

Chapter 175 Waylen, We Will Never See Each Oth...

As twilight descended and bedtime approached, Eloise tenderly applied a soothing, warm compress to Rena's weary feet.

Gently clasping Rena's foot, Eloise offered words of care, saying, "Ensure proper healing, dear. Let there be no lingering repercussions."

In an attempt to conceal her true emotions, Rena feigned composure and replied, "It's just a minor wound; it's not a big deal."

Observing Rena's gradual ability to move with measured steps, Eloise refrained from dwelling too deeply on the matter.

Continuing to administer the comforting warmth to Rena's foot, Eloise approached the conclusion of the procedure and hesitated before saying, "Waylen has been waiting downstairs for quite some time. Would you like to see him?"

Rena was taken aback, momentarily stunned by the suggestion.

After a brief pause, she gently shook her head and

responded, "I'll speak with him in a few days. I'm not emotionally ready at the moment."

Respecting Rena's decision, Eloise refrained from pressing further.

Tenderly touching Rena's head, Eloise spoke words of comfort, saying, "I may not know the intricacies of your situation but I wholeheartedly support any choices you make... Seek a deserving partner. If this man falls short, seek another. Your Mr. Right will surely come your way."

Rena's smile in response to Eloise's words brought a sense of relief to Eloise's heart.

Time swiftly passed and soon a week had gone since Darren's passing, with Rena's feet nearly restored to full health.


Accompanied by Eloise, Rena made her way to pay respects at Darren's final resting place.

The sun beamed brightly, illuminating the vibrant flowers strewn around.

Resting before Darren's and Reina's tombstone was a bouquet of freshly picked lilies.

Eloise surmised that Lyndon had left them there. Casting a glance at Rena, who discarded the bouquet nonchalantly and instead placed a handful of daisies, she couldn't help but emit a soft sigh.

They lingered in the cemetery for an extended period,

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emerging only when the approaching noon signaled their
departure.

At the cemetery's entrance, a resplendent golden Bentley Continental GT stood parked and Waylen leaned against it, engrossed in his cigarette. Despite being surrounded by the cheerful spring breeze, an air of gloom enveloped him.

His physique had slimmed down, yet his handsomeness remained undiminished.

Rena couldn't evade the situation any longer; she needed to convey her thoughts to him clearly.

Approaching Waylen, whose eyes held a profound gaze, she initiated their interaction.

He said, his voice filled with tenderness, "Allow me to drive you back."

Recognizing Rena's desire for closure, Eloise interjected, "I'll get a cab. Rena, you have a conversation with him."

Rena nodded, cautioning Eloise to take care on her way back.

Before long, Eloise hailed a taxi and departed for home.

Waylen extinguished his cigarette, opened the car door and gently urged, "Please, step into the car."

Rena settled into the passenger seat.

Though she could walk now, her movements lacked agility. Her injury occasionally caused discomfort.

Waylen joined her in the car, taking his time to buckle his seat belt. However, his gaze remained fixed on her feet as he softly inquired, "Does your foot still ache?"

Rena cast a glance at her feet and smiled.

"Much improved. I appreciate your concern."

Waylen delayed setting the car in motion. He turned his gaze to Rena, hesitating before confessing, "Rena, I care for you. I don't want us to break up. Let's start anew. I will never see her again; my interactions will solely involve the case agent."

Rena listened in silence.

Her countenance exhibited neither joy nor sorrow, as if she were an impartial observer.


She even smiled and proposed, "Waylen, let's find a place."

Waylen's slender fingers, resting upon the steering wheel, curled slightly. After a protracted silence, he smiled and replied, "Alright."

Half an hour later, he escorted her to an upscale restaurant.

Having made a reservation in advance, the establishment was exclusively reserved for the two of them.

Rena abstained from indulging in any food; instead, she opted for a solitary cup of coffee. Her delicate fingers delicately grazed the surface of the porcelain, a reflection

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of the bitterness that dwelled within her heart.

In recent days, Rena had discerned Waylen's true intentions.

He was attempting to win her back.

Yet, wasn't it profoundly hypocritical to shatter her heart and then seek to reclaim it?

What he bestowed upon her was always within the limits of his own willingness, whereas Rena had poured her entire being into this relationship. She had fallen in love with him without the slightest hesitation.

Coming from different family backgrounds, she had been compelled to acquire skills she found distasteful.

Flower arrangement, pastries...


His previous girlfriend was the daughter of the esteemed pianist Lyndon Coleman, which had motivated Rena to abandon her home and pursue further studies in Flirean, all in the pursuit of aligning herself better with Waylen.

Reflecting upon it now, Rena found the entire situation utterly ludicrous.

After sipping halfway through her coffee, Rena finally said in a soft, composed tone, "Waylen, let us bring an end to this relationship."

Waylen gazed at her intently.

After an extended pause, he replied slowly, "Perhaps it is

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wise for us to separate temporarily and allow ourselves
time to find solace."

Rena refused to evade his gaze, her response accompanied
by a gentle chuckle.

"By 'end this relationship,' I mean we break all ties. No
more contact, no calls, no texts on special occasions or
birthdays."

Rena concluded her statement...

Unexpectedly, Waylen summoned a waiter and placed an
order, stating, "Two set menus, please."

With a smile, the waiter responded, "Certainly, Mr. Fowler.
Your dishes will be served in ten minutes."

Rena couldn't help but interject, her voice tinged with
curiosity. "Waylen?"

Waylen declined to discuss the matter further, stating,
"Let us converse after the meal."

As the plates were presented before them, it was only
Waylen who engaged in consuming the meticulously
prepared dishes.

Although he had been eating for quite some time, he felt
like chewing chalk.

In truth, he was awaiting Rena's remorse. He yearned for
her to retract her statement about breaking up.

However, dwelling on past decisions would only yield

sorrow. Since Rena had firmly resolved to end their relationship, how could she easily reverse her decision?

Waylen gently dabbed his lips with a napkin, composing himself.

In a matter-of-fact tone, he inquired, "Have you made up your mind? Are you truly determined to end things?"

Having shared a life together for an extensive period and shared countless intimate moments, Waylen believed there was no valid reason for them to sever their bond entirely due to Elvira's presence.

Rena nodded, her resolve unwavering.

She uttered, "I have thoroughly contemplated it. Let us bring our relationship to an end."

Waylen possessed a strong sense of self-esteem. Apart from Elvira, Rena was the only woman he had ever wooed. Now that Rena had initiated the breakup, he recognized the conviction within her decision.

He pondered that if this relationship caused Rena distress and unhappiness, it was better for them to liberate each other.

And so, an uncomfortable conversation ensued.

Being the scion of a wealthy family, Waylen believed it was customary to offer something when parting ways with a woman. This gesture would be a testament to his appreciation for the time they spent together...

After some contemplation, Waylen proposed, "I will arrange for Jazlyn to transfer ownership of the apartment to you."

That particular apartment held a value worth hundreds of millions of dollars, which would undoubtedly elate most women.

However, Rena had never been motivated by material wealth in her relationship with Waylen.

Nevertheless, as Waylen broached the topic, Rena did not exhibit annoyance. Instead, she responded lightly, "I have no interest in the apartment."

Waylen found himself slightly taken aback.

Rena maintained her unwavering gaze upon him.

Comprehending her stance, Waylen reached into his pocket and retrieved a checkbook. With deliberate movements, he inscribed the figure of 50 million.


Then, in a composed and respectful manner, he slid the signed check towards her.

Waylen uttered calmly, "Rena, our relationship has come to an end. If you require any assistance in the future, feel free to contact Jazlyn."

Rena did not refuse his gesture.

She folded the check, tucking it away in her bag.

Sincerely expressing her gratitude, she made one final

Chapter 175 Waylen, We Will Never See Each Other  +120 Points at most request. "Mr. Fowler, I still have some personal belongings in the apartment that I would like to retrieve."

Waylen extracted a cigarette, lighting it and taking a long drag.

His eyes exuded a profound depth as he offered a smile. "Very well. I no longer reside there these days. Once you have retrieved your belongings, you can hand the key over to Jazlyn."

Rena graciously thanked Waylen.

She rose from her seat, preparing to depart. Waylen, somewhat adhering to gentlemanly conduct, entertained the notion of driving her home.

Rena politely declined.

Standing tall, she smiled and said, "I appreciate your assistance to my father during these trying times, Mr. Fowler... Now, we are even. From this point forward... We will never see each other again."

With measured steps, Rena gradually exited the restaurant.

Meanwhile, Waylen remained seated, his gaze fixed upon her slender figure through the glass door. Suddenly, a twinge of pain flickered within his eyes...

Perhaps, he mused, the sunlight had grown excessively radiant.