

Chapter 269 He Tries To Arrange Everything For...

Three days had later, Mark came to visit.

As the car came to a stop, the driver courteously opened the door for him.

Mark's countenance betrayed his inner turmoil.

Initially, he held little regard for Waylen, but over the years, he had witnessed Waylen's genuine love for Rena.

Now, Waylen faced a physical ailment, yet he still made every effort to care for his wife and daughter when sober.

Compassion overwhelmed Mark as he couldn't help but worry about them deeply.

Upon entering the hall, Mark spotted Waylen sitting on the sofa, engrossed in an old newspaper.


Approaching him, Mark inquired with gentle curiosity, "Is Rena not here?"

Waylen glanced up, displaying a hint of surprise before rising to his feet and answering, "She went to attend to some matters at the company."

Mark knew that Waylen had entrusted the Exceed Group to Rena.

A sense of uncertainty shrouded Mark's thoughts, rendering him speechless momentarily.

Eventually, he said in a hushed tone, "Well, that's for the best. I

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happen to have something important to discuss with you alone."

Mark's sudden arrival made Waylen suspect the gravity of the conversation ahead. He smiled warmly and suggested, "Let's talk in the study on the second floor."

They ascended to the study on the second floor.

Seated across each other, Mark occasionally glanced up while smoking. "How are you feeling?"

Waylen busied himself preparing tea.

Pausing for a moment, he responded softly, "My health isn't great."

Handing a teacup to Mark, he settled into his seat.

The weight of Mark's concerns led him to extinguish the cigarette and said hesitantly, "I received some news. It seems that Elvira's acquisition of the reagent may be linked to her ex-husband. Surveillance footage indicates that her ex-husband, the producer, had contact with her at the hospital... The police interrogated him, but his cunning evasions and the lack of substantial evidence led to his release, thanks to his influential status."

Waylen sipped his tea deliberately.

Mark continued, "I heard that after the divorce, he couldn't drift along any longer in Braseovell. Now he works as a producer in the country. He definitely has a motive. However, I'll remain cautious in my investigation."

Waylen nodded in acknowledgment.

The two sat in quiet companionship, sharing the soothing warmth of the tea.

After a lengthy pause, Waylen placed a medical record on the table.

Mark picked it up and examined it with growing astonishment. He stared at Waylen, shocked by what he had discovered.

Waylen offered a faint, helpless smile. "Each day, I find myself remembering Rena less and less. Sometimes I can't even seem to remember Alexis when I look at her..."

In response, Mark lit another cigarette.

Suddenly, Waylen stood up and gently knelt before Mark.

The burning cigarette nearly singed Mark's fingers as he hurried to assist Waylen up. "What are you doing? A man shouldn't kneel so easily. Don't put me in such an awkward position."

Waylen remained there, resolute in his decision not to rise. In a deep, hoarse voice, he conveyed his concerns. "My father's age advances, and one day he will pass away. While Rena is capable, she remains a fragile woman, burdened with the responsibility of caring for our two children. Uncle Mark, I implore you to lend them more support in the future. Not only Rena and the children but also Cecilia... I hope you can assist them with crucial matters at home."

Mark found the words hard to bear and, with a frown, he replied, "Waylen, you can't just entrust the entire family to me. Oh... If, heaven forbid, you lose your memory, what will happen to Rena and the kids?"

A shadow crossed Waylen's eyes.

He offered a helpless and bitter smile. "I constantly urge Rena not to give up on me, to remember and search for me. But, who can predict the future? I... I merely want her to continue living with hope. The loss of hope would be a wretched fate indeed."

Moreover, Rena had previously experienced postpartum depression.

Now, she carried another pregnancy.



Waylen could only do his utmost to care for his wife and children while his memory allowed him to remember them.

Upon hearing this, Mark's heart sank deeper.

He finished his cigarette in silence and gently patted Waylen's shoulder. "I promise you."

Mark's voice quivered as he continued, "Don't be gone for too long. Remember to return promptly. Rena and the kids are eagerly awaiting you. We... We're waiting for you too."

Waylen smiled with a far-off look in his eyes.

After a while, Mark stood up and walked out. To his surprise, he encountered Cecilia on the stairs.

Cecilia carried a tray of dishes, their aroma tantalizing.

Pausing, Mark gazed at her and pulled out a cigarette from his pocket. He inquired, "Have you learned to cook?"

Cecilia nodded, a tinge of self-criticism in her response. "I have, but it doesn't taste very good."

A faint smile graced Mark's lips.

Observing the tears in his eyes, Cecilia felt sympathy. In that moment, she forgot their complicated history and sincerely said, "Thank you for coming to see my brother."

Mark's smile diminished...

He looked at the little girl he had once cherished, filled with emotion.

He had believed he endured enough hardships but compared to Waylen, he realized he was faring quite well.

Mark had pressing matters to attend to and had to depart.

Placing the cigarette between his lips, he gently touched Cecilia's hair. "I'm leaving. Reach out if you need anything."

"Okay," Cecilia replied softly.

After studying her for a moment, Mark withdrew his hand and slowly descended the stairs.

However, before he reached the bottom, he turned back to ask, "How are you getting along with that man?"

Cecilia fell silent for a moment.

With a bitter tone, she admitted, "We weren't getting along, so we broke up."

Then she ascended the stairs.

Mark watched her retreating figure, lost in thought.

Though he should have been pleased by her failed blind date, a sense of discontent lingered in the depths of his heart.

He knew all too well that without him and Edwin, she could effortlessly find a worthy man to marry.

After all, he was the one who had held her back.

By the time Rena returned, night had fallen.

In the study, she discovered Waylen engrossed in reading his diary.

Spotting Rena's entrance, he swiftly concealed the diary in the drawer, as he had done before.

Rena chose not to expose him.

Approaching him, she tenderly embraced him and inquired, "Did Uncle Mark visit today?"



Waylen confirmed that he had.

He intended to share what Mark had told him with Rena but his thoughts suddenly blurred, leaving him confused...

Rena's heart sank as she observed his bewildered expression.

She understood that his memory was in disarray...

She didn't want him to dwell on it.

Taking his hand, she placed it on her belly and whispered, "Cecilia will stay with Alexis tonight. Waylen, let's take a stroll in the yard, shall we?"

Waylen had confined himself to the house for many days.

She knew that his reluctance to venture out stemmed from his fear of forgetting the way home.

Rena was caught in a web of contradictions and anguish.

It was she who bound his freedom. If it weren't for her, Waylen wouldn't have to struggle so hard...

In the courtyard, they clutched each other's hands tightly, savoring the fading warmth.

She looked up at her husband in the moonlight.

He remained handsome but his eyes occasionally betrayed a peculiar glint.

Initially, he became elusive but, later, Rena found a note in his pocket, a few words meant to remind him.

"I retreat to the basement until thoughts of Rena surface."

Upon discovering the note, Rena wept for an extended period.

She realized that she should no longer keep him by her side.

Happiness had eluded him within her embrace...

Waylen, who had forgotten Rena, was still Waylen.

Throughout the night, Rena drifted to sleep with tearful eyes.

As the morning sun dawned, she woke to find a white rose beside her pillow, adorned with glistening dew, just as it had always been. A tinge of sweetness filled her heart, and she softly called out to him, "Waylen..."

The bedroom remained silent.

A foreboding feeling crept over Rena. Without even donning her shoes, she rushed downstairs.

"Waylen... Waylen... Waylen Fowler!"

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Rena ran downstairs with her hair disheveled.

She looked everywhere in the villa, but didn't see Waylen, who was not even in the basement.

She wondered where he could have gone.

As she was lost in thought, a slender figure entered from outside, shrouded in the soft glow of the light. Rena couldn't see his face clearly, but she knew it was him.

"Waylen!" She threw herself into his arms, seeking comfort and reassurance.

Waylen held her with one hand and gently rubbed her neck. "What's wrong?" he asked in a soothing tone.

Rena pressed her face against his chest and expressed her fear as she said, "Waylen, I'm scared. I'm afraid that if you leave, you'll never come back."

"Silly girl, how could that be?"

Don't cry, or I'll feel sorry for you,"

Waylen coaxed, guiding her to sit down while placing a bag of breakfast on the table.

Still feeling somewhat dazed, Rena realized he had gone to buy breakfast.

Waylen tenderly touched her cold face, smiling gently. "You

haven't had a good appetite lately. You used to love breakfast from this shop, especially the soy latte. So I bought it for you,"

he said as he handed her the delicious treat.

With her fingers trembling, Rena took a small sip of the soy latte.

The taste was somehow salty, akin to tears.

Sitting beside her, Waylen watched her eating.

After Rena had taken a few bites of her breakfast, he broached a difficult topic. "Rena, I've contacted a high-end sanatorium. The environment there is very good. I want to go there for treatment."

The fork in Rena's hand fell onto the table, revealing her inner turmoil.

Waylen wanted to help her pick up the fork, but she acted quickly, taking care of it herself.

He looked at her silently, understanding that she couldn't accept the situation.

Unfortunately, he believed it was the best choice at the moment.

He had been gradually forgetting her and Alexis. There were only brief moments during the day when he could remember them. When he eventually forgot them, he wouldn't feel any attachment to them anymore.

Being together in such a situation would only cause pain.

He gently explained, "Rena, maybe through the treatment, I can get my memories back."

Rena's lips trembled.

She knew he wouldn't have chosen this path if the situation hadn't been so severe.

Alexis was his life, and Rena knew he wouldn't have chosen to

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leave their daughter unless he absolutely had no other choice.

Overwhelmed with sadness, Rena had been crying incessantly, and her voice was now so low that it was hard for Waylen to bear. He held her gently, trying to comfort her. "Don't cry, okay? If you cry, the baby in your belly will cry too."

Rena clung to his shirt, seeking solace in his embrace.

In the afternoon, Waylen once again secluded himself in the basement.

Rena stood at the entrance, her fingers gently caressing the thick door.

She didn't dare go in.

She was afraid to see his distant gaze, to witness him reading the diary repeatedly just to prolong their time together.

She knew Waylen was enduring tremendous pain.

He often suffered from headaches.

Sometimes, she wondered if he would be better off if he forgot her entirely.

Leaving quietly, Rena asked the driver to prepare the car.

The servant asked cautiously, "Do I need to bring Mr. Fowler some food?"

Rena was about to get in the car. When she heard this, she lowered her head and said, "There's food in there. Leave him alone. Don't disturb him."

She knew that Waylen was a proud man.

He wouldn't want anyone to see him like that.

Then, Rena got into the car. The driver asked gently, "Mrs. Fowler, where are we going?"

"The South Mountain Hospital," she replied softly.

The driver didn't say anything more and drove silently. They were all senior staff of the Fowler family, and they understood the importance of privacy and discretion. None of them would discuss Waylen and Rena's personal matters with outsiders. They all felt a deep sense of sadness for the couple, witnessing their struggles firsthand.

Half an hour later, the car arrived at the sanatorium. Rena met with the top-tier doctor, hoping for any solution that could bring back Waylen's memories and end their ordeal.

As she got back into the car, tears streamed down her cheeks, reflecting the deep pain and sorrow in her heart.

The doctor's words echoed in her mind, each syllable haunting her.

"If I'm not mistaken, Waylen's memory is stuck five years ago. Although he has lost part of his memory, he can live and work normally. If you forcefully awaken his memory, it will not only have no effect, but also cause great pain to him. In fact, he has already tried. Well, he was in so much pain at that time.

Mrs. Fowler, please think it over."

Rena felt a mix of desperation and helplessness. She knew Waylen had tried to regain his memories and had suffered tremendously in the process. The thought of him in pain was unbearable for her.

She closed her eyes gently, trying to hold back her tears.

However, the sadness overwhelmed her.

In the car, the driver didn't say anything, just offering tissues to comfort Rena.

Rena decided not to return home and instead went to the Exceed Group.



She entered Waylen's former office, touching everything with care.

The second secretary suddenly came in with a cup of warm tea in her hands.

Rena turned sideways and ordered in a soft voice, "Please ask Jazlyn to come over."

The second secretary nodded and smiled. "Yes, Mrs. Fowler."

Once the woman left, the door opened again not long after and revealed Jazlyn who took a step inside the office.

Waylen's absence had left her a ton of work to do. She hurriedly approached where Rena sat and said, "Mrs. Fowler, these documents need your signature."

Rena merely waved her hand, signaling the secretary to put the papers down.

This left Jazlyn confused. She tilted her head slightly and silently waited for further instructions.

Rena motioned for her to sit down and asked softly, "What kind of person was Waylen before?"

Though Rena already knew Waylen well, she wanted to hear more about him from a different angle.

After all, Jazlyn had worked for him for many years.

Jazlyn was surprised by the question but smiled warmly, reminiscing about the past.

She spoke about how Waylen founded Sterling Law Firm, won his first lawsuit, and was generally aloof and unapproachable.

As Jazlyn finished, she smiled sheepishly, feeling touched by Rena's interest. "Sorry, I'm talking too much."



But Rena replied in a soft voice, "I don't mind. I actually enjoyed it."

Jazlyn was deeply moved.

Having worked in the legal field for many years, she had seen countless broken relationships and bitter property disputes.

However, as she observed Rena and Waylen's love for each other, she sensed something truly special between them. Their bond was genuine and profound.

Despite Jazlyn's internal conflict on what to say, Rena already had her mind made up. She stood up and calmly instructed, "Prepare the press conference for me. I have something to announce."

Jazlyn realized Rena's decision, and though she was surprised, she respected her choice.

Rena's demeanor exuded a quiet strength, revealing her determination after careful consideration.

After a moment of being taken aback, Jazlyn nodded and said, "Okay. I'll do it right away."

With the office door closed, Rena moved into the lounge, her thoughts filled with Waylen.

She gently opened the wardrobe, which held a collection of Waylen's suits and shirts. Among them was also a white woman's suit, belonging to Rena herself.

With a sense of resolution, Rena changed into the suit and put on a pair of high heels.

She tied up her long brown hair into a bun and applied light makeup in front of the mirror.

Her movements were deliberate and slow, as if each action carried profound meaning. As she prepared herself, she recalled

Jarrold's words about rebirth.

Rena whispered to herself, "Waylen, if I can't keep you...

If you are destined to go to a wider place, then I will set you free.

I will be patient. I will wait for you all the time until you come back..."

An hour later, Rena faced the media as the new president of the Exceed Group.

Despite her position in a wealthy family, she wore a simple business suit with only a pair of tiny pearl earrings on her ears.

It was a gift from Waylen, symbolizing their love and commitment.

With determination in her voice, Rena faced the microphone and numerous cameras and announced, "My husband will devote himself in a new field. For this, I will take over the position of president of the Exceed Group. From now on, I will work hard with all the 4500 employees in the Exceed Group."

The media erupted in a whirlwind of questions and discussions.

Rena's announcement surprised many, especially amidst the rumors of Waylen's health and the plummeting stock of the Exceed Group.

However, her words set everyone's mind at rest.

The Exceed Group was still under the Fowler family's control.

On that day, the stock price of the Exceed Group started to stabilize and bounce back, as Rena's unwavering commitment reassured investors and employees alike.