

Chapter 138 Waylen, Don't Be So Shameless!

Rena's complexion was ashen, her pallor reflecting her inner turmoil.

Waylen yearned to extend his hand and caress her delicate face.

Rena instinctively took a step back, creating a physical distance between them.

Eventually, he retracted his outstretched hand, realizing her vulnerability. "You're in a fragile state now. Let me take care of you," he offered.

Rena listened silently, her attentive demeanor revealing her willingness to absorb his words.

Her countenance remained devoid of emotion as she locked her gaze upon him and uttered, "Mr. Fowler, do I have to be any clearer with you? I am aware that you harbor some sentiments for me but every time Elvira faces trouble, you rush to her side without hesitation, leaving me behind and disregarding my emotions!"

As she spoke, anguish gripped her heart tightly, inflicting

emotional pain.

Nevertheless, she summoned the strength to force a smile, concealing her inner turmoil.

"Mr. Fowler, I don't want to like you anymore!"

Waylen inched closer, seeking to cradle her head tenderly and rekindle their relationship through a kiss.

At the very least, he hoped to evoke fond memories of their past shared happiness.

Rena stood motionless, unaffected by his gentle actions.

She then firmly pushed him away, her voice laced with defiance as she hissed, "Waylen, don't be so shameless! With your looks and status, countless women would willingly indulge in your desires! There is no need for you to pester me like this."

"You believe I only seek physical intimacy with you?"

Rena derisively scoffed, her trembling lips betraying her mocking tone. "Or what? Marriage?"

Waylen's fists clenched in frustration, the tension evident in his body language.

After a prolonged silence, weariness permeated his voice as he admitted, "Rena, I have no intention of marrying. But I am not toying with your emotions. Marriage simply does not align with my life plans."

Rena cast her gaze downwards, concealing her disappointment.

A faint smile graced her lips as she replied, "Do not worry. I have no intention of interfering in your life."

Having uttered those words, she moved to shut the door.

However, Waylen halted her, preventing its closure.

Furrowing his brow, he solemnly declared, "In my eyes, you hold greater significance than Elvira!"

Rena lifted her gaze, locking her eyes onto his with a mixture of astonishment and anger brewing within her.

As if she had just heard a preposterous joke, she softly repeated, "I am more important than Elvira?"

Waylen's countenance grew grave, his demeanor matching the weight of his words.

Rena's smile waned slightly as she recalled his involvement in an economic dispute on Elvira's behalf.

"Since you claim that I am of greater importance, then I demand that you cease aiding her," she retorted.

Mockingly, she added, "Can you do that?"

A crease formed on Waylen's forehead, signaling his deep contemplation.

He was always resolute in keeping his professional and personal matters separate, never allowing a woman to

interfere with his work.

Gazing at Rena, he posed a question, "Can you alter your request?"

Rena stooped down, retrieved the supplements he had brought and tossed them outside the doorway.

"Very well. The revised request is for you to leave! Waylen, do not appear before me again."

With a decisive motion, Rena closed the door, shutting him out.

Leaning against it, she could still catch a whiff of the lingering cigarette scent from Waylen's body.

There was a time when she relished snuggling in his embrace, nestling her head against his shoulder and inhaling the fusion of his fragrance, the scent of tobacco and aftershave.

But now, all she desired was to keep her distance.

After a while, Vera returned with a displeased expression, indicating a disagreement with Waylen downstairs.

Rena regained her composure, adopting a composed demeanor.

She said to Vera, her tone filled with resolve, "Please, do not antagonize him on my behalf. Joseph frequently engages in business collaborations with the Fowler family."

Vera responded stubbornly, although inwardly she felt sympathetic towards Rena.

Rena delicately opened the food container and whispered, "Do not fret. I shall regain my strength swiftly."

Despite the arduous journey ahead, she held unwavering resolve to conquer it!

Taking a few days to rest, Rena returned to her duties.

Due to Harold's involvement, Rena found herself unable to accept Alan's investment, leading her to extend an apology to Paisley.

Paisley graciously accepted the situation, offering a comforting pat on Rena's shoulder as she remarked, "No worries! Tonight, I have a dinner engagement with some venture capitalists. Rena, join me."

Rena felt a profound gratitude for Paisley's generosity.

Following a brief conversation, Rena personally dialed Joselyn's number. "Mrs. Scott, I apologize. I cannot collaborate with Mr. Scott. However, if your daughter is still willing to learn piano from me, I will ensure her tutelage is exceptional."

Having already been apprised of the entire tale by her husband, Joselyn possessed full knowledge of the events involving Rena, Harold and Waylen.

Joselyn held great admiration for Rena. Initially perceiving

her as somewhat difficult to interact with, she was pleasantly surprised by Rena's grace and politeness even in the midst of such circumstances, refusing to rely solely on men.

Joselyn's impression of Rena underwent a positive transformation.

She found Rena to be dependable. She also pondered that although she had Alan's support, she should handle her investments independently.

Yet, Joselyn remained astute. She needed to gauge Waylen's stance first.

If Waylen expressed a desire to invest in Rena's studio, Joselyn couldn't possibly compete with him.

As the clock struck eight in the evening, Rena joined Paisley for dinner. Still recovering from her illness, Rena should refrain from imbibing any alcohol.

However, she felt a sense of indebtedness to Paisley, unwilling to let her face the venture capitalists alone.

With a faint smile gracing her lips, Rena raised her glass of red wine and consumed half of it in one swift gulp.

Though discomfort lingered, she maintained a delicate smile upon her face.

"Miss Gordon certainly knows how to hold her liquor!"

"Please pour another glass for Miss Gordon."

Within the opulent confines of the private room, a vibrant ambiance enveloped the space.

In the end, Rena had consumed nearly an entire bottle of red wine.

A hint of pallor tinged her complexion, prompting Paisley to whisper, "Go to the restroom and then leave. I'll come up with an excuse to cover for you."

Rena shook her head resolutely. "Let's depart together."

Paisley let out a sigh, fully aware of the circumstances between Rena and Waylen.

She knew that Rena could have anything she desired if she were willing.

Yet, Rena refused to depend on Waylen!

Paisley felt a mixture of sympathy and admiration for Rena.

Having attended countless such gatherings, Paisley possessed the ability to invigorate the atmosphere with a few well-chosen words. "Allow Rena to take a break. Mr. Williams, I shall join you in a drink."

Mr. Williams, the esteemed owner of a six-star hotel, had previously encountered Rena and was acquainted with her status as Waylen's girlfriend.

Observing the pressure Rena faced to entertain the guests

and consume alcohol, he couldn't directly intervene. Instead, he discreetly sent a message to Waylen.

Rena hurried to the restroom.

A sense of discomfort overwhelmed her, yet she could not bring herself to vomit.

Switching on the faucet, she splashed her face with cold water, experiencing a modicum of relief.

However, the effects of the alcohol persisted, leaving her inebriated.

Within the confines of the restroom, she discerned the silhouette of a slender figure, unable to determine if it was reality or a figment of her imagination. Her gaze fixated upon the man, her eyes slightly reddened.

Waylen approached, calmly tending to his own handwashing.

Rena uttered not a word, merely leaning against the cool wall as she observed him.

With deliberate slowness, Waylen rinsed his hands.

A protracted silence lingered between them. Eventually, Rena ascertained that this encounter was not a figment of her imagination; indeed, they had crossed paths.

She refrained from uttering a single word and turned to leave.

Softly, Waylen spoke from behind. "Rena, is this the life you truly desire?"