

## Chapter 157 I Really Want To See You Cry...

In under two hours, the team of expert doctors, consisting of four specialists, arrived at Duefron. Waylen personally went to the airport to receive them.

Upon their arrival at the hospital, without even pausing for a sip of water, the experts immediately commenced their consultations.

Waylen remained present throughout the entire process.

After an hour, the surgical plan was finalized... Filled with gratitude, Eloise tightly grasped Jazlyn's hand and expressed, "I am immensely grateful for your assistance this time."

Jazlyn responded with a mysterious smile.

In a hushed tone, she added, "You should also express your gratitude to Mr. Fowler. It is rare for ordinary individuals to be able to summon such experts. Besides, Mr. Fowler rarely ever uses his personal connections to such extents."

Eloise nodded in agreement.

Jazlyn intended to say more but felt it was inappropriate to interfere in her boss' personal life.

The surgery on Darren took a considerable amount of time, prompting Jazlyn to depart first.

Waylen, on the other hand, did not leave.

Seated on a bench in the hospital corridor, he focused on handling official matters with his phone.

Rena approached and took a seat beside him.

Waylen ceased his activities and turned his head to face her, remaining silent.

Rena handed him a bowl of delicious soup.

"It can help replenish your blood."

Waylen, perhaps still harboring anger, disregarded her offering and did not take the soup.

"Thank you, Waylen," Rena uttered awkwardly.

Putting away his phone, Waylen locked his gaze onto her. "How do you plan to express your gratitude, Miss Gordon?"

Rena understood his desires.

He wished for her to return to him, to start anew and engage in a game of love.

He desired to have the final say in their relationship.

Rena felt indebted to him and carried a heavy burden. She comprehended his wishes and

acknowledged the unreasonableness of not giving something in return.

In the end, she reasoned that she was still single and had engaged in such acts with him on numerous occasions.

Within the tranquil hospital corridor, Rena caught a faint sound of her own voice.

"Waylen, I am incredibly grateful for everything you've done for me. However... I cannot repay you emotionally."

Waylen's response came in a chilling tone, "So what will be your method of repayment? Sex?"

Abruptly, Rena gazed up at him.

Her eyes, brimming with tears, appeared even more dewy than usual.

Waylen stared at her icily, refusing to indulge her. He had done all of this for her without expecting anything in return. Even if he struggled to win her back, he would continue to assist her. But she purposely misconstrued his intentions.

Waylen rose gently from his seat.

He uttered, "That's fine. It's truly exhilarating for me."

Rena's complexion turned pale.

Leaning in, Waylen whispered in her ear, "Miss Gordon, if you're unwilling to take things further,



then we'll limit ourselves to physical encounters, but... don't cry then."

He caressed her face and added, "I really want to see you cry under me."

Having spoken those words, Waylen prepared to step out for a cigarette.

But then, a slender arm tenderly grabbed hold of him...

"Waylen."

Rena met his gaze, uncertainty etched across her face.

Waylen peered down at her with profound eyes.

Rena felt immense embarrassment, her voice breaking as she sobbed. "Waylen, I am really grateful, and..."

Waylen's heart softened.

He extended his hand to caress her long, chestnut-brown hair, his voice husky as he murmured, "I'm just going outside for a smoke, Rena. I didn't sleep last night and this morning they drew 500 milliliters of blood from me. I'm exhausted. Even if you were to undress before me, I may not have the energy to engage in intimacy with you."

His words caused Rena to blush deeply.

Waylen strolled outside, indulging in a few cigarettes.

The operation on Darren proved to be a success.

As Darren was wheeled out of the operating room, Eloise burst into tears of joy, tightly holding her husband's hand. Rena's grip on her father's hand was equally firm.

After an entire night, Darren's vital signs stabilized.

If all went well, he could be discharged in a matter of weeks.

Eloise beamed with happiness and exclaimed, "Thank goodness! We owe this to Waylen. Darren... you have no idea how capable he is."

Darren smiled warmly.

As they conversed, a knock resounded on the door of the hospital ward.

Eloise assumed it was Waylen and asked Rena in a hushed voice to open the door. She already treated Waylen as if he were already her son-in-law.

Unexpectedly, upon opening the door, Harold stood on the other side.

Rena's countenance darkened at once. She prevented him from entering and inquired coldly, "What are you doing here?"

Harold's eyes brimmed with affection.

"I've come to see Mr. Gordon."

Aware of the need to avoid upsetting Darren, Rena restrained herself and stated, "Harold, haven't you

caused enough suffering for our family? Can't we just let bygones be bygones? Please refrain from appearing before my father."

Harold couldn't comply.

He longed to see Rena desperately.

He couldn't help but ask, "Have you reconciled with Waylen? I know he's the one who arranged everything for your father's surgery."

Rena had no desire to discuss this with Harold.

Just then, Darren's feeble voice emanated from within, "Rena, let him in!"

Rena remained hesitant.

"Let him in. I happen to have something to discuss with him."

Rena reluctantly shifted aside, allowing Harold to enter.

Harold entered the ward in complete silence.

He gently set down the tonic he held and unexpectedly knelt before Darren's bed.

Tears welled up in Darren's eyes.

Eloise was on the verge of tears. "What are you doing?"

Rena wanted to interject but Darren spoke up softly.

"Rena, go into the side room with Eloise. I need to have a word with Harold."

Harold closed his eyes briefly.

He uttered, "Mr. Gordon, you still refer to me as Harold, indicating that you still hold affection for me."

Eloise scolded, "How dare you say such a thing?"

Darren glanced at Eloise, prompting her to lower her head and guide Rena into the adjoining small room.

The ward fell into silence.

Lying quietly on the bed, Darren averted his gaze from the young man who knelt before him. Instead, he murmured to himself, "I've been friends with your father for decades. And Rena held such strong affection for you in the past. I never expected you to treat me this way, Harold... Despite everything, you have done well. Men ought to be ruthless and devoid of compassion... You traded your entire life for the pursuit of elevated status."

Harold remained silent.

"Harold... Rena is the last person you should have fallen in love with. Look at you now, possessing power, status, wealth and even a mistress. Yet, you are not happy. Do you regret your choices?"

Harold choked back sobs.

"Yes, Mr. Gordon... I do. I beg for your forgiveness. Please grant me one more chance."

Darren let out a soft sigh. "It's too late, Harold."

It's too late... Rena no longer loves you. For the sake of your good old days, please refrain from causing her any further distress."

A chilling sensation engulfed Harold, spreading throughout his entire being.

When he departed, his mind was in disarray.

Initially... Rena had fallen in love with him first.

They had been in a relationship for four years. He had countless opportunities to hold onto her.

Yet, he had squandered each and every one.

As the door swung open, Harold crossed paths with Waylen.

Dressed immaculately, Waylen exuded an air of sophistication, making Harold appear as a disheveled mouse...

The two men passed each other.

Harold halted abruptly and uttered icily, "Waylen, you may not be able to keep her either."

Waylen always held disdain for Harold.

Straightening his crisp white shirt, Waylen responded slowly, "Mr. Moore, do you think I am as foolish as you?"

Harold left in a panic.

Waylen's haughty demeanor vanished as he watched Harold depart.

Damn it...



He had just dealt with Robert and now there was Harold.

Waylen seethed with anger. He strode into the ward, catching up with Darren and Eloise. However, he didn't engage in much conversation with Rena.

The elders could see it but they pretended not to notice.

After lunch, Darren was sound asleep and Eloise leaned against the bed, finding solace in slumber. Rena ventured into the bathroom and, just as she was about to exit, a slender figure swiftly darted in, locking the door with a click...

Before Rena could react, she found herself pressed against the door.

Waylen lightly gripped her chin and delved his tongue into her mouth.

"Waylen!"

Rena's petite frame was ensnared by his grip. She reached out and struck his shoulder forcefully.

He was acting recklessly.

This was the hospital ward. Her father and stepmother could awaken at any moment...