

Chapter 132 Mr. Fowler, I Am Flattered

Rena seethed with anger, her lips clenched tightly as she fixed her gaze upon the man. "You are no superior to me, Waylen. Your scent reeks of Elvira both inside and out. Shall I also cleanse you thoroughly, even your internal organs perhaps? You don't get to judge me!"

Her arms encircled his neck. She was furious with him.

Waylen grasped her slender waist, though he himself was filled with rage. In truth, he had no desire to touch her, yet his body betrayed his control.

Bowing his head, he yearned to kiss her.

"Miss Gordon, are you truly a fearless soul? Do you truly wish to cleanse my innermost being? How about... we start with my body first? What do you think?"

As he said this, he advanced towards the bathroom while carrying Rena in his arms.

After approximately five minutes had passed, movement resonated from within the bathroom.

Rena gasped, pleading for mercy...

They engaged in passionate intimacy. Rena displayed no inhibitions, eagerly cooperating with Waylen. However, once it concluded, his interest waned.

Having abstained from sexual gratification for days, Waylen had desperately sought relief. Yet, now that it was done, he lacked the inclination to repeat the act with her.

He felt a sense of satisfaction, a thrilling experience, yet it differed from before...

Something was amiss.

Clad in a bathrobe, Waylen leaned against the headboard.

As Rena emerged from the bathroom, she realized he would not engage in another encounter that night. Consequently, she began to dress herself.

Quietly, Waylen observed her.

Her gaze dropped, giving the impression of submission but he knew it to be a mere facade.

By nature, she was truly volatile, quick to ignite.

During her time with Harold, Waylen had never heard Rena raising her voice at him. Contemplating this, a tinge of jealousy crept into Waylen's heart.

Men tended to be affected, to varying degrees, by such matters.

Waylen casually lit a cigarette and asked, "How much longer

will you remain at odds with me?"

Rena remained silent.

Waylen flicked away the ash from his cigarette.

"You desire financial support, don't you? I am willing to invest. You can pursue whatever you wish in the future, whether it be for business or pleasure. I will instruct the servant to prepare dinner for us. You can relax and it will not disrupt our lives," he said in a gentle tone.

Rena entered a trance-like state for a moment.

After a lengthy pause, she smiled and responded, "I must admit, I am quite flattered. I never expected someone like you to surrender to such an extent for me. I suppose I should give in and go back with you."

However... she had developed feelings for him.

Because she harbored those sentiments, she could no longer be his mere secret lover.

Otherwise, she would hold herself in contempt.

Waylen might not realize that he had promised her various benefits without expressing the words she truly desired—
"Rena, I like you and care for you deeply. I want to be with you sincerely."

No.

Their connection was purely physical.

Rena sniffed.

She scorned herself, saying, "I am not that valuable. I have sold myself once and I am capable of doing so again?"

Waylen's countenance darkened.

His gaze bore into her.

Rena understood his thoughts. He must be thinking that he had shown her respect but she had responded with disdain.

Indeed. How could he take the emotions of someone as insignificant as her seriously?

In his mind, all she needed to do was remain at home and wait for him to shower her with affection.

Rena however, resisted the current situation.

She had faced numerous hardships and, despite her entanglement with Waylen, she still held onto the belief that one day she would encounter a mutual adoration. She wanted someone truly loved and cherished her—someone she could build a future with.

With the final button fastened, Rena said calmly, "Mr. Fowler, I am taking my leave."

Waylen gazed at her, inquiring, "Is it because of Tyrone? Do you have feelings for him?"

"No!"

Waylen scrutinized her, his eyes filled with judgment. After

a prolonged silence, he uttered flatly, "You may depart in the morning. It is raining outside."

Rena's heart softened, causing her to avert her gaze.

Raindrops cascaded down the tinted French window.

Involuntarily, Rena's mind wandered back to that fateful night.

Waylen had promised to attend her grand opening celebration and meet her parents. The joy she experienced on that day was immeasurable.

However, he failed to appear and turned off his phone. Despite her concerns for his safety, he sought solace in the embrace of his former lover amidst the rain...

If Elvira were to kiss him, she believed he would not resist.

And he indeed could not resist.

The softened state of Rena's heart grew hardened once more.

"I will hail a cab and return. It is rather convenient," she declared.

Rena opened the door and stepped out.

Outside, heavy rain poured incessantly, drenching everything in its path and enveloping the air with a chill...

Rena embraced herself tenderly, hailing a taxi. As she settled into the vehicle, her eyes, now tinged with red, finally gave way to tears.

No matter how resilient she had been, the deteriorating state of her relationship with Waylen proved unbearable.

She had held deep affection for him.

She had eagerly anticipated a profound connection.

Waylen had no intentions of spending the night at the hotel.

Deliberately, he adorned himself in his attire but as he pulled up his trousers, his eyes fell upon a small pearl ear stud resting at the edge of the bed.

Recollections of their intense encounter flooded his mind.

Rena had been pressed against the bed's edge, her long brown tresses cascading upon the pristine white sheets. She appeared ethereal, captivating in her beauty.

Waylen gazed at the ear stud for a lingering moment.

Eventually, he picked it up and concealed it within his pocket...

Having checked out, he entered the car, unsure of his destination, when Juliette reached out to him.

"Waylen, Brenda has made some dessert. Bring Rena along to enjoy it together."

Waylen caressed the steering wheel gently as he replied to his mother, "It is too late. Rena should be resting."

"What do you mean 'She should be resting'? You no longer live with Rena?" Juliette inquired promptly.

Waylen was a driven individual. How could he admit that his

woman had left him? He responded lazily, "No. She... She is exhausted to the point where she may not rise from bed."

Juliette blushed.

She gently admonished her son, saying, "You must exercise restraint. Do you desire to have a child or not? Engaging in such activities frequently may lead to health issues in the future and you might be unable to conceive with her. Don't blame Rena by then."

Juliette paused.

"In my opinion, both of you should have a child while you are still young. With a child, you will experience a profound sense of belonging."

Waylen sighed. "Mom, I will be back for the dessert, okay?"

Juliette then ended the call.

Waylen steered the car back towards the Fowler residence.

The grandeur of the Fowler residence radiated from the brightly illuminated facade. The hall brimmed with activity, indicating the presence of esteemed guests.

As Waylen stepped inside, he discovered Harold holding his beloved sister, Cecilia.

Cecilia blushed playfully under Harold's gaze.

Upon catching sight of Waylen's return, Harold gently released his fiancée and provocatively remarked, "The scent

emanating from Waylen's body resembles that of hotel shower gel."

Cecilia nudged Harold, jesting, "Don't be ridiculous! Why would Waylen visit a hotel and even take a shower there?"

Harold smiled mischievously. "Is that so?"

Yet, Waylen did not refute the claim. He casually took a seat across from them and uttered, "I indeed have just come back from the hotel..."

Cecilia stood in stunned silence.

Had Waylen truly visited a hotel?

Was there another woman accompanying him?

Waylen extracted a small pearl ear stud from his pocket and continued, "We engaged in passionate intimacy. Rena inadvertently left behind this on the bed, oblivious to its presence..."

After uttering those words, Waylen cast a glance in Harold's direction.

The smile that had adorned Harold's face instantaneously vanished...