

## Chapter 377 Waylen Regained His Memory

Rena's gaze locked onto Aline, her eyes a window into her thoughts.

Aline's visage betrayed her, revealing a truth that Rena chose not to vocalize without solid evidence.

With an air of nonchalance, Rena's voice carried a weight as she said, "Aline, your affection for him was a mirage from the start to finish. Your love was never for him, but for yourself."

To Aline, Harold seemed like an unattainable plaything, a twisted connection marred by manipulation.

Having said her piece, Rena pivoted and departed.

Her steps were deliberate, her progress aided by Wendy's support, and her demeanor an epitome of tranquil strength.

Envy twisted Aline's features, a potent reminder of Rena's abundance— power, riches, and an array of admirers.

Aline's resentment was intense. She yearned for Rena's demise, secretly wishing that Rena's life had been snuffed out instead of being saved by Harrison.

Within the Exceed Group's confines, Waylen stood before the grand French window, a cup of coffee cradled in his grasp.

His gaze lingered on the world beyond, the sky's hue resembling an imminent snowfall.

Jazlyn stood a few paces away, her voice hushed as she relayed. "Rena visited the cemetery but has now returned to the hospital."

Waylen's hold on the cup tightened, his thoughts locked in silence.

Outside, snowflakes began their gentle descent.

In a matter of days, Christmas would envelop them, a time for family reunion. Yet, after all that had transpired, Waylen understood the intricate emotions that consumed Rena.

Amidst the complexity, he held onto a piece of concealed joy.

It was his restored memories.

The following day marked Rena's discharge from the hospital.

Though the Fowler family had intended a grand celebration, their plans shifted to accommodate Rena's pregnancy. The festivities gave way to an intimate gathering at home.

Downstairs, an appetizing aroma wafted, luring the children with inquisitive eyes. Waylen ushered them to their seats and ascended the stairs, his purpose clear which was to invite Rena to dine.

Upstairs, the living room emanated warmth, a cozy haven for Rena as she nestled into the sofa, engrossed in a parenting book.

At the doorway, Waylen stood, a silent observer.

Draped in a blush-toned, loose-knit sweater paired with a floral dress, Rena's pregnancy was scarcely detectable.

Yet, her femininity was undeniable, her radiance augmented by their recent hospital rendezvous.

Despite those stolen moments in the hospital, home held a different allure.

Waylen approached, his form bending as he brushed a tender kiss against Rena's nape. Playfully, he said, "You've birthed two children. Why are you still engrossed in this?"

A natural exchange of kisses followed.

After a lingering embrace, Rena's voice, velvety soft, articulated her rationale. "I want our baby's father to be just as informed. I won't take on this journey alone."

Waylen's mind rewound to the past.

Rena's labor with Alexis was shadowed by his trial in Braseovell, the same morning their villa was engulfed in flames.

The birth of Marcus was tainted by Mavis's interference, depriving Rena of proper care.

Regret rippled through Waylen, a pang of sympathy for Rena's past experiences.

Seated beside her, Waylen pressed his forehead against Rena's, a gesture of intimacy. He murmured, "I vow to cherish the mother of our baby. Rest easy, Miss Gordon."

Rena's gaze ascended, her lashes quivering ever so slightly.

Miss Gordon?

Had his memories returned?

Waylen remained taciturn, enfolding her within his embrace. From his pocket, he withdrew a delicate object and tenderly placed it in Rena's hand. "This is for you. Keep it."

Rena's head dipped, her gaze now resting on her open palm.

Nestled there was an emerald, its pieces interwoven.

It was a token once bestowed upon her by Harold.

This very trinket had been her lifeline in her darkest hour.

Her fingers traced the emerald's contours, and she inquired with a hint of playfulness. "When did you become so magnanimous,

Mr. Fowler?"

Her use of "Mr. Fowler" indicated an awareness of their shared dream.

Waylen regarded her, a tender smile playing on his lips. "Tell me, when did I become anything but magnanimous?"

Rena returned the smile.

In her serene countenance, Waylen detected an inexplicable sentiment, stirring something within him.

His love for her remained steadfast, yet his newly regained memories introduced an unquantifiable shift.

In their shared moments, hidden from prying eyes and absent from his diary, lay a tapestry only they wove.

Leaning his chin on Rena's shoulder, he voiced his suggestion, his tone a gentle murmur. "Shall we venture out for Christmas?"

Gently placing the emerald within its box, Rena inquired casually. "Where do you intend to spend Christmas?"

"In the apartment."

As the words lingered, a faint blush tinted Rena's cheeks. After all, their dream had seen passionate encounters within that very apartment. Mentioning it now carried implications.

Cradling the box, Rena swayed closer, her lips finding his in a tender kiss before her fingers grazed his handsome features, her agreement silently conveyed.

Joy surged within Waylen, though a lingering question tugged at him. Embracing Rena, he asked softly, "Rena, am I more significant to you than Harold?"

Three children bound them together.

But Waylen's concerns lingered on gains and losses.



Rena, attuned to his care, basked in his affection.

Descending for dinner, she asked in a concerned voice, "Are your legs alright?"

Waylen scooped her up gently, his reply a blend of playfulness and reassurance. "If I can carry you downstairs, my legs must be in fine form."

A playful thump met his words. "Let me down. Your parents are here."

"No. We are a legitimate couple."

Waylen's murmur preceded a tender kiss, passion evident in his eyes.

Juliette and Korbyn, accustomed to their affection, barely blinked at the display downstairs.

Yet, another figure was present.

It was Mark.

Snow dusted the man as he entered, his gaze capturing the charged scene. His scoff dripped with sarcasm as he said, "Ah, Waylen, age hasn't diminished your romance."

Unbeknownst to all, Waylen's memories had fully returned.

Seating Rena gently, Waylen said with a smile, "Mark, I'm only 35."

Mark's unease was palpable.

Waylen's gaze shifted to Edwin, perched at the table. Edwin's timidity had thus far hindered him from addressing Mark as Dad.

With a gentle stroke of Edwin's head, Waylen inquired. "Your great uncle is here. Why not greet him?"

Edwin, his voice a soft murmur, addressed Mark as great uncle.

Mark's hand ruffled Edwin's hair as he chuckled.

A searching look passed between Mark and Waylen. Concealment might work with others, but not with Mark. Did Waylen have something on his mind?

Mark didn't make it clear when Waylen wanted to spice things up.

He skillfully steered the conversation while seated beside Cecilia. His voice hushed, he explained, "I've been swamped lately. I only have a short break, so I came to see you. I've got a flight to catch later."

Should he miss the plane, a long car ride would await.

Cecilia, her response unvoiced, remained silent.

Months prior, Mark had prepared a house for them. At the time, Cecilia had been ready to accept his proposal, the pain of the past seemingly abated. Yet, constant work had forestalled their happiness.

Endless waiting had gradually eroded her faith.

Mark understood, yet the present setting allowed no room for such discussions.

As the family savored dinner and conversation flowed, Waylen's attentiveness to Rena struck Mark's heart with a pang of envy of having a complete family. Despite their trials, they remained united.

Mark longed for the same with Cecilia.

A hint of solitude crept over him.

Edwin fetched a morsel of food for Mark, urging, "Dad, let's eat."

Mark's heart softened. A tender touch graced his son's shoulder, before his gaze sought Cecilia's.

Cecilia feigned ignorance.

As dinner concluded, Cecilia readied herself for a commercial shoot, her assistant waiting in the car.

Mark, positioned within the bathroom, obstructed her path.

He looked at her stunning face, and his voice emerged hoarse, a plea tinged with urgency. "Can't you adjust your schedule? We have such a rare opportunity to meet."

Cecilia, tending to her lipstick, turned and lightly pushed him. "I'll be late."

Mark persisted.

He enclosed her within his arm, locking the bathroom door behind them.

Cecilia's efforts to resist were futile.

She leaned against the wall, her gaze distant.

Soft-spoken words drifted from her lips, laden with an undertone of resignation. "Mark, you're always consumed by obligations. You probably can't even recall our son's birthday. I know in your eyes, my work is unimportant, so I should cooperate with you unconditionally. If I have to put off my work once you come, do you know how many favors I will owe others? Mark, you won't think about it at all. You don't care about my feelings at all."

Emotions perhaps unrevealed, Cecilia voiced her thoughts, her voice tinged with disappointment.

Enriching herself seemed wiser than waiting for Mark.

Edwin needed her guidance too.

Mark's gaze was profound.

He stood defenseless, recognizing that the young girl who once clung to him had matured significantly.

But he longed for the simplicity she had exuded.

Cecilia's melancholy registered. She was loath to quarrel with him.

Her head bowed, a whisper broke from her lips. "I'm leaving. When will you leave?" She shifted her focus to Edwin, her voice softening. "If you have time, accompany Edwin to play. At his age, he should be in kindergarten. You can't imagine how much he envies Alexis and Leonel."

Mark's heart twinged.

Cecilia's departure was forestalled by Mark's grasp, his hand producing a cigarette.

Only half of it was smoked before it was snuffed out.

His lips descended upon hers in a deep, intense kiss, laden with a yearning that lingered in the air.

Initially resistant, Cecilia's resistance gradually softened.

But her eyes glistened with tears.

Mark desisted, his forehead meeting hers, his touch tender as he smoothed her dress.

He had failed her, burdening her with enough pain.

The year's end loomed with a looming project deadline, yet Mark shied away from making promises he feared he couldn't keep.

After a lengthy silence, he murmured, "Don't let Edwin see this. He might think I'm picking on you."



Cecilia's frustration materialized in a playful punch to his shoulder.

Pushing the door ajar, she departed.

Mark trailed after her, observing her entrance to the car. Her assistant occupied the front, a young boy likely from the studio accompanying them.


Mark's gaze remained locked on Cecilia.

Eventually, the car vanished from sight.

Returning to the villa's grand hall, Mark found Waylen perched on a sofa.

Seated across from him, Mark inquired in a low voice. "Have you regained your memory?"



 Limited-time offer: 60 minutes of free reading>>

Claim Now