

Chapter 116 Rena, Be With Me!

The air hung heavy with tension.

The reunion of the old lovers had brought forth a whirlwind of emotions, leaving Rena unsure of what to expect.

Waylen's eyes revealed a mixture of pain, shock, and surprise, making it difficult for Rena to gauge his true feelings towards Elvira.

She wondered if he still held any love for Elvira, but one thing was certain.

He harbored a deep resentment towards her.

He hated Elvira because he had never forgotten her.

Harold, sensing Rena's discomfort, wore a sneer on his face.

"Ha! Are you feeling incredibly uncomfortable right now?" he taunted.

A faint smile played on Rena's lips as she met Harold's gaze.

"What satisfaction do you derive from mocking me?" she asked calmly. "Shouldn't you be overjoyed at this moment?"

Harold's fists clenched involuntarily, betraying the internal turmoil he was grappling with.

How could he possibly be happy?

He had lost the woman who had loved him unwaveringly for four long years, compelled to watch her move on and weave a new life with another man.

And it was all his doing—Harold had been the architect of his own demise, the one who had pushed Rena away, driving her into the comforting embrace of another. It was his own actions that had led to his loss.

Harold lost her!

His Adam's apple bobbed as he found himself unable to contain the torrent of emotions any longer.

"Rena, I'm ready to give up everything. Can't we find a way to be together again?"

Rena's eyes widened in disbelief.

How could he dare entertain such a notion? He had shattered her heart, and now he expected her to simply embrace him again just because he apologized?

It was ludicrous.

A maelstrom of emotions churned within Rena. Her eyes shimmered with unshed tears, her trembling lips betraying the profound mixture of love and hatred she felt for Harold. She stared at him, her gaze filled with a potent blend of disdain and disappointment.

Just as the tension reached its apex, a gentle voice sliced through the silence like a soothing balm. "Harold, Rena..."

The voice caught both estranged lovers off guard, their attention swiftly shifting towards its source.

Waylen turned his head slowly.

Standing there, a concerned expression etched on her face, was Cecilia—an unexpected interruption to the emotional battleground. Rena and Harold stood mere inches apart, their eyes locked in a fierce clash of emotions.

Rena's eyes glistened, on the precipice of tears, while Harold's gaze held a tumultuous cocktail of love and longing.

Waylen, an observer to this heart-wrenching scene, narrowed his eyes.

A flicker of displeasure dancing within his heart.

Elvira flipped his hair and asked in a slightly frivolous tone, "Your girlfriend?"

Waylen didn't deny it.

She took a deliberate step closer to Waylen, leaning in to whisper in his ear, her tone teeming with seductive allure.

"Waylen, it has been an eternity. I've always wondered if our past as well as my absence made you swear off love. I'm delighted to see you've found someone."

A restrained smile played on Waylen's lips as he responded, "Indeed, it has been a while. But you give it too much credit for your absence."

Elvira tilted her head, her delicate features and crimson lips captivating under the sunlight's tender caress.

Waylen couldn't help but recall the whirlwind romance they had once shared, the passionate moments and whispered promises. He felt a twinge of nostalgia tugging at his heartstrings.

Then he realized Rena was totally different from Elvira.

She was a stark contrast—a homely woman who enjoyed cooking, possessed a gentle temperament, and loved to doll herself up.

Rena...

Waylen's thoughts were interrupted when he turned to find that Rena had vanished.

It was clear to him that she must have witnessed his encounter with Elvira.

Of course, her sudden disappearance left him momentarily dazed.

Elvira squinted slightly, her eyes narrowing as she observed the scene before her.

She had recently learned that Waylen had a girlfriend, and that knowledge had brought her back. She wanted to see who this woman was that had captured his heart. As Elvira first laid eyes on Rena, she couldn't help but feel that she was rather ordinary. But it was Waylen's reaction that

intrigued her.

"Waylen, won't you show me around the house?"

Elvira said playfully, as if they had been good friends for many years.

He quietly glanced at the spot where Rena had stood just moments ago. After a long pause, he looked away and replied, "There are several elders who are eager to see you!"

She attempted to hold his arm, but Waylen skillfully evaded her and said, "Elvira, it's not appropriate."

The smile on Elvira's face froze, a fleeting hint of vulnerability appearing in her eyes as she softly murmured, "You never used to deny me in the past."

Waylen walked briskly towards the house, his words trailing in the air. "As you said, that was in the past."

Leaving Elvira behind, Waylen and she departed from the scene, their presence sparking ripples of curiosity and speculation among the onlookers.

Unbeknownst to them, Harold, who had been observing them from a distance, watched the unfolding drama with an icy detachment.

His piercing gaze lingered on Waylen, who had been fixated on the spot where Rena had stood just moments ago.

Harold couldn't help but wonder when Waylen had started harboring such intense feelings for Rena. It was evident to

him that Waylen's fondness for Rena went beyond mere situationship or casual interest. Harold could tell clearly. Men knew men best. It was obvious that Waylen liked Rena.

Harold closed his eyes.

Rena was more important than Elvira to Waylen.

However, the man was not yet aware of his real feelings.

Harold knew about this and didn't want to tell him at all.

Elvira's sudden reappearance had injected a subtle tension into the atmosphere of the birthday party.

All those present were aware of the complex history between Elvira and Waylen, and now, with Elvira's return, they cast meaningful glances towards Rena.

Even Juliette, a close confidante, couldn't help but feel a sense of unease.

Whispering softly to Rena, Juliette attempted to provide reassurance, "Rena, don't overthink it. Waylen and Elvira were merely childhood playmates. Besides, Elvira is engaged to someone else. She came back to resolve some minor contractual disputes. She won't interfere with your relationship with Waylen."

Rena mustered a serene smile, concealing the truth from Juliette.

Her connection with Waylen might run deeper, encompassing a complicated web of desire and affection. At the end of the

day, they were still just fuck buddies—something she could never tell Juliette.

Rena had purposefully maintained distance, deliberately avoiding any encounters with Waylen throughout the afternoon and evening.

Her plan seemed to work since Waylen was not able to find her. The sprawling estate of the Fowler family provided ample space for Rena to navigate, ensuring that their paths did not cross.

As night fell and the air grew colder, Rena found solace in the pavilion.

Seated at a stone table, she sipped on a cocktail, enveloped in a quiet ambiance.

The distant strains of romantic music emanated from the hall, where guests twirled and danced, their happiness palpable.

Rena, however, didn't experience any sadness. She understood her position, knowing that none of this had anything to do with her after all. Her heart had already gleaned Waylen's true sentiments, revealing that her love for him was inconsequential.

Contemplating her departure, Rena sought a suitable excuse to leave.

She pondered the likelihood of Waylen being preoccupied and

unable to accompany her back home that night.

"Rena!"

A soft voice called out, interrupting her thoughts.

Rena lifted her gaze to meet Tyrone.

Usually dressed casually, tonight he donned a formal suit, elevating his handsomeness to new heights.

He continued to approach her with an air of elegance and confidence.

Tyrone stopped in front of Rena, his tall stature requiring her to gaze up at him.

With a deep voice, he inquired, "Why aren't you on the dance floor? You look stunning today. It's a shame to waste it sitting here."

Rena smiled gently, replying, "I prefer to stay here and enjoy the gentle breeze."

"Is it because of Waylen and Elvira?" Tyrone asked, his words direct and perceptive.

Caught off guard by his straightforwardness, Rena felt a blush rise to her cheeks.

Tyrone leaned in, their proximity almost intimate, as he whispered, "Rena, you have feelings for Waylen, don't you? You care for him so deeply that you're afraid to even face him, fearing the pain of witnessing him with someone else. You're

afraid, Rena, and that's why you avoid him."

Rena looked at Tyrone, a mix of surprise and vulnerability in her eyes, as if seeing him for the first time.

Tyrone, in a charming tone, continued, "Do you want to know why I said all that? Because I want to see you happy. Isn't that what life is about?"

As long as there are other men vying for your attention, Waylen won't be able to hurt you.

Rena, be with me. I promise you'll discover a whole new side of Waylen."