

Chapter 307 Reclaiming Memory

With one hand firmly gripping the steering wheel, Waylen found himself engrossed in Rena's voice emanating from the phone on the other end. "Waylen, did you visit my mother's place?" she inquired.

"Yes," he replied, his tone noticeably softer than the previous night.

After a moment of hesitation, Rena made her intentions clear. "We're divorced. Please don't disturb her."

A faint smile crept upon Waylen's lips.

In response, he asked, "Can't I pay a visit to my former mother-in-law after our divorce? I believe she would be glad to see me."

He possessed a mischievous charm that Rena struggled to resist.

After a prolonged silence, she finally uttered, "Fine. Do as you please."

Just as she was about to end the call, Waylen rushed to say, "I'm sorry for what happened last night!"

Rena was left speechless.

Waylen's voice softened further as he continued, "When I saw the morning dew piano, I couldn't control myself. Remember how we used to make love on it?"

Rena was taken aback by the mention of their past experiences.

Amidst the audible rush of breath on the phone, Waylen

couldn't help but chuckle. "Have you forgotten? On Christmas night!"

Rena's grip on the phone tightened until her knuckles turned pale.

Then she abruptly hung up, leaving Waylen on the other end.

After hanging up the phone, it rang again. Rena thought it was Waylen calling back, so she hesitated for a while before checking it.

The persistent ringing turned out to be Vera.

"Vera! I'm sorry!" said Rena as she hurriedly answered the call.

Vera pretended to grumble, "What were you doing? I've been trying to reach you forever! Come on out, let's have a drink!"

Seeing it as a perfect chance to give Vera the promised half-a-year bonus, Rena agreed to meet up.

Half an hour later, Rena arrived at a well-known bar in town with a stunning ambiance.

Vera had reserved a cozy private space with an unbeatable view, allowing them to soak in the beauty of half of Duefron's night.

Rena handed over the check to Vera.

Vera was taken aback by the amount, far beyond her expectations.

"Zack is quite competent!" she exclaimed.

Taking a sip of her cocktail, Rena smiled faintly and revealed, "Actually, Danna is in charge now. Zack occasionally offers her advice."

The mention of Zack brought a sense of pity to Vera.

Curious, she inquired about a certain star named George and

praised him, "He's exceptional. I've investigated; his private life and family background are immaculate. Have you thought about dating him?"

Playing with her glass, Rena shook her head.

Her gaze fixated on the bustling street through the French window, the neon lights casting a gentle glow, and her eyes welled up with emotion.

Vera had a hunch about whom Rena had on her mind and she couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

Whom did Rena like?

It could only be Waylen.

To alleviate the tension in the air, Vera playfully complained, "Ever since you took over the Exceed Group, it's getting harder to see you. I've called you ten times, and you only showed up once!"

With a warm smile, Rena responded, "I've been occupied with looking after Alexis and Marcus."

Curious, Vera inquired further, "I thought you'll be heading south tomorrow. What about the two kids?"

"I'll send them to their grandparents for a week," Rena reassured her.

As the sun rose, Rena sent the two kids to the Fowler house.

It was a Saturday and, upon learning they were going back to stay with their grandparents, Alexis couldn't contain her excitement. She dressed up in her finest attire, eager to see her father.

She missed her father dearly!

Seeing her daughter's joyous face, Rena couldn't help but be affected by her emotions.

She lovingly patted Alexis' head and said, "And remember to be nice to Edwin, alright?"

In a heartbeat, Alexis hopped into the back seat, ready to go.

Several cars followed, heading towards the Fowler family's house. By nine o'clock, they arrived.

The members of the Fowler family eagerly awaited their arrival.

After showering her grandpa with cuteness, Alexis rushed into Waylen's arms, requesting her father to carry her.

Waylen affectionately kissed his daughter and his gaze shifted to Rena.

As she was going on a business trip later, Rena kept her outfit simple and convenient, wearing light-colored casual pants, a high-necked sweater, and a thin wool overcoat.

Curious about her flight time, Waylen asked nonchalantly, "When's your flight?"

"Eleven o'clock," she replied.

Waylen's gaze deepened with thought.

After a moment, he offered, "I'll drive you to the airport later."

Understanding what he meant, Rena politely declined, "No, thank you. The company will send a car to pick me up."

Waylen felt a hint of disappointment.

Wishing not to impose on him, Rena decided to engage in conversation with Juliette for a while. Despite her divorce from Waylen, she maintained a friendly rapport with the rest of the Fowlers.

Throughout their interaction, Waylen kept an eye on Rena while spending time with Alexis.



Merely half an hour later, the car from Exceed Group arrived to pick up Rena. The sleek black vehicle pulled up and Hector stepped out, greeting Korbyn with respect.

Waylen furrowed his brows and asked, "Will Hector be going with you?"

Rena gave him an odd look in response.

Hector was vice president of the group so it only made sense for him to accompany her on a business trip.

Waylen clenched his teeth, feeling a twinge of possessiveness. He personally escorted Rena into the car and held the door while saying to Hector, "Rena needs to be taken care of. Thank you for looking after her for me."

Hector understood the unspoken message behind Waylen's words and replied with a smile, "Of course, Mr. Fowler. It's part of my responsibility."

Waylen's desired outcome eluded him, leaving him no choice but to cast a deep gaze at Rena.

Hector got into the car too.

As the car pulled away, unable to contain his curiosity, Hector inquired, "Are you planning to reconcile with him?"

Although Rena wanted to deny it, she understood Hector's feelings for her. Not wanting to lead him on, she replied ambiguously, "Perhaps."

Hector smiled warmly.

He was a man of gentle and understanding nature.

Meanwhile, at the Fowler family's residence...

With Marcus being a young child, he spent most of the day sleeping, so the nanny soon took him to the nursery upstairs.

Waylen and Alexis engaged in building blocks together.

After a considerable time had passed, Korbyn couldn't resist saying, "You must feel uncomfortable seeing her going out and being with another man."

Remaining focused on his task, Waylen responded calmly, "It's just a business trip. What do you mean by 'being with another man'?"

Korbyn couldn't fully believe that his son wasn't experiencing any jealousy.

In the afternoon, it was time for Alexis to take a nap.

She crawled into Waylen's bedroom and lay down on her father's chest.

Her fluffy hair added to her undeniable adorableness.

Waylen gently stroked her little head and coaxed her to sleep.

Around two o'clock in the afternoon, he got up and went downstairs.

While sipping his tea, Korbyn noticed Waylen holding the car keys and snorted, "Where are you going at this hour?"

Waylen paused for a moment before responding, "To the hospital."

With a composed demeanor, he continued, "I've recently consulted an expert, and after some treatment, I seem to remember many things."

Korbyn's eyes widened, momentarily thinking that his son might have regained his memory.

However, upon observing Waylen's current condition, he quickly understood something. He snorted disapprovingly, "You're just backing yourself into a corner! How could you come up with

such a reckless idea?"

Meanwhile, Rena had arrived in the southern region.

Perhaps the climate didn't agree with her, as she developed a fever during the night, causing her to appear a bit absent-minded during her video chat with Alexis.

Ever the caring child, Alexis rushed back to fetch a toy stethoscope, attempting to diagnose and treat her mother.

Gazing at her little angel, Rena felt her heart melt with affection, missing Alexis greatly.

She even regretted going on the business trip.

Waylen picked up the phone and saw Rena lying on the hotel's white bed, her face unusually red from the fever. It was evident that she was unwell.

In a soft whisper, he expressed his concern, "You're a woman. Why do you have to push yourself so hard?"

With Alexis not around, Rena didn't need to hold up a facade.

She closed her eyes slightly, her long eyelashes fluttering, and replied, "Waylen, you're biased against women."

Waylen fell into a moment of silence.

Speaking in a low, husky voice, he expressed, "Rena, I just want to protect you. The reason I handed the group to you was to offer you a backup, not to burden you with the role of a strong woman."

Rena was taken aback by his words.

This was the second time he had said something ambiguous, making her feel like her old Waylen was back!

She closed her eyes, her face flushed and her breath caught in her throat.

Just then, there came a knock at the door. Waylen could even hear Hector's faint voice from the phone. "Ms. Gordon, I brought you some medicine."

Hector's arrival seemed to fluster Rena and she murmured, "I'm ending the call."

With that, she hung up, leaving Waylen with a darkened screen.

Waylen's expression turned grim. How could Hector enter her hotel room? Where were Rena's secretary and assistant? Why was Hector taking care of Rena himself?

Waylen felt a sense of urgency; he had to go to her!

Moreover, Rena appeared to be seriously ill.

Caressing Alexis' head, he spoke softly. "Dad is going to find mom. Alexis, be a good girl and stay with grandpa."

Alexis picked up her toy medical set and generously offered, "Take this and use it to treat mommy."

Her cuteness melted Waylen's heart and he held her in his arms, planting a gentle kiss on her forehead. "Dad will not only cure mom's illness but also bring her back."

Alexis wrapped her arms around his neck and giggled.

Waylen then took her to Korbyn's bedroom, requesting them to take care of Alexis. He then contacted Jazlyn to arrange a private plane for him. As he tended to his granddaughter, Korbyn playfully teased his son, "Mr. Fowler, it's quite a scene of you to chase after your wife now!"

In a hushed voice, Waylen responded, "Rena has a fever."

Korbyn stopped his teasing, empathizing with Rena's condition, and said, "Then go! Your mother and I will take care of Alexis and Marcus!"

It was three o'clock in the morning.

After taking the medicine, Rena felt weak and drained, drifting off into a dazed sleep.

There came a knock at the door. Lacking the strength to open it, she ignored it, but the persistent knocking continued. Finally, she mustered the energy to shuffle to the door on her unsteady legs.

Assuming it was Hector, she spoke weakly as she opened the door. "Hector, I'm fine!"

Upon hearing her address someone else, Waylen narrowed his eyes and quickly assessed her appearance.

She wore a loosely hung white bathrobe, and if he observed carefully, he could see parts of her body.

Was she really okay with meeting Hector like that in the middle of the night?

Waylen was filled with anger, but at the same time, the sight of the fragile woman before him softened his emotions.

He cradled her in his arms, carrying her towards the soft bed with determination.

Upon sobering up, Rena recognized him immediately.

Her body sank into the comforting mattress, and Waylen remained by her side, holding her with one hand while quickly removing his coat with the other. His forehead gently touched hers as he expressed concern, "You're burning up!"

"It's none of your business!" Rena retorted, turning her head away.

In truth, she knew that her fever wasn't solely due to the climate;

the passionate making out on the piano from two nights ago had also left her feeling a bit under the weather.

The room was dimly lit.

Given their divorced status, it felt inappropriate to be in such close proximity. Rena pushed him away and asked in a hoarse voice, "Why are you here?"

Waylen moved slightly away, retrieving his phone to make a call. "I'm worried about you because of your fever!" he stated, his words simple and sincere.

Feeling incredibly uncomfortable, Rena closed her eyes.

Waylen dialed a number and said, "It's me! Yes, my wife is ill. Please come over as soon as possible. Yes, I'll send you the address. Thank you."

After the call, he turned his head to find Rena staring at him.

Perhaps due to her illness, her eyes appeared watery and slightly red.

Waylen's heart softened at the sight.

Sitting beside her, he playfully tugged at her brown hair, as if teasing a little girl. "Why are you looking at me like this?"

With her eyes still closed, Rena murmured, "I can't help but feel that even though you've lost your memory, you still maintain the same habits when dealing with people."

Waylen's gaze darkened, pondering her words.

He stood up and poured her a glass of water. "Do you often reminisce about the past?" he inquired.

Rena didn't deny it.

Waylen assisted her to sit up carefully offering her the water to drink.

Resisting his help, she struggled and he playfully patted her backside. "Don't be so stubborn! Remember the time when I saved you from the kidnappers, and you had a concussion? Back then, you were much more obedient than now! Rena, are you growing less obedient with age?"

Rena was taken aback.

Kidnappers?

The incident had occurred several years ago, back when they hadn't known each other for long.

Could it be... that he remembered?

Her complexion paled, and she looked at him with lips trembling in disbelief. In a murmur, she uttered his name, "Waylen?"

She questioned whether this could be a mere figment of her imagination.

Otherwise, how could she feel that he had regained his memory?

Waylen tenderly caressed her face and whispered in a soft voice. "It's me."

Rena closed her eyes.

Tears streamed down her cheeks, yet she remained silent, silently weeping.

If this were a dream, she wished to prolong it, savoring the moment.

Waylen gently wrapped her in the quilt, cradling her in his embrace. Resting his chin on her forehead, he reassured her, "Don't cry, Rena. It's me."

Rena's slender arms embraced him tightly.

Still weeping, she resembled a vulnerable little girl. Waylen

couldn't resist comforting her. He placed his warm hand beneath the quilt, tenderly caressing her body to offer comfort.

Rena was unwell.

She had a sense of it, though not particularly strong.

Waylen tried to withdraw his fingers after a while but she clung to his hand and pleaded tearfully, "Don't leave, Waylen..."

Her plea tempted him and he held her waist tightly, rolling over to kiss her.

Their kiss was passionate and intimate.

Despite being aware of his own despicable and shameless behavior, he couldn't bring himself to care. She was so yielding and open-hearted and, despite his unreasonableness, she still sought his touch.

The pleasure he had experienced since returning did not compare to the ecstasy of this moment.

Their bodies intertwined in lingering passion.

The doctor arrived, knocking on the door.

Waylen stood up, gazing at the person beneath him. She lay on the bed, gently closing her eyes, as if... as if she had drifted into slumber.

Waylen's Adam's apple bobbed.

Moments ago, he had nearly made love to Rena, casting aside her illness.

After adjusting her clothes, he opened the door for the doctor.

The doctor was acquainted with Waylen, so he promptly prescribed medicine for Rena and administered the IV drip.

As he departed, he glanced at the disheveled sheets and warned

his friend, "Abstain from sexual intercourse for the next three days at lease! She's quite weak."

Even a bold man like Waylen couldn't help but blush.

The doctor soon left.

Waylen closed the door and turned around.

Rena had drifted back to sleep, lying serenely, as if the interrupted making out was a mere illusion.

Waylen was left unsatisfied.

Yet, surprisingly, his heart felt calm.

Approaching gently, he stroked her radiant face and his fingertips eventually landed on her slightly dry lips. He murmured with a sigh, "You seem so docile now. When you're like this, I can't help but wish to hold you in the palm of my hand."

His feelings for Rena were complex and difficult to define.

He wanted to set her free but he couldn't let go.

In the end, he resorted to this cunning approach to lure her back to him.