

Chapter 197 Waylen, I Want To See You

After Lyndon departed, Rena found herself in solitude for an extended period.

As she finally made her entrance at the party, all preparations had been completed.

Approaching her, Zack inquired, "Has that old man approached you once again? Was it because someone had swindled his pension, compelling him to seek your support and care in his twilight years?"

Rena delicately held a champagne flute, replying, "Let us refrain from indulging in gossip during such formal affairs."

Zack emitted a derisive snort. "I genuinely care for you."

Rena comprehended his thoughts, realizing that he simply wished to complicate matters for Waylen. She possessed enough humility not to presume that a charismatic womanizer would ardently pursue her.

Nevertheless, since she had received a substantial sum of

twenty million dollars from Brandon, she needed to provide this young man with guidance.

Rena escorted Zack to a social engagement, displaying grace while Zack conducted himself admirably, avoiding any scene-making.

In the distance, the two wealthiest gentlemen in the country engaged in conversation.

Brandon chuckled and remarked, "Korbyn, my investment of twenty million dollars has proven worthwhile. In just one month, Zack has undergone a complete transformation."

Korbyn concurred, "I believe our Rena has matured. When a woman encounters someone younger than her, it tends to awaken her maternal instincts, wouldn't you agree?"

Upon uttering those words, Korbyn emitted a chuckle.

Brandon's countenance froze. "Your Rena?"

Korbyn pretended to be taken aback. "What? You were unaware? Rena and Waylen nearly tied the knot. Presently, they are facing some minor conflicts and are striving to resolve them."

Brandon's panic began to mount.

Rena truly was a remarkable young woman. However, could his son compete with Waylen?

Waylen possessed a notorious reputation in legal circles for his cunning tactics, able to attain whatever he desired.

Concern for his son consumed Brandon.

Yet, due to his strong sense of self-worth, he put on a facade of a bright smile and declared, "A man's pursuit of a woman relies solely on his own abilities."

Korbyn gracefully raised his glass, a gesture of celebration.

Moments later, the very person they had been discussing made his entrance.

Waylen, uninvited yet carrying an air of distinction, became the center of attention.

When Rena turned around, her gaze fell upon Waylen.

Her form adorned a resplendent, pure white gown.

His attire, a classic suit in black and white, exuded timeless elegance.

Across the bustling crowd, their eyes met, encapsulating the essence of their prime years.

In that fleeting instant, it seemed as if all other individuals vanished and the world fell into silence.

With measured steps, Waylen approached Rena, his voice resonating through the hush. "Congratulations!"

Rena stood there, utterly astounded...

Beside Rena, Zack wore a discontented expression. He could tell that Waylen and Rena still had feelings for one another.

It wasn't until Waylen gently nudged Rena that she snapped back to reality.

A sudden smile graced Waylen's face.

He understood that no matter the trials she had endured or the animosity she might harbor, Rena still held a fondness for his appearance. The meaning conveyed in her eyes could not deceive him.

Waylen extended a gift to her.

His voice carried a gentle undertone as he spoke, "Rena, in the future, I will not miss any important moments in your life."

Suppressing her emotions, Rena refused to lose her

composure in such a public setting.

Moreover, numerous eyes remained fixed on them.

Passing the gift to Zack with a casual gesture, she uttered with a lightness in her tone, "Mr. Fowler, your flattery is unwarranted. We are not that close and it seems unfitting for you to make such remarks. Anyway, you are a guest tonight. Enjoy your evening, Mr. Fowler."

With a slight nod, Rena proceeded to entertain the guests, with Zack accompanying her.

Waylen's gaze remained fixed upon her, observing as she conversed with others and even engaged in dancing.

Occasionally, her eyes would inadvertently meet his, only for her to swiftly avert her gaze, choosing not to sustain the connection.

Throughout the course of the party, Rena executed her role flawlessly.

Yet, deep within, she alone understood her fragility and the multitude of imperfections she carried.

A slight intoxication washed over her...

Once the party had concluded, Rena vigorously washed her

face in the bathroom, as if attempting to cleanse away more than just the remnants of the evening.

Zack, casually leaning against the door while engrossed in his phone, playfully provoked Rena during the wait. "You appear different when Waylen is around. What's the matter? Is he truly that exceptional? Then why did you break up with him?"

Emerging from the bathroom, Rena's voice turned icy as she uttered, "You have no right to inquire about my private matters."

Zack emitted a contemptuous snort and trailed after her. "Do you believe I wish to meddle? It's just that I see you faltering in his presence... What is it? Has the pain inflicted upon you been so immense that you no longer dare to embrace affection? You're only 25, yet you live as though confined by the walls of a convent. Don't tell me you plan to remain single indefinitely."

Rena's steps came to a halt.

Her entire being grew rigid...

Zack was right about it.

He possessed the ability to perceive the labyrinthine



depths of her mind. She dared not allow herself to love anyone after Waylen...

Back then, it seemed as though she would inevitably fall for Tyrone but, in reality, she didn't. She simply lacked the courage to love anyone at all.

She wasn't as carefree as she had once believed.

Determining not to accept Zack's offer of driving her home, Rena resolved to hail a taxi instead. As she stepped out of the hotel, a sight caught her attention.

It was Waylen, leaning against his car and puffing on a cigarette.

Illuminated by the vibrant neon lights, he still possessed an undeniable radiance. However, Rena could no longer bear the weight of it all.

Summoning a taxi, she waited in anticipation.

Yet, just as she awaited her transportation, Waylen extinguished his cigarette and approached. Frowning his brows, he inquired, "Where's Zack? Why didn't he drive you home?"

Rena gingerly set her phone down.

Gazing at the enchanting music fountain before her, Rena uttered softly, "Waylen, can you grant me freedom? For someone like you, ending a relationship is akin to a mere stumble. It won't inflict any real pain upon you. But I, as an ordinary person, cannot bear such a burden for a second time. So, no matter how earnest your intentions may be now... I simply cannot bear it. Do you understand? I cannot withstand the weight of being with someone of your caliber."

Waylen's hand, once extended, remained frozen in mid-air.

Her nose slightly reddened, Rena continued, "People like you treat marriage as a mere game. You slipped the ring onto my middle finger when you proposed. It's evident that you don't love me, yet you feign such affection. If I were to marry you, only to realize a few years later that my husband doesn't love me at all... I know, you like me. You enjoy my physical presence and my companionship. But how much longer can I remain youthful? And what would you do when I'm no longer young and attractive?"

You claim to love me, but after all that we've been through, all that you've done to me, why should I place my trust in your words now?

Thus, I suppose this is our farewell."

At that moment, the taxi arrived, and Rena opened the car door, slipping inside.

Waylen stood alone in the night for an extended duration...

His heart sank slowly.

He came to realize the arduousness of reclaiming Rena's heart and a sense of anxiety began to consume him.

Rena arrived back at her apartment.

She resolved to banish thoughts of Waylen from her mind, determined to expunge his presence from her life and learn to disregard him.

Throughout the following week, Waylen refrained from troubling her. He neither called nor appeared at her apartment to torment her.

Rena believed it was truly the end.

However, on a Saturday evening, shortly after she had returned home, the doorbell rang.

Rena approached the door, preparing to answer it.

Standing outside, Roscoe appeared visibly worn and disheveled, lacking his usual composure.

As Rena closed the door, she prepared a comforting cup of tea for him and inquired softly, "What's wrong? Has something happened to Vera?"

Roscoe took a seat on the couch.

In truth, Roscoe and Rena had not been acquainted in the past. Their connection had formed through Vera, and they had shared several meals together.

Cradling the cup in his hands, Roscoe said softly, "Vera is pregnant."

Rena's reaction was not one of great surprise.

Roscoe locked his gaze onto Rena. He knew she had a lot on her plate, but he had no choice but to implore her, "Joseph refuses to divorce Vera. Moreover, the child Aline is carrying does not belong to him. He has certain advantages. If he refuses to grant Vera freedom, they won't be able to divorce anytime soon."

Rena found herself stunned.

Roscoe retrieved a cigarette, lit it and took a deep drag.

"Vera cannot wait. The baby is already over three months old."

Roscoe's words were concise, yet Rena grasped their full implication.

If Joseph and Vera were unable to proceed with their divorce, the pregnancy would tarnish Vera's reputation and Roscoe would be unable to explain the situation to his family. From the beginning, Roscoe's family had been skeptical of his relationship with Vera.

Rena retreated to the kitchen to refill his cup.

She understood the reason behind Roscoe's visit. Waylen, being the nation's top lawyer, possessed the means and connections. If he could assist Vera, she would have a better chance to divorce Joseph.

Softly, Rena voiced her thoughts, "Aren't you friends with him?"

A bitter smile touched Roscoe's lips.

He and Waylen had been acquaintances but recently, it had become difficult for him to reach Waylen. Every time he called, he was told Waylen was either on business trips or meetings...

Roscoe was a shrewd man.

After repeatedly failing to meet Waylen, Roscoe understood the message behind Waylen's actions. Waylen wanted Rena to talk to him.

In a hoarse voice, Roscoe uttered, "Vera is unaware of my visit today. I know her well. She would rather undergo an abortion than trouble you. I know I'm being selfish, Rena... But please. I am begging you."

Rena returned to the living room.

Roscoe's eyes reddened and he appeared utterly dejected.

Rena had witnessed the spirited and confident side of Roscoe. She had seen him be cynical towards women. This was the first time she had seen him in such a vulnerable state.

Lost in thought, she believed Vera had finally found her Mr. Right.

No words escaped her lips for a while. Roscoe suddenly rose to his feet and knelt before her.

"Roscoe! No! Please, get up!"

With Rena's assistance, Roscoe refused to rise. His voice choked as he pleaded, "Rena, as long as the baby is safely

born, I will do anything you ask of me. Even if you desire my entire fortune, I won't hesitate. From this moment forward, I will work tirelessly to support my wife and child..."

Rena pulled him up.

Softly, she said, "Why would I want your fortune? Don't you want to raise your child?"

Roscoe gazed at her, his eyes filled with hope.

Rena forced a smile and said, "I promise you. I will plead with that man."

Roscoe yearned to say more...

Yet Rena urged him to depart. "Take good care of Vera and don't let her know you came to me."

With that, Roscoe left.

Rena retrieved a bottle of beer from the fridge and slowly sipped on it.

The night breeze was chilly and the beer was cold.

When she awoke in the middle of the night, tears stained her face.

Later on, she sat on the terrace throughout the entire

night. As she regained her senses, the radiant golden sun rose and illuminated the world below.

Rena bowed her head and dialed Waylen's number.

"Waylen, I want to see you."