

## Chapter 296 The Diary Of Love

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The moon hung high in the night sky.

Jazlyn sent over the divorce papers at Waylen's order.

Waylen and Rena sat side by side in the study, the divorce agreement laid out in front of them.

Waylen didn't hesitate. He signed his name on the last page decisively.

Rena, on the other hand, read the document carefully before finally signing it.

Her eyes welled up with tears as she did so...

Leaning against his backrest, Waylen looked at her tearful eyes and said in a mocking tone, "Isn't this what you wanted?"

He felt satisfied, seeing her like this.

Finally, he had made Rena feel uncomfortable...

Rena's expression darkened.

Waylen didn't love her, so the divorce meant nothing to him.

But she loved him, so the divorce was like a stab to the heart.

From now on, they'd be nothing but strangers...

Rena gently put down the pen, stood up, and announced, "Tomorrow morning, I'll move out with the kids."

Waylen paused. He was obviously stunned. He didn't expect Rena would want to leave so soon.

Despite his baffled expression, Rena didn't say anything more.

She turned around, headed to the door, opened it, and walked out...

The door was closed behind her.

His heart, which had been somewhat triumphant just now, slowly sank to the pit of his stomach as he stared at the closed door.

Early the following morning,

The movers arrived on the dot, coming in and out of the house like ants.

As soon as Waylen went downstairs, he saw this chaotic scene.

Coincidentally, Rena was also in the hall.

She said to Waylen calmly, "It might take a few days for the movers to transfer all of my things out of the villa. By the way, the piano—I want it."

Waylen's throat tightened as he looked at her calm face. However, he managed to croak, "Whatever."

Rena nodded at him and then went out to the car that was waiting for her.

Waylen didn't go to the office. In fact, he didn't budge until the movers had emptied out all Rena's things...

All her stuff was gone.

Everything that belonged to Rena was removed from her newly renovated bedroom.

Waylen slowly sank into the bare mattress.

He was in a crappy mood and smoked a cigarette in silence.

Rena was so cruel! How could she move out just like that?

Just then, an old servant knocked on the door and said carefully, "Mr. Fowler, the movers left behind a small box. Please check if it belongs to Mrs. Fowler. It looks valuable."

Waylen stretched out his hand and said briskly, "Give it to me."

The servant obediently handed the box to him.

Waylen held the cigarette in one hand, the box in the other.

He could tell that it had been specially packed, so it must've been something precious to Rena.

Maybe it was a piece of jewelry worth hundreds of millions dollars.

Overcome with curiosity, Waylen opened the box, but to his surprise, it wasn't some rare piece of jewelry, but an old diary and a recorder.

He frowned, unable to believe that Rena treated these seemingly worthless things like treasures...

However, as soon as Waylen opened the diary, his blood froze. This was his handwriting, and the contents of the diary expressed his love and nostalgia for Rena.

"I love Rena. I love her with all my heart!"

"She likes to play the piano, and she likes this brand of clothes."

"I bring her a fresh rose every morning!"

"Our first child's name is Alexis. Rena's life was put at risk when she gave birth to our baby girl. Alexis wasn't in good condition

either. She's born with blood coagulation disorders and she has Rh-negative blood..."

"Rena's pregnant again! As of today, she's a little over six weeks ' pregnant. I'm going to take great care of her."

"Rena still can't drive."

"If Rena hugs me, it means that she wants me to kiss her. Whenever she does that, no matter how important the task at hand is, I have to put it down and give her a kiss... Honestly, she's just like a little girl. Yet at the same time, she's a wonderful mother to our two kids."

Waylen tried to gulp, but he couldn't. A lump had formed in his throat. He quickly flipped through the diary...

One page, two pages...

The whole diary described his love for her.

All the color drained from Waylen's handsome face. He then turned on the recorder. To his surprise, it was a recording of his own voice, which echoed through the empty bedroom.

"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? 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... I love you.

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

Waylen was stuck in a trance...

He didn't realize that he had really loved Rena that much until



now.

He had brazenly asked Rena not to give up on him, yet he divorced her without batting an eyelash.

Waylen carefully put the diary and recorder back into the box and dialed Rena's number.

But Rena didn't answer his calls.

Feeling desperate, Waylen called Ross. At this time, Ross was leaning against the hood of the car, smoking a cigarette. "Mrs. Fowler's in the cemetery," he told Waylen. "It seems that she's trying to dig up something."

Cemetery?

Waylen grabbed his keys and flew down the stairs. While he started the car, he could feel his heart banging against his chest. He didn't know what Rena was up to, but he had a hunch that it was something very important.

He also didn't know what he wanted, even after he had read the diary.

At this moment, he just knew that he had to stop her from doing anything reckless.

It was the middle of March, so the roses Waylen had planted for Rena weren't in bloom yet.

The Fowler family's cemetery was quiet.

Wearing a white coat, Rena stood out against the bleak cemetery. She was standing in front of a lone tombstone to mourn her past love.

Waylen's and Rena's names were engraved on the tombstone.

After a long while, Rena took a deep, shuddery breath and said, "I'm sorry, Waylen, but I'm going to break my promise."

She couldn't wait for him anymore. She had to give up.

Still, she couldn't forget the love they had shared in the past. Perhaps, their past love for each other was the one worth protecting, not the dream of changing a man who didn't love her...

A faint, bitter smile appeared on Rena's face.

She whispered to herself, "Waylen, I'm back..."

From now on, I'll only be with you. No one else can stand between us."

She touched the tombstone and dug out the diamond ring Waylen had buried underneath, which twinkled brightly under the sunlight.

There were tears in Rena's sorrowful eyes.

She gently slipped the diamond ring onto her slender ring finger.

"Waylen, I came back for you, just you..."

At the gate of the cemetery, Waylen's car screeched to a halt and he jumped out.

He could see Rena in the distance.

He could also see the dazzling diamond ring on her finger... She kissed the diamond ring with tears in her eyes, like a ceremonial confession of love.

"Rena!"

Waylen cried out her name desperately.

In the morning light, Rena slowly turned her head to look at him quietly.

She smiled faintly.

However, she didn't belong to him anymore, and he didn't belong to her...

After all, they were officially divorced.

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## Chapter 297 Rena, Is It Possible For Us To Be...

Waylen's life had always been filled with indulgence and freedom.

But at this very moment, he found himself in a state of panic like never before.

It felt as if something precious had slipped through his fingers and he desperately wanted to catch it before it was too late.

However, Rena had made up her mind, and she had chosen to let go.

He had read the diary and listened to the recording.

Most of all, he pondered over his own actions and behavior towards Rena recently.

He had offered Mavis an internship at his law firm.

He had left Rena and his family alone on Christmas to save Mavis.

He accused Rena of being cruel and heartless. When she gave him the cold shoulder, he allowed Mavis to get close to him, using her to test his own feelings for Rena.

And in a fit of pique, he allowed the rumors of his romantic involvement with an actress to spread.

Throughout all this, Rena never made a scene. She calmly signed the divorce agreement, signaling the end of their relationship. She finally... gave him up.

She left him.

"Rena," Waylen uttered her name softly as he approached her.

Standing tall in the sunlight, Rena's ring finger adorned with an exquisite diamond ring, which seemed to pierce into Waylen's eyes.

"I've read the diary and heard the recording," he said in a hoarse voice.

He had so much to say, but in this very moment, even as the chief lawyer known for his sharp tongue in the court, he found himself at a loss for words.

He looked so lost.

The recording had evoked a whirlwind of emotions within him, surpassing the intensity of his teenage romance with Elvira in the past. He listened to his own voice, passionately expressing his love for Rena in such a heartfelt manner.

It shocked him to realize the depth of his own feelings.

Upon hearing this, Rena was taken aback, but she quickly regained her composure.

She didn't inquire further; instead, she asked in a hushed tone, "Where are the diary and the recorder?"

"In my car," Waylen replied in a hoarse voice.

"I'll go get them then," she said.

As they walked together towards the gate of the cemetery, Waylen couldn't bear to let go of her thin wrist.

"Rena, you promised not to give up on me. Please, I just need some more time."

Rena blinked, her gaze drifting to the sparkling diamond ring.



"Waylen, haven't I waited long enough? Haven't I given you enough chances?"

Yes, I promised that I wouldn't give up on you, but I never expected Mavis to come between us. I never imagined that in your heart, she would take precedence over me... And that female star.

If it were him, he wouldn't have treated me this way."

Exhaustion weighed heavily on Rena after pouring her heart out.

She gently pushed Waylen's hand away and slowly made her way towards the gate of the cemetery. The sun shone brightly, casting a dazzling light upon her, as if it were a reflection of her inner turmoil.

Waylen remained rooted to the spot.

His gaze was fixated on the gravestone with their names carved into it.

It was then that he had a sudden realization.

Before he could even fully embrace his love for Rena, she had already left her heart here, buried with the past Waylen in this sacred place.

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Despite the Fowler family's efforts to keep things low-key, news of their divorce had already spread like wildfire.

Although the major mainstream media refrained from stating it explicitly, their indirect implications were enough to set the rumor mill abuzz.

The confirmation came from an unlikely source—Mary Brown, that young actress who was recently rumored to be having an affair with Waylen.

Mary felt confident enough to speak up.

After all, she had personally met Waylen's ex-wife, whom she found to be a beautiful woman.

During the encounter, Waylen ordered dessert for her right in front of his ex-wife.

Then, she overheard their conversation about divorce.

In her mind, Waylen must have initiated it for her sake. After all, she believed herself to be more alluring than the wealthy lady, especially considering that Waylen's ex-wife had two children, which might have impacted her figure.

In an impulsive move, Mary posted a tweet, addressing Waylen, and teasingly wrote, "Happy April, Mr. Fowler!"

Accompanying the tweet was a photo of Mary and Waylen taken at a banquet.

Within minutes, the tweet went viral and became a trending topic.

But soon after, the PR department took swift action, and Mary's post was promptly deleted.

The public was in a frenzy.

No one knew for certain if the rumors about Waylen and the actress were true.

However, one thing was clear—the couple had indeed divorced.

For the next three days, discussions about their separation flooded social media. However, the Fowler family remained true to their low-profile nature, and Rena didn't seek attention or validation from netizens.

Divorce wasn't a cause for shame after all.

She continued to work diligently and care for her two children, especially making sure Alexis was well protected and supported.

People noticed a remarkable change in Rena, the former Mrs. Fowler. Instead of feeling saddened or defeated, she appeared even more vibrant and energetic than ever before.

The elegant banquet came to an end.

In the hotel lobby, the crystal lights glimmered, casting a soft glow on Rena.

She walked alongside Hector, discussing company matters.

The night air still carried a cool breeze even though it was already April, prompting Hector to gracefully drape the shawl over Rena's shoulders, saying, "It's a little chilly. Please put this on."

Rena smiled warmly. "Thank you. Now, where were we?"

Hector returned the smile. "We were discussing the development program in the south."

With a thoughtful look, Rena nodded, "Ah, yes. That's a crucial project for the company. Next month I'll go for an inspection, and you'll join me."

Hector's heart skipped a beat.

He admired her for both her brilliance and kindness.

Rena was truly a remarkable woman.

Before Rena could speak further, Waylen emerged from the car that had come to pick her up.

Waylen had been waiting inside the car for quite some time.

As a man, he could easily discern the admiration in Hector's eyes. It left him feeling disheartened. After all, he was the one

who had introduced Hector to Rena.

Seeing Waylen, Rena remain unfazed.

She bid Hector farewell and got into the car, followed by Waylen.

Anxiously, Waylen blurted, "It's not what you think. I don't have feelings for her."

Deep down, he never intended to marry anyone else. His fling with the actress was simply to provoke a reaction from Rena.

To his surprise, Rena showed no concern.

She rolled down the window with a playful smile. "Our relationship now doesn't really leave room for such concerns. Whether it's true or not, Mr. Fowler, if you ever decide to marry again, I'll send you a grand gift."

Waylen was furious at her magnanimity.

He looked away and lit a cigarette, only to stub it out after a couple of drags.

Impatiently, he inquired, "Are you considering remarriage?"

Rena pondered for a moment and replied, "I probably won't remarry. But I can't say for certain. Fate might introduce me to the right person someday."

Waylen couldn't help but think of Hector.

Rena and Hector had appeared quite close at the banquet.

At the next intersection, Rena politely asked Waylen to get out of the car, but he insisted on going back with her and seeing their two children.

Rena fell into a contemplative silence, her words finally breaking the quiet atmosphere.

"Waylen, I don't care if you regret your actions or just suddenly



become interested in me again. What I need you to understand is that you can see the children if you want, but please refrain from harassing me physically and verbally. Otherwise, we can't coexist peacefully.

"It's too late now; maybe next time."

Deep down, Rena knew he didn't genuinely want to see the children. A man and a woman alone together at night, if he forced her, she would be defenseless.

In the end, Waylen got out of the car.

Ross praised Rena for standing her ground and doing the right thing. He believed that men should be put in their place like this.

Feeling weary, Rena arrived at a lavish single villa as the night grew darker.

She tightened her shawl around herself and slowly ascended the stairs to check on her two children.

Korbyn's generosity allowed her to take Alexis and Marcus with her.

This made her deeply grateful.

Marcus, being young, had fallen asleep after his meal. The nanny had taken good care of the little boy.

Rena entered Alexis' room which was adorned in pink.

She found her daughter in a cute onesie, lying on the bed.

Rena took off her high-heeled shoes and gently patted Alexis on the backside.

Alexis turned over, her face tender as she touched Rena's clothes.

"Mommy, you're so beautiful," she said.

Rena tucked her in and asked softly, "It's late. Why aren't you sleeping?"

Snuggling against Rena's chest, Alexis replied in a hushed voice, "I miss Daddy."

Rena felt a pang of sadness but managed to reply gently, "Then why don't you call him, my dear?"

Alexis' face lit up with joy.

She took out her pink phone and dialed Waylen's number. The call connected quickly.

Rena didn't want to give Waylen any false hope. She left Alexis alone to talk to her father.

Alexis adored her father.

"Daddy, I miss you."

She longed to sleep next to him and feel the warmth of his belly under her little feet.

Waylen just got home when he got his daughter's call. Loosening his tie, he asked in a deep voice, "Where's your mom?"

Alexis answered delicately, "Mommy is back. She smelled so nice. But I still miss you... I want you to read me fairy tales."

Waylen's heart quickened.

He had always been stern, but at this moment, listening to the soft voice of his child, he missed Alexis terribly.

He yearned for a family more than anything in the world at that very moment.

Waylen fetched a fairy tale book and read it to Alexis gently and patiently.

As the night grew darker, Alexis slowly drifted to sleep, cradled in the world of fairy tales.

Finally, Rena went back in, took Alexis' phone and whispered, "She's asleep now."

Waylen's heart raced as he heard Rena's soft voice on the phone. He finally mustered the courage to ask the question that had been haunting him, "Rena, is there any possibility for us to be together again?"

Rena was taken aback by the question.

After a moment of silence, she replied in a low voice, "No."

And with that, she hung up the phone.

She didn't shed any tears this time, having cried for him countless times before. Though she appeared indifferent, deep down, she was tormented by the pain...

Waylen slowly placed his phone down on the table.

He poured himself a glass of whisky, trying to numb the pain that was engulfing him.

He replayed the video, witnessing how Rena had skillfully edged and comforted him.

Now, he realized just how deeply he had loved her.

There was a time when their love for each other ran deep.

Accepting the thought of Rena being with someone else, of her sharing intimacy with someone else, was unbearable to him.

In his mind, she should only belong to him.

A knock at the door then interrupted his thoughts.

Waylen turned off the video and called out, "Come in."

Cecilia entered with a tray in her hand, concerned for Waylen's well-being. "Waylen, you have hardly been eating lately," she softly remarked.

Waylen smiled faintly, appreciating her kindness.

Cecilia hesitated before adding, "Waylen, so many people are pursuing Rena now. Don't you feel threatened?"

His appetite diminished with her question.

Wiping his lips, he asked nonchalantly, "How are they pursuing her?"

Cecilia said in a hushed tone, "They're showering her with gifts."

"And what does Rena like?"

After contemplating for a moment, Cecilia's eyes filled with tears as she replied, "She likes you the most."

Waylen was taken aback by her response.

He didn't anticipate such an answer.

Taking out a cigarette, he lit it and smoked silently. Cecilia's last words echoed in his mind, and eventually, he forced a bitter smile. "But she doesn't want me anymore."

He wanted to get back together with Rena.

Despite his desire to reconcile with her, she didn't grant him any chance to do so...