

Chapter 353 The White Roses

After contemplating on it for a while, Waylen decided not to attend.

He dialed Rena's number, and after a few rings, the call connected. "Waylen?"

Waylen smiled faintly. He liked hearing her call him by his name.

"I won't be attending your celebration party. I'll go back home and watch over the kids. I'll pick you up after the party."

Rena instantly understood what was on his mind.

Unwilling to risk further entanglement with ladies from the entertainment circle, he avoided crossing paths with them.

So Rena didn't force him.

She nodded and said softly, "Okay. You should stay at home and rest. The chauffeur can drive me home."

But Waylen insisted on picking her up himself.

"Well..." Rena smiled.

After exchanging a few more words, she hung up the phone and turned around. Wendy had brought in several new actors, all of which were young and good-looking. They were perfect for the supporting roles in the play Rena had invested in.

And they all had manners, too. The young actors respectfully greeted her in unison.

Because of tonight's celebration banquet, Rena had donned a royal purple dress.

Emerald jewelry adorned her neck.

Her lustrous brown hair cascaded over her waist, making her look like a regal queen.

Standing by the French window, Rena was busy on her phone, nodded casually in response to their greeting. Despite her indifferent actions, she was captivating.

The young actors couldn't help but marvel at her beauty.

After a while, Rena finally raised her head to look at them.

She was slightly stunned when she saw that one of them had a striking resemblance to Harold.

Rena narrowed her eyes at him— the young actor whose face showed innocence mixed with inexperience.

Meeting her mournful gaze, the young man didn't know what to do. "Mrs. Fowler." He greeted again awkwardly. Even the others could tell that the way she looked at the young actor was strange.

Rena came to her senses.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she whispered, "You look like someone I used to know."

Wendy leaned over and whispered, "He's one of the supporting actors in the play. His name's Harrison Moore."

His surname was also Moore?

Clearing his throat, Harrison summoned up the courage to ask, "Do I look like your old friend, Mrs. Fowler?"

Rena smiled sadly. "Yes. You're luckier than him, though."

Harrison was young and energetic, while Harold was buried underground. Harold was only thirty-four years old when he died, and he wasn't even able to produce an heir for the Moore family.

After saying that, Rena stood up and walked out of the room.

The others in the room envied Harrison for having grabbed Mrs. Fowler's attention.

They kept inquiring about Rena's "old friend", so Wendy put an end to their discussion with a grave warning. "The 'old friend' was Mrs. Fowler's first love. He's dead now. Don't mention him again in front of her."

Mrs. Fowler's first love?

Looking at the closed door, Harrison pursed his lips slightly.

Rena's celebration party was grand.

Ruth had officially signed with Rena's company. Aline was so angry that she called and scolded Ruth severely, threatening to make her unable to work in the entertainment circle anymore.

But in Duefron, everyone knew that Rena held more power than Aline.

Ruth had already thanked Rena personally for giving her the opportunity.

But she also wanted to show her gratitude onstage. While giving her speech, she made sure to praise Rena for her kindness and generosity.

Rena remained poker-faced in the front row. She emanated a languid satisfaction that only the rich and powerful possessed, which added to her allure.

Harrison had a crush on Rena. It was infatuation at first sight.

When the party ended, Rena wanted to go home, and Wendy went to arrange a car for her.

Rena walked through the lobby of the hotel alone.

A chilly gust of wind swept through the night, making its way inside the hotel.

A young man's voice came from behind Rena. "Mrs. Fowler?"

Rena stopped and turned around.

Harrison stood a few feet away from her, staring at her quietly. Despite being a budding actor, he could not hide his love for Rena. It was written all over his handsome face.

He took a step towards her, and then another...

Rena didn't move.

With a white rose in his hand, Harrison coughed nervously. "Mrs. Fowler, I think this flower would look good with your dress."

The white rose represented innocence and purity.

Rena accepted his gift.

Eyeing the young man, Rena nodded and said softly, "Thank you. It's really beautiful. My husband places one white rose next to my pillow every morning."

Her outright refusal made the young man blush.

With tenderness, Rena smiled at him with understanding.

"You're still young. You don't need to apologize or feel ashamed."

Because it wasn't wrong to fall in love with someone.

As long as he didn't make mistakes or cross the line, there was nothing wrong.

With the chilly night wind blowing outside, a man's coat was suddenly draped over Rena's shoulders.

Startled, she raised her head and met Waylen's burning gaze.

Waylen scolded her in a low voice, "It's cold outside. Why didn't you put on your coat?"

Rena smiled at him gently.

Witnessing their sweet interaction, Harrison felt even more uneasy.

Waylen turned his head to glance at the young actor. As a well-seasoned, mature man, Waylen knew at a glance what this guy's intentions were. And he could also see that naive as Harrison was, he still looked at his wife with longing.

Waylen nodded at him coldly and then led Rena away.

When he got into the car, he took a glance at the pure white rose in her hand.

"It was taken from the flower arrangements, wasn't it?"

Rena sat in the car and looked up at him. "His name's Harrison. According to his file, he's only twenty-four years old."

Waylen snorted.

He got out of the car, made his way to the trunk, opened it, and came back with a whole bunch of roses.

Coincidentally, they were also white roses.

Rena blinked in surprise. Was this a present for her?

Chapter 354 Didn't You Feel Good

Observing the bouquet of white roses in surprise, Rena looked happy.

She had a bright smile plastered on her beautiful face that Waylen seemed to enjoy admiring as he stood outside the car.

"Do you like them?" he asked, voice somewhat hoarse.

With her face almost buried in the roses, Rena replied in a rarely sweet voice, "Yes."

There was no woman who would not yearn for flowers sent by her beloved.

With a faint smile creeping on his lips, Waylen closed the door and got in the car gracefully. The sleek black sports car drove away, its body glistening like a shooting star illuminated by the city's street lamps.

Harrison was watching them at the hotel entrance, standing quietly as he got lost in his own thoughts for quite a while already.

Meanwhile, inside the car, Waylen played some soothing music.

Rena, with a glass of champagne in hand, felt relaxed. She leaned against the soft backseat, the effects of the alcohol starting to make her a bit tipsy.

As they approached a red light at the intersection ahead, Waylen halted the car and turned his head to ask, "Shall we go home or to the apartment?"

Rena's mind was slightly clearer now due to his question.

With her face nestled in a bouquet of roses, she murmured, "Anywhere is okay? If it's possible, I'd like to go to the hotel."

Her words filled the car with an alluring aura.

Waylen gazed at her.

With a soft sound, he swiftly unfastened his seatbelt and leaned over towards Rena. She looked up, about to ask something, but before she could, his lips pressed against hers, igniting a passionate kiss.

After what felt like an eternity, he finally pulled away from the intoxicating kiss.

In a husky voice, Waylen asked, "Rena, do you realize what you're saying?"

With one hand clutching the bouquet of flowers, Rena was torn between pushing him away and drawing him closer.

She gestured as if to push him away, but the look in her eyes told him that she wanted him to get closer.

Just then, a loud horn blared from behind, jolting them back to reality.

Waylen quickly buckled up his seatbelt again and, with his Adam's apple bobbing nervously, he said, "Then let's go to the hotel."

Perhaps it had been a while since Rena had made such provocative advances towards him, and a thrilling sense of excitement washed over his mind. He drove them to the nearest five-star hotel and wasted no time checking into the presidential suite.

The moment they stepped inside, he pressed Rena against the door and kissed her passionately.

He had restrained his desire for so long, so his actions were more rough than ever before.

Once was not enough.

With Rena in his arms, Waylen carried her into the main bedroom and gently laid her at the end of the bed. The elegant purple couture dress she wore soon cascaded to the carpet, and the petals of the white roses he had given her adorned the scene like a romantic painting.

The bedroom was drenched in the aftermath of their passionate encounter.

The clock had ticked past midnight, signifying the hours they had spent entwined in each other's embrace.

Cradling Rena close to him, Waylen kissed her with a sense of fulfillment, both physically and emotionally.

"What happened to you tonight?" he whispered softly into her ear.

Rena's skin was glowing with sweat, and she leaned gently against his shoulder as she replied, "Partly because of the cup of champagne."

Waylen couldn't resist kissing her again, the lingering desire still evident in their heated gazes.

In truth, they both knew they had forgotten to use protection tonight.

However, neither of them wanted to remedy it with other measures.

The early winter chill made Rena long to remain in the warmth of his embrace for eternity, and Waylen shared the same sentiment.

After a tender moment, Rena finally spoke, her voice soft. "We

need to get up. It's time to go home."

Waylen playfully pouted, pretending to be dissatisfied. "This is the only disadvantage of having children. It would be wonderful if we could sleep together for the whole night and not get up until tomorrow morning. We don't have to go home in the middle of the night."

As he spoke, he still helped Rena put on her clothes and his shirt, and wrapped her in his coat.

He wore a grey sweater, and luckily it didn't look odd.

Leaving the room, they went down to the lobby on the first floor to check out. It was already past one o'clock in the early morning, and the receptionist recognized them, so there were no unnecessary questions. She checked them out with a smile. "Come again to our hotel next time, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler."

Rena felt a little embarrassed, but Waylen took it all in stride.

When he received the invoice, he casually asked, "Can I apply for a membership card? Is there a discount for members next time?"

The receptionist quickly processed the request and handed him the card.

Rena couldn't help but correct him, "There won't be a next time!"

Waylen put the membership card into his pocket and smoothed his sweater. Then, looking at Rena, he asked, "Didn't you feel good just now? I felt so good!"

Blushing, Rena didn't want to continue the topic with him anymore.

Waylen started the car slowly.

As Rena was about to rest her eyes, she caught sight of a woman sitting in a red sports car not far away, staring expressionlessly

at them.

The woman had long black hair and a thin face, resembling Aline.

It sent chills down Rena's spine. She quickly straightened up and tried to see clearly, but the red sports car turned and drove away in another direction.

Waylen sensed her unease and asked softly, "What's wrong?"

Haunted by shock, Rena leaned back in her seat and said, "I thought I saw Aline. Waylen, why is she here in the middle of the night? Is she following us on purpose?"

Frowning, he gently patted her hand and reassured her. "I'll have someone check the surveillance video tomorrow!"

Rena nodded in agreement, but it was difficult to calm down. She still felt uneasy when they arrived home. Waylen made her a cup of hot milk, and after drinking it, she felt somewhat better.

In the dim light, Rena leaned against the head of the bed, looking a little weak.

Waylen gently caressed her head and comforted her in a low voice. "I'm calling to have someone check the surveillance video now. Take it easy, okay?"

He urged her to rest and went to the study by himself.

In about half an hour, Waylen obtained the surveillance video of the hotel's parking lot through his connections. After carefully examining it multiple times, he found that the woman in the red sports car was not Aline.

Waylen examined the video of that period several times.

Satisfied, he expressed his gratitude to Mr. Winston and promised to treat him to dinner next time.

The man politely responded in return.

Back in the bedroom, Waylen found Rena was still awake. He touched her head and said, "I've checked it. It was not Aline! Their style of clothing was only somewhat similar."

Rena pressed her face against his palm and smiled, realizing that she might have been too nervous.

She fell asleep later that night, but her slumber was interrupted by a nightmare about Harold.

In her dream, the road was shrouded in gloomy light, and Harold's car was crushed by a truck. Rena saw him trapped in the wreckage, bloodied and holding an emerald necklace tightly in his hand.

It emitted a faint green light in the darkness.

Approaching him slowly, Rena was dressed in white silk pajamas that contrasted sharply with the blood on Harold's body.

He looked up at her quietly, reaching out his hand, and called, "Rena!"

Squatting down, Rena touched his still-warm body as her fingers trembled.

"I'll call an ambulance for you!"

She heard her flustered voice.

But Harold, brimming with sorrow, told her, "It's too late, Rena! It's too late."

Rena desperately grabbed his hand, torn between hating him and not wanting him to die.

She tried to drag him out of the car, but her efforts were in vain. Tearfully, she said, "Harold, hold on. I'll take you away from here..."

However, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't move him.

Aware of that, she cried bitterly.

Harold moved his fingers slightly, and a blood-stained necklace fell into Rena's palm.

Gazing at her, he said in a low voice, "Rena, here you are. I'm leaving."

As he finished speaking, his body became transparent.

Transforming into scarlet snowflakes, his translucent figure floated in the sky, descending and fading away silently.

Rena tried to capture him, but he was gone.

Harold disappeared.

Apart from the necklace, Harold left Rena with his last smile and three words: "I love you."

"Harold! Harold! Harold!"

Startled, Rena woke up from her nightmare, she was sweating and her heart was pounding.

She kept calling out a name, her voice filled with fear and sadness.

In the dim light of the bedroom, Rena found herself wrapped in a warm and comforting embrace.

"Rena, you had a nightmare!" Waylen's voice was gentle and calm. He carefully held her in his arms, patting her back like he was soothing a baby.

Rena looked up at him, her eyes glistening with tears, and her lips trembling.

The details of her dream were vivid in her mind.

"Waylen! I had a dream about Harold,"

she said, panic evident in her voice as she clung to his pajamas.

Waylen held her tightly, trying to comfort her. "It's just a dream, Rena. It's just a dream."

Despite his reassurance, Rena couldn't stop crying.

She felt scared and vulnerable.

Nestling closer to Waylen's chest, she continued, "Harold was in a car, covered in blood. I tried to reach out to him, but he disappeared."

She wrapped her arms around his neck, her voice soft and broken. "He gave me a necklace in the dream."

Guilt washed over Rena.

She wondered if things would have turned out differently if she had accepted the necklace from Harold. Would he still be alive?

They had broken up without regrets, but she never imagined his tragic fate.

Rena poured her heart out to Waylen, sharing her feelings and thoughts.

Waylen held her close and showered her with kisses, trying to provide solace.

As a man, it was hard for him to remain composed when his wife dreamt about her deceased first love. He understood how much Harold's death haunted her, leading her to mistake a stranger for Aline and often waking up in distress.

Waylen caressed her back and softly suggested, "I'll take you to visit a soothsayer tomorrow."

Resting her head on his shoulder, Rena remained silent for a

moment, soaking in his warmth and comfort.

Despite clinging to him, she could not fall asleep again.

Outside, the rain started to fall, just like the day Harold died—drizzling and gloomy.

But inside Waylen's embrace, Rena felt safe and loved.

Waylen was awake too, his thoughts consumed by complex emotions. He gently caressed her hair and probed, "I want to know your past with him. Tell me."

Rena hesitated for a moment before replying, "You won't want to know."

Which man could be so generous?

Determined to understand her fully, Waylen kissed the tip of her nose and insisted, "I want to know."

With her head nestled on his arm, Rena began to recount her past, revealing the memories she had shared with Harold. Waylen listened attentively, showing patience and empathy.

He could sense the depth of Harold's love for her and the complexity of their relationship.

Waylen knew that Harold and Rena had missed out on something special. He held her even closer, cherishing their love and the beautiful memories they were creating together.

Eventually, Rena fell asleep, finding solace in her husband's arms.

Perhaps this time, her dreams would be filled with the innocent and nostalgic moments of her college days with Harold—of phoenix trees, parallel bicycles, and the library—representing the sweet reminiscences of first love.

Enveloped in a mix of emotions, Waylen couldn't deny feeling

jealous.

He knew that Harold's death had left a lasting impact on Rena's memory.

Her acceptance of the flower from Harrison spoke of deeper feelings she held for her deceased first love.

Waylen got up quietly. He didn't leave the bedroom because he was afraid that Rena would wake up with fear. Quietly standing by the French window, he gazed out at the rainy night, lost in thought about their relationship.

Recently, their bond had improved, yet he couldn't help but feel some regrets lingering.

Just like his relationships with Elvira and Mavis, Rena could only digest it by herself.

He knew Rena was processing her feelings about Harold, and he respected her need to do so in her own way. Like Elvira and Harold, Rena needed to accept the past as part of her life experience to move forward.

He hadn't thought of Elvira for a long time, but Rena might not forget Harold for an extended period.

Waylen was unable to engage in the argument of it.

With his thoughts swirling, Waylen stood for much of the night until the gray, misty dawn approached.

Despite feeling cold which caused Rena beside him to draw back instinctively, he still held her tightly.

She frowned and grumbled, "Your body is too cold!"

"It will be warm soon. Rena, let me warm you up every day in the future, okay?" He patted her on the back to lull her to sleep.

Rena didn't wake up completely and soon fell asleep again.

When she woke up in the morning, Waylen had already taken Alexis to school and took away Marcus.

Rena spent some time contemplating the nightmare she had, and eventually, she opened the safe to find the necklace Harold had given her.

As she put it in her palm, Rena felt as if the warmth of Harold was still lingering in it.

At this moment, a servant's voice resonated from outside. "Excuse me, Mrs. Fowler, have you got up now? Mr. Fowler told me that he would come back this afternoon to pick you up and go to meet Jarrod Green."

Rena blinked in surprise.

Realizing that he was serious about going there, she was touched. She had initially thought that he only said that to her to comfort her.

A soft sigh escaped her lips as she smiled.

After staring at the necklace in silence for a while, she finally decided to place it back inside the safe.

While lost in her thoughts, her phone suddenly rang.

She received a call from Miss Holt with exciting news about her movie's success.

Exceedingly excited, Miss Holt told her that although the movie was only half shot, it had been listed in a big prize and was very promising in the industry.

Rena couldn't help but feel uplifted by the positive news, so they ended up chatting for a while.

At noon, Waylen returned home with Marcus. Marcus liked his father very much. He demanded his father to pick him up. Rena said, "We don't need to take Marcus there this afternoon. It's

difficult for him to climb up the mountain."

Waylen kissed his son and insisted, "I want to take him with us and introduce him to Jarrod."

Rena finally nodded in agreement.

Later in the afternoon, the family arrived at Jarrod's place.

Coincidentally, Jarrod was there when the door creaked open.

The wise man greeted them and looked at them with his sagacious eyes.

Waylen didn't believe in god in the past, but he still respected it.

After saying a few words to Jarrod, Waylen showed Marcus to him.

Jarrood said with a smile, "I don't think you are here for yourself or for your child."

Waylen bent down with affirmation.

Jarrood observed Rena carefully and said softly, "You should have an emerald necklace with you. Why didn't you bring it with you when you went out? It took a benefactor named Moore three days to pray for you. During the three days, he had been carrying the emerald necklace with him. We emphasize the word 'sincerity'. I think the emerald necklace will definitely help you turn calamities into blessings."

Rena was taken aback, realizing she had left the emerald necklace at home.