary is rich and powerful, and she won't do anything to ruin me or herself. Why shouldn't I cooperate with her?"

Waylen replied in a low voice, "If you keep behaving like this, Rena, I will think that you really no longer care about me."

There was nothing going on between him and Mary, but there were still rumors going around about them.

Rena didn't give a damn. She even intended to go to the premiere of Mary's movie.

After a moment's silence, Rena said, "I've told you, Waylen. We both should have our own private lives. I just want a normal life and my children safe. I find it easy to get those things without you."

After she finished, Waylen kept silent for a long time.

In the end, he just hung up.

With that, Rena found herself in a foul mood.

The truth was, Rena really wanted Mary to endorse that high-end project, but first, Mary needed to prove her market value.

Because of this, Rena's relationship with Waylen was strained once again.

He came to visit the children two times a week, but the two of them didn't bother interacting with each other.

On Saturday, Rena took Alexis and Marcus to the Fowlers' house.

Last night, Mark came to visit, and Korbyn asked Mark to stay the night.

Rena's car just arrived.

Juliette took Alexis to play while Korbyn held Marcus in his arms. The grandparents were so happy to spend quality time with their grandchildren.

Meanwhile, Rena went upstairs and bumped into Mark in the second-floor corridor.

It was obvious that Mark slept over last night. He was a little disheveled, and his wrinkled, unbuttoned shirt wasn't tucked into his pants like usual.

He looked like he just rolled out of bed after having wild sex.

Rena looked behind Mark and saw the door to Cecilia's bedroom.

Cocking her head to the side, Rena asked, "Have you and Cecilia made up, Uncle Mark?"

Hesitation flashed on Mark's face.

They hadn't reconciled yet. Last night, when Cecilia came home, she went straight to her room and wept. Worried about her, Mark went to comfort her. And then one thing led to another.

Ultimately, they slept together.

Mark hadn't had sex for a long time, and the fact that he and Cecilia used to be so compatible in bed didn't help.

Last night was mind-blowingly amazing.

Rena guessed what Mark was thinking and was about to say something.

But Cecilia suddenly opened her door, threw Mark's coat in his face, and cursed, "You old bastard."

Feeling embarrassed, Mark put on a bitter smile.

Cecilia then saw Rena standing outside her room with Mark. Cecilia was two years older than Rena, but she was a little afraid

of her sister-in-law.

With tearful eyes, Cecilia called in a low voice, "Rena."

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