

Chapter 201 Mr. Fowler Had A Hard Time After Y...

When Rena awoke from her slumber, the sun had already reached its zenith, casting a warm glow into the room.

Inside the apartment, the air conditioner hummed softly, providing a pleasant and moderate temperature.

Faint footsteps resonated from the living room beyond, their sound so delicate that only attentive ears could detect them.

Rena swiftly raised herself into a seated position, her curiosity piqued.

To her astonishment, Jazlyn, Waylen's efficient secretary, materialized at her doorstep, accompanied by a doctor.

Noticing Rena's awakening, Jazlyn briskly addressed her, "I heard you fell ill. Mr. Fowler instructed me to arrange for a doctor to visit you. He has a crucial meeting today, or he would have come personally."

Rena still felt a bit woozy but now a sense of embarrassment washed over her.

No one understood the tangled web of emotions between her and Waylen better than Jazlyn.

Rena chose to disregard those thoughts.

In a raspy voice, she murmured, "It's just a minor cold. Nothing serious."

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In a raspy voice, she murmured, "It's just a minor cold. Nothing serious."

Jazlyn replied with a gentle smile, "Nevertheless, Mr. Fowler is deeply concerned for your well-being."

Rena's embarrassment intensified.

The doctor remained mostly silent, completing his examination before administering an injection to Rena, then promptly taking his leave.

Now, only Rena and Jazlyn remained in the apartment.

Jazlyn, an experienced professional, possessed the remarkable ability to overlook any discomfort in the air. Undeterred, she donned an apron and beamed, saying, "Since you're unwell, avoid heavy food. Let me prepare something light and nourishing for you. How about some chicken soup?"


Rena thought it was too much trouble for Jazlyn.

With a gentle touch, Jazlyn reassured Rena, saying, "Mr. Fowler doesn't trust anyone else to handle this. Actually, I can sneak away from work for half a day by staying here with you, and I can even pick up my son from school earlier later on."

A smile played on Rena's lips.

Rena was well aware of Jazlyn's role as Waylen's dependable confidante and she spoke with caution.

As Jazlyn busily prepared the chicken soup, she engaged in conversation with Rena, delving into the events that unfolded

Chapter 201 Mr. Fowler Had A Hard Time After Y  +120 Points at most after Rena and Waylen's breakup. Eventually, Jazlyn let out a soft sigh and said, "Mr. Fowler hasn't had an easy time in the past six months."

Jazlyn also carried a burden of guilt for the discord between Rena and Waylen.

If she hadn't requested Rena to deliver those documents on her behalf that fateful night, perhaps Rena and Waylen wouldn't have parted ways. However, as a woman, Jazlyn couldn't help but feel relieved that Rena had. Otherwise, Rena and Waylen might have joined the ranks of countless couples who couldn't find their way back to each other in the end...

Jazlyn had many words to express.

While savoring the nourishing soup, Rena responded slowly, "You don't need to blame yourself. I didn't end things with him because of anyone else, not even because of Elvira. Despite Elvira's self-harm and his continuous visits to her, we didn't break up. It's... our own issue."

Waylen desired marriage only in the way others in the upper echelons of society did.

He sought a respectable wife who could bear him an heir.

He was drawn to Rena's physical allure. As long as he cherished her, he could remain faithful. However, the certainty beyond that initial infatuation remained uncertain.

She couldn't be sure and neither could he...

Yet, what Rena yearned for was her partner's unconditional love, a devotion that would endure for eternity.

She had never loved someone so boldly and fearlessly, so ardently desiring to be by his side but she believed she would never do so again.

He had wounded her deeply, to the point where she dared not love anyone anymore.

Rena chose to keep these sentiments unspoken.

In truth, there existed no definitive right or wrong in the intricate web woven between them, and forgiveness was not something she pondered upon. It was merely that her thoughts had evolved, taking a different path than before.

Now, a one-year time limit loomed before them.

She would endure whatever he subjected her to but she would maintain control over herself.

Jazlyn bid her farewell at half-past four.

At eight o'clock in the evening, Waylen's call reached Rena and, without a moment's hesitation, she answered.

Softly, Waylen's voice flowed through the phone, "Are you feeling better?"

Rena responded, "Yes, I appreciate you arranging for Jazlyn to take care of me."

A brief silence enveloped the conversation.

Waylen's smile could be felt through the phone. "Do you want me to come over? I just finished work. I can bring your favorite food... There's a concert tonight but since you're unwell and unable to attend, let's stay home and watch the live broadcast together, alright?"

Rena understood his intentions.

He sought to bridge the gap between them, longing for their relationship to resemble that of a typical couple.

Yet, she harbored no such aspirations.

However, she couldn't afford to offend him, so she offered a vague reply, "I'm not feeling well and need to rest. How about this weekend? I'll accompany you then."

Waylen remained silent.

Rena followed suit, maintaining an odd silence between them.

Finally, Waylen broke the stillness. "If you're uncomfortable, it's best to retire early."

Rena acknowledged his words with a simple "okay" before ending the call.

On the other end, Waylen held his phone, seated inside a black Maybach. The streetlights cast a shadow upon his profile as he remained stationed outside Rena's apartment building.

She had no desire for him to ascend those stairs.

Waylen opened the car door, stepping out with a bag in hand, filled with the favorite indulgences of young women.


Naturally, he had also included some toiletries.

Those items were intended for men.

Initially, Waylen had planned to spend the night here, caring for her but she had declined.

Waylen was never one to keep his grievances to himself. Since he had made the effort to come, there was no reason for him to withhold his thoughts. However, his reserved nature prevented him from being reckless. Consequently, he hung the bags on her doorknob...

In the early hours of the morning, Rena opened the door and

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decided to take Snowball for a walk.

The moment the door swung open, her gaze fell upon the two bags. She surmised that Waylen must have left them there, prompting her to retrieve them and investigate their contents.

Snacks.

Razors, a bathrobe, slippers, men's underwear...

Rena was rendered speechless.

She carefully set down the items, feigning ignorance and refusing to acknowledge what had transpired.

Although she had set a one-year deadline with him, she had no desire for him to intrude upon her private life, nor did she want him to make use of these things.

When she went downstairs to leave for work, Zack was nowhere to be found.

Rena lacked the ability to drive herself, thus she was left with no choice but to hail a taxi to the music studio. Fortunately, Zack awaited her there.

From that day onward, Zack began to distance himself from Rena.

He no longer offered her rides, nor did he make an effort to see her.

Rena didn't pressure him and instead hired another driver. However, she couldn't help but worry about Zack's actions. She kept an eye on him and found out that he did now engage in frivolous activities and was dedicated to his work. Her anxiety eased more when Eloise informed her that he retired to bed early each night.

Finally, one day, Zack came to Rena when summoned.

However, his demeanor exuded coldness.

Rena perused through the report and posed a casual question, "Will you always approach your work with such emotional detachment?"

Zack's eyes hardened, revealing a cruel intensity.

He glared at her. This woman... failed to appreciate his efforts.

After finishing the report, Rena dismissed him.

Zack turned on his heels and departed. Yet, as he stood outside, he could no longer contain his frustration and unleashed a forceful punch upon the wall.

He then discarded a small pill to the ground, crushing it beneath his foot into fine dust.

Rena stepped out, her gaze resting upon him in quiet contemplation.

With a rigid motion, Zack turned around, his eyes reflecting a wounded expression.

In a composed tone, Rena uttered, "Zack, there are numerous things in this world that cannot be acquired simply through desire... Besides, have you ever considered how to handle things once you obtain them?"

Cold sweat trickled down Zack's back.

She knew...

Rena cast her eyes upon the crimson pill and softly advised, "Clean it up. Don't let others see it. If staying here makes you unhappy, you can return to Heron."

Zack's body tensed.

He knew he should depart but the thought of leaving made him feel like a coward, a complete failure. Moreover, he believed Waylen would revel in his departure for days on end.

Chin held high, Zack declared, "I'm not leaving. I will achieve great things to prove myself to you, to make you regret not choosing me."

Rena understood that his anger had dulled his senses.

She smiled. "Considering your recent performance, a deduction of 12, 000 dollars will be made from your bonus this month."

Zack seethed with fury.

He now fully recognized Rena as a vengeful and callous woman. She epitomized the typical capitalist, much like Waylen.

With a snort, Zack stormed off.

In the afternoon, Rena received a call from Brandon, who expressed gratitude for Zack's improved behavior. "Zack mentioned that he plans to return to work at Carson Group in a year. Rena... Thank you so much."


Rena responded politely.

She also did not refuse the benefits promised by Brandon...

After all, his precious son had nearly resorted to dirty means. Thus, she felt compelled to accept the benefits bestowed upon her by Brandon.

Having dealt with Zack, Rena found herself in a better mood.

However, this fleeting sense of contentment was soon

Chapter 201 Mr. Fowler Had A Hard Time After .  +120 Points at most disrupted as Waylen reached out, his voice carrying a smile through the phone. "I'll come to pick you up later. Shall we go to my villa? That's where I reside now."

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