

Chapter 276 Sex During The Pregnancy

It was ten o'clock in the morning when Jazlyn arrived at the law office.

Waylen's assistant welcomed her with a faint smile and said, "Jazlyn, welcome back!"

Jazlyn couldn't quite decipher Waylen's mood as she entered the office.

She closed the door and fixed her gaze on him, who was engrossed in reading a document on his desk.

Without lifting his head, he asked casually, "Did Rena send you here?"

Jazlyn nodded in confirmation. "Yes! Mrs. Fowler mentioned that I'm skilled in this field and can assist you."

Waylen smiled faintly, closing the document and engaging in a casual conversation with Jazlyn.

Eventually, he asked nonchalantly, "By the way, is Mr. Jones from Exceed Group Hector Jones?"

Jazlyn was slightly taken aback but still replied honestly, "Yes, that's him."

Waylen's tone became cooler as he inquired further, "Is he married?"

Confused by the line of questioning, Jazlyn replied truthfully, "Hector is 35 years old and comes from a privileged background,

but he has never been married. As far as I know, he doesn't have a girlfriend either."

Unmarried and without a girlfriend...

Waylen's lips tightened and he said, "Alright, I see. You can go now."

Jazlyn took the document and prepared to leave.

However, Waylen stopped her with another question. "When is Rena's prenatal check-up scheduled? Which hospital is she going to? Send me the time and address."

Amused by his interest, Jazlyn laughed. "Sure, I'll send it to you later."

When Waylen arrived at the hospital, it was about eleven o'clock in the morning.

He spotted her sitting alone on a bench, quietly examining the ultrasound report in her hand.

He approached her slowly, knowing that she was all by herself, not accompanied by that so-called Mr. Jones.

Rather than feeling angry, he sat down beside her, stretched his body, and glanced at her, saying, "Let me have a look."

Rena handed him the report.

"Almost five months. You've already chosen a name for him—Marcus," Rena revealed.

Peering at the ultrasound result, Waylen inquired, "Is it a boy?"

Rena nodded, gazing at his handsome face. In that moment, she couldn't help but imagine that he would suddenly recover his lost memories and say to her, "Rena, I'm sorry for being late."

But she knew it was only a wishful thought.

Waylen, still grappling with memory loss, was merely playing the role of a devoted husband.

He had come to the hospital out of fear that Rena might have an affair.

She was right; after sitting with her for a while, he gracefully escorted her downstairs without even inviting her to lunch.

They bid farewell at the hospital entrance.

In the ensuing days, Waylen lived like a single man, socializing constantly and seldom returning home.

The private detective sent Rena photos that depicted Waylen attending one party after another, surrounded by countless ladies...

A month later, in the CEO's office of Exceed Group.

Rena stood quietly in front of the French window. Several photos were scattered on her desk.

Hector entered and noticed the scene.

Pretending not to see the photos or Rena's anger, he respectfully asked for her instructions, "Mrs. Fowler, I'll go alone to meet Mr. Kent tonight. You should leave the office early and rest."

Rena shook her head and replied, "Mr. Kent has helped us a lot this time. I have to repay the favor."

Hector acquiesced and exited the office.

At half-past nine in the evening, it was lively at the most upscale business club in Duefron.

After dinner with Mr. Kent, Rena was ready to leave. Hector planned to drop her home before returning for another engagement. They discussed business matters as they walked.

Suddenly, Rena froze.

Beside the elevator, the door of a private room was slightly ajar.

They could catch a glimpse of the scene inside.

About five or six men were present, half of whom Rena recognized, including her husband. Most importantly, all these men were accompanied by young women, and Waylen was no exception.

Though he wasn't embracing his female companion, she was leaning against him tenderly.

He didn't push her away either.

Rena simply observed them in silence.

Noticing her piercing gaze, Waylen lifted his head and locked eyes with her. The atmosphere between them became somewhat tense...

Inside the room, Dudley, the owner of a prestigious six-star hotel, was acquainted with both of them.

As a witness to the awkward situation, he immediately extinguished his cigarette, hurriedly stood up, and tried to smooth things over. "What a coincidence, Rena. Don't misunderstand. We were just discussing business. You know Waylen."

He extended an invitation for Rena to join them in their private room.

There were other people inside!

Rena would demean herself if she entered such a scene. Hector understood this, so he came to her rescue. "Mrs. Fowler, shall we head back first?"

Rena wanted to leave, but her limbs felt stiff.

She stared intently at Waylen.

The girl next to Waylen was arrogant and said, "Mrs. Fowler, you are quite interesting. So possessive of your husband like a shrew, yet you can't even control him."

Dudley was worried about her audacious remarks.

However, Rena was no pushover.

Finally, she walked into the room. Gracefully holding her pregnant belly, she approached the girl's side with perfect poise and said with a faint smile, "You must be a student at Brueao College of Art. Instead of focusing on your studies, you choose to seduce other people's husbands and indulge in drinking with them. Believe it or not, with a single word from me, you won't have any opportunities to perform after graduation."

The girl still underestimated the situation, thinking that Waylen would defend her.

But after waiting for a long time, Waylen remained indifferent and didn't intervene at all.

The girl's smile froze.

Rena couldn't enjoy the victory, for she knew the kind of person Waylen used to be.

He had no interest in such girls at all.

He was deliberately doing this to make her uncomfortable.

Finally, Waylen took action.

He focused on Hector's hand resting on Rena's shoulder and asserted firmly, "I'll drive you back."

Without hesitation, he grabbed Rena's hand.

In an attempt to lighten the atmosphere, Dudley tried to smooth

things over. "See, they love each other very much."

The girl felt humiliated.

But Rena felt even more embarrassed.

Sitting in the black limousine, she didn't speak to Waylen. Instead, she gazed out of the window...

The night was cloaked in darkness, like a monstrous creature with wings, swallowing everything in its path, including their former love and affection.

Waylen received a phone call during the drive. It was from Korbyn, and he scolded his son in a displeased tone. He must have been informed about what happened in the club.

Waylen casually responded to his father and then glanced at Rena deeply...

Half an hour later, the limousine stopped downstairs at the villa.

Waylen got out of the car and opened the door for Rena, signaling her to get out.

Rena lifted her head slowly.

Her eyes were weary and glistening with tears.

Waylen picked her up effortlessly, walked into the villa's hall, and took her to the master bedroom on the second floor...

Considering her pregnancy, he refrained from acting rudely.

He gently pressed her at the edge of the bed and swiftly peeled off her coat. Underneath, she wore a thin red wool dress with a V-neck design that highlighted her supple and radiant skin.

Feeling bewildered, Rena began to resist. "Waylen, what do you want to do?"

"Sleep with you!"

He threw a stack of photos, scattering them beside her face.

Each photo featured him in different occasions, but most of them showed him at social gatherings or in clubs.

The edges of the photos were sharp, and they scratched her delicate face, but Rena didn't even flinch.

Rena didn't even seem to feel the pain.

He knew she had been investigating his whereabouts, so he purposely avoided coming back home and spent night after night in different clubs.

He resisted their marriage.

"There are many more photos!

Mrs. Fowler, you hired private detectives to follow me and take pictures, right? Isn't that what you wanted? I'll satisfy you now. Why are you crying instead of being happy... Huh?"

Waylen started unbuttoning his shirt, deliberately doing it slowly with his slender fingers, one button at a time, revealing his strong, muscular body.

Rena cried out in fear, "Waylen, I'm pregnant!"

"You're in your second trimester, so it'll be fine."

"I heard that pregnant women are particularly sensitive."

"I really want to give it a try. You should experience whether I'm still the demon in bed."

He spoke crudely and claimed her in an instant.

His roughness hurt Rena.

Her face turned pale due to the pain. She gripped the sheets tightly and endured his anger... Her eyebrows were fluttering

due to excitement, making her look very alluring.

Waylen gently touched that part and said in a low, hoarse voice, "You've cried and moaned like this under my body. Do you still deny that you want it? Huh?"

Rena was left speechless.

Drops of scorching sweat dripped down, causing her body to tremble. She couldn't help but hold onto his shoulders and back.

"Waylen, you bastard!"

"Let me go!"

"Waylen, do you know... I miss you so much..."

After the intense lovemaking, Rena soaked in the bathtub for a long time. She finally got up and put on a bathrobe when her body was covered with a pinkish hue. She slightly closed the bathrobe and walked back to the master bedroom.

In the master bedroom, Waylen stood by the window, a faint smell of tobacco lingering in the air.

He was still wearing his clothes from earlier.

The memory of their recent encounter filled Rena with shame. She felt filthy while he remained neatly dressed, having only taken off his shirt and belt.

At this thought an unbearable sense of shame possessed her.

Their intimacy lacked any genuine connection.

It was simply his emotional release.

Rena silently stared at him for a long moment before heading to the dressing table to do her skincare routine. Despite everything that had happened in the past few years, she never neglected this regimen, and her skin remained dewy and tender.

The night air was as cold as water, causing Rena to sneeze.

Waylen promptly put out his cigarette and closed the window.

His gaze lingered on Rena.

As she tended to her skin, she gently opened her bathrobe and applied skincare products to her body.

From behind, she appeared slim. It was difficult to tell that she was pregnant from her thin legs. The lovemaking they had just shared left her body with a pinkish hue, making her look even more enticing.

Waylen, too, had enjoyed the experience with her body, but he had restrained himself due to her pregnancy, limiting their intimacy to just twice.

In his memory, this was his first time having sex, and he had found it quite pleasurable. Rena's attractiveness and allure, especially when she cried and resisted, were undeniable. No man could resist her temptations.

In Waylen's view, their marriage should still be of good quality.

After all, men were emotional beings, and sometimes, physical intimacy was just as important as pure love.

He knew he couldn't lead an ascetic life. Having tasted her once, he naturally desired more. However, he was also aware that he needed to make an effort to gain a woman's willingness to engage in sex.

For instance, if he didn't come home, she wouldn't treat him kindly.

Waylen leaned against the wall and said in a low voice, "Hector Jones, I remember he's my employee."

Rena's hands paused as she processed his words.

After a moment, she smiled faintly, "Yes, are you planning to transfer him away?"

With a sense of pride, Waylen snorted. He could certainly transfer Hector elsewhere, but it would appear that he cared too much about Rena. So he simply said, "If you're comfortable with him around, I won't interfere."

She continued her skincare routine, and the bedroom filled with a tranquil atmosphere.

After a long pause, he suddenly declared, "I'll move back tomorrow."

Rena put down the bottles, gently folded her bathrobe, and turned to look at him.

Waylen didn't offer an explanation.

The next day, he indeed moved in with a suitcase containing only two sets of daily wear.

In the evening, as soon as he returned, he went straight to the study.

Rena opened the suitcase and examined his meager belongings with a bitter smile.

His moving back was just a pretense. The truth was that he wanted a free, long-term sexual partner. Perhaps he enjoyed their last encounter, so he voluntarily returned for her body...

However, since the man took the initiative to come home, she had no reason to drive him out.

Rena hung up the suits and descended the stairs slowly.

The servants were preparing dishes. When they saw Rena coming downstairs, they expressed their happiness by announcing, "Mr. Fowler is back home. We bought some additional dishes with our own money. Please don't mind,

madam."

Rena glanced at the dishes, noticing a few more expensive ones on the table, the ingredients alone worth a fortune.

She smiled and thanked the servants, planning to make it up to them later. After all, they worked hard and received fixed salaries each month.

Rena asked one of the servants to go upstairs and invite Waylen for dinner.

The servant hurriedly went upstairs but returned with an uneasy expression. "Mrs. Fowler, Mr. Fowler said he has a flight at ten o'clock in the evening and doesn't have time for dinner."

A business trip awaited Waylen.

It turned out that the suitcase was for business purposes!

Rena lowered her eyes and smiled. "Well, you should sit down and eat with me then."

She proceeded upstairs later. Like all virtuous wives, she put the suits back into his suitcase. Finally, she reached the door of the study and knocked. "Waylen, are you going on a business trip?"

Waylen finished sending the last email for work.

He replied, "Yes, for about three days!"

With his briefcase in hand, he glanced at Rena's belly and asked, "Can you manage it on your own?"

Rena responded with a faint smile, "Yeah."

Waylen nodded.

He made a phone call and swiftly left for his business trip, taking his luggage with him.

Three days later, he returned late at night.

Rena was already asleep during that time, so he tiptoed into the bedroom, placed his luggage down, undressed, and took a shower. Then, he woke her up with intense lovemaking.

In the middle of the night, Waylen drifted off to sleep.

But Rena, however, lay awake. No matter how obtuse she might be, she could guess what he was thinking.

His moving back didn't signify the return of her loving husband.

It was merely to fulfill his physiological needs within the bounds of marriage.

Rena turned on her side, her hand reaching out from under the quilt to gently stroke his handsome face. With red lips, she murmured, "What a jerk you are! Yet I can do nothing to you."

Waylen seldom attended social engagements later on, but he always had an abundance of work to occupy him.

He treated Alexis well, and the feeling was mutual.

But in private, he was indifferent toward Rena, except when it came to sex. Nevertheless, she supposed it wasn't all that bad. They had a married life as it should be, but there was no love or passion.

Waylen was content.

For a man, the ultimate goals were power, a beautiful wife, and adorable children. He had them all at once.

And his wife could perfectly satisfy him in bed.

Certainly, he had nothing to complain about.

However, Rena remained dissatisfied. She had experienced the best love in the world from Waylen before, but now he was back with just his physical presence. Without his affection, he wasn't the person he used to be.

Life became mundane, but Rena felt powerless to change it.

As time passed, even the people around them believed they were still affectionate.

The missing five years of Waylen's memory seemed insignificant to everyone else. Only Rena would experience loneliness after every night they spent together.

Yes, loneliness consumed her heart.

She had done her best to be considerate and gentle, setting an example of a good wife.

But she couldn't find her way into Waylen's heart or earn his love. He treated her as any wealthy man would treat his wife – expecting her to give birth to a legitimate heir for him and the Fowler family.

When she reached eight months of pregnancy, Waylen stopped touching her.

His social engagements increased.

She had no right to complain.

In early winter, during the first snowfall, she gave birth to Marcus, the eldest grandson of the Fowler family.

Marcus weighed about eight pounds.

Korbyn was overjoyed. Despite Cecilia's reproaches, he refused to acknowledge any preference for his grandkids. "I value all my grandchildren equally!" he insisted.

In truth, he loved Alexis the most.

However, being the boy of the family, it was Marcus who would carry on the Fowler family's legacy someday in the future, but Korbyn would never admit to favoring one grandchild over another.

Cecilia rolled her eyes playfully.

She took good care of Rena and cradled the baby in her arms.
"Look, Rena, he resembles you!"

Despite her fatigue, Rena leaned over and observed the child closely.

He did look like her, especially with his soft, dark brown hair.

His eyebrows and eyes bore a striking resemblance to hers, and even the bridge of his nose...

Korbyn exclaimed to his wife, "The Evans family genes are truly powerful!"

Coincidentally, Waylen opened the door and stepped inside.

Even after becoming a father of two children, he remained flawlessly handsome.

He leaned over and kissed Rena, his affectionate gesture sending a warm shiver down her spine. Then, he looked at his son in the cot and said softly, "Thank you."

Rena gazed at him with a smile.

Waylen moved to pick up his son. The Fowler family members surrounded the child, teasing and tickling him, discussing whom he resembled, how adorable he was, and sharing tips on caring for children.

Rena turned her face away, feeling a surge of sentimentality within her.

Now that she had two children and Waylen had returned to their family, there seemed to be nothing else she could ask for.

Yet amidst the commotion, she couldn't shake off the overwhelming sense of loneliness.

In her heart, she yearned for the Waylen who had once loved her deeply. She couldn't help but wonder if they would continue living together in respectful harmony like roommates in the future.

He was consumed by his work, and she had to juggle her responsibilities while taking care of two children.

Forever and ever...

Little did he know that she was still secretly waiting for him, yearning for the return of the man who once cherished her so much...