

## Chapter 340 Those Memories Flashed Throu...

Later that afternoon, Rena and Vera parted ways.

Ross courteously opened the car door for Rena and said with a smile, "Just in time for Miss Lexi's dismissal. I'm sure she'll be happy to see you."

Although there were several grandchildren in the Fowler family, Alexis was the most outgoing and delightful one.

Who wouldn't love a lovely and friendly girl?

Rena couldn't help but smile.

When she was about to get in the car, she suddenly felt someone grab her wrist. She turned around and saw that it was Harold.

Rena shook his hand off and asked coldly, "Can I help you, Mr. Moore?"

Ross, who was heading to the driver's seat just now, whirled around and shouted agitatedly, "What're you doing to a married woman? Are you so pathetic that you can't find any single ladies?"

Harold ignored Ross' insults.

His eyes remained fixed on Rena as he said, "Rena, is it possible for us to be together again?"

A faint smile tugged at the corners of Rena's lips. "Harold, have I ever given you the impression that I'd go back to my old, pathetic self?"

Then without waiting for a response, Rena got in the car.

Ross hurriedly slammed the door behind her, glaring at Harold with unmasked disgust.

Then he trotted over to the driver's seat and sped off.

Harold stood glued to his spot, in a trance.

He had known Rena for over a decade now, and his feelings for her were very complicated. He not only wanted her, but he deeply regretted breaking up with her in the first place. When he found out that she wasn't happy in her current life, he was thinking that if he had done things differently that year—for example, if he didn't send Darren to prison—that Rena would always believe that he truly liked her.

And maybe, they would've been great together.

Rena would've been the perfect wife and mother to his children.

Unfortunately, he couldn't turn back time and undo his mistakes...

Upon thinking of this, Harold's expression darkened. He went straight to his business meeting at the club and drank himself silly.

At nine o'clock in the evening, Harold was shit-faced.

He didn't expect to run into Waylen in the bathroom. Obviously, Waylen was also here on business.

But their states of mind were very different.

One was drunk, while the other was completely sober.

Waylen was well-dressed in a crisp suit. He was 35-year-old, and in men, this was their prime. Besides, he didn't mess around with women, so he almost looked the same as before, but his temperament was much more matured and restrained.

The two men's eyes met in the mirror.

Harold sneered, leaned against the wall, and took out a cigarette.

Taking a slow drag, Harold looked at Waylen and said, "You come to this kind of place all dressed up. Are you actually afraid that Rena will be unhappy?"

Waylen slowly turned off the tap and straightened his shirt in front of the mirror.

"Mr. Moore, are you so bored that you can only meddle in other people's affairs?" he replied calmly.

Harold rolled his eyes.

"Waylen, you didn't defeat me. My old self did."

His heart ached when he admitted that.

Then he lowered his head and stared at his cigarette in a trance.

After a long time, he opened his mouth again. "You've lost your memories, but not the parts about my history with Rena. I doubt you don't see me as a threat."

Waylen slowly wiped his hands with a tissue.

Then, he suddenly smile. "It's true. What man wouldn't see those who pine for his wife as a threat? But so what? Mr. Moore, need I remind you that the man holding Rena every night is me, not you? I know what you're thinking. So what if our sex life was exposed? How can you judge another couple's relationship simply based on that one aspect?"

Then without waiting for a response, Waylen coolly walked out.

He looked neat and well-kept, and as he passed by Harold, he didn't smell a hint of a women's perfume. Furthermore, it seemed that he was heading home.

Waylen didn't drink, and he was planning to drive home by himself.

Harold, on the other hand, vomited as soon as Waylen left the bathroom.

Waylen went home without a hitch.

He arrived just in time to catch Rena giving Alexis piano lessons, but it was almost over. There was a little cradle beside them.

Marcus was asleep, sucking on his little thumb.

Waylen walked into the hall, bent over, and kissed his son gently. Then he asked Rena casually, "Has he eaten yet? If not, I'll grab him some baby food."

Smiling, Rena asked Alexis to practice a little on her own.

Then she carefully picked Marcus up from the crib and handed him over to Waylen. "Try holding him. He's going to be overweight at the rate we're feeding him. The doctor said we need to dial down his feedings."

Waylen couldn't help but chuckle.

It seemed that ever since Waylen started taking care of Marcus, the little boy had gotten particularly chubby.

With a flirtatious glint in his eye, Waylen teased Rena, "Hey, I've been taking care of you too, haven't I? Why aren't you getting fat?"

Every night, whenever Waylen spooned Rena in bed, he could feel how thin she was.

Rena glanced at him and asked, "Are you saying I should start eating some more?"

Waylen said nothing. Of course, Waylen liked his wife slender, but at the same time, he didn't want Rena to starve herself to meet his standards.

Rena looked at how Waylen held the baby so carefully and was reminded of her therapist's advice.

She whispered, "How about we have another child?"

Stunned, Waylen raised his head and looked at her in disbelief mixed with pleasant surprise.

Earlier that evening, Ross called Waylen and told him Rena's encounter with Harold, and later he ran into the man in the club. Naturally, Waylen was a little annoyed by Harold's provocation.

What if Rena was so disappointed with him that she'd turn to her ex?

Waylen asked in a low voice, "Do you like kids?"

"Of course."

Waylen lowered his head and kissed Marcus on the cheek. In a seemingly casual fashion, he asked slowly, "How about me? Do you like me?"

Rena just rolled her eyes. How could she not understand what he really meant?

The atmosphere was very ambiguous, but it was felt by both of them. After playing the piano, Alexis came over. She held Waylen's leg and was clamoring for him to hold her.

Waylen chuckled helplessly and also picked up Alexis.

He was so strong that it was a piece of cake for him to hold the two children. He turned his head and asked Rena, "You always say that Alexis is so independent, but look at her! She's so clingy!"

Rena had always spoiled the children, so seeing them flock to their father, she felt a little jealous. She was about to say something when Alexis suddenly chimed in.

"Daddy, even Mommy's not yet independent. Why would you

There was nothing wrong with that.

Both Rena and Waylen chuckled.

Rena stroked Alexis' head and said to Waylen, "I'm going to take a shower. Go ahead and play with them for a while. She has been asking for you."

After saying that, Rena went straight upstairs.

Perhaps it was because the weather was a little hot that Rena had tied her long brown hair into a bun as she ascended the stairs.

A small, tender part of her neck was then exposed.

Waylen glanced at Rena a few more times even as the latter trotted up the stairs.

With a sigh, Alexis said to Marcus like a wise, elderly sage, "Marcus, you should also learn to be independent, okay?"

Because their father was always so focused on their mother.

After lulling the two children to sleep, Waylen went back to the bedroom. The light inside was turned on.

Wearing nothing but a bathrobe, Rena was leaning against the headboard, reading.

Waylen stood at the door, slowly untying his tie.

He somehow was still bothered by what Harold said, so he deliberately asked, "The reunion's in two days, right? Is your dress ready?"

Rena put down the book she was reading.

She couldn't help but stare as Waylen took off his clothes, but not in a malicious way. There was just something so bewitching

about the way he moved.

After a while, Rena came to herself and smiled. "In fact, it's not just a reunion, but also the anniversary of our school. There'll be a lot of people, so there's no need to be so high-profile."

Waylen tossed his shirt away and then approached her.

"Mrs. Fowler, you look good."

From a man's point of view, Rena was indeed beautiful.

And as her husband, Waylen liked the way she looked very much.

Looking into his deep eyes and his disheveled hair, Rena naturally wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. Even she was surprised that she took initiative.

But even after kissing him for a while, he still didn't respond.

She couldn't help but take a peek at him...

Waylen gently touched her face and pulled away from her kiss slightly, whispering in a hoarse voice, "I saw Harold at the club this evening. Rena, will he also be at the reunion?"

Rena thought for a moment and answered honestly, "No idea."

The next moment, Waylen climbed on top of her, trapping her in place...

His eyes asked her for a kiss.

"If he goes, I'll go, too," he said decisively.

With Rena lying underneath him, her bathrobe had slipped to the side, exposing her delicate clavicle. She touched her husband's chiseled chin and giggled like a schoolgirl. "Waylen, why are you so immature?"

Two universities were going to hold an anniversary party

together.

What did Waylen have to do with this?

Smiling in satisfaction, Waylen plopped down next to Rena, took out his phone from his pocket, and dialed a number.

He was calling Roscoe.

As soon as the call connected, Waylen asked, "Hey, are you out fooling around?"

"What? Of course not! I'm married, remember? Anyway, what's up, dude?"

Waylen glanced at Rena.

Waylen smiled and asked, "Will you wear matching outfits with Vera to the reunion party?"

Roscoe didn't think too much and began to complain.

"I already picked out a nice couple's outfit, but Vera doesn't want us to wear it. She said she's been married twice, so she wants to keep it low-key this year. What's wrong with marrying twice? This is my first marriage, and I just wanted to show her off...

Especially when I heard that her bastard of an ex-husband was coming, too.

He's even sponsoring the event with two million dollars! Can you believe him? Waylen, didn't your wife cooperate with Joseph back then? Well, the bastard has made a comeback. Tell Rena that this is all her fault!"

Roscoe blabbered on and on.

Finally, Waylen said thoughtfully, "It turns out that even Joseph can go, but I haven't even been invited yet..."

Roscoe's jaw dropped.



He knew that he had said the wrong thing and then realized the true purpose of Waylen's call, so he wanted to say something to Rena, but Vera hastily hung up the phone before he could get another word out and make things worse.

Waylen tossed his phone aside and looked at Rena discontentedly. "Both Vera's ex-husband and current husband will be there. Don't you want to take your husband?"

Rena knew that she couldn't talk Waylen out of this, so she finally caved in to his request.

Once in a blue moon, Rena was in the mood to make a joke. "I'll also be bringing two husbands," she teased.

One was the memory of the old Waylen, and the other was the present Waylen.

Realizing this, Waylen was so angry that he jumped on top of her and kissed her for a long time. He didn't stop kissing her until he was so turned on. He pulled away to look into her beautiful eyes, whispering, "Rena, please don't piss me off on purpose."

Waylen still cared about the fact that he lost his memories.

After their sweet, passionate making-out, Rena had a thin layer of sweat on her forehead.

She gently touched the corner of his eyes, which already had a few small wrinkles, but she still found him charming.

Actually, mature men were really attractive to women.

Rena said softly, "Waylen, I have no interest in cheating on you."

The atmosphere suddenly became delicate.

Waylen knew what Rena meant. She wasn't in the mood to hit on other men since she was even so cold to a catch like him.

Without saying anything, he lay down next to her and held her close.

After lying like this for a long time, he croaked, "We'll be fine, Rena. Someday."

Soon, Rena fell asleep.

Waylen slowly got out of bed, careful not to wake her. But instead of taking a shower, he put on a shirt and walked to the study... There was a business card on the desk. It belonged to a world famous hypnotist.

It was said that there was no memory that he couldn't retrieve.

But it was also said that the process was very painful.

The next morning, when Rena woke up, she found a white rose nestled on her pillow.

She touched it gently, smiling to herself.

When she sat up and glanced at the time, she found that it was already 10 o'clock. She was surprised. She hadn't slept so deeply in a long time.

When she went downstairs, the servant informed her, "Mr. Fowler took Miss Lexi to the kindergarten early this morning while Mr. Marcus was picked up by his grandmother."

Rena nodded.

After freshening up, she couldn't help but call Waylen.

Waylen was in the clinic when his phone rang.

He lay on the white reclining chair and said to Rena in a very gentle tone, "I didn't want to wake you up this morning when I saw that you were sleeping so soundly. The children will be out all day, so you should seize this opportunity to do whatever you want, okay?"

Rena responded and then ended the call.

Truth be told, Waylen was a little disappointed. It wasn't unusual for Rena to do what she wanted, but when she did, it rarely ever had anything to do with him.

For example, she was free today, but she didn't offer to see him.

Even if they could take an afternoon nap together, he would've been happy. But Rena thought differently. It was as though she just saw him as a tolerant husband.

Just then, the hypnotist and his assistant came in. He was a foreigner.

The assistant turned the light down and said in a gentle voice, "Mr. Fowler, we're going to start now. If you feel any discomfort, please tell us immediately."

Waylen nodded and gradually shut his eyes.

The hypnotist soon got started and sent Waylen into a deep hypnotic state. It had to be said that this hypnotist was really good at what he did. Soon, Waylen's mind was filled with countless messy thoughts...

The golf course...

The pouring rain...

In the golden Bentley Continental GT, Waylen was kissing Rena fiercely.

In the hospital...

The diamond ring slipped off from her finger, and it fell to the floor with a dull clang...

"Tell me. How many times did you have sex with him?"

"Waylen, tell me, what do you mean by that?"

"I don't want it anymore. I don't want nothing no more!"

"Rena, please don't give up on me..."

Countless fragments swirled around in his mind, but they couldn't be pieced together. Waylen began to feel a searing pain in his head... He couldn't hold on any longer.

But amidst the pain, there was something that gave him the strength to keep going.

It was Rena. Her sadness. Her tears.

He saw Rena shrinking in a corner alone, crying sadly... He wanted to tell her not to cry, but he found that he couldn't make a sound.

Waylen's forehead was covered in cold sweat.

He gripped the armrests tightly, blue veins standing out on the back of his hands.

"Mr. Fowler? Mr. Fowler!"

The assistant woke Waylen up. When Waylen opened his eyes, his mind went completely blank.

Most of the chaotic scenes vanished from his mind.

Only the image of Rena's crying face was left.

Waylen lay there quietly, his head aching terribly.

Sweat dripped down his handsome face, wetting the top part of his shirt.

The hypnotist said apologetically, "Mr. Fowler, I'm afraid we need to stop this session, unless you want to die. What we're doing is really dangerous."

Waylen took slow, deep breaths, gradually calming himself

down.

Indeed, he felt as though he was going to collapse into oblivion just now.

But he didn't want to give up. He knew that he had seen what he wanted to know, but all the information disappeared as soon as he returned to reality. As a stubborn man, he was not reconciled. "I want to try again."

"No, no, no. You can't."

The hypnotist wagged his finger and said, "Mr. Fowler, I refuse to serve you."

Realizing what was going on, Jazlyn came in and tried to plead with him.

But the hypnotist proceeded to pack up his things decisively. "I don't get it, Mr. Fowler. It's not like your missing memories is affecting your life. Why do you need them?"

Waylen frowned and mulled over the hypnotist's question. He found his answer when he got in his car.

He was doing this for Rena.

If he regained his memory and became the old Waylen again, Rena's mental health would definitely recover.

She would be genuinely happy instead of just settling with their marriage.

Waylen couldn't stand Rena... "settling" for him.