

Chapter 156 He Came To Her When She Was...

Rena gracefully broke free from Waylen's grasp, asserting her independence with a delicate touch. With a frigid tone, she expressed, "I have no right to harbor anger, nor is there any necessity for it."

"So you are angry," he observed.

Waylen gently tugged her back into his comforting embrace.

In the early hours of the morning, the man's desires burned passionately.

His lips pressed against the nape of her neck, softly nibbling. There was a certain longing in him to share an intimate moment with her.

Rena found herself unable to bear it any longer and questioned, "Waylen, aren't you supposed to be heading to the hospital?"

"I'm not going anywhere until I've lavished you with care and made you feel better," he assured.

A wave of fury washed over Rena.

She extended her leg, aiming to kick him away, but he deftly caught her in his legs. With

determination, he pinned her against the kitchen counter, an exhibition that evoked a sense of shame. Waylen held her captive, savoring the moment at his leisure.

"Have you longed for my presence during these days?" he inquired, his words dripping with the allure of a seasoned man. Undeniably, he possessed a charm that appealed to women.

Rena ceased struggling and simply allowed him to proceed.

However, she withheld her response.

Furthermore, she uttered icily, "No, I haven't."

She hadn't?

Waylen found it difficult to believe.

He recollected the fervor and elation she radiated when they were together in the past. Fueled by curiosity, he dared to investigate within the confines of the small kitchen, only to discover that Rena's words rang true...

She hadn't yearned for him in the slightest.

In that moment, a profound sense of defeat consumed Waylen.

He couldn't fathom Rena's frosty indifference.

Without uttering a word, he clung tightly to her and pressed his lips against hers. "Rena, let me stay by your side."



Rena gracefully distanced herself from his presence.

In a tone colder than before, she articulated, "There's no need, Waylen. We ended our relationship long ago. It's inappropriate to engage in such acts and I refuse to be a vessel for your sexual desires."

Waylen straightened himself up, taking a moment to adjust his disheveled attire. A subtle frown creased his forehead.

Rena turned her back to him, resolute in her task of preparing breakfast. Without pausing, she stated, "I haven't made yours. And please leave the key when you depart."

Waylen yearned to express himself further.

However, his phone abruptly rang, Lyndon's name appearing on the screen.

Reluctant to upset Rena once more by answering the call in her presence, he pocketed the phone and exited her home.

The door closed gently behind him.

Yet, Rena found herself devoid of the enthusiasm to continue making breakfast. Waylen's intrusion had once again thrown her life into disarray.

Just then, the doorbell chimed...

Assuming it was Waylen, Rena ignored the sound, opting not to open the door.

But it wasn't Waylen; it was Vera.

Vera persistently knocked on the door until Rena snapped out of her daze and hurriedly welcomed her inside.

"I saw Waylen downstairs. Rena, are you back together with him?" Vera inquired, her expression clouded with displeasure.

Rena offered a bitter smile.

"I haven't reconciled with him but I ended things with Robert."

Vera stood there, momentarily stunned, burdened by self-blame. "Rena, have I caused you pain?"

Rena tenderly pinched Vera's cheek.

"How highly you think of yourself! This has nothing to do with you. We simply weren't compatible."

"Fair enough," Vera conceded.

Suddenly, she drew nearer to Rena and posed a candid question, "So, tell me the truth. Did you really spend the night with Waylen? I saw him smoking downstairs and he looked incredibly alluring... The way he smoked... It almost like you were having it again this morning."

Vera's playful taunting became unbearable for Rena.

Blushing, she responded, "No, I was drunk."

In that moment, Rena's mind was struck with the realization that Waylen would be heading to the hospital to donate his precious Rh-negative blood

to Elvira...

The mere thought of it stirred up distress within her.

First love, rare blood type, the constraints of societal norms...

Waylen was far from being her Mr. Right.

After the completion of breakfast, Rena intended to make her way to the music studio when her phone rang, interrupting her plans.

The caller was Eloise, her voice brimming with anxiety.

"Rena... Hurry and come to the hospital. Your father woke up early, feeling dizzy, and he collapsed during his morning exercise. The doctor diagnosed him with cardiovascular disease... Please come quickly. We're at Mercy Hospital."

Without a moment's hesitation, Rena rushed downstairs and opened the car door, preparing to embark on the journey.

"Eloise, don't fret. I'll be there in no time."

Half an hour later, Rena arrived at the hospital. Darren remained in a dazed state.

A cluster of doctors encircled his bed, engrossed in studying the course of action. Eloise sat on the edge of the bed, clutching Darren's hand while tears streamed down her face, unable to contain her

emotions.

Rena's heart sank.

As Eloise caught sight of Rena approaching, a sense of relief washed over her.

"Rena!"

Rena gently placed her hand on Eloise's shoulder, offering solace. Then, her gaze shifted towards Darren, lying motionless on the bed, causing her voice to quaver slightly.

Darren had endured immense hardships over the past six months.

With tear-filled eyes, Eloise said, "Rena, these doctors are experts in the field. Discuss your father's condition with them."

Rena nodded, taking a deep breath.

She engaged in polite yet nervous conversation with the doctors.

"Mr. Gordon's condition does not appear to be very promising. The success rate of the surgical procedure stands at a mere 50%. While there is a glimmer of hope, the risks involved are exceedingly high," the doctor divulged, his voice laced with caution.

"In our country, the technology for this type of operation is still in its nascent stages, unless..." he trailed off, implying the limitations of the

Rena found herself lost in a daze, her mind struggling to process the gravity of the situation. Eloise continued to weep, her anguish overflowing. She nearly fell to her knees, beseeching the doctors to do whatever it took to save Darren's life.

The doctor couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy for Eloise and Rena, bearing witness to their palpable distress.

In that moment, the ward's door swung open, revealing Waylen's entrance, accompanied by Jazlyn. Waylen's complexion appeared pale, undoubtedly a result of the blood donation he had just undergone. Jazlyn spoke first, her voice carrying an air of familiarity. "I encountered Miss Gordon earlier, assuming she was accompanying you, Mr. Fowler. Little did I know about Mr. Gordon's deteriorating health."

Jazlyn possessed a natural charm in social interactions. She extended a business card to the attending doctor, remarking, "Mr. Gordon holds a significant position within Mr. Fowler's establishment."

Naturally, the doctors recognized Waylen's prominence.

Waylen stood as the preeminent lawyer in the country, while the Fowler Group reigned as the dominant force in the northern region. Waylen himself stood as the wealthiest man in Duefron.

Many had attempted to curry favor with Waylen but their efforts proved futile.

Jazlyn smiled graciously. "I believe the current atmosphere in this room is far from conducive to the patient's recovery. How about we arrange for a VIP suite instead? As for the surgery, Mr. Fowler possesses extensive connections and can summon the finest experts from both domestic and international realms. However, their expertise would require your collaboration."

Her words carried a polite tone.

Given Waylen's considerable power and influence, the hospital swiftly adhered to Jazlyn's instructions.

Throughout the entire exchange, Waylen hadn't uttered a single word.

Eloise, consumed by the turn of events, momentarily forgot her tears.

Merely moments ago, the hospital had declared that all the VIP wards were occupied and unavailable. Yet now, miraculously, there seemed to be an opening?

Furthermore, Jazlyn mentioned the involvement of esteemed experts from both domestic and international realms to conduct Darren's surgery? Eloise couldn't help but question if she had slipped into a dreamlike state.

She gazed at Waylen as if he were their savior, and then subtly tugged at the corner of Rena's clothing, silently urging her to establish a harmonious rapport with Waylen.

Rena found herself unsettled...

Last night and earlier today, she had rejected Waylen's advances, refusing to engage in intimate relations. Yet now, Waylen was extending his assistance, which she desperately needed.

It would prove challenging for Rena to sever ties with him cleanly in the future.

In this moment, a tinge of regret washed over Rena. If she had foreseen these circumstances, perhaps she would have consented to his advances in the morning. In doing so, she wouldn't feel burdened by a sense of indebtedness now.

Waylen discerned the conflict within her mind.

He glanced at Rena, his voice adopting a frigid tone. "Rena, do you truly perceive me as such a superficial man?"

He yearned to start anew with her, to pursue her

wholeheartedly.

But in her opinion, his sole intent was to engage in physical intimacy.

Chastised by his words, Rena found herself bereft of the confidence to retort.

Now was not the time for her to act on her whims...