

## Chapter 376 Rena Awoke From Her Heartache (2)

Rena was a little overwhelmed.

She cleared her throat and asked softly, "Didn't you say that you would come this afternoon?"

Waylen walked toward the bed.

Juliette made room for him. He gently brushed his fingers over Rena's face and replied bluntly, "I couldn't wait any longer, so I asked the doctor to give me an anesthetic injection so that I could come see you. Rena..."

He held her face with one hand. Rena savored his palm's warmth.

She looked at him.

They had experienced that dream together. They felt different when they saw each other again. They had a lot to say to each other, but there were too many people present at the moment. Alexis was even beside Rena and watching them with her big eyes.

Waylen didn't care much about it.

So what if his parents and his children were all here?

Waylen wanted to kiss Rena.

He leaned in and planted a soft kiss on his wife's mouth. A little surprised, Rena resisted reflexively.

Waylen held her down and started kissing her more deeply and

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Korbyn couldn't stay calm anymore.

Were young people so direct?

With a red face, Korbyn asked his wife to take away the children. They all left the ward together. Soon, the ward became quiet.

After their long kiss, Waylen buried his face in Rena's neck.

He asked in a low voice, "Has the doctor come to check on you? Is the baby okay?"

"The baby is fine."

Rena gently stroked Waylen's arm. He had lost a little muscle mass. Then, she touched his neck and chest. Waylen grabbed her hand and said in a husky voice, "I can't do it with you now if that's what you're thinking."

Rena reached out and touched his lips with her fingertips.

He loved her, but he had always said something shameless.

Their eyes met.

Waylen finally said, "I've missed you so, so terribly, Rena."

During the seven days that she had been in a coma, he had spent his every waking moment worrying about her.

How could Rena not know?

He had lost a lot of weight. She worried about him, too, but she couldn't say those sentimental words. She only remembered that it was this man who paid the price just to pull her out of the abyss.

Rena pulled Waylen into bed.

She sobbed slightly, "You need to take good care of your health, Waylen. Let's go to the apartment and have a look when you get better."

He said okay.

Then, he lay down beside her.

At lunchtime, Waylen's legs were still hurting. The doctor treated his wounds and then confined Waylen to a wheelchair for the time being. It would take at least half a month for Waylen to recover fully.

Meanwhile, Rena was steadily getting better.

The baby in her belly was very active.

In the afternoon, Rena stood in front of Waylen and let him caress her swollen belly. She suddenly asked, "Do you really want to name the baby Elva?"

Waylen smiled. "Don't you like that name?"

"It's a good name. It just sounds too similar to 'Elvira'."

After saying that, Rena looked straight at him.

There was no one else in the ward besides them, so Waylen plucked up the courage to pull Rena onto his lap. He slid his hand under her clothes, touched her bulging belly, and whispered, "Are you still jealous? I thought we were already past this matter. It's been going on for too long."

He added, "I am willing to give everything, even my own life, to you. What else do you need me to do to show my loyalty to you?"

Elva...

The name Waylen wanted for their third child had nothing to do with Elvira.

Waylen's caress got more and more flirtatious.

Rena could feel it of course.

She couldn't help thinking of that moment in the dream where she, as a 20-year-old, willingly slept with Waylen. It was just a dream, but its memory would remain in her forever.

Feeling her cheeks heat up, Rena grabbed Waylen's hand. "Control yourself, please."

Waylen really wanted to have sex with her.

Even though Rena hadn't made a full recovery and his legs were still aching, they still could do something intimate.

He coaxed her and slowly took off her clothes.

He beheld her baby bump, which he found incredibly enchanting. He thought that her bulging abdomen made her more alluring and irresistible.

Rena wrapped her arms around his neck and murmured, "You think the 20-year-old version of me is prettier, don't you?"

Waylen wanted to flirt with her.

What was more, he still remembered all the times they had sex in his dream.

Waylen pressed his face against her ear and replied enthusiastically, "That 20-year-old girl can't compare with you. She's inexperienced, but we cooperate well in bed."

Rena knew his shamelessness all too well.

She clung to him and touched every inch of him. He had really lost a lot of weight, and it made her worry.

Finally, with a face as red as a tomato, she reached out and unfastened his belt.

"Rena..." Waylen started in a hoarse voice.

Rena whispered in his ear, "I want to treat you well, Waylen, so sit back and relax."

They were a couple.

He wanted his sexual needs fulfilled, and she was more than happy to oblige.

She was willing to do anything he liked.

In the quiet ward, she satisfied him.

It took them a full hour to finish, and by the end, Rena couldn't help complaining. Waylen had been slightly greedy.

In the bathroom, Waylen wrapped his arms around her waist from behind and asked, "Is the baby okay?"

Once again, Rena blushed.

They didn't really have sex, but she was able to get satisfaction as well from the other things that they'd done. The baby must be feeling something.

Even if she didn't tell Waylen directly, he would understand.

He put his hand on her stomach and smiled. "She's quite delicate."

Rena stopped him and asked him to get back on his wheelchair. "The doctor said you shouldn't be on your feet for too long. Otherwise, your recovery will be delayed."

But Waylen didn't take his doctor's orders seriously.

At half past 2:00 in the afternoon, Waylen took a nap with Rena.

Then, one of their bodyguards entered the ward and said, "Mr. Fowler, a few members of the crew are here to see Mrs. Fowler."

Waylen was about to refuse, but Rena woke up. She sat up and

smiled. "Send them in."

The bodyguard went out to let the visitors in.

Waylen smoothed Rena's hair and said, "Why do you want to see them during your recuperation?"

Rena answered softly, "I know you want me to rest as much as I can, but they're here now. I can't refuse to see them. Besides, is it really an accident that the chandelier fell?"

She shook her head and continued, "I don't believe that, Waylen."

Waylen was a little upset, but he said nothing and just pinched her cheek.

At this time, people entered Rena's ward one by one.

There was Flora, Ruth, the director of the crew, and several new performers.

Rena was curious. She wanted to know where Harrison was.

But there were too many people in the room, so it was inconvenient for her to ask about Harrison.

Flora was closer to Rena than the others. After setting the basket of fresh fruits that she brought on the table, Flora sat on the edge of the bed. She held Rena's hand and said, "You were so lucky. But Harrison..."

Rena frowned slightly. "What? What happened to Harrison?"

Her head had been hit, and she had suffered a small concussion. She couldn't remember clearly what had happened at the time.

She could only be sure that Waylen was calling her back then.

Waylen glanced at Flora.

Flora's heart raced. She knew she had spilled the beans. It was obvious that Waylen didn't want Rena to find out about Harrison.

So Flora hemmed and hawed.

Looking at Waylen, Rena sensed that something was wrong, but she decided not to ask.

Since she still needed to get plenty of rest, her visitors didn't stay long.

Once again, the ward quieted down.

Rena walked to the French window, gazed at the scenery outside, and asked, "What happened to Harrison? Is he okay?"

At this time, Jazlyn happened to enter the room.

Waylen closed his laptop and gestured at Jazlyn to wait outside for a few minutes.

After Jazlyn left and shut the door behind her, Waylen stood up, walked toward Rena, and rested his hands on her shoulders. He said, "He got hurt for saving you. He sustained serious injuries, and his face got disfigured. I called the best doctors in the world, and they did reconstructive surgery on him."

Harrison had to undergo at least five surgical procedures.

However, none of the doctors could guarantee that Harrison's face would be restored to its original state.

Feeling bad, Rena listened quietly.

After a long time, she muttered, "What about the emerald Harold sent? Is it broken?"

The emerald, Harrison...

Thinking of the dead man, Rena felt sad. In her dream, Harold moved on and lived a different life. But when she woke up, she realized that Harold was really already gone.

Rena wasn't in a hurry to see Harrison.

The good-looking young man was devastated after what happened. His face was covered in gauze, and he mustn't want others to see him in such a condition.

But Rena wanted to visit Harold's grave.

On the day before Rena was discharged from the hospital, since Waylen wasn't there, Rena asked one of the bodyguards to arrange a car for her.

The bodyguard hesitated and said, "I'll have to inform Mr. Fowler about this."

Rena didn't stop him.

After hanging up the phone, the bodyguard said in a low voice, "Mr. Fowler said that you shouldn't stay outside for too long. It's supposed to snow this afternoon."

Rena smiled in response.

Rena asked Wendy to buy a bunch of daisies, and then she was clad in all black.

This was the first time Rena went to visit Harold's grave.

When she got out of the car, it was foggy. It looked like snow was about to fall.

Rena was wearing a loose down jacket that hid her baby bump, so it was hard to tell that she was pregnant.

She walked slowly to Harold's grave, but someone was already standing there. She approached and saw that it was Aline.

Rena knew who hurt her.

But Waylen didn't do anything about it. He couldn't exactly because he didn't have any evidence.

Rena stood still a few feet away from Aline and stared.



Rena had four bodyguards and an assistant with her, which Aline noticed. Aline said sarcastically, "You are really high-profile, Mrs. Fowler."

Rena smiled faintly.

Her four bodyguards stepped forward and pulled Aline aside.

Rena walked toward Harold's grave and stared at his photo.

She remembered taking that photo for him back in the day.

It was his last wish of putting this phone on his grave.

The sky was gloomy, amplifying the sadness that Rena felt. She bent down, gently touched the photo, and murmured, "Why did you say that to Harrison? Why couldn't you let bygones be bygones, Harold? Why couldn't you let it go?"

If Harold had moved on, he wouldn't have been gone too soon.

Life and death were decreed by fate. Rena didn't blame herself, but still, she couldn't help feeling so grief-stricken.

Harold was born in a rich family, and he was good-looking. He should've lived his whole life happily. But he didn't get everything he could've gotten out of life.

"I can't tell whether you made me suffer or I made you suffer, Harold."

Rena's heart ached.

Aline snapped, "He died because of you, Rena. Why are you still pretending here?"

Rena lowered her eyes and smiled bitterly. "Is that so?"

She turned around slowly and looked Aline dead in the eyes. "And what about you, huh? What did you do?"

Aline felt guilty at once.

It was also snowing that day. In order to keep Harold, Aline gave him something to eat, which made him drowsy and unfocused.

Despite feeling unwell, Harold put on his clothes and left the hotel.

On the way to Rena's house, he met a car accident.