

Chapter 399 You Little Schemer

Rena lowered her gaze and smiled. "We can discuss it once my plan is finished."

As her eyes lowered, he observed her delicate skin.

She was particularly captivating.

Albert had been with all sorts of beauties, but he had never truly cherished anyone.

However, he couldn't help but find himself captivated by Rena's face.

After a moment, he felt like his gaze was too direct. He spoke in a hoarse voice. "I trust you."

Rena gracefully walked towards the car.

Albert opened the car door for her, which took Rena slightly by surprise.

When he looked at her, there seemed to be a hint of emotions in his eyes. Just before getting into the car, Rena said gently, "Albert, some things are best left unspoken."

Then she entered the car.

The door glided shut, and the expensive black limousine slowly drove away.

Albert stood there, smoking.

Kyle was also preparing to leave. When he descended the stairs, he noticed his son smoking in the night breeze. Almost involuntarily, he commented, "You can have fun with Miss Hanson, but don't bring her home."

Albert sneered.

He nonchalantly flicked the cigarette butt away and stamped it out. "Don't worry. I am more skilled at playing with women's emotions than you."

Kyle's expression remained somber.

At this time, Kyle's car arrived. Albert opened the car door for his father.

As Kyle got into the car, he looked at Albert but ultimately said nothing. The car started moving.

Inside the car, the driver remarked to Kyle, "Mr. Albert Waston seems to be in high spirits."

Kyle replied calmly, "He resents me deep down. Otherwise, he wouldn't have kept refusing to return home and take over the family business. I understand his thoughts. He merely wants to give his mother an official status. But can I easily provide her with that recognition? Granting his mother such a status is akin to admitting that I cheated on my wife back then."

Although Kyle's wife had passed away, his father-in-law was still alive and held considerable power.

Kyle knew that if he gave his former lover, Albert's

Chapter 399 You Little Schemer 📺 +120 Points at most

mother, official recognition, his life would become exceedingly difficult due to his father-in-law's influence.

The driver remained silent.

After a brief pause, Kyle continued in a hushed tone, "Albert has now established a good rapport with Rena. I am relieved. I've often heard Zack's father speak highly of Rena. Zack has changed significantly since he knew Rena."

The driver nodded in agreement.

Kyle's mood seemed to have lightened.

Meanwhile, Rena returned home.

As soon as she entered the villa, she received a call from Kyle, who wanted her to change Albert's lifestyle.

Kyle said, "I haven't had any prior contact with Miss Hanson, Rena, but I trust you wholeheartedly. Please guide Albert in the right direction. I will be forever grateful to you."

Rena hadn't yet changed out of her dress.

She stood by the French window in the living room, wearing a faint smile on her face as she listened to Kyle.

"Don't worry, Mr. Waston. I will." Rena reassured him.

Kyle continued to speak at length...

When Rena hung up the phone, ten minutes had

passed. Rena rubbed her neck, feeling tired after the social engagement.

She thought that this pregnancy had been easier so far, but her physical strength wasn't as robust as before.

Rena returned to her bedroom. As she was about to remove her makeup and take a shower, Waylen, who had just put the children to bed, returned to the bedroom and saw her in this state.

"Are you tired?" Waylen asked as he helped Rena sit down and gently massaged her neck.

Rena leaned against the sofa, enjoying her husband's care. She sighed softly and replied, "A little."

Waylen continued to massage Rena...

In a hushed voice, Rena said, "Aline has taken the bait. We are getting closer to success now."

"Really?" Waylen asked, intrigued.

With a lazy smile, he probed, "Please explain."

Rena held his hand gently and replied coldly, "I'm going to have Wendy bet 200 million on Albert."

With that move, Aline's suspicions would be largely allayed, and she'd likely be willing to bet with a large amount of money.

Waylen raised an eyebrow.

He caressed his wife's face gently with his slender

fingers and said in a low voice, "Losing money isn't typically your style."

With a faint smile, Rena replied, "Before the channel is closed, I'll invest another billion in Zack."

This way, Rena could recover all the money that Aline had wagered.

Waylen had already deduced this plan.

But he couldn't help but be captivated by his wife's beauty and her intelligence.

He leaned closer to Rena and gently nibbled the soft flesh behind her ear.

"A bad woman is worse than death. That saying is quite accurate. You little schemer."

As he spoke, his warm hand began to wander.

Rena blushed.

She leaned into him and whispered softly, "Waylen, we're discussing business here."

"We're finished with this business."

Waylen stated, picking her up gently and heading towards the bedroom. "You look stunning in this dress."

Rena knew him well.

He wouldn't engage in intimate activities with her while she was pregnant, but he always tried to flirt with her.

Their eyes locked.

Even though they knew each other inside and out, the temptation remained irresistible.

Waylen lowered his head and gently nibbled her lip, his voice husky. "Don't look at me like that. You know I can't resist."

Rena wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately.

Their kiss deepened.

They didn't make it to the bathroom. Instead, they both lay down at the end of the bed.

Rena and Waylen had been married for a long time. She knew that he preferred to be intimate at the end of the bed.

Rena's eyes were tender as she unbuttoned his blue shirt and murmured, "Mr. Fowler, you've been working hard lately. I think I should give you a little reward."

Waylen's eyes held depth as he caressed her delicate face and advised, "Mrs. Fowler, behave yourself."

Rena gently lifted her long brown hair, her fingers holding her husband's handsome face as she kissed him. She responded, "I don't want to behave myself tonight."

No man would refuse his wife's advances, especially not Waylen. He enjoyed Rena's assertiveness...

That night, their passion soared.

When Rena woke up, she found a white rose and a small gift by her pillow.

It filled her heart with sweetness.

Having solved most of his work, Waylen seldom went to the office, choosing to stay home with the children.

His social commitments had dwindled significantly.

Rena occasionally persuaded him to attend social events, but he often declined. After a few attempts, she gave up and even found that her own social engagements was reduced.

Waylen was, in reality, quite calculating.

The early winter sunlight beamed into the bedroom, casting a comforting warmth on the bed.

After lying there for a while, Rena got up, clutching the quilt, and summoned Wendy.

Bet 200 million on Albert?

Wendy's mouth hung open for a while, and she thought Rena's plan was risky.

Rena understood Wendy's concerns. She smiled and assured, "Just follow my instructions."

Wendy agreed.

Without delay, she transferred 200 million to the club's account to bet on Albert. Of course, this remained confidential, and most bettors were still placing their bets on Zack.

The fact that Rena wagered 200 million on Albert shocked everyone, particularly Aline.

Aline inquired about it and discovered that the funds were provided by Rena.

Initially hesitant, Aline was somewhat reassured by Rena's substantial bet.

Aline decided to meet with Ruth.

In a cafe, Aline got straight to the point and asked, "Have you heard about Rena's bet?"

Ruth, taking off her leather gloves, responded flirtatiously, "I've been occupied with social engagements lately and didn't pay much attention to these matters. Does Mrs. Fowler also want to profit from this club? Why would she bother with such a small sum of money?"

Aline glanced at Ruth and, stirring her coffee gently, whispered, "It's a lot quicker than earning money through business. It's not surprising for her to yearn for making money through the club. Rena is a cautious person, but she suddenly bet 200 million on Albert, which likely means that the information is reliable."

Aline wasn't naïve.

She had seen how Rena had stolen the spotlight at the party last night.

Rena held a prominent position in polite society, despite her youth.

Aline was envious and resentful.

Aline looked at Ruth and murmured, "Rena had a private conversation with Albert last night. I suspect she also questioned Albert about the inside information. That's why I want to bet on Albert."

Ruth smiled faintly. "It's not confidential information."

She then informed Aline, "On the day of the competition, Zack won't make an appearance at all. Do you think he has a chance to win? The other contestants are no match for Albert."

"Is that so?"

"Why would I deceive you? Do you think I've spent the past few days on social engagements for nothing?"

The smile on Ruth's face faded. "I must benefit from my efforts."

Ruth revealed that she had bet 80 million on Albert, her entire savings.

"If all go well, I can double my profits," Ruth said.

Aline contemplated lighting a cigarette.

The allure of doubling her earnings was too tempting. Aline thought that, no matter how many movies she made, she couldn't make as much money as she could with this bet.

Aline gazed at Ruth.

Ruth flipped her hair casually and stated. "That's how

it goes in this industry. Fortune favors the bold but despises the timid. Mrs. Fowler has already placed a 200 million bet on Albert. What are you afraid of?"

Aline remained silent.

Back at her place, she smoked for a long time before calling her accountant. She withdrew 400 million from her account and placed it as a bet on Albert.

If she succeeded, she would double her money.

If not, she would lose everything...

But Aline was confident in her information.

She was determined to win.

Upon learning that Aline had bet 400 million on Albert, Rena held her phone, remaining silent for a long time.

Aline's fate was sealed.

She couldn't retract her bet.

Rena murmured to the person on the other end of the phone, "I understand."

She hung up the phone not long after.

Rena then asked Ross to take her to the cemetery.

When Ross heard the destination, he hesitated and said, "Mr. Fowler won't be pleased if he finds out you've gone to the cemetery."

Rena smiled gently. "I'll inform him later."

Rena had meticulously planned for this, and she was delighted that Aline had finally taken the bait.

She wanted to relay the news to Harold, hoping that he could rest in peace.

Ross was still persistently voicing his concerns as Rena walked out of the house, accompanied by Alexis.

She took the child's hand and they set off for the cemetery.

The morning was initially sunny, but as they arrived at the cemetery, clouds had gathered overhead.

Walking hand in hand, Rena and Alexis were accompanied by several bodyguards.

As they approached Harold's grave, Rena noticed that Krista and Addie were already there.

Rena placed a handful of daisies on the grave.

Alexis, obediently following Rena, recognized the man in the photo as the one who had asked her to call him daddy.

Seeing Rena's arrival, Krista and Addie stood up. Krista, her expression a mix of complexity, asked, "Why are here, especially while you're pregnant?"

Krista gently patted Alexis' head, remarking, "Alexis has grown so much."

Her emotions overcame her, and Krista let out a sigh.

If Rena had been with Harold back then, they would

Chapter 399 You Little Schemer 🎁 +120 Points at most

have had a child as cute as Alexis and she would have had a granddaughter.

The thought of it brought sadness to Krista's heart.

Rena also reached out to touch Alexis' head, her voice soft. "I have something to relay to Harold."

Tears welled up in Addie's eyes as she said, "Rena, you're the only one who still remembers my brother."

Rena understood that Addie had faced many difficulties over the past few years. Rena didn't dwell on the past; instead, she softly explained, "The medical examiner discovered that Harold had consumed a drug with stimulant effects before the accident."

The last person he had seen before his death was Aline.

They had been intimate.

Despite knowing he shouldn't drive, Aline had said nothing.

In other words, Aline indirectly contributed to Harold's demise.

Krista and Addie were stunned.

They had never known this.

Rena turned to face Harold's picture and whispered, "Harrison and I also had an accident, and it was related to Aline."

Krista couldn't contain herself. "Rena, we can't allow her to get away with it."

Krista was so overcome with emotion that she knelt before Rena. "Please help me handle this bitch. Harold had suffered greatly. As he was passing away, his body convulsed, and he held on for an hour... He was so pitiful."

Addie, holding her mother, had tears streaming down her face.

Aline was incredibly cruel.

Rena asked Krista to stand up, offering a faint smile as she replied, "We won't have to wait much longer. It's almost over."

Krista and Addie were taken aback.

They stared at Rena with tears in their eyes.

Rena and Harold had been deeply in love for four years, and Krista and Addie were very familiar with Rena. They had always thought of Rena as sweet and gentle. Yet the woman they saw now was different... Krista hesitated for a moment before replying, "You're right. Her good days are numbered."

Krista wanted to express her gratitude to Rena once more.

Rena shook her head.

It was challenging to explain the complex connection between her and Harold.

Waylen was aware of Rena's visit to the cemetery, and he didn't blame her.

He was more concerned that the negative energy might affect the baby.

Rena sat on the living room's sofa and sipped her warm milk.

She smiled and said, "Elva isn't that fragile. Besides, we were intimate last night, so I absorbed some of your vitality."

Waylen was about to continue to argue with her, but her words left him momentarily stunned.

She had become so audacious.

He looked at her, smiled, and affectionately rubbed her nose. "Aren't you shy?"

Rena gazed up at him, her demeanor calm with a hint of femininity that was tantalizing.

Having too many children at home made Waylen unable to flirt with Rena anywhere, anytime.

Rena leaned against him, softly promising, "Let's wait until this matter is resolved, okay?"

Waylen smirked mischievously.

The next day marked the final F1 winter competition.

Rena and Waylen attended, occupying the best private room.

Coincidentally, Aline and Ruth were in the opposite room.

Aline was feeling confident. She had met with Albert the previous night. While he was still impatient with her, he had revealed the inside information that Zack would not participate in the race.

At this time, Aline was wearing sunglasses and waiting for the result.

At precisely 10 o'clock, the betting time was about to end.

Rena instructed Wendy, "Place a one-billion-dollar bet on Zack."

Wendy was momentarily taken aback.

Waylen, with an indifferent tone, added, "Help me bet a billion dollars on Zack as well. I want to join your boss in making a fortune."

Rena was amused by Waylen's comments.


Wendy glanced at them and complied, placing a two-billion-dollar bet on Zack...

Wendy assumed that if Zack won, Rena would take all the winnings.

After Wendy had completed the bets, the betting time ended.

Aline, too, had influential connections, and she swiftly received the news that two billion dollars had been placed on Zack.

Chapter 399 You Little Schemer

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Someone had bet two billion dollars on Zack!

How could that be possible?

Wasn't Zack supposed to be unable to compete due to his leg injury?

As panic gripped Aline's heart and her eyes reddened, Zack walked out of the P room, wearing his custom-made helmet...