

Chapter 383 This Is The Price Of Saving Rena

Waylen's touch was gentle as he patted Rena's hand, a reassuring warmth spreading between their entwined fingers.

"I made a wish to God that day." His voice carried a softness, as if sharing a cherished secret. "And now, it's time to repay the kindness."

Rena found herself momentarily at a loss for words, her heart a swirl of emotions she struggled to put into phrases.

Just then, Korbyn approached, his presence commanding attention.

His deep voice cut through the air as he addressed his son. "We can begin now."

With a gracious gesture, Waylen let Rena sit down. He followed Korbyn's lead, his every movement marked by reverence. All the Fowler family's members knelt with a solemn grace, bowing three times, each motion a dance of respect guided by tradition.

Waylen looked very serious.

His bows were a testament to his sincerity, his devotion to the task at hand resonating with the depth of his feelings.

At last, he presented the emerald that Harold had once gifted Rena to Jarrod, who accepted it with a solemn reverence.

Gently placing the emerald before an ancient lamp, Jarrod held it in his gaze, his words a whispered benediction. "If Harold's spirit yet lingers in this world, may he find peace and rest."

Waylen's hands, strong and steady, joined together in a gesture of humility and hope.

In that moment, any trace of jealousy that might have once colored his thoughts was nowhere to be found. There was only sincerity, an earnest desire for harmony and well-being.

As the sun dipped towards the horizon, painting the sky with hues of amber and rose, the ceremony came to its conclusion. Six p.m. marked a time of transition, a moment of both closure and renewal.

Later, in a more private setting, Waylen and Rena met with Jarrod.

Within the ancient meditation room, Jarrod's gaze fell upon Rena's growing belly, his tone carrying an air of approval. "You look well."

A smile graced Rena's lips.

In this intimate space, Jarrod's demeanor was less like that of a revered figure and more like a kind elder sharing words of wisdom.

Jarrod's voice held the gentle cadence of experience. "I've seen much in my time, yet rarely have I encountered a man as resolute as Waylen. That night, he seemed to reach out to the divine."

Jarrod didn't say anything else but let them drink tea.

Tea was offered, a serene gesture of hospitality in this contemplative haven.

"The tea is exquisite." Jarrod's invitation was warm, inviting them to partake in this shared moment.

Waylen's curiosity was piqued, his lips curling into a hint of a smile as he sipped the fragrant brew.

Jarrold was seated gracefully, and his gaze turned towards the mountains, the setting sun painting the sky with hues of blush and gold.

"The sun's descent gifts us with a breathtaking dusk," he mused.

Waylen's voice, a harmonious echo, affirmed, "Yes, the beauty of twilight."

With a graceful gesture, Jarrold signaled the end of their meeting. "It's time for you to depart, Mr. Fowler."

As Waylen helped Rena to her feet, his movement carried a touch of reverence.

Bending slightly, he offered his gratitude. "Thank you for your time."

Jarrold's silence held a kind understanding, a shared acknowledgement of the profundity of this encounter.

And so, Waylen and Rena left the chamber, stepping into the embrace of the outside world. As they emerged, the sky blazed with hues of crimson and gold, the sun bidding its fiery farewell to the day.

Within the meditation room, Jarrold remained still, his expression a tableau of enigmatic emotions.

A disciple knelt on the floor, tears mingling with whispered sobs. "Why did you alter fate?"

"Rise." Jarrold's voice held a quiet authority, inviting the disciple to stand.

But the disciple remained on the floor, his grief uncontainable.

Jarrold's gaze, fixed on the sunset's glow, his words a soft murmur. "Life is an uncertain journey, marked by twists and turns. My path, too, has led me here, and it is only fitting that it concludes in this manner. Elijah... You know what? I see Waylen

like I see a younger version of myself. But I'm not smarter than him because I hid here for love."

A fleeting smile graced Jarrod's lips, a trace of solace in his expression.

He had not acted to alter the course of events for Waylen, but rather to find his own sense of solace.

In the distance, the bell of the ancient temple began to toll, its sound a reverberating echo across time.

The peal of the bell, haunting yet beautiful, marked Jarrod's passing.

As the Fowler family descended the mountain, their steps punctuated by the bell's mournful toll.

Korbyn and Waylen exchanged a knowing glance, a shared understanding passing between them. In haste, they retraced their steps, their footsteps quickened by a sense of urgency. It was Elijah who stood as the bearer of Jarrod's final words, carrying them like a sacred treasure to be unveiled.

"Jarrod wished to convey his gratitude to Mr. Waylen Fowler."

A silence settled over the Fowler family, a sense of quiet reverence for a life that had touched theirs in ways beyond words.

Upon returning home, Waylen was still in a depressed mood, a silent weight that pressed upon his thoughts.

Seeking solace, he retreated to the study, the somber ambiance of the room a mirror to his feelings. Lost in a labyrinth of thoughts, he found himself immersed in the rhythm of a slow exhale, the tendrils of smoke dancing in the air.

Knowing that he was in a bad mood, Rena specially made his favorite food and brought it to him.

Her soft touch removed the cigarette from his lips, and Waylen's gaze, heavy with unspoken emotion, met hers.

In the quiet of the room, he said in a voice as hushed as a whispered promise, "I'm afraid Jarrod saw the threads of fate before weaving this tapestry."

Rena's own heart ached in empathy, her gaze a mirror to his pain.

Approaching him, she enveloped him in her embrace, her arms a sanctuary against the world's troubles.

In this moment, vulnerability found its place between them, the fortress of his strength momentarily crumbled in the presence of his beloved.

"Waylen."

Rena's voice was a soothing melody. "I believe there might have been knots in Jarrod's heart, ones that time couldn't untangle. I think he was trapped by an emotional burden."

Tears glistened in Rena's eyes, glimmers of empathy in the dimly lit room. Softly, she continued, "In his youth, he might have loved someone, a love that perhaps never saw its culmination."

Waylen's arms found their way around her, a gesture of solace, his touch a silent affirmation of their shared connection.

As Rena's fingers cradled his face, their lips met in a tender kiss, a fusion of comfort and understanding. "Waylen, I share your sadness, but we mustn't forget that our purpose is to weave a better life, both for ourselves and for Jarrod."

Waylen's voice was a soft murmur, a gentle admission. "In the past, I might not have fully appreciated your capacity to mend hearts with your words, Rena."

Touched by his admission, Rena touched his neck with tender

affection, her voice a soothing balm. "Please eat. You've barely had anything today. And what about your legs? Do they hurt?"

Waylen shook his head.

But Rena, attuned to his needs, saw through the facade.

She wanted to rub his legs.

Waylen didn't allow her to do so. He looked at her and said, "I was so bad in the past that you couldn't be a pianist anymore. And now I have a problem with my legs. Think of it as my compensation to you."

Amidst their exchange, a flicker of frustration colored Rena's expression.

He had never intended to make a full recovery on his legs. So it was the reason?

"Waylen, I don't need such a compensation from you! You're not alone in this journey. You're a husband and a father. How can you hold me and the children if you don't get treatment?"

Affection shone in Waylen's gaze, his eyes an affirmation of his love.

Rena lay on his lap and murmured, "I really don't want such a compensation. It will only make me worry about you. Waylen, don't use the trick of injuring yourself, please."

Waylen's voice was hoarse.

He whispered, "Rena, I'm afraid you'll be unhappy."

He had regained his memory. He was not sure that their relationship in Rena's heart was still the same as before, so he... He did use a self-injury trick, but Rena easily saw it through.

"You're too smart."

Rena didn't say anything more.

As she nestled against him, she murmured, "Waylen, let's age without regrets, as Jarrod wished. Let's love each other, day after day, and let our actions speak the words we hold in our hearts."

Waylen's heart swelled, a deep gratitude for her presence settling over him.

With a heartfelt promise, he agreed, his voice carrying an unspoken vow.

Later, Rena coaxed him to finish the meal and intended to apply heat to his legs with a warm towel.

Waylen wanted to joke with her, but the death of Jarrod weighed heavy in his mind. At last, he smiled faintly.

As night draped the world in its inky embrace, Rena succumbed to slumber, her breathing a gentle rhythm of peace.

In the quiet of the night, Waylen found himself drawn to a photograph tucked away in a drawer.

The image before him bore a striking resemblance to Rena, yet it wasn't her.

The woman captured in the frame was Zoey of Czanch, Mark and Reina's mother.

In the soft glow of the room, Waylen's gaze lingered on the photograph, his thoughts a private whisper to the past.

The back of the photograph held a message, inked with longing.

"I miss my beloved Zoey."

And so, the events of the day whispered in his mind, a gentle reminder of Jarrod's plea. In his final moments, he had asked a favor of Waylen, a favor that resonated in the quiet depths of his soul.

Jarrold asked Waylen to return the photo to Zoey in Czanch. Jarrold said that he had failed a woman before, and now he saved Rena to erase his own sins...

Waylen knew it was time to heed Jarrold's request.

Without a word, Waylen embraced the decision, a promise he would keep to himself.

The night deepened, shadows dancing across the room.

Waylen watched over her, his fingers tracing the contours of her face, his thoughts a cascade of emotions.

In the hush of the night, he leaned down and placed a soft kiss upon her forehead, a whisper of his presence. "Why are you awake?" His voice, a quiet murmur, reached her ears.

Rena wrapped her arms around his waist and murmured back, "Waylen, I'm afraid. I'm afraid it's a dream. I'm afraid when I wake up, you won't be by my side anymore."