

## Chapter 372 He Was About To Return To Reality (2)

The study was enshrouded in darkness, a canvas where shadows interplayed with the soft glow of the computer screen, casting an air of mystery over Waylen's countenance.

A cigarette found its way into his hand, ignited to life with a spark.

In the hush of the room, he sat in contemplation, his gaze fixated on the screen.

A mere few days ago, anxiety had gripped him. Now, with the crux of the matter unveiled, a different sentiment prevailed.

The prospect of leaving Rena became increasingly difficult to bear.

Waylen's reluctance to part ways with Rena, who was now 20 years old, stemmed not from an affinity for her youthful innocence, but from a lingering emotional connection.

Even within the realm of dreams, the idea of losing her tugged at his heart.

Two cigarettes were claimed by the passing moments, and as he pondered his return to the bedroom, Rena's presence graced the room.

Drifting towards him, she wore his shirt, her eyes still heavy with sleep. A gentle query spilled from her lips. "Where's Vera?"

"Roscoe took her home."

Waylen beckoned Rena closer, her shy demeanor noted and

respected.

A foundation of trust had grown between them, nurtured by Waylen's self-control and her own burgeoning feelings. Nestling into his embrace, she settled obediently.

Curled within his arms, she inquired curiously, "Why did Roscoe take her away?"

A tender smile curved Waylen's lips as he tenderly combed Rena's hair, a cascade of brown strands that had graced his pillow many times before.

"Roscoe will be her future husband."

Future husband?

The concept danced on Rena's lips as her slender fingers played with the buttons on Waylen's pajamas. With a hushed voice, she questioned, "How can you know what the future holds?"

Waylen's grasp tightened around her hand, his gaze delving deep into her eyes.

A subtle blush graced her cheeks, her initial impulse to withdraw her hand thwarted by Waylen's gentle restraint.

As Rena nestled against his shoulder, her delicate arms encircling his neck, a whisper escaped her lips, laden with vulnerability. "Waylen, why do I sometimes feel like you'll suddenly disappear?"

A pang of sorrow tugged at Waylen's heart.

He longed to whisk Rena, now 20, away, as if he could possess two versions of her.

One mature and refined.

The other youthful and naive.

The very notion was almost unbearable to contemplate. His head

dipped, lips pressing against her forehead, a murmur escaping his lips. "We'll be together, Rena. Trust me."

Rena lifted her head gently from his embrace, sunlight streaming through the window and casting a warm glow upon her youthful countenance.

Her complexion was flawless, her brows elegantly arched, and her chestnut locks cascaded gracefully down her waist, framing her enticing figure.

Her eyes, deep and bright like those of a newborn animal, held a tremor as she spoke with a quivering voice. "I trust you."

For Rena, who now stood at 20, this relationship had been akin to an unexpected afternoon rainstorm.

She had initially resisted its downpour, yet upon her first step into this apartment, an inexplicable sense of familiarity had overtaken her, leading her to a complete surrender.

It felt as though fate itself had orchestrated Waylen's appearance by her side, that day on campus merely a serendipitous convergence.

Rena had always been steadfast in following her emotions, unwavering in her desire to be with Waylen.

The gap in their social statuses, the potential disapproval of his parents—such considerations had been forgotten, cast aside in the fervor of her hastily formed connection with him.

In her fragility and vulnerability, a hint of grievance lingered, but Waylen's silent presence assured her.

He yearned to lead her back to reality, though his lips remained sealed.

Enfolding her in his embrace, he unraveled his plans, weaving dreams of a future for them both. A music studio for Rena after graduation, nestled in Duefron's most prestigious locale, and

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their marriage when she reached 24.

Then she would begin to give birth to their children.

As Waylen spoke, the woman in his arms grew increasingly drowsy, nestling against his neck with a glint of tears at the corner of her eye.

Silly girl. Why did she cry?

A tender kiss graced her lips before he gently carried her in his arms and walked back to the bedroom.

The upcoming school anniversary loomed, a mere week away.

Waylen stood sentinel over Rena's well-being, a protective shield around her. He ventured to the Gordon household in person, earnestly beseeching Darren for permission to have Rena under his care temporarily. Waylen took on the mantle of chauffeur, ensuring her safe passage to and from school.

Initially resistant, Darren's resolve eventually wavered after an all-night session of chess with Waylen.

At the break of dawn, consent was granted.

With Eloise's assistance, Rena's belongings were swiftly assembled, and Waylen escorted her away.

Downstairs, he loaded Rena's suitcase into the car's trunk.

However, her demeanor spoke of unrest, her expression far from jubilant.

As he settled into the driver's seat and secured his seatbelt, a casual question slipped from his lips. "You're not enthusiastic about living with me?"

An air of unease settled upon Rena.

Averted eyes and a brief silence later, she whispered softly, "Waylen, don't misunderstand. I'm certain of my feelings for you."

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But I can't ignore the sense of being controlled, of things moving too swiftly."

A furrow formed between her brows as she continued, "I'm not keen on cohabiting."

Waylen's eyes were full of affection.

He was good-looking and she was really tempted, but she still had to say what she should say.

"Waylen, although you have talked about the future with me, who can tell what will happen in the future? What if one day you grow weary of me or find another girl more suited? Would you then want me to leave? I couldn't bear that."

As she spoke, tears welled up in her eyes.

Alongside her grievance, a genuine affection for him shone through.

Waylen's touch was gentle as he caressed her delicate visage. With one hand, he retrieved a document from the front compartment of the car and placed it in Rena's hand.

Bewildered, she glanced down to find a transfer contract.

The apartment and the piano belonged to her now, along with an astonishing sum: over 120 billion dollars' worth of movable and immovable assets held by Waylen had been transferred to her.

Stunned, Rena bit her tender lip and murmured, "This isn't what I want."

Waylen, sensing her fear, adopted a playful tone.

"Still anxious, are you? How about I give you ownership of my body too? Then you can be completely assured, right?"

His forehead gently met hers, his voice soft as he continued, "My body is immovable property, but in your hands, it might become

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personal property. This particular product isn't traded on the market. From now on, you're the sole authorized user."

Blushing and indignant, Rena thought him audacious.

Taking her hand, Waylen urged her to sign the document.

Stubbornly, she gazed up at him.

With a tender touch to her head, Waylen reasoned, "Didn't you say I can foresee the future? Rena, what's wrong with giving all this to my future wife?"

He seemed to be right.

At twenty years old, Rena signed a contract in advance, entrusting herself to Waylen.

Their cohabitation was a thrilling adventure to her.

It was the same for Waylen.

Nights found them on the same bed, exchanging kisses and affectionate touches. Under Waylen's guidance, Rena gradually discovered new realms of intimacy.

Afterward, Rena spent a long time in the bathroom, cleansing her hands.

When she emerged, Waylen was already dressed.

Surprised, she inquired. "Are you heading out at this hour?"

As he fastened his belt, Waylen playfully pinched her chin. "Indeed, I have some matters to attend to. You should go to bed. What would you like to eat? I'll bring it back for you."

"I'm not hungry. I'm focusing on staying in shape."

As she finished speaking, Waylen regarded her with a faint smile, his masculinity accentuated.

Rena blushed, realizing that her words might have carried a different implication. However, it wasn't meant for his attention.

Late into the night, Waylen set out alone, driving purposefully to a particular destination.

The Duefron Film Theatre.

Arrangements facilitated by Jazlyn had the theater's entrance ajar, allowing Waylen an easy entrance.

In the dimness within, he flicked on the lights, banishing the darkness.

The space suddenly illuminated, resembling daylight.

The sound of his footsteps resonated through the spacious emptiness as Waylen made his way to the front row.

He occupied the very seat from which he had witnessed Rena being struck by the plummeting chandelier, still in a comatose state.

With closed eyes and joined palms, Waylen offered a moment of silent contemplation.

When his eyes reopened, there was ruthlessness in them.

He remained seated, a vigil held from night until dawn.

As daylight broke, Waylen placed a call to the music school's principal. "Mr. Hudson, it's Waylen."

Nelson Hudson was roused from sleep, his tone suddenly brightening. "Hello, Waylen."

Though cordial, a pang of annoyance echoed within Nelson.

Yet Waylen proceeded directly to his request.

"I've heard about your upcoming school anniversary celebrations

Chapter 372 He Was About To Return To Reality (🎁 +120 Points at most with various performances. I have a rather unconventional request. I'd like my girlfriend to perform on stage."

Nelson hesitated.

Waylen's tone held a hint of amusement. "I'm prepared to donate 20 million dollars to sponsor the event."

This time, there was no hesitation from Nelson.

His response was swift. "It's merely a performance. No need to talk money."

Waylen's smile deepened. "I want my girlfriend to play the piano. I'll also manage the stage design."

Nelson readily agreed.

Stage design was a minor consideration. If Waylen desired, Rena's name could adorn the entire venue. The offer wasn't solely about the 20 million dollars. Nelson recognized the potential connections he could forge with the Fowler family.

Having concluded the call, Waylen departed discreetly.

The soft morning light elongated his figure as he walked away...

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Waylen remained absent throughout the night.

He had anticipated Rena's displeasure, knowing she had a tendency for a temper.

However, when he unlocked the apartment door, he was met with a waft of enticing aromas.

The entire house was filled with the fragrance of cooking.

In the kitchen, Rena bustled about, clad in an oversized T-shirt and a delicate light pink apron.



She appeared every bit like a wife.

This sight alleviated Waylen's troubled heart somewhat. Drawing her into an embrace from behind, he whispered, "I didn't come home last night. Why didn't you call me? It's not good to indulge a man like this. Rena, as Mrs. Fowler-to-be, your first lesson should be learning to rein me in... Agreed?"

Rena blushed, responding, "Who's going to plead for that kind of control?"

Waylen's lips found the delicate curve of her neck, his words muffled. "I am."

With lingering thoughts on his mind, their passion ignited.

While Rena was still inexperienced, she willingly wrapped her arms around his shoulders, cooperating as he guided her... Afterward, a sense of fulfillment settled over him. In a hushed tone, he said, "I'll drive you to school later."

Rena offered a soft refusal. "I can take a bus or a taxi."

Waylen's eyes darkened. Playfully patting her bottom, he questioned, "Do you feel sorry for me?"

Rena refrained from confessing but didn't deny it either.

As she continued to cook, Waylen disappeared into the bathroom, appearing shortly after, freshly shaven in front of the mirror. His beard had been meticulously removed.

In the reflection, his countenance remained as handsome as ever.

Suddenly, his hand stalled.

He realized he had been overlooking a critical issue. If he didn't endure hardship for Rena, he might remain trapped in this dream, unable to return to reality.

His palms turned clammy.

His grip slipped, and the razor grazed his chin, a thin line of blood emerging.

Exiting the bathroom, Waylen seemed his usual self.

He exchanged his appearance for a dark blue shirt and iron gray suit trousers.

In this ensemble, he exuded maturity and handsomeness.

Rena couldn't help but steal glances at him.

Breakfast consisted of Rena sharing her culinary creations with Waylen, who heartily enjoyed them. "Rena, once we're married, I'll be the one cooking for you."

Rena responded joyfully, "So, for the next four years, I'll be the chef?"

Waylen remained silent.

Bending close, he sealed the conversation with a kiss.

Certainly not, because he wouldn't be with her over the next four years. Instead, he would be waiting for her in the future... At that time, Rena would already be a mature woman and a mother of three children.

Unbeknownst to Rena, she reveled in their togetherness.

Handsome and affluent, Waylen possessed a deep understanding of her.

She felt at ease in his company.

Following breakfast, Waylen accompanied Rena to school.

His vehicle was quite conspicuous.

As they reached the school gates, Rena refused to proceed further, yet their presence drew a fair share of attention.

Gnawing at her lower lip, she said unhappily, "It's all your fault."

Saddened by her situation, Waylen offered a comforting kiss. "I'll change the car tomorrow."

Tempted, Rena bestowed a kiss on his chin before stepping out of the car.

Watching her retreating form, Waylen finally identified whom Alexis resembled.

Alexis took after him.

Yet, there was a striking resemblance to the young Rena.

Waylen dialed a number, stating, "Spread the word that the original piano solo opportunity was designated for Aline. Eventually, the school selected Rena due to her background. Ensure Rena's protection around the clock."

That afternoon, Rena crossed paths with Aline.

News of the piano solo had traversed the music school, generating a spectacle of sorts.

Aline seethed with resentment.

Since Rena had got so much, why did Rena snatch her opportunity? Many celebrities in Duefron would be present in this school anniversary. It was an important opportunity for Aline.

She was not willing to give up so easily.

Seeing Rena's composed demeanor, she sneered, "It's not over yet. Don't get too comfortable."

Unperturbed by such opportunities for self-presentation, Rena

harbored no interest.

Aline's intent lay in establishing connections with celebrities. Rena had no such desire, yet she wouldn't willingly forgo an opportunity that had been granted to her by the school.

A faint smile curved Rena's lips.

Her reaction further stung Aline.

In a cold tone, Aline queried, "You're probably doing this for Vera, aren't you? Rena, it's not my fault. Vera lacks the ability."

Rena shook her head.

Even now, Aline remained puzzled. Vera had managed to secure an excellent relationship despite her breakup with Joseph. Yet, Aline's own life had spiraled downward.

Rena's composure served only to escalate Aline's hatred.

Seeking out Nelson, Aline was undeterred by the school's principal being in his early fifties. He was not bad looking, but after all, he was also a middle-aged man.

She had no inhibitions.

She believed offering herself to Nelson would secure a prime opportunity, a trade she deemed worthwhile. Furthermore, rumors of Nelson's indiscreet private life lent credibility to her scheme.

She was convinced her plan would succeed.

However, as Aline began to undress, Nelson gently restrained her, his tone infused with rectitude. "Aline, we once discussed dedicating ourselves to art. I won't ask you to sacrifice your body for art's sake. It's a spiritual endeavor, not a carnal one. Stripping down is easy, but it's much harder to regain one's dignity."

Aline stood surprised, her expression unflattering.

Nelson calmly advised, "I'm not sure where these false rumors originated, but I assure you, the school had never considered offering you the piano solo. Malignant intentions are behind the spreading of these falsehoods."

Yet, Aline remained unconvinced.

She persisted in her belief that Rena had stolen her opportunity.

Exiting the principal's office, Aline confronted Rena, who sat reading in the library.

There were four black-clad bodyguards around her, which prevented anyone from easily approaching her.