

## Chapter 271 The First Fetal Movement

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Beneath the ethereal twilight canopy, an opulent black limousine glided gracefully into the villa's foreyard. As the limousine came to a halt, Rena was ushered through the door by the chauffeur.

A discreet servant approached Rena and softly whispered, "Mr. Fowler is in the study."

Acknowledging the message with a nod, Rena proceeded leisurely into the villa, making her way upstairs to the second floor. Gently pushing open the study door...

There sat Waylen behind the desk, his striking silhouette cast in heavy shadows by the dim light. The computer before him endlessly played the video of Rena's speech on the press conference.

He had become infatuated with it, watching it repeatedly throughout the afternoon.

Beside him lay his diary, within easy reach.

When Rena entered, he looked up at her. She was still clad in her elegant white suit, exuding both capability and grace.

He extended his hand towards her.

Drawing near, Rena leaned against his chest, without uttering a word.

Waylen tenderly untied her hair and removed her high heels.

Nuzzling into her hair, he asked in a hoarse voice, "Are you tired?"

A lump formed in Rena's throat.

Gently shaking her head, she finally whispered, "Waylen, maybe you should go to that sanatorium."

Waylen's body tensed.

Kissing his neck softly, Rena murmured, "It might be better for you there. You need not force yourself to remember me and Alexis all the time. The pain won't be as unbearable."

Grief choked her words.

"Whenever you can recall us again, just call me. I'll visit you along with Alexis."

Her voice quivered with sorrow, knowing how rare it was for him to remember her.

In pain, Waylen closed his eyes.

Rena sobbed, "Before I change my mind..."

Abruptly standing up, she pushed him gently into the embrace of the chair. Then she proceeded to remove his belt...

Warning her in a hushed tone, Waylen whispered, "Rena!"

Ignoring his caution, Rena continued to kiss him passionately.

She knew what he desired.

In the past, she had hesitated but now she willingly indulged in it. She wanted him to remember the moment's pleasure; she wanted his body to bear her imprints and she yearned for that enchanting ecstasy to be etched in his mind, even if he were to forget her in the future.

Deeply in love, they surrendered to primal desire.

Waylen's fingers tightened around the chair's armrest. Lowering his head, he gazed at Rena with moist eyes and couldn't resist pulling her closer for a kiss. "That's enough, Rena... Enough..."

Her voice quivering, she cried, "Waylen, you are mine!"

Soon, Waylen resided in the luxurious sanatorium, accompanied by the diary he had penned.

The doctors had provided him with a tracker bracelet.

But Rena removed it, setting him free from those restraints.

Waylen wouldn't get lost. The worst-case scenario was that he might forget where their home was.

In occasional intervals, he would conjure up her presence, be it once a week, every ten days, or every fortnight...

During those moments, he would call her, engaging in lovers' banter, expressing his impatience to see her.

No matter how occupied Rena was, upon receiving his call, she would take Alexis along with her and rush to see him without hesitation!

It seemed as if little Alexis now also understood why her father was frequently "on a business trip."

She never shed a tear. Instead, whenever he conjured her, she would readily visit him, doing everything within her power to bring him joy.

With each visit, she would bring along enchanting fairy tale books.

Cradled in her father's arms, she relished being read to like a cherished child.

But as Waylen read the fourth book, thoughts of them seldom crossed his mind...



He struggled to recall, only recapturing those memories during the first stirrings of life in Rena's womb. The powerful thumping of the baby's heart filled him with wonder and reverence. This was the little life they had created together. Now the baby was truly moving.

Waylen became captivated by this feeling.

Nestled in Rena's embrace, he listened to the movements of their second child.

Eventually, he drifted into slumber, unaware of the world around him...

Overwhelmed by emotions, Rena couldn't help but weep over his amnesia. She knew that Waylen depended on that diary to manage and delay the symptoms.

They returned home late at night.

Anticipating their next meeting, a relieved smile graced Rena's lips.

Approaching her, the servant informed, "Mrs. Fowler, there's a package for you."

Curiously, Rena accepted the package and glanced at it nonchalantly. Yet, as she peered inside, she was taken aback.

The package was sent by Waylen.

Eagerly, she opened it and found three voice recorders, each labeled distinctly.

Hurriedly, Rena ascended the stairs to her room and played the voice recorder with her name on it. Waylen's deep and husky voice emerged after a brief rustle.

"Rena, by the time you hear this, I might no longer be by your side. Are you crying? Silly girl, don't shed tears. We are still legally bound and have two beautiful children. Our second child



is a boy and I've already chosen his name. Let's call him Marcus, Marcus Fowler. Do you like it?"

The recording momentarily paused, possibly due to Waylen's silent sobs. "Promise me, Rena, promise me that you will find me and never abandon me. Because I love you. I cannot imagine a life without you. Even my most extravagant days can't compare to the time we shared together." \*

"Rena, I love you." \*

"Rena, be brave for me once more, please." \*

Seated on the sofa, Rena caressed her belly while intently listening to his heartfelt expressions, tears streaming down her cheeks.

She sensed that Waylen had truly departed.

In that moment, the phone resting on the sofa rang. It originated from the sanatorium.

Rena picked it up with a gentle touch.

On the other end of the line was a doctor from the sanatorium, his voice tinged with pity as he informed her, "Mrs. Fowler, Mr. Fowler has discharged himself. He took his ID, bank cards, and two spare sets of clothes."

Rena's hope and strength seemed to wane instantly. With a tremor in her voice, she asked, "Is there anything else he took with him?"

After pondering for a moment, the man replied, "No. Oh, by the way, there is a diary by Mr. Fowler's pillow. Would you like me to send it to you?"

"I need it! I'll be there right away!"

After hanging up, Rena mechanically wiped her tears but they continued to flow.

She hurried downstairs and instructed the chauffeur to drive her to the sanatorium.

Korbyn, waiting downstairs, appeared somewhat anxious but his concern was primarily for her.

He looked at Rena and whispered, "He got a new lawyer's license a few days ago! I found out that he took his passport and bought a ticket to Acoiclya. He should be on the plane now."

Silently, Rena wept.

Even though she had anticipated this outcome, she couldn't help but cry.

Waylen had completely forgotten her, his memories regressing to five years ago, before they had even met.

Waylen departed, soaring toward the skies he yearned for, resuming his beloved career as a lawyer, leaving herself and Alexis behind.

If they were to meet again, would he treat them as strangers, without any affection or preference?

Closing her eyes, Rena let out a heart-wrenching sound.

Korbyn's tears also fell.

He patted Rena's shoulder, consoling her in a hushed voice, "There, there. Don't cry for too long, or he will sense your sorrow. Don't be afraid. At least he is alive and healthy now. One day, he will remember you and come back."

Rena was still trembling.

Even though she had foreseen this day, the devastation was overwhelming.

Seeking solace, Rena went to see Jarrod.

She desired to talk to him.

The place was located on a hillside, and despite her four-month pregnancy, she climbed it devoutly.

However, Jarrod refused to meet her.

A young lad then emerged and spoke on Jarrod's behalf. "My master said that he had previously told you that patience is the key."

With those words, the young man bowed slightly and departed.

Rena saw him off and slowly descending the mountain.

Later, Korbyn updated her every day on Waylen's travels to several countries within a week.

Amidst her confusion, Rena sometimes found herself lost in a daze.

Half a month later, she caught a glimpse of Waylen on the TV news.

He had won a multinational lawsuit.

Surrounded by numerous reporters outside the Supreme Court of Valmar, Waylen donned a classic black and white suit. During the interview, he held his head high, exuding vigor and charisma, a charming and noble smile playing upon his lips.

Rena replayed the video multiple times.

In that moment, she found herself smile through teary eyes.

## Chapter 272 Mrs. Fowler, We Each Take What We...

Rena watched the news of Waylen's interview countless times, feeling a mix of emotions.

Alexis was beside her, seemingly absorbed in her thoughts.

The man on the screen was her dad. She thought that he looked so good when he smiled.

"Mom, is dad coming back?" Alexis asked softly, seeking reassurance as she buried herself in her mother's arms.

"Yes, sweetheart," Rena replied, stroking Alexis' head gently.

"But dad is not feeling well right now. Let's give him some time, okay?"

Alexis actually could sense something was wrong.

Despite not being explicitly told, she knew that her father had been unwell, and his absences had become more frequent. When Waylen sometimes read her story books, the little girl noticed how his expression suddenly went blank in the middle of reading.

It turned out that it was all because he was sick.

Running back to her room, Alexis fetched a plastic stethoscope from her toy basket.

"I'll treat him," she said softly, her determination evident.

Moved by her daughter's innocent gesture, Rena hugged Alexis



tightly.

Tears welled up in her eyes, for Alexis was the most precious gift Waylen had ever given her.

As autumn settled in, the once-lush phoenix trees began to shed their leaves, while the maple trees adorned the landscape with fiery red hues, painting the skies like burning clouds.

The airport was abuzz with people.

There were also countless reporters waiting at the entrance.

All of them were eagerly waiting for Waylen's return.

Waylen was pretty well-known in the legal circle who suddenly quit years ago. It was only natural for the reporters to be eager to get a shot of his return.

Rena stood among the crowd.

She was accompanied by Ross Carson, a seasoned driver of the Fowler family.

As time passed, her hands grew sweaty with anticipation and nerves.

Waylen... She wondered how it would feel when she saw Waylen again, and if he would remember her.

Suddenly, the reporters rushed in one certain direction, their cameras flashing continuously.

Waylen had appeared, flanked by bodyguards.

Calm and collected, he answered a few questions before leaving the airport.

The bodyguards kept the reporters at bay, but Rena's heart raced as Waylen walked past her without any sign of recognition.

Rena's heart finally sank, her hands and feet turning cold, and

her strength seemed to abandon her.

The realization hit her hard - Waylen truly didn't remember her.

But just as she was about to accept the cruel reality, Waylen suddenly stopped in his tracks and looked directly at Rena.

His eyes were cold and unfamiliar, leaving her heart in turmoil.

"Waylen!" she couldn't help but call out to him.

He pressed his thin lips tightly, and in a composed tone, he said, "Let's get in the car first."

Stunned by the unexpected turn of events, Rena stood frozen.

But Ross, the experienced driver of the Fowler family, came to her rescue, happily pushing her towards the parking lot.

"Mr. Fowler wants to have a talk with you," Ross informed Rena, helping her along.

Waylen was already in the car, the back window of the black limo rolled down. He took off his coat, revealing a well-cut white shirt that accentuated his good figure.

At this moment, he appeared lost in thought.

He was leaning on his elbow with a document on his knees—the record of the memories he had lost in the past five years.

His marriage with Rena, the existence of their child, Alexis, and the multiple times they had broken up and then reconciled. The document also covered the tragic death of Elvira.

It wasn't difficult to find all these details.

However, to Waylen, who had lost his memory for five years, Rena was now a mere stranger. He couldn't fathom how he could have loved a woman so deeply.

Five years ago, he had been adamant about not getting married.

Rena got in the car silently, her gaze fixed on the document resting on his legs.

She couldn't help but wonder if he had taken the time to read it and what emotions it stirred within him. However, she wasn't optimistic, as she saw no warmth in his eyes when he looked at her.

Waylen glanced at Rena, his eyes lingering on her, taking in every detail.

He noticed her gentle beauty. She had a nice figure and her limbs looked thin despite being pregnant.

He couldn't help but fixate on her swollen belly.

It was undeniable evidence of their shared history. Yet, despite the connection, he felt disconnected from it all.

With a calm demeanor, he instructed the driver, "Go to the apartment."

Rena tried to muster the strength to speak up, but Waylen's unyielding presence left her powerless. She sat quietly beside him, grappling with the pain of lost love.

They were not close, but she could still feel his body temperature, reminding her of the intimacy they once shared.

Her eyes welled with tears as she looked out the window, their shared memories haunting her every thought.

An hour later, the car stopped at the entrance of the apartment building, and the driver placed Waylen's luggage on the ground before leaving.

Waylen led the way into the elevator with Rena following closely behind.

His cold demeanor was a stark contrast to the warmth she longed for, but Rena tried to convince herself that this was

Because he didn't remember her now.

Once inside the apartment, Rena couldn't help but tremble with uncertainty.

As she took in the familiar black and white decor, she asked in a quivering voice, "Have you been here before?"

Waylen's taste was evident, but the apartment felt cold, like an empty show home.

He put down his luggage and motioned for Rena to sit down.

He offered Rena a glass of water and poured himself a glass of wine, observing its beauty inside the glass before subtly tasting it.

Rena knew he was thinking about what to do with her.

He pondered the situation, considering how to handle her unexpected presence in his life.

After a sip of wine, Waylen said thoughtfully, "About the past five years... Although I have investigated, I still want to hear your version."

Rena met his gaze, his captivating eyes pulling her in.

They were clear and attractive. Different from the present Waylen, he was always gentle to her.

She blushed slightly, feeling both vulnerable and intrigued.

Waylen instantly noticed her reaction.

He approached her, gently caressing her delicate face, as if to rekindle a connection from the past. "Tell me," he muttered in a low and hoarse voice.

Rena wasn't able to resist.



With a steady voice, Rena recounted their shared history over the past five years.

Waylen couldn't help but smile at the heartfelt account. "It's so touching, Miss Gordon," he remarked sarcastically, "It's a pity you don't run a pyramid scheme."

Rena was taken aback by the unexpected response, but Waylen continued, running his fingers along her face, teasingly saying, "You love me very much, don't you?"

Before Rena could react, Waylen had pressed her down on the sofa.

She found herself in an awkward position, but her gaze remained fixed on him with longing.

She couldn't help reaching out to touch his handsome face, from his eyebrows to his nose, cherishing the memory of the man she loved. Her voice choked with emotion, she confessed, "Yes... I love you very much."

Waylen stopped her hand from caressing his face.

In an unexpected turn, he flipped opened her loose dress, exposing her bulging belly.

It was soft and tender.

Rena's body tensed as Waylen's slender finger gently grazed her stomach.

She hadn't been intimate in a long time.

Feeling the touch of the man she loved, it was impossible for her not to feel anything.

Her body reacted involuntarily.

"Do you want to do it?" he whispered in her ear, his voice husky.

"I've heard that women at this stage of pregnancy have strong desires."

Embarrassment mixed with anger surged within Rena.

She was not afraid of him growing distant; she was afraid of him becoming cold-hearted and cruel.

Waylen released her, adjusting his shirt casually. "Miss Gordon, do you want a husband or a man who can satisfy your needs? Think it through, and then we can have a proper conversation."

Rena's eyebrows twitched with frustration, but she gathered her dress with trembling hands.

Her voice was soft as she asked, "Do you want to divorce me?"

Waylen observed the blue veins on her forehead.

He found them oddly captivating.

He couldn't resist gently touching them, but he responded ruthlessly, "No, I won't. After all, we still have two children to raise."

Waylen looked at Rena, finding her undeniably beautiful even in her pregnant state.

But living with a woman was not something he was interested in.

He went into the study and returned with a document in his hand.

Then, he gently handed her the document.

Sitting across from her, he looked composed and formal.

"Miss Gordon, I'm willing to raise our two children together," he said with an air of detachment. "But you need to sign this separation agreement. Once you do, I'll provide you with the corresponding alimony and visit the children once a week."

Rena felt a sense of humiliation wash over her.

She couldn't help but think that this was no different from divorce.

She considered pleading with him to reconsider, but she knew it would only push him further away

In fact, she should be glad.

Inwardly, she acknowledged that at least he was acknowledging their children's existence, but her heart remained heavy.

The man she loved was sitting before her, and yet she couldn't even embrace him, fearing his aversion. She couldn't figure out what he was thinking about her and Elvira.

But she could never compete with a dead person.

Rena read through the separation agreement he had drawn up.

It outlined the custody of the children and a monthly alimony of two million dollars. He would visit once a week, but otherwise, they would not see each other. Of course, if there was an important activity that needed them to attend together, the other party had to unconditionally cooperate. The agreement also emphasized the need for marital loyalty.

Waylen stood up and suggested, "Take your time to think about it."

He had something else to do in the law office, so he went into the cloakroom of the main bedroom and was about to change his clothes.

No sooner had he taken off his shirt than she followed him in.

Rena followed him, her heart urging her not to accept the separation. She stepped closer to him and said firmly, "Waylen, I don't want to live apart from you."

Frowning slightly, Waylen looked at her.

He put his hand on the belt and saw her still standing there.

Her face was red and her nose was red, as if she had cried.

She looked like she was easy to be picked on.

"Do you want to watch me change my clothes that much?" he questioned with a hoarse voice. "Mrs. Fowler, I haven't had sex in a long time. If you want, let's do it now."

Rena refused.

She knew that he was merely using her as an object of desire, devoid of any emotional connection.

However, Waylen proceeded to kiss her, his movements lacking in experience.

Instinctively, he pressed her against the cabinet door, forcing her to kiss him.

Rena's reflection in the mirror showed tears streaming down her face.

Waylen let go of her with a cold smile. "What a disappointment," he remarked, holding her chin and touching the tip of her trembling tongue with his fingers.


His voice was low as he stated, "Don't expect too much. Isn't it better for both of us if we each take what we need?"

Though he resisted the idea of marriage, the fact that he was still legally bound to Rena could not be ignored.

He was a lawyer, after all, and his reputation mattered.

Divorcing her would expose him to ridicule, so maintaining the appearance of a marriage was essential. If she was willing to, they could even solve each other's physiological needs every





Chapter 272 Mrs. Fowler, We Each Take What W  +120 Points at most  
once in a while.

According to the separation agreement, he would spend the night at her place once a week. Accompanying the children was the second reason. The main reason was he also had physiological needs.

Rena's willingness to sign the agreement would be a wise decision in his eyes.

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