

Chapter 360 The Emerald

Vera's playful grumbling earned a gentle smile from Rena, a look of quiet contentment in her eyes.

Even amidst life's losses for so many years, Rena found solace in the presence of those she held dear.

These people included her mother, children and Vera.

There were always regrets in life, but at this time, Rena was very satisfied.

With a tender touch, Rena affectionately brushed Vera's hair, her voice a soothing whisper. "I'll make sure you have the best seat."

Upon returning to the villa, Rena was greeted by the warmth of home, a haven filled with a familiar coziness. Marcus, the light of her life, awaited her arrival.

Rena set to work, preparing his favorite meal and indulging in playful moments. Despite his tender age of one, Marcus radiated love for his mother, his eyes speaking volumes of the bond they shared. Knowing that she was pregnant, he never forced her to hold him.

Twilight draped the surroundings in a serene embrace. As Rena and Marcus reveled in their time together, the chauffeur's arrival heralded the return of the older children.

Ross's playful jests resonated through the air. "Maybe Waylen will be home later!"

Rena's smile mirrored the affectionate anticipation that hummed in her heart.

Underneath the soft veil of snowfall, snowflakes descended like ethereal dancers from the heavens.

Rena's thoughts turned to Waylen. She dialed his number privately, a yearning woven into her voice. "Could you perhaps return a bit earlier tonight?"

Waylen, immersed in the busy realm of the Exceed Group, playfully teased, "Is my presence dearly missed?"

With her gaze fixated on the delicate snowflakes outside, Rena's thoughts danced between her family and the gentle wonder of the snow. She whispered, her voice laden with significance, "Today marks Leonel's birthday."

Waylen's response was tinged with surprise, a spark of emotion sparking within him at Rena's revelation.

A timely interruption emerged in the form of Jazlyn's entry. "Mr. Fowler, the conference is about to begin."

Waylen's resolute decision echoed. "It's snowing outside. Reschedule the conference to tomorrow morning. Encourage everyone to leave work early."

Jazlyn's bewilderment was palpable, her curiosity piqued by Waylen's uncharacteristic directive.

With a tender smile, Waylen unveiled the reason behind his choice. "Today is my son's birthday."

Having concluded the call, Waylen left the office while only wearing a tweed coat.

Smiling, Jazlyn stood there and gazed after him.

Elegantly dressed, Waylen embarked on his journey home. It was already seven o'clock when he arrived.

The allure of the snow-laden city was a stark contrast to the warmth awaiting him at the villa. His entry was marked by the



swaying snowflakes, his figure a striking contrast against the wintry backdrop.

Waylen took out the gift from the trunk and strolled into the hall.

"The snowfall has intensified."

As he divested himself of his coat, Waylen called out, his voice tender and warm, "Come here, Leonel."

Leonel, perched on a chair, turned to face Waylen, anticipation painted across his features.

Before him stood an array of delights. It was a birthday feast prepared by Rena's careful hands, a tableau of his favorite dishes adorned with Rena's love.

Among the treasures, Leonel's gaze was drawn to the sizable gift held by Waylen. It was a treasure that mirrored his admiration for Superman, his beloved animated character.

The excitement in Leonel's eyes was palpable as he bounded toward Waylen, embraced by strong arms and a loving kiss. Waylen's voice carried a gentle, affectionate cadence. "Rena mentioned that today is your birthday. I apologize for my tardiness. This is your birthday gift. Do you like it?"

Grasping the gift with tender awe, Leonel cradled it close to his heart.

Waylen's gaze shifted, his attention drawn to the dining room where Rena, Alexis, and Marcus shared a familial moment. Alexis's exuberance filled the air as she led the family in a joyous birthday song for Leonel, her offering a promise of shared nights and companionship.

Waylen's playful banter wafted through the room, aimed at Alexis, the embodiment of his protective affection. "Alexis, today is not your birthday."



Unfazed, Alexis's retort held an air of pride, her words adorned with a touch of regality. "It's a rare treat for someone like me to share my space."

Her proclamation mirrored the fortress of independence Alexis had built, her royal quarters a sanctuary she didn't share lightly.

Leonel blushed.

Amidst the warmth of familial love, Waylen's gaze landed on Rena, his adoration tangible in the way he stepped toward her. Rena's eyes met his, a soft smile gracing her lips, and Waylen's voice, a melody of affection, brushed her ear. "Happy birthday, my children's mother."

As Rena cradled Leonel, their shared moment was imbued with a gentle invitation to blow the candles that adorned his birthday treat.

In that tender moment, as Leonel's laughter mingled with the flicker of candlelight, Waylen's heart swelled with joy.

Leonel's mother died from jumping off a building. He used to be gloomy and reckon that he could be adopted by Waylen and Rena just because of his rare blood type.

But till now, no one had ever drawn his blood.

Rena asked him to call her mom. The man in front of him was more like a real father than his biological father. Waylen treated him well and taught him a lot.

A toddler as he was, Leonel was touched deeply.

And that was the reason why even if he took control of the Exceed Group after many years, he chose to stay at this home instead of misdeeds.

With a heart full of determination, Leonel chose to accompany Alexis.

Tonight, however, he found himself gently pulled away by Alexis, leaving Rena mildly concerned about the potential precociousness of the children. Thus, when Waylen emerged from the bathroom, Rena shared her apprehension.

Embraced by winter's icy grasp, the bedroom was swathed in the cozy warmth of activated heating, cocooning the room in comfort and snugness.

Waylen, his upper body bare and a bath towel loosely clinging to his waist, settled at the edge of the bed. Rena approached, delicately relieving him of the towel as she began to dry his damp hair.

His gaze lifted to meet hers, the tender exchange a testament to their unspoken connection.

His fingers brushed her belly in a reassuring gesture, his voice a gentle balm to her worries. "What's troubling you? Rena, we'll guide our children with love. There's no need to fret. We can address any concerns when they're older, perhaps over ten years."

Rena's agreement mirrored the wisdom in his words, her actions a careful brushing of his hair.

As she worked, her gaze traced the contours of his exquisite nose, her eyes filled with adoration.

His captivating handsomeness, etched through the passage of years, had yet to dim, a fact Rena found herself grateful for.

Waylen's voice, a husky whisper, broke the silence. "It's been three months."

Rena acknowledged the milestone with a nod, their shared anticipation palpable.

His hand reached out, his touch gentle against her belly, a soothing reassurance spoken in hushed tones. "In another month, the baby will move. It's astounding how we all start as

such delicate beings."

A playful rebuke curled at Rena's lips. "You're being quite sentimental tonight."

Her affection for their ordinary lives, brimming with the care of children and the creation of new life, radiated through her words, a sentiment she held dear.

In the hushed tranquility, Rena broached the topic of the upcoming premiere. "Will you be available that day?"

Waylen's response was swift and affectionate, his touch tender as he pinched her nose playfully. "Of course, I wouldn't miss the first showing of my wife's movie! Shall I consider buying out the entire cinema?"

Fatigue tugged at Rena's bones, and she settled onto his lap, her arms encircling his neck, her voice a whisper. "No need. Your presence alone is enough. I can't promise eternal love, but I assure you, you'll always be the most significant man in my life."

"More significant than Marcus and Leonel?" Waylen teased.

Rena's laughter spilled. "You're growing older and more possessive."


A fond smile graced Waylen's lips as he pressed her gently onto the bed. Mindful of her pregnancy, his actions were gentle.

He settled beside her, his gaze unwavering as it met hers, his intentions pure. Owing to his exquisite face, few women could resist his unwavering gaze.

At least, Rena couldn't resist it.

Waylen supported himself with one arm, his fingers trailing gently over her skin as he reached for her face with a touch as tender as the night.

He said in a low voice, "Rena, I must have been captivated by you

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for a very long time. Look at your face, your skin, your figure.
Why are you so enchanting?"

Even if they had been married for a long time, Rena wasn't able to bear such a praise.

A blush painted Rena's cheeks, and she playfully kicked at him, her affectionate reproach woven into her words. "Why are you suddenly so flirtatious?"

"Am I being flirtatious?"

His chuckle was warm and light. "Should I present the shareholder report of our Exceed Group to you at this time, Mrs. Fowler?"

His jests were laden with flirtatious undertones, his intentions clear.

Rena knew him well, aware that beneath his jests lay a yearning unspoken. With only three months of pregnancy behind her, concerns for her baby's safety lay heavy on her heart. A gentle kiss bridged the distance between them as she murmured, "No recklessness."

Waylen's passion ignited, and a fervent kiss followed, his intentions driven by his desire to ensure her comfort.

Finally, he held her body and whispered, "I just want to make my children's mother feel comfortable."

Rena was rendered speechless by his remarks.

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The premiere of Mr. Ethan drew closer, the air charged with anticipation and excitement.

Given the bustling atmosphere around the holiday season, Rena decided to attend the event with Waylen alone, sparing the young children the sensory overload.

The late afternoon sun cast a golden hue as Rena prepared to leave.

When she just changed her dress, she heard a car horn outside.

It signaled Waylen's arrival to escort her.

Moments later, the bedroom door opened, revealing Waylen's admiring gaze.

He stood at the door, looked at her silently for a while and then closed the door gently.

Rena's appearance, resplendent in a long gown of gold and pink, exuded a radiant glow.

Despite the subtle curve of her pregnancy, her beauty shone unabated, her elegance and grace undiminished.

Waylen's presence filled the room, his tender kiss gracing her shoulder as he whispered, "My enchanting beauty."

Rena's heart danced within her chest at his words, her breath hitching with the tender sincerity woven into his voice.

Then, Waylen produced a slender bead chain, attaching the exquisite emerald pendant to her neck.

The gem lay like a sleeping beauty against her skin.

Rena stroked it.

She looked up at him and said in a low voice, "Actually, you don't have to be so worried."

Waylen smoothed her long hair and tied it up for her.

With his gaze fixated on her face, he smiled with a faint smile, "I just hope that Harold's love can really protect you. Promise me that you won't take it off, Rena."

Her nod was slow and certain, her heart echoing the depth of her commitment.

Exiting the room, Waylen draped a thick fur coat over Rena's shoulders, a protective gesture against the chill outside. Ensuring she remained warm in the underground garage, he personified his devotion in every action.

The theater of Duefron was a shimmering sea of life, a tapestry woven with the threads of anticipation and glamour.

Celebrities of every ilk graced the red carpet, their presence igniting an electric atmosphere that belied the winter chill. Despite the frigid air, the theater pulsed with vibrant energy, bustling with the fervor of a summer's eve.

Rena didn't walk on the red carpet.

Amidst the glittering throng, Rena chose a path less traveled, an alternative entrance that shielded her from winter's icy grasp. Her steps carried her through a secret passage, her resolve unwavering despite the social engagements that lay ahead. Waylen, a bastion of support, stood at her side, his presence a reassuring barrier against the curious masses.

Within the heart of this spectacle, Miss Holt claimed her moment in the spotlight, a luminous figure that captivated the audience's gaze.

She navigated the evening with grace, her words flowing like a river of stardust as she regaled the crowd. Her place next to Rena, a testament to their friendship, was a bond that transcended the glamour of the occasion.

Amid the star-studded congregation, Rena's heart carried a quiet concern, a worry that marked her cousin's absence. In hushed tones, Miss Holt asked, "Did Mr. Evans not accompany you?"

Rena's reply was a whispered secret, a shield against prying eyes. "He is engrossed in his work."

Even though Rena was Mark's niece, it was not convenient for her to probe into his privacy.

Miss Holt held her disappointment close, her eyes a mirror to her unspoken longing. At a crossroads of emotions, her wish for Mark's presence was palpable, her desire for him to witness this pivotal moment an unspoken hope.

Rena, her heart a tapestry of understanding, held a silent solidarity with Miss Holt.

Miss Holt could be regarded as a kind person and had never thought of interfering in the relationship between Cecilia and Mark.

In a gesture born of empathy, Rena said, "The movie's performance shines brilliantly. It's a testament to your blossoming stardom. Should the box office reach a billion, your name will be etched in the annals of fame."

Miss Holt was moved by her words.

She knew that the investment of two hundred million dollars in this movie was for Rena to have a bit of fun and kill some time. But it was of paramount importance for her who was already forty two years old as the famous actress of opera.

Her career would resurrect depending on the outcome of this movie.

Miss Holt also consulted from experts and they said that the movie's minimum box office would reach one point five billion.

This made her in a better mood.

Waylen was sitting beside Rena. After he heard their conversation, his voice held a familiar warmth. "You truly are good at comforting people."

A blush colored Rena's cheeks, her words playful as she whispered, "I comforted you just last night."

Waylen's smile, a tantalizing dance of charm, graced his elegant features, an allure that held captive hearts.

Despite his captivating appeal, it was an open secret within Duefron that Waylen's heart was steadfastly devoted to Rena. Even amidst the bloom of her pregnancy, his fidelity remained unyielding, his heart untouched by the lure of frivolous pursuits.

There was no scandalous affairs about him.

As the night unfolded, the stage was set for Rena's entrance.

Amidst the crowd of supporting roles, Rena's grace shone like a beacon.

The host was trying to make the atmosphere more interesting. He took a few steps forward and said with a smile, "Then let's invite Mrs. Fowler to stand on the stage and say a few words for these performers to motivate them."

Unable to refuse his enthusiastic invitation, Rena went to the stage directly.

The microphone's embrace, her voice carrying a gentle cadence, brought a hush to the audience. She turned around to look at the young performers, among whom Harrison was the one close to her.

Her humility revealed a heart unburdened by the trappings of stardom. "I hope you can work harder after you get into the public's sight. The world is vast and you have to rely on yourself."

Applause, a symphony of approval, swelled through the air, a chorus of support for the newly crowned talents.

The young performers also applauded with excitement.

Since then, their careers in the entertainment circle began.

Yet, amidst the fervor of the moment, fate took a harrowing turn.

A dance of destiny unfolded above Rena, a crystal lampshade suspended in the air. A calamitous accident sent the lampshade crashing toward Rena's fragile form. The sharp front just penetrated through the emerald, making a harsh sound, and finally fell to the ground, a scene of terror and chaos as the debris scattered all around.

Everyone in the scene instantly panicked and screamed.

At this time, the crystal chandelier, which weighed over a hundred pounds, was about to falter. At last, the tensed rope couldn't bear the weight and a part of the chandelier smashed down directly.

Rena stood frozen in place, unable to move an inch.

In a heartbeat, a hero emerged from the shadows. Harrison, a beacon of courage, shielded Rena from the descending disaster. Blood stained his forehead, his sacrifice a testament to his valiance. Then a bigger part of the chandelier fell towards his forehead.

But fate's cruel hand still loomed, the chandelier's descent unrelenting. There would be no possibility for him to survive if he got hit.

In an instant, the universe held its breath as the unthinkable transpired.

Waylen intercepted the chandelier's deadly trajectory.

His arm bore the brunt of the impact, the sharp shards finding an unwilling sacrifice in his flesh. The chandelier finally fell to the ground with a loud bang.

Debris rained down, the aftermath of the chandelier's devastating impact.

The theater erupted in chaos, a scene of horror that painted the world in shades of uncertainty.

Rena, her vision fading into the embrace of unconsciousness, found herself trapped within the clutches of darkness.

"Rena!"

Waylen's anguished cry echoed through the air, a desperate plea that mirrored the depths of his sorrow.

He cradled her weak form in his arms, both of them drenched in a chilling coat of crimson.

Undeterred by his own injuries, Waylen's voice shattered the air, a command that brooked no argument. "Call an ambulance!"

Time stretched on, each passing second a torment for Waylen. With Rena's life hanging in the balance, he couldn't bear the thought of losing her or the precious life she carried within her.

And then there was Harrison...

Had he not acted, Rena's fate would have been... Waylen's mind recoiled from the unthinkable.

Beyond the hospital walls, a flurry of snowflakes danced in the wind, an ethereal backdrop to the unfolding tragedy.

The hospital's sterile corridors bore witness to their arrival, Waylen's face a mask of anguish as he battled his own hemorrhaging injuries. His pallor was stark against the unforgiving lighting, a portrait of a man on the precipice. Korbyn and Juliette arrived in haste, Cecilia at their side, worry etched deeply on their faces. Their voices mingled in a chorus of concern, a symphony of questions. "How is Rena?"

Waylen, his arm hastily bandaged, seemed to wear his exhaustion like a cloak.

He took out a cigarette, lit it and took a drag.

"She's in the emergency room. Harrison Moore is in there too. He might be permanently scarred."

Grief pooled in Waylen's eyes as he spoke.

In his trembling hand, the shattered remnants of an emerald told a story that transcended the physical object.

It was not until now that he had understood what Jarrod meant. It was a tale of sacrifice, a testament to Harrison's bravery.

For within that broken emerald resided the true guardian. It was Harrison himself.

Waylen's resolve solidified.

Cost was of no concern, for Harrison's well-being was paramount.

As the hospital bustled with its life-saving ministrations, Korbyn's steady hand found its way to Waylen's shoulder, a comforting gesture laden with understanding. "Rena will pull through. You must stay here with your mother. Cecilia will go to take care of the children. I'll venture to the police station, seeking any trace of the accident's origins."



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