

Chapter 294 If I Don't Sign It, You'll Always Be Mrs....

In the early morning, the sun cast its feeble light upon the world.

Rena's countenance appeared particularly pallid, but her demeanor remained remarkably composed. "Sign it," she urged.

Waylen gazed at her in silence.

After a prolonged moment, he tenderly shut the door, approached her slowly, and took hold of the document. In a hushed tone, he said, "Rena... What occurred yesterday was an accident. I promise she won't come before Alexis again."

Rena sneered, unimpressed by his assurances.

She no longer wished to hear his promises.

All she desired now was to safeguard her children... In her own way!

Yet, in a calm voice, she insisted, "Sign it. Once Alexis gets better, I'll leave with our two kids."

Rena felt a profound sadness.

When she first came here, there was a glimmer of hope.

She believed that Waylen could find the warmth of family in a large household, but perhaps she was mistaken from the start. When he chose to leave his family to save Mavis, she should have given up entirely.

Waylen stared at her, noticing the glistening in her eyes.

He tossed the document back onto the table.

Heading to the cloakroom to change, he was too frustrated and couldn't find a suitable outfit.

Finally, he stood within and spoke to Rena outside. "Do you think I have no feelings for you? But Rena... If I truly didn't care for you, why would I move back in with you?"

He was still unwilling to divorce her.

"Rena, don't you love me?"

In response, Rena calmly replied, "I'm tired of loving you. Waylen, all I want is a peaceful life."

Waylen had put on a shirt but suddenly he tore it off and donned another.

After repeating this several times, he finally emerged from the cloakroom.

He looked at her and said softly, "I won't agree to a divorce."

Rena lowered her gaze and smiled faintly. "I'll find a way. Waylen, if you don't sign it, don't blame me for hurting your sweetheart."

Waylen sneered. "She's not my sweetheart. You are."

Rena sneered as well.

This joke lacked any humor.

Without looking back, she turned and left, slamming the door shut...

Before leaving home, Waylen went to check on Marcus. The nanny was feeding the baby with milk. He couldn't help but inquire, "Isn't Rena supposed to nurse him in the morning?"

Rena's breasts were quite full.

The quantity of her breast milk was so abundant that Marcus couldn't even consume it all.

The nanny seemed concerned. She whispered, "Last night, Mrs. Fowler suddenly stopped producing breast milk. Not a single drop could be expressed. I don't know what's going on."

Waylen was visibly taken aback.

Hadn't Rena given birth to Marcus less than three months ago?

Why did she stop producing breast milk?

He cradled Marcus in his arms, choosing not to press the matter further. He thought they should have a serious conversation tonight... about their marriage and their two children.

Eleven o'clock at noon.

After the trial, Waylen emerged from the court.

A girl stood before his car with a swollen face, her body covered in blood, and several bruises marring her exposed skin. Evidently, she had been beaten severely.


With quivering lips, Mavis implored, "Mr. Fowler, please help me plead with Mrs. Fowler to spare me. I only intended to keep the child company yesterday. I truly didn't mean any harm. I had no idea she was unwell."

Waylen swung open the car door and tossed in his briefcase.

As he looked at Mavis, he lit a cigarette and inquired, "Why did you go to the kindergarten to find my daughter?"

Mavis trembled visibly.

After a moment, she spoke up in a hushed voice. "Mr. Fowler, you escorted me back that night. You treated me differently,

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didn't you? I know you find my face striking. It resembles my
sister's..."

Waylen exhaled a smoke ring slowly.

He glanced at Mavis, his tone frosty as he said, "Perhaps this
face indeed triggered some memories but they aren't pleasant
ones. And why did you think you could disturb Alexis?"

Thus, despite Mavis being beaten, Waylen didn't feel any
sympathy for her.

He wasn't reckless but he had a talent for charming women.

That night in the car, she made advances towards him...

He didn't reciprocate.

He believed a sensible girl would understand that they couldn't
be together.

Mavis' face grew paler and her injured body trembled.

Now, she felt desperate.

The school expelled her and her landlord was taking back the
apartment. Soon, she'd have nowhere to go but the streets. She
confided in Waylen about her predicament, hoping he'd be
concerned for her.

Waylen flicked his cigarette.

He said casually, "If you're willing to leave Duefron, Jazlyn will
get you a check for 200, 000 dollars."

Mavis' face turned even paler. This outcome wasn't what she
had desired.

She wanted to be his woman.

She wanted to eventually become Mrs. Fowler.

Mavis bit her lip, tears welling up in her eyes. "Mr. Fowler, I don't want to be with you for your money. I genuinely have feelings for you... You're my brother-in-law. Don't you have any feelings for me at all?"

Brother-in-law...

Jazlyn rolled her eyes and gently reminded Mavis, "Elvira was married once in her life. And wedded a man named Theo Howard."

Mavis felt embarrassed.

Now that she was getting desperate, she resorted to using some taboo relationships to arouse Waylen's possessiveness.

But Waylen had no romantic feelings for her.

Men always made comparisons.

Compared to Rena's shapely figure, Mavis was way less appealing.

Men with sight intact knew whom they truly desired to hold.

Waylen didn't engage in prolonged arguments with Mavis. He left her with a parting remark, "I'll give you three days to think it over."


In the car, his thoughts turned to Rena...

He didn't pity Mavis but he couldn't help but see a hint of relentless determination in Rena, reminiscent of his past self.

Waylen's mind shifted to the mother and daughter in Heron.

Once again, anger surged within him.

Waylen knew that Rena's actions towards Mavis were driven partly by a desire for revenge, and partly by her intention to infuriate him and coerce him into signing the divorce

Chapter 294 If I Don't Sign It, You'll Always Be Mr.  +120 Points at most agreement. He couldn't help but wonder if Rena was eager to leave him.

Was there someone else waiting for her?

Perhaps it was Harold or Hector?

In the afternoon, Waylen drove back to the Fowler's residence, aware that Rena would be at home with Alexis.

Alexis was peacefully napping.

Waylen gently caressed her warm face and inquired of the servant, "Where is Rena?"

The servant replied cautiously, "Mrs. Fowler is in the gym in the basement."

At that moment, Rena was still in the mood to exercise...

Waylen removed his suit jacket and proceeded downstairs to the basement.

Indeed, Rena was there.

The soothing music, her graceful movements and the divorce agreement he saw every day all stirred something within him.

He turned up the music as he approached.

Rena sensed his presence and paused, looking at him. She asked, "Why have you returned now? Did you come back to sign the divorce agreement?"

Waylen walked toward her.

Just one step away, he reached out and encircled her slender waist, pulling her into his embrace.

Lowering his head, he kissed her passionately.

Her body felt so supple and her glistening skin was mesmerizing.

Waylen caressed her while they kissed, saying, "You had her beaten like that just because you wanted me to divorce you, didn't you? Rena, why do you think I'd prefer her? Compared to her, I desire you every day... Don't you recall how tender and sweet you were when we made love? It's been months since we last touched each other. I suppose you've forgotten. Allow me to remind you."

Waylen was forceful. He pinned Rena down on the soft sofa.

Her head sank into the fabric, feeling the powerful impact of his desire on her body. Her attempts to resist were overpowered...

Waylen bit the soft flesh behind her ear and murmured, "This feels so right."

They were in the Fowler's residence, which meant Rena couldn't cry out, as it might have embarrassed herself. Moreover, the elders of the Fowler family were also napping... In humiliation, Rena turned her face away and the faint blue veins on her forehead became visible.

Waylen cherished that spot the most...

When Rena was aroused, those veins would become apparent.

He panted, gently tracing her eyebrows with his slender fingers. "You're still my wife. If I don't sign it, you'll always be Mrs. Fowler."

He made passionate love to her.

Perhaps it was because it had been too long since they were intimate, Waylen longed for Rena's scent so intensely that he kept her under him for more than three hours...

The intimate encounter eventually came to an end.

He continued to hold her close, unwilling to release her until his perspiration turned cold.

After resting for a while, Rena gradually regained some strength. She kicked him away and cried tearfully, "Is that enough? If you're satisfied, then leave."

Waylen lowered his head and kissed her again.

After a long moment, he whispered, "You're my good girl."

Rena pushed him away and sat up, caring little for her disheveled appearance. Her fingers gently combed through her long brown hair as she spoke in a trembling voice, trying to maintain a casual demeanor. "Waylen, do you truly believe that having sex with me for a few hours will change my mind and make me obedient to you? You overestimate yourself."

Yes, they had shared a moment of intimacy...

But divorce was still inevitable.

With that said, Rena headed straight to the shower to cleanse her body.

Upon her emerging, Waylen had already donned his shirt and suit pants, though they appeared slightly wrinkled. He gazed at her and asked in a hushed tone, "Why did you change your clothes? Are you going out?"

Rena grabbed her phone from the sofa and headed for the door.

He took hold of her wrist, questioning her about her destination.

Rena shook off his grip and replied, "I'm going to buy contraceptive pills. Waylen, do you think I'd have another baby for you?"

Rena had ceased lactating the previous night.

Her menstrual cycle was due soon. Given their recent sexual encounter, she feared the possibility of getting pregnant...