

## Chapter 252 I Belong To My Wife

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When the former couple crossed paths, an overwhelming silence fell upon them.

Harold found himself incapable of inquiring about Mark, his emotions tied in knots.

Throughout his life, he was involved with numerous women, yet deep down, he acknowledged that he had let both Rena and Cecilia slip away.

Laying eyes on Cecilia once more, Harold felt as though an eternity had passed since they were together.

However, Cecilia had moved on and her heart now belonged elsewhere.

In Rena's direction, she gestured to her chest and assured her, "I'll change it."

Rena responded with a nod and a gentle smile.

As Harold's face displayed a sense of loss, Rena refrained from speaking aloud. She understood that some people only grasp the weight of their regrets once they'd forever lost someone dear.

In a rush, Harold departed with his date, who hadn't even tried on any dress.

As they were leaving, they unexpectedly encountered Waylen.

After parking the car, Waylen squinted at Harold and the two men exchanged fleeting glances as they passed each other.

Upon entering the studio, he saw Rena sipping tea while perusing a magazine.

Waylen settled down beside her and remarked, "You remain remarkably composed upon meeting your old flame."

Nonchalantly, Rena continued flipping through the magazine and responded, "You were my old flame too. No, wait... Oh, I almost forgot. We were married once, making you my ex-husband."

Waylen chuckled, his anger dissipating.

In a hushed tone, he said, "You were just as spirited last night. Why so sharp-tongued right now?"

Rena knew well that women often ended up on the losing end in such bickerings with men.

Recalling her disheveled appearance from the previous night, Rena blushed and playfully scolded, "You rascal."

Waylen's laughter filled the air.

With a mischievous grin, he unbuttoned his suit and took the magazine from Rena's hand. "This one's pretty good."

Rena ceased her argument with him.

She leaned closer to see the page.

As Waylen draped an arm around her shoulder, he gently turned her face toward him, whispering, "After the dinner party, let's go home. And I will personally peel this dress off for you."

Blushing, Rena knew precisely what he had in mind.

However, she also adored the dress.

Waylen indeed possessed excellent taste.

Requesting the service person to fetch the dress for her, Rena made sure not to let Waylen see her in it...

She believed that even as a couple, they ought to grant each other some personal space.

After deciding on her dress, Cecilia headed home ahead of them.

Waylen, Rena and Alexis then proceeded to have their PR photos taken for the Exceed Group.

Rena appeared a bit uncertain.

Sensitive to her thoughts, Waylen clasped the steering wheel and fixed his gaze ahead, inquiring softly, "Rena, don't I deserve you to be courageous for me again?"

Lowering his voice to ensure Alexis wouldn't overhear, he added, "You're willing to be with me intimately but not to marry me?"

Rena leaned against the backrest, gazing at him in contemplative silence.

Coincidentally, the traffic lights turned red, offering them a moment of pause.

With a tender gesture, he leaned over, taking her hand gently, and whispered softly, "Rena, we can be a couple and have a true relationship. I desire more than just your physical presence. I yearn to have you in all aspects... Please, give me a chance. Don't turn me away again."

Rena reciprocated his gentle hold on her hand.

If she truly decided to deny him another chance, how could she lay in his bed and let him have his way with her? She didn't feel anger or engage in quarrels with him because deep down, she still cared for him.

Waylen turned to look at her, his eyes reflecting warmth and depth. "This time, it's just the two of us."

Listening carefully from the backseat, Alexis felt like she might finally have the chance to have a mother.

On the anniversary of the Exceed Group, their PR photo was released.

This time, it differed from the previous ones. Previously, it was just a solo photo of Waylen as the CEO, but now, the public relations department unveiled a family photo of the president.

The photo was taken in the CEO Office of the Exceed Group.

Rena sat on the sofa with Alexis in her arms. Rena's natural gentleness and beauty complemented Alexis' noble smile.

Standing behind the sofa, Waylen placed his hand gently on Rena's shoulder, looking ever so tender.

Anyone could see how deeply the president of the Exceed Group cherished his wife from this photo.

At eight o'clock in the evening, at the Exceed Hotel.

The event was attended by numerous guests, with nearly all the upper class of Duefron there to show support.

Waylen took the stage to deliver his speech. Every now and then, his gaze would drift toward Rena, filled with the admiration that only a man in love could convey, leaving people present in awe.

Tonight, Rena looked exceptionally beautiful.

Her dark green silk dress accentuated her flawless figure and slender waist, giving no hint that she had given birth to a child.

He could easily encircle her waist with his arm.

Her delicate back exuded even more elegance...

After Waylen concluded his speech, the host exclaimed with excitement, "A big round of applause for our Mr. Fowler!"



Waylen smiled and replied, "I actually belong to Mrs. Fowler."

The crowd was taken aback. They never expected Waylen to be so passionately devoted. Hadn't the newspapers portrayed him as someone who led a restrained and distant private life, keeping away from women?

While everyone was still in awe, Waylen had already stepped off the stage.

He turned to Rena with a gentlemanly smile. "Mrs. Fowler, may I have this dance?"

When she looked at his handsome face, Rena's heart skipped a beat.

She had been with him since she was 24 years old. They had experienced ups and downs in their relationship for five years. She had married him and gave birth to Alexis. And today, their relationship was finally officially made public...

Her heart was deeply moved.

The enchanting notes of the Moonlight Sonata filled the air as he held her close, and they danced together. Their moves might not have been flawless, but the way they held each other spoke volumes... After a while, Waylen lifted her face and planted a gentle kiss on her lips.

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In an unexpected turn of events, Rena found herself swept away by Waylen's public display of affection, leaving her utterly astonished at the thought of such a gesture during this occasion.

Her eyes widened in surprise.

And so did Waylen, locking eyes with her as he whispered, "Close your eyes."

Passionately, he kissed her.

Overwhelmed, Rena trembled and couldn't help but express her concern. "Waylen, there are so many people watching us."

With a hint of desire in his gaze, he replied, "Then let them watch."

A hush fell upon the surroundings.

Their lips met in a French kiss.

During the anniversary celebration of the Exceed Group, Waylen surprised everyone with an unabashed display of affection toward his wife. No one could deny his passion or interest in women anymore.

Witnessing the scene, the Exceed Group employees even considered arranging for a large bed for their president.

Meanwhile, the Fowlers observed the unfolding events with silent interest.

Juliette, with tears in her eyes, gently shielded Alexis' eyes from the intimate scene.

Holding a wine glass, Korbyn couldn't help but judge Waylen's actions as loving but still inappropriate.

Despite the passage of time, Waylen's desire remained strong.

However, Rena didn't want to indulge in recklessness. As she toyed with the buttons on his shirt, she whispered, "If we continue like this, we'll end up on the entertainment headlines tomorrow... Let's continue this at home, okay?"

Waylen smiled and released her.

With their relationship taking a meaningful step forward, he naturally exuded happiness. Throughout the social interactions, he would occasionally steal glances at Rena with such passion that it could make any woman's legs weak - Rena herself couldn't help but feel the same.

Just as the sparks between Rena and Waylen were ignited, Jazlyn suddenly approached, whispering something to Waylen.

His brows furrowed in concern.

Handing his glass to Jazlyn, he said softly, "I'll go and take a look."

And so he left.

In the midst of a conversation, Rena noticed his departure and approached Jazlyn, inquiring, "Where... did he go?"

After some hesitation, Jazlyn honestly responded, "It's Miss Coleman. She threatened to jump off the Exceed Hotel if Mr. Fowler didn't show up. If anything goes wrong today, it will cause a lot of trouble for the company."

Rena nodded understandingly.

She empathized with the situation, knowing that there was a

history between Waylen and Elvira. The media would undoubtedly seize any unfortunate incident related to her.

Despite the concern, Rena had decided to put her trust in Waylen.

He had assured her that she would be his only woman from now on, and she believed him.

Hence, Rena had no intention of intervening. She not only trusted Waylen but also had confidence in herself. She firmly believed that the new her could captivate his attention entirely.

Rena was on the verge of mingling with the other guests, eager to enjoy the evening's festivities.

Just then, her secretary approached, informing her, "Miss Gordon, there's a phone call for you."

Waylen encountered Elvira inside an office room on the top floor of the hotel.

Two staff members were also present in the room.

Elvira had chosen to wear a stunning fiery red dress for the occasion, but her careless disregard for her private life detracted from her overall appearance. Her slender frame, combined with the vibrant dress, gave her an unsettling vibe.

Seated behind the desk, Waylen exuded a timeless handsomeness, even in his thirties.

Elvira couldn't help but recall a public relations photo where he stood contentedly with his wife and daughter, wearing a satisfied smile.

Memories of him kissing Rena in public haunted Elvira's mind, causing her tears to smudge her eyeliner. Tearfully, she pleaded, "Waylen, I refuse to believe that you'll forget our unforgettable past, or that you'll truly fall in love with Rena."



Waylen calmly lit a cigarette, his slender fingers gracefully holding the smoke between them, exuding an air of composure.

Looking at Elvira without a hint of emotion, he replied, "If you hadn't threatened to jump from this hotel, I wouldn't even be seeing you now. Elvira... I don't wish to dwell on who was right or wrong in the past. I only want to stress that you must stop pestering me."

Her lips trembling, Elvira questioned desperately, "Do you not care at all if I were to jump from here?"

Her expression verged on madness. "You can't leave me. You love me."

In a cold, detached voice, Waylen responded, "Elvira, I have shown immense patience and tolerance. If... If you insist on taking such drastic measures, the hotel's security will have your body moved to a dark alley within minutes, waiting for your family to claim it. And the blood on the ground will be swiftly washed away like nothing has happened."

His tone remained composed.

Not a trace of nostalgia for their past could be found in his eyes.

Lifting his hand, Waylen took a drag from his cigarette.

In that moment, he knew with absolute certainty that what he admired was a woman like Rena – someone who would never harm herself or others for love or any man.

Despite moments of anger that left him clenching his teeth when she rejected him, he couldn't help but pursue her.

In his early thirties, he was resolute that Rena was the woman he wanted to spend the rest of his life with.

Elvira chuckled.

Her voice softened as she said, "Waylen, every aspect of you

remains irresistibly attractive to me. What am I to do? I can't bear the thought of you being with someone else. Rena will be arriving soon, and when she sees us together, do you think it will trigger a reaction in her? Will she obediently stay in your arms and let you kiss her once again?"

Waylen remained seated, appearing somewhat uneasy.

At this moment, the office door swung open, revealing Rena standing at the threshold.

Elvira's laughter grew louder. "Rena, we meet again."

Rena entered the room with measured steps.

Approaching Elvira, she replied calmly, "Yes, we do meet again. Miss Coleman, what did you call me here to tell me?"

Elvira appeared visibly taken aback.

However, she raised her chin slightly and retorted, "I simply wanted to inform you that Waylen will never abandon me. I don't believe you feel nothing when I'm with him."

Rena smiled softly, casting her gaze downward. "If he belongs to me, wherever he is, he'll long for me. And if he's not mine, he'll go to you, even in Braseovell."

Elvira was stunned.

She hadn't expected Rena to be so indifferent to the matter.

Looking at Waylen, Rena said in a gentle tone, "Elvira, you persistently believe that your connection with him is unbreakable. But what Waylen and I share has long replaced your past. He may not always be mine but... He ceased to be yours a long time ago."

Elvira's face turned pale.

She felt completely disregarded, as if no one cared about her

existence.

Waylen instructed the staff to lead Elvira away. Once the office fell silent, he slowly walked from behind his desk to Rena.

He embraced her tenderly and whispered in a slightly trembling voice, "Thank you, Mrs. Fowler."

Rena leaned against his shoulder.

The warmth of their embrace made them forget everything else...

After a while, she whispered softly, "Even if I don't entirely believe in your love for me, I trust in your love for Alexis. That is a depth of connection Elvira can never comprehend..."

Her face pressed against his neck and she felt a comforting warmth.

Waylen had always been the epitome of perfection, charm, and allure to women.

But Rena didn't tell him that she cherished nothing more than the role he played as Alexis' father...

She whispered in his ear, "We haven't remarried yet, Waylen. Do you feel like we're having a clandestine affair right now?"

Waylen's body ignited with desire.

He never expected Rena to flirt with him like this.

His instincts kicked in and he swiftly reciprocated. Pressing her against him, he asked in a husky voice, "Then let's stay here in the hotel tonight."

Rena's body softened. "I want to go home and be with you on your bed."

Waylen playfully nibbled the tender flesh behind her ear and teased, "Where did you learn all this, hmm? Who else but me could have taught you?"

Unable to resist the temptation, he lifted her onto the large desk.

He leaned in and kissed her passionately.

The desire between them intensified and Rena responded enthusiastically. The atmosphere was electric... After a long and passionate kiss, Waylen rested his head on her shoulder, panting softly. "I really want to fuck you until you cry out right here."

Rena's cheeks flushed and her heart raced with excitement.

After sharing a prolonged intimate moment, Rena buttoned up Waylen's shirt, her slender fingers lingering on the fabric.

Waylen gazed at her intensely and, after a while, he softly grasped her fingertips, his voice husky with emotion. "Rena, you're finally back."

As the banquet entered its latter half, Waylen and Rena scarcely participated, preferring to find solace in his office, consumed by their passion.

Upon leaving the party, Waylen didn't request a driver to take them home; he longed to converse with her in the car.

Alexis obediently sat in her child seat, perhaps exhausted, as she quickly drifted into slumber.

At an intersection, Waylen turned to look at Rena in the back seat and whispered, "Come to the front."

Rena hesitated, conscious of her evening gown.

Yet, Waylen's eyes burned with desire. Seeing her reluctance, he gently urged, "Give me your hand."

Rena extended her hand and he tenderly pulled her to his side.

Ensuring she was secure with the seat belt, Waylen's fingers brushed against her, causing her to tremble slightly. He gazed



up at her and smiled, "You're this turned on already?"

Rena averted her gaze. She wanted to deny it but she couldn't bring herself to do so.

As the night deepened, the luxurious black vehicle glided into the villa, eventually coming to a stop at the parking pad. Waylen unfastened his seat belt and leaned over to whisper, "I'll tuck Lexi in. You wait for me in the master bedroom, okay?"

Rena felt a slight weakness in her body.

Waylen leaned in, kissing her for a while, before gently caressing her delicate face with his fingers. "You go upstairs first."

Rena ascended the stairs and opened the door to the master bedroom.

Upon entering, she was pleasantly surprised.

The entire room was adorned with red roses and an array of gift boxes, all seemingly meant for her.

Every woman enjoyed being pampered and Rena was no exception.

She removed her high heels, sitting on the white wool carpet, and began unwrapping the gifts.


Many of them were exquisite pieces of jewelry, alongside luxurious dresses from the current season.

There were even high-heeled shoes, so slender and elegant, designed to accentuate the legs.

Having been with him for so long, she knew the depths of his darker desires, causing her cheeks to redden.

Just then, the bedroom door creaked open.

Waylen stood at the doorway, still clad in an expensive black

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suit, his features accentuated by the soft lighting, exuding his undeniable handsomeness.

Quietly shutting the door, he approached Rena, wrapping his arms around her slender waist from behind. "Do you like them?"

Of course, Rena adored the gifts.

Gently turning around, she embraced his neck and kissed him passionately. Amidst their ardent kiss, she whispered, "Yes. But I like you even more."

His low laughter filled her ear as he whispered, "Rena, it's been three long years since we last made love."