

## Chapter 267 He Wanted To Stay By Her Side

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As the sun set, the villa's hall was bathed in warm rays.

Rena, despite feeling emotionally overwhelmed, focused on being patient with her daughter.

Alexis, frightened by recent events, sought comfort in Rena's lap. She looked up with teary eyes and asked, "When will dad come back?"

Rena caressed her daughter's face and was about to reassure her when the sound of a car reached her ears. She hurriedly held Alexis' hand and rushed to the door with a worried expression.

Waylen stepped out of the car, locking eyes with Rena.

The two stood there, silently connecting through their gaze.

After a moment, Waylen approached, gently picked up Alexis, and kissed her. His words were meant to reassure Rena, "I'm fine. Let's go inside first. Don't scare Lexi."

Tears welled up in Rena's eyes as she continued to stare at him.

Waylen draped an arm around her shoulder, their foreheads touching. "Take it easy, Rena. I'm back safe and sound."

Rena's lips trembled.

She knew she should restrain herself, but she still couldn't help leaning on his shoulder and crying silently. Her tears damped his shirt which was sticking to his body.

"Rena." He patted her gently, as if he was coaxing a child.

Korbyn approached them and signaled for the servant to take Alexis away.

He knew Rena would be a crucial pillar for the Fowler family during this difficult time.

In a low voice, Korbyn declared, "From now on, our family will depend on you, Rena."

Waylen couldn't bear to see Rena sacrifice herself for the Fowler family, but he understood the responsibility she had to shoulder.

Her father was not in his prime, and one day he would quit.

In this family, the only hope was Rena.

He touched her face trying to sooth her as he said, "We will talk about it later."

Rena nodded, calming down and comprehending Korbyn's request.

She held Waylen's hand and whispered, "Go see mom. She has been in the kitchen all the time. I know she cried secretly."

Waylen nodded silently.

Then, he changed his clothes and went into the kitchen.

Juliette stood in front of the counter, wiping her tears silently...

Waylen approached her, gently pressed her shoulder and gently reassured, "Mom! I'm fine. Don't worry."

Juliette burst into tears.

If they had cut off all relations with the Coleman family earlier, Waylen wouldn't have had a history with Elvira, and he wouldn't encounter such things today...

He and Rena should have started a happy life.

They just had another child on the way.

The emotional tension at dinner was palpable, and at last, Waylen asked his parents to go back.

Late at night, Rena lay in bed with Alexis in her arms, soothing her back to sleep.

Her daughter had been frightened and woke up multiple times.

Meanwhile, Waylen smoked two cigarettes in the study before finally returning to the bedroom. He asked softly, "Is she asleep?"

"Yes," Rena replied.

Waylen approached the bed and lay down behind her, gently embracing her slender waist.

She trembled slightly, feeling his warmth against her.

Waylen began to kiss her neck, their love still strong despite the sorrow surrounding them. Nobody knew when Waylen would lose all his memory...

Rena could sense that their intimacy couldn't continue, but she didn't want to let go.

Suddenly, Rena turned around and hugged Waylen tightly, seeking solace and support.

Waylen held her close and whispered in her ear, "Rena, don't be afraid."

Her body was soft, clinging to his masculine body, like vines clinging to thick branches harmoniously.

He lowered his head and kissed her, intermittently and sadly.

He seldom confided in his fragility, but he was willing to expose



himself in front of his wife. In this gentle and sad night, he begged her not to let him go...

"No, I won't!" Her reply was firm.

Waylen clung to her and said, "Rena, promise me you will always be mine. Please, promise me."

She raised her head and made a solemn vow.

"Waylen, I'm yours, and you are mine. I won't give you to anyone for the rest of my life."

Waylen felt his vulnerability in front of her, his heart heavy with fear. He closed his eyes and said jokingly, "Mrs. Fowler, you are so bossy!"

He wanted to act as if nothing had happened, but his trembling voice betrayed his heart.

He felt afraid.

He feared forgetting Rena and their children, leaving them behind.

He was afraid that his Alexis would grow up in a family without a father.

He was also more afraid that his beloved Rena would have to take care of two children and shoulder the huge industry of their family...

As days passed, the news of the Exceed Group CEO's illness was kept under wraps.

Waylen continued to work from home while Jazlyn handled official matters from his villa.

A week later, he began to wonder if the doctor had misdiagnosed him, as he felt relatively fine except for occasional dizziness.

Maybe he wouldn't lose his memory with Rena, nor would he

forget Alexis.

However, one morning, after a jog, Waylen felt disoriented and forgot Rena's name momentarily.

He came back home with a long stem of a newly plucked rose in his hand, intending to give it to his wife.

Since it was still seven in the morning, he knew that she was still sleeping soundly in bed.

Waylen tiptoed into the room and bent over to gaze at her sleeping face as a gentle smile formed in his lips.

Gently, he placed the rose near her pillow after taking out its thorns and lightly pressed his lips on her face.

Her skin was so soft and dewy.

He straightened up with a smile. At that moment, he felt dizzy and his mind went blank and he couldn't remember her name.

He was only sure that the woman lying on the bed in front of him was his lover.

Waylen held the head of the bed and sat down dejectedly, restraining himself from making any sound.

He rushed to the study, consumed a medicine to counteract the effects, and began to fear the inevitable memory loss.

After that, he willed himself to calm down.

He then sat alone in the study, lost in thought...

He knew that he finally began to forget.

He would forget Rena and everything they had experienced.

He was not reconciled. He must preserve their precious recollections.

Determined to preserve their memories, Waylen started writing a diary, documenting every detail of their love and life together. Rena, upon discovering the diary, understood his struggle to hold on to their memories.

"Waylen Fowler loves Rena Gordon most."

"Rena loves to play the piano and her favorite brands were..."

"I will bring her a rose every morning."

"Our first child's name is Alexis Fowler. Rena risked her life to give birth to our baby. So Alexis was not in good health. She had blood clot disorder and has a rare Rh-negative blood type."

"Rena was pregnant for more than six weeks now. We will have our second child. As her husband, I should take care of and protect her."

"Rena can't drive. Always make sure she has a driver with her."

"If Rena cuddles me, it means she wants my kisses. Rena is always my priority. In fact, despite the mother of my two children, Rena is just a little girl who needs my love. Rena likes me to call her 'my little mommy'."

Three days later, Waylen had written down a thick diary.

Every night, he sat quietly and read between the lines intensively, trying to retrieve his beloved ones again and again.

But some of these recollections had already become strangers to him.

Outside, Rena gently pushed the door open with a fruit plate in her hand.

The moment the door was opened, she saw the diary. Although he put it away soon, Rena could guess its contents.

Waylen also avoided going to his company.

Instead, he let Jazlyn handle official business.

Wherever he went, he made sure someone was with him. Even when he went out occasionally, he never drove by himself. His efforts to preserve their love in the diary, however, couldn't stop the fading of some memories. But somehow, he stubbornly stayed by her side, even as his memory began to slip away.

## Chapter 268 This Is Our Wedding Night

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Rena's heart trembled with emotions that were on the verge of overflowing.

She fought back tears and gracefully walked into the room, just as she always did.

Waylen stowed his diary away, his fingers delicately brushing against the drawer's surface. When he looked up, his gaze was tender. "Is Alexis asleep?" he inquired.

With a gentle smile, Rena placed the fruit plate down and nestled into his arms, guiding his hand to her belly. "She's asleep. This little one however, is eagerly waiting for you."

Tenderly, Waylen caressed her belly, feeling the presence of their unborn child.

Sadly, the baby was still too small and there was no fetal movement.

Had it been otherwise, he could have at least felt the reassuring heartbeat of his own flesh and blood.

Drawing close to Rena, their noses touched, and he playfully teased, "Does the baby miss me, or is it you who wants to sleep with me?"

Rena wrapped her arms lovingly around his neck.

She looked stunning in her thin silk pajamas, an allure that would have tempted him before but now, with her being pregnant, he had other considerations.



Waylen kissed her tenderly, His hand kept touching her body.

Finally, he rested his forehead against hers and whispered, "Rena, if only time would stand still at this very moment. We could have our happy ending."

Tears welled up in Rena's eyes as she placed a finger on his lips and replied, "Waylen, we're not married yet. How can this be the ending?"

Waylen's eyes brimmed with affection as he gazed deeply into hers.

After a prolonged moment, he said in a husky voice, "Let's get married tomorrow, Rena. Just the two of us, alright?"

In a hoarse voice, Rena softly said, "Okay."

The following morning, Waylen forwent his usual jog and instead called Jazlyn, requesting her to prepare the necessary documents.

Jazlyn arrived in the afternoon and a servant led her to the study on the second floor.

With a mix of emotions, Jazlyn managed a professional smile and addressed him, saying, "Mr. Fowler, I've prepared all the documents."

Waylen nodded and received the stack of papers.

It was the share transfer agreement of the Exceed Group, with Waylen transferring sixty-five percent of his shares to his wife, Rena. Once signed and notarized, the agreement would take effect immediately.

Waylen carefully perused the documents and then handed them to Rena, saying softly, "The Fowler Group may be inherited by our children in the future, but this will be all yours. Professional managers will oversee its operations, and Jazlyn will be there to assist you, Rena. You can do it."

Regretfully, he might not be able to accompany her throughout the journey...

However, ensuring her security and prosperity was his duty as a devoted husband.

Additionally, should Rena possess all these things, she would no longer feel inadequate or withdraw when faced with his amnesia. In moments of sadness, she could let him go, relinquishing all his wealth...

Rena's quivering lips framed her heartfelt question, "Aren't we going to get married, Waylen? I desire nothing more than you."

Yet, he was offering her material possessions.

With a tender touch to her head, Waylen smiled affectionately and stated, "Consider this my betrothal gift to you."

In fear that he might mistreat her in the future when he forgot everything, he wholeheartedly bestowed everything upon her, choosing to do so when he could still remember.

Despite their impending marriage, Rena couldn't help but weep due to the melancholy circumstances.

Quietly, Jazlyn left the room.

Outside, her tears flowed uncontrollably as she empathized deeply with her boss and Rena...

In the study, Rena stood before the French window, feeling a sense of resistance.

Understanding her thoughts, Waylen approached and embraced her from behind, resting his chin on her shoulder. In a hushed tone, he reassured her, "Please don't cry, alright?"

Unable to contain her sorrow, Rena's heart ached.

Waylen tenderly wiped away her tears with his warm fingers

and comforted her, "Silly girl, even if you become the president of the Exceed Group, I can't escape from you, no matter where I may go in the future. Rena, you have me forever."

Moved by his words, Rena turned around and embraced him tightly.

His shirt became soaked with her tears...

Although he felt discomfort, he didn't mind, knowing that these cherished moments would become increasingly rare.

Finally, Rena signed the documents.

With that, she assumed Waylen's position and became the new president of the Exceed Group, a company valued at over 200 billion dollars.

On their wedding day, there was no one else in attendance.

In a quaint church, the altar held a Bible and a pair of wedding rings.

Waylen was dressed immaculately.

Donned in a snow-white shirt and a black velvet tuxedo, it was Rena's favorite ensemble.

At less than two months pregnant, Rena's belly had not yet begun to show. She chose a simple wedding gown that accentuated her slender waist, her long brown hair cascading gracefully over it, creating a picture of beauty and romance.

They exchanged their vows and slipped the rings onto each other's fingers.

They interlocked their fingers. Waylen looked into Rena's eyes and whispered, "I promise I will never leave our marriage and never betray it."

Rena's eyes glistened with emotion.

She looked up at her newlywed husband and softly replied, "I promise to remain faithful to our union. No matter where life takes us, I will never be parted from you."

In a tender moment, Waylen leaned down and planted a loving kiss on her lips...

This was the night of their wedding, so instead of the villa, they went back to Waylen's old apartment where they share numerous nights in the past.

The main bedroom exuded an enchanting sight as it was adorned with a profusion of delicate roses.

With tender strength, Waylen cradled Rena in his arms and gently laid her down on the sumptuously soft bed.

They experienced intimacy for the first time in this very bed.

On this bed, they had shared countless passionate moments. If tomorrow marked the end of days, Waylen's deepest wish would be to transport Rena back to the place where they had forged their love...

And there, with fiery passion, they would make love once again.

Due to Rena's pregnancy, Waylen had been cautious and considerate that night.

Whispering against her ear, he softly expressed, "Rena, I yearn to witness your happiness. Can we be together?"

Rena's body trembled slightly.

Though tears welled up in the corners of her eyes, she gently removed the bathrobe from her body.

She bared herself for him...

In the midst of the night, they returned to the villa.

Rena was overcome with exhaustion and soon drifted off to sleep. However, Alexis woke up...

Being a sensitive child, she naturally perceived the changing atmosphere at home. Fully aware not to disturb her parents, she remained silently apprehensive.

Yet, slumber eluded the little girl.

Wrapping the girl snugly in a blanket, Waylen carried Alexis to the living room and tenderly comforted her.

The room was bathed in a soothing warm, yellow glow.

Nestled against her father's lap, Alexis closed her eyes and listened to his soothing narration of stories. While she knew them all by heart, she cherished the way her father brought them to life...

Waylen's gentle touch caressed her curly hair as he read.

Suddenly, he said, his voice becoming lower and huskier, "Baby, I might have to go on a business trip."

Alexis opened her eyes slowly...

Waylen's words continued, "I may have to travel far away for quite some time. Lexi... You must help your mom take care of your little brother, alright?"

Alexis remained still.

After a while, she inquired in a nasal voice, "Dad, will it be cold where you're going?"

Waylen smiled warmly. "A little."

Alexis, with concern in her voice, suggested, "Take more warm clothes with you, Dad. Then you won't feel cold. I'll come to visit you during the holidays. My embrace will keep you warm... and you won't be cold."

Waylen's throat tightened.

Lowering his head, he kissed the precious girl, overwhelmed by his love for her.

So remarkably clever and endearing she was.

He truly didn't want to leave her. Overcome with affection, he kissed her repeatedly, calling her name, "Alexis... My sweetest little angel..."

Tears welled up in Alexis' eyes.

Cradled in Waylen's embrace, she asked in a soft voice, "How long will you be gone, Dad?"

Waylen held her close and, after a profound silence, he replied in a hushed tone, "I don't know. Maybe three years, five years... or I might not return until you've grown up."

Yet Alexis did not cry.

She clung to her father, cherishing his warm presence...