

Chapter 355 He Was A Little Jealous Tonight

Rena stood there, utterly astonished.

With a gentle smile, Jarrod remarked, "Everything in the world is but a fleeting illusion, full of unpredictability. No one can truly fathom what tomorrow holds. So, why not embrace the present moment to the fullest?"

Recognizing Jarrod's profound psychic abilities, Rena wholeheartedly concurred.

Intrigued by Marcus, Jarrod affectionately caressed his head.

This child was unlike his parents, destined for a lifetime of blessings.

On their way back, Waylen stole a glance at his wife through the rearview mirror.

Seated on a child's chair, Marcus attentively looked at the picture book Rena showed him. The little boy seemed to grasp some deeper meaning and his laughter revealed a row of pearly white teeth, making him utterly adorable.

At the next intersection, Waylen checked the time and realized it was time to pick up Alexis.

"Shall we dine at the restaurant after picking up Alexis?"

The couple had been getting along splendidly lately. Not wanting to disappoint Waylen, Rena replied, her voice soft and tender, "Okay. Let's bring Leonel along as well. I heard from Alexis that his family has been going through tough times lately, which isn't conducive to Leonel's growth."

Rena's compassionate words struck a chord.

Observing Rena through the rearview mirror, Waylen faintly smiled and suggested, "If you truly care for Leonel, why don't we invite him to live with us? This way, Alexis will also have a companion."

Rena was taken aback by the unexpected proposal.

Steering the wheel slightly, Waylen continued, "I believe you genuinely care for him."

Remaining uncertain, Rena refrained from answering. The decision not only rested with Leonel but also depended on his mother. They couldn't simply take someone else's son away.

To their surprise, upon arriving at the kindergarten, Leonel was holding the hand of a woman in her early 30s, said to be his aunt.

The bond between the Fowler family and the Douglas family was indeed unique.

Waylen and Rena got out of the car and inquired about the situation.

Tears welled up in the corner of Leonel's aunt's eyes as she quietly revealed. "Leonel's mother couldn't bear the hardships and ended her life. Her body is currently at the funeral home. Mr. Fowler, I appreciate your care for Leonel over the past two years. In the future, I'll take him to live in Eypolis. It may be a small place but it's a good one."

She asked Leonel to bid farewell.

Grieving the loss of his mother, Leonel appeared somewhat absent-minded. "Goodbye, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler."

Alexis was reluctant to part with Leonel.

Clasping Leonel's hand, she looked up at her father.

Rena too gazed silently at Waylen.

Squatting down, Waylen gently touched Leonel's head and said, "Rena mentioned taking you home. Would you like to live with us? Alexis and Marcus are at home and we may even welcome another child in the future, making it a lively and loving environment."

Leonel's aunt was taken aback, never expecting Waylen and Rena to willingly adopt Leonel.

Though reluctant to part with Leonel, she knew that her limited means could only provide for his basic needs. However, the Fowler family could offer him the finest education and a prosperous future.

Remaining silent, she allowed Leonel to make his own decision.

Leonel gazed at Waylen and then at Rena. After a long pause, he asked in a hushed tone, "Will you two get a divorce?"

In a comforting gesture, Waylen gently stroked Leonel's head.

With a tender smile, he replied, "If Rena ever gets upset, I promise to sleep on the sofa with you and Marcus. So, let's do our best not to upset her, alright?"

Overwhelmed with emotion, Leonel managed to nod in agreement.

Even his aunt couldn't hold back her tears, repeating, "Mr. Fowler, you truly are a wonderful person."

Waylen's smile was modest. He wasn't exceptional, and he cherished Leonel just because both Rena and Alexis loved him.

With this strong connection, Waylen assisted in the matter.

Following this, Leonel inherited more than 100 million dollars. After Waylen established a trust fund for him, they took the young boy back to their home.

Leonel's father dared not utter a word.

In their villa, Leonel's room was being prepared.

Alexis took Leonel to her bedroom, cradling him like a cherished doll and they slept beside one another for several days.

Once Leonel grew accustomed to the new environment, the family went out for dinner.

Now, their home was filled with three children.

Waylen pondered that there might be another child in their future, so he opted for a very spacious car, providing ample room for all the children.

While Rena suggested dining at a nearby restaurant.

Waylen wasn't entirely convinced. He deftly turned the steering wheel and suggested, "How about we go to the French restaurant you used to love? It's been quite some time since we visited."

Rena knew precisely what was on Waylen's mind.

He simply wished to see her play the piano.

Whispering softly, Rena proposed. "Wouldn't it be more special if we go there alone for a date later?"

Waylen teased, "It seems I'll have to wait until next year's Valentine's Day for that date."

Then, lowering his voice to match hers, he added, "I simply can't wait any longer."

Finally, they arrived at the French restaurant.

The place was bustling with patrons on the weekend.

Alexis held Leonel's hand while Waylen carried Marcus in his

arms.

With nothing particular to do, Rena called a waiter to show them to their seats and placed the food order. As she looked up, she caught sight of Waylen taking off his overcoat. His handsome features and impeccable style were accentuated by a light gray casual sweater, making him look youthful and dashing.

Leaning in, Waylen whispered, "We might have to go on dates with a few children in tow from time to time. You better get used to it."

Rena turned her gaze toward Waylen and a sudden wave of sympathy washed over her.

He had lost memories of five years and he had gone from being an eligible bachelor to a loving father of three children.

Rena knew it would be best not to get pregnant again, considering their current situation.

Despite being a mother of two, Rena retained her youthful and radiant appearance.

As she sat at the piano, her profile looked delicate and her elegant long dress made her seem no older than 26.

Melodiously playing three songs, she was about to return to her seat when something caught her eye.

There, she saw someone familiar—Harrison.

Seated alone in the finest spot, Harrison had ordered the most expensive red wine and a white rose adorned his table, a special request he must have made.

Under the warm glow of the restaurant lights, Harrison's profile strikingly resembled that of Harold.

He appeared to be a youthful version of Harold.

With a pause, Rena smiled at Harrison and asked, "Don't you have any friends to dine with?"

Harrison stood up and invited Rena to join him.

Curious to converse, Rena accepted and requested a glass of water from the waiter.

Gently, Harrison said, "I heard about you from an elder a long time ago."

Surprised, Rena was about to inquire further when she connected the dots.

Harrison Moore, Harold Moore... The elder Harrison mentioned was none other than Harold.

Rena didn't know what to say.

She hadn't anticipated that Harrison had a blood relation to Harold. The shared surname, Moore, and the striking resemblance now made perfect sense...

Rena felt a mix of emotions, somewhat saddened by the revelation.

Harrison gazed at her intently, silently reflecting on his uncle's stories of the past. He had come to see Rena play the piano out of curiosity. From the first moment he saw her, he understood why Harold could never forget her...

Harrison had returned to the restaurant many times after that, yet Rena remained oblivious to his presence.

Eventually, he had entered the entertainment industry and ended up acting in a play invested by Rena.

At the tender age of 24, Harrison couldn't express his admiration for Rena.

After a while, Rena returned to her seat with a pensive

expression.

Waylen noticed and pushed a dessert toward her, saying gently, "What did you talk about? It seems you had quite an affinity with him."

Rena savored the dessert slowly before responding, "Harrison is Harold's nephew."

Waylen was taken aback by this revelation.

As a man, he couldn't help but recognize Harrison's special feelings for Rena. Considering Harrison's age and identity, Waylen attempted to be understanding and magnanimous...

Waylen reasoned that Harrison was just 24 years old so it was not a big deal.

Yet, beneath it all, jealousy still lingered.

Upon leaving the restaurant, Rena and Waylen noticed that Harrison followed them out.

Harrison graciously opened the car door for Rena and softly bid her farewell. "Good night, Mrs. Fowler."

Despite being in her early 30s, Rena felt a sense of maturity when she looked at Harrison. With a warm smile, she replied, "Good night."

These two words stung Waylen and, though he was upset, he couldn't express it in front of the children. He had to contain his frustration and endure it.

Upon returning to their villa, Waylen took charge of lulling the children to sleep before heading back to the bedroom. Rena had just finished her shower and was diligently applying skin care products.

Gently closing the door, Waylen embraced Rena from behind and gently laid her on the bed. She tried to turn around to face him,

but he held her in place, urging her to stay as she was.

Rena suppressed her emotions, biting her lip in the process.

She might not have been as passionate as before but a flicker of desire still lingered within her.

After a while, Waylen finally caressed her face and tenderly kissed away the tears.

Rena reciprocated by gently stroking his handsome face.

Over time, his features had matured, becoming all the more charming and attractive.

When Rena praised Waylen's allure, he grew more passionate in his lovemaking.

He playfully nibbled her ear, whispering, "Who's the more attractive one? From your 20s to now, well into your 40s, you exude endless charm."

Rena was a mix of anger and amusement.

She closed her eyes, surrendering herself to the pleasure. After a while, she softly spoke. "Why are you bothered by Harrison? He's not from my generation. Why does it matter to you?"

"He's only seven years younger than you. Many couples have significant age differences and still lead blissful lives."

Rena wrapped her arms around Waylen's neck and whispered, "You're only concerned about his looks. Once this play is over, I won't have any further connection with him... Waylen, I'm not you. I don't hold such attachments."

Waylen held Rena in silence for a while, urging her to open her eyes.

Rena initially resisted but Waylen had his way. Eventually, she gave in and slowly opened her eyes, filled with teardrops that

added an indescribable allure.

Waylen held her close and kissed her tenderly.

His voice was as intoxicating as the night itself. "Rena, those things are insignificant to me. The true meaning of my future lies with you and our children... Let's not argue over irrelevant people, okay?"

Waylen had to come to terms with Rena's level of passion, and he believed that she could feel his surrender in the moment.

Looking up at him, Rena spoke softly. "Are you jealous tonight?"

"Yes. Very. I'm incredibly... jealous."

Each time Waylen spoke, he kissed Rena on the lips and their deep and passionate kisses continued, setting the night ablaze with passion.

Afterward, he lifted her up and carried her tenderly towards the cloakroom.

Rena thought Waylen was hinting at another intimate encounter and she gently grabbed his arm and murmured, "Let's do it tomorrow. I'm exhausted."

Waylen leaned in and kissed her softly. Then, holding her from behind, he entered the code with one hand to open the safe, where a necklace was placed on the top shelf.

Taking it out, he placed it in Rena's hand.

Surprised by the gesture, Rena glanced at Waylen and asked in a hushed voice, "What does this mean?"

He held her close, embracing her tightly.

After a meaningful pause, he whispered in her ear, "Rena, I can't say that I'm completely indifferent to it. But Jarrod suggested that this necklace could help transform an

inauspicious start into a fortuitous one. You should carry it with you in the future. It was also Harold's final wish."

Rena looked down, touched by Waylen's trust and affection. "Do you trust me, Waylen?" she inquired, her voice filled with emotion.

He nodded with conviction, taking her hand in his. "Take it with you whenever you go out," he urged.

Rena felt deeply moved by his gesture.

Having gone through so much together with Waylen, Rena never thought this day would come, knowing he would never regain his memories. But in this moment, he displayed such tenderness.

She turned around and gently clasped his waist.

"Waylen." She uttered, her words resonating with profound feelings that he couldn't ignore.

At this moment, Waylen could have done something else.

Furthermore, he possessed the intent and energy to do so.

But he didn't want to engage in anything else. He simply held her, lowering his head to kiss her hair, as if cherishing her as the most precious treasure in his life.

Rena's allure was undeniable, even after their recent encounter. Her body was soft and it wouldn't take much to ignite their passion once more.

Within the cloakroom, they found themselves engaging passionately...

On certain occasions, Rena would visit the shooting location.

As the play neared its conclusion, there were a few crucial scenes left to shoot, prompting Rena's decision to be present.

Today, the set featured an interior shot.

Wearing her character's costume, Flora completed a scene before heading towards the dressing room to rest. However, upon catching sight of Rena, Flora approached her with a warm smile. "Rena, why are you here?"

Observing the replay alongside the director, Rena was impressed by Flora's performance.

Expressing her satisfaction with Flora's acting, Rena engaged in conversation with her about the play.

Flora responded with modesty, saying, "It's just what I do. Acting comes more easily to me than to others."

As they conversed, Harrison approached from the opposite direction.

He glanced at Rena respectfully, addressing her as Mrs. Fowler.

Wanting to keep their subtle connection discreet, Rena nodded subtly and followed Flora to the backstage dressing room.

Flora was astute and perceptive.

She thoughtfully poured a cup of tea for Rena, who sipped it graciously while Flora gazed out and commented, "That young man is quite handsome. I've heard there are numerous women who desire to captivate him but he keeps his private life well-guarded."

Rena had heard similar rumors recently.

With a serene smile, she acknowledged Flora's words.

Winking playfully, Flora added, "I believe he is quite smitten with you. His eyes have been fixed on you. If you truly have no interest, I might consider making a move."

Before Flora could proceed, Rena interjected, "He's only 24 years

old. How could you even think of pursuing him?"

Flora playfully touched her forehead and smiled wryly.

After all, she was already 42 years old.

Throughout the shooting, Rena observed several scenes featuring Harrison and Flora engaged in a competitive display of acting prowess. Harrison proved to be remarkably talented, giving the impression of a seasoned professional.

Rena left before the work was over, and Harrison appeared slightly distracted.

Flora, who was usually composed, playfully nudged Harrison and remarked, "Mrs. Fowler is a family woman. You shouldn't entertain any notions about her. Perhaps... I should entertain you tonight?"

Harrison blushed, taken aback by Flora's teasing.

Covering her mouth, Flora chuckled. "Just kidding, of course. Rena wouldn't agree to that either."

Flora could discern that Rena held a special place in her heart for Harrison, perhaps due to Rena's late first love, or maybe it was the purity that emanated from Harrison...

Amused by Flora's playful demeanor, Harrison blushed, his heart racing.

After removing his makeup, Harrison made his way to the parking lot where he spotted a sleek red sports car. A slender woman with long, straight black hair emerged from the vehicle.

Approaching Harrison with an intense gaze, she softly said, "I'd like to talk to you."