

Chapter 476 Rena, I Love You Forever

"Yes, Dad is kissing Mom," Edwin responded tersely.

Yet, Olivia also yearned for a kiss.

She adamantly refused to budge.

The little girl pouted and cast a teary-eyed gaze toward her brother.

"You really leave me with no choice."

Edwin bent down and planted a kiss on her cheek.

"I'm giving you a kiss. Is that alright?"

Olivia blinked, her long eyelashes fluttered.

They were exceptionally beautiful.

Edwin planted another kiss upon her, that time with a gentler tone as he murmured, "Be a good girl."

Olivia then wrapped her arms around Edwin's neck.

It was soon December 28th.

The day that marked the wedding of Mark and Cecilia finally came.

The weather was cold, and Cecilia, adorned in her thinning wedding gown, felt a chill in the air. Yet, her heart was filled with warmth.

Inside the church, the guests settled.

It was an intimate, grand affair with only about a hundred people close to the Fowler family and Evans family invited. Rena and Waylen could be seen occupying the seats in the first row.

Rena donned a beige dress.

Waylen wore a meticulously crafted black and white suit.

Seated beside them were their four children, each one possessing exceptional looks.

The priest at the pulpit began reciting the oath.

Waylen tenderly clasped Rena's hand and whispered, "Rena, I will love you eternally. I will never leave you."

Rena turned her head.

The golden sunlight bathed her form, rendering her so resplendent that it captivated the hearts of those who beheld her.

Waylen leaned in and kissed her tenderly.

It was gentle and truly a sight to behold.

Observing the couple on the stage, Rena briefly averted her gaze. She gently caressed Waylen's face and murmured, "Waylen, I love you too."

He held her hand, their fingers intertwined.

Subsequently, the congregation left the church.

Korbyn ushered the children back to the Fowler residence, while Waylen took Rena on a leisurely stroll.

The ginkgo leaves had transformed into a vibrant shade of yellow.

The ground was covered with a carpet of golden hues.

Waylen removed his suit jacket and draped it over Rena's shoulders.

Hand in hand, they took their time walking along the long road as if they had all the time in the world.

"Mark and Cecilia can finally find happiness," Waylen remarked.

Rena couldn't resist leaning her head against his shoulder.

Waylen wrapped his arm around her, sporting a smile. "What's your next move, Mrs. Fowler? Shall we have another child?"

"What do you take me for, a breeding machine?"

Rena responded softly, "When the children grow up, I'd like to open a coffee shop and spend my free time tending to the garden and indulging in reading."

Waylen grinned. "You don't come across as lacking ambition."

Rena rested her weight on him.

At that moment, it struck her that she had once been the president of the Exceed Group.

Even then, she was providing guidance to Albert due to a favor owed to his father.

She couldn't help but sigh with a tinge of nostalgia, "When I was twenty, I never aspired to be the woman I am today. My dream was to reside in a cozy home, raise a dog, and have my husband and children by my side."

Rena's dream in her early adult years was not to be with Waylen.

It was to be with Harold.

Waylen didn't let it dampen the mood; he simply chuckled.

Rena discerned his emotions and grinned. "Why are you still jealous? Waylen, it doesn't matter. What truly counts is that we're now together, and we've brought our children into this world."

They had Leonel, Alexis, Marcus, and Elva.

They all came from the eventual bond between Rena and Waylen.

No amount of twenty-year-olds out there could compare to their journey.

Waylen was slightly moved. He lowered his head, intending to kiss her, when a voice interrupted them.

"Rena."

In Waylen's embrace, Rena lifted her head.

Her gaze fell upon Albert.

After two years of training, Albert had undergone a significant transformation. He had not only matured but also developed an entirely new demeanor.

He was clad in a business suit, with a lightweight overcoat draped over his shoulders.

A suitcase stood at his feet.

In two hours' time, Albert would board a flight back to Heron, where he would formally assume control of the Waston Group.

It also meant that he would be parting ways with Rena.

Albert had spent two years studying alongside Rena, and he had admired her during that time. His affection for her had been an open secret, though it was also widely understood that Rena did not share those feelings.

Waves of embarrassment, frustration, and reluctance came over him.

As he prepared to leave, he wished to have a conversation with her.

"Mr. Fowler, I'd like to speak with Rena privately."

The sun slanted upon Waylen's figure through the gaps in the trees, casting him in a warmer light.

Waylen fixed his gaze upon the young man before him.

Albert was a full ten years younger than him.

He was currently in his prime years, hailing from an esteemed family and possessing striking looks.

Waylen had always felt a tinge of envy, but his jealousy didn't break him. Instead, it spiced things up between him and Rena. Initially, he couldn't quite fathom it, but he eventually realized he didn't need to feel insecure because of Rena's love for him.

After a brief pause, Waylen made a graceful gesture.

Confidence radiated from him.

Unable to contain herself, Rena uttered, "Waylen."

Waylen adjusted her coat and murmured, "Bid him farewell."

Rena deemed his behavior underhanded.

Waylen smiled, putting a considerable distance between them. He took out a cigarette and put it between his lips.

Bowing his head, he lit the stick.

As he exhaled a puff of smoke, a profound sense of contentment enveloped him.

He mused that single individuals failed to grasp the joys of having a wife and children. He supposed it was fine if Albert happened to have feelings for his wife. Waylen would simply regard it as having one more son. He would just consider it as if there was an additional Harrison in the picture.

Rena couldn't fathom Waylen's thoughts.

She directed her gaze at Albert and offered a smile. "Congratulations!"

Albert squinted at her.

The radiant sun made it difficult for him to read her expression clearly. He felt somewhat irritated and blurted out, "Rena, do these past few years mean nothing to you? I've held such strong feelings for you, yet you've never felt any attraction toward me? I'm quite handsome, you know."

Rena let out a subdued sigh.

She realized she couldn't evade the impending conversation.

She deliberated for a moment before speaking softly, "Albert, if these words came from someone else, I might have ignored them because they wouldn't concern me. However, your parents have entrusted you to my care. So, I'd like to emphasize that your fondness for me is based on



your knowledge of my marital status and the fact that I haven't reciprocated your feelings. Therefore, you should carefully weigh the pros and cons when pursuing your affection."

Albert retorted coldly, "Do you always weigh the pros and cons before taking action?"

Rena smiled.

"Yes. Even if my relationship with Waylen isn't perfect, and I happen to develop feelings for someone else, I wouldn't easily take such risks. Albert, I don't know about you. But, I've gone through a lot in life, and I've outgrown my youthful impulsiveness."

Rena had once loved someone intensely.

She hadn't concerned herself with the calculus of gains, losses, or consequences.

However, in the end, she had chosen to love Waylen.

Waylen had done the same.

As Albert prepared to depart with reddened eyes, Rena said tenderly, "One day, you'll meet the person meant for you, but that person will never be me."

Albert turned away from her.

After a considerable time, he walked away with his luggage.

The crimson maple leaves blazed before him, and the landscape ahead teemed with life.

Rena watched him in silence.

What she refrained from mentioning was that she would never develop affection for him. If she had truly fallen in love with someone else, it would have happened many years ago with Zack.

Waylen returned discreetly.


Rena lightly grasped Waylen's arm and remarked, "That's very gracious

Chapter 476 Rena, I Love You Forever
of you, Mr. Fowler."

 +120 Points at most

With a composed countenance, Waylen responded, "Likewise, Mrs. Fowler."



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