

## Chapter 117 He Just Didn't Want To Give It To Her!

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Rena was taken aback by Tyrone's words, which struck her deeply.

She had no inclination for indulging in thrilling love games. All she desired was to be with the one she truly loved.

Even if it wasn't Waylen, she firmly believed that someday she would encounter the right man destined for her.

In response to this disheartening realization, Rena fled.

Her fear was provoked and intensified by Tyrone's actions.

Inside the pavilion, the mischievous smile on Tyrone's face vanished, replaced by an expressionless gaze fixed upon Rena's retreating figure.

Rena had consumed only half of her cocktail, leaving the glass behind. The beverage appeared delectably sweet. Tyrone picked up the glass, delicately tracing the lip mark left by Rena and then leisurely finished the drink.

Within their social circle, numerous girls similar to Elvira existed.

They possessed their own free-spiritedness!

Yet, they exhibited distinctive forms of beauty!

Rena stood apart from the rest. She possessed numerous qualities that the other girls within the circle lacked. Furthermore, being from a middle-class background, she held no narrow-mindedness.

She embodied the ideal companion for marriage, truly impeccable!

Yet Harold failed to appreciate her worth.

Waylen was preoccupied with dealing with Elvira, who had humiliated him during their youth. Perhaps he had no time to focus on Rena either!

Tyrone's smile held a meaningful implication.

If Waylen didn't cherish Rena, he certainly would!

As Rena entered the grand banquet hall, she was fully prepared.

Tyrone mentioned that Waylen was currently engaged in a dance with Elvira. Rena envisioned the scene, expecting it to be a sight of sheer beauty.

Indeed, they appeared to be a flawlessly harmonious couple!

Their movements synchronized effortlessly.

Waylen placed his hand on Elvira's waist as she spun gracefully.

The elderly onlookers couldn't help but feel a tinge of regret.

Their memories rewound to the time when Waylen and Elvira shared an incredible bond, though their relationship had unfortunately come to an end.

Rena observed them silently, her gaze unwavering.

Fortunately, her love for Waylen had not reached profound depths.

Thankfully, she was not his actual girlfriend. Otherwise, how would she confront such a scene?

The music came to a close.

Both Waylen and Elvira let out slight gasps, eliciting applause from the crowd.

Elvira had grown up abroad, exuding passion and uninhibited spirit. She openly kissed Waylen's cheek and declared, "Our synergy remains unparalleled!"

Waylen was taken aback by her unexpected kiss, left momentarily stupefied.

Sensing a shift in attention, he turned slowly.

And there she was: Rena.

Amidst the gathering, she stood, casting her eyes upon them.

As a man who had shared a life with Rena, this was the moment to console and reassure her, or perhaps explain something!

Yet, upon careful deliberation, he couldn't just walk away from

Elvira in Lyndon's presence. Furthermore, if he were to console Rena in front of so many respected elders, it would practically be equivalent to announce their engagement.

Waylen yearned to break free from such constraints!

He simply gazed at her, his eyes conveying a shared understanding.

Rena comprehended!

How could she not?

He knew of her affection for him and understood her desires.

All she sought was an exclusive, enduring bond.

Yet, he was unwilling to grant her that!

Just then, the music resurfaced. The elders encouraged Waylen and Elvira to dance once more. Waylen contemplated refusing but Elvira chuckled and remarked, "Are you afraid that your girlfriend will be consumed by jealousy? Or are you unable to erase me from your memory? Is that why you're afraid to even dance with me?"

"You're overthinking!" Waylen retorted coldly.

Once again, he placed his hand on Elvira's waist.

Elvira glided across the dance floor with grace, her eyes gleaming with ambition and possessiveness. She was an alluring sight to behold.

Yet, Waylen's thoughts wandered to Rena's waist, slender and

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enticing. Every time he embraced Rena, an irresistible desire  
to have sex with her surged within him.

Lost in these musings, Waylen found no interest in  
continuing to dance. As the music drew to a close, he longed  
to whisk Rena away and indulge in passionate intimacy.

However, Rena had already departed ahead of him!

She bid a polite farewell to Juliette, expressing her  
discomfort and kindly requested if Juliette could arrange a  
driver to escort her home.

Juliette felt utterly helpless!

She was well aware of her son's deplorable conduct. After so  
many years of separation from Elvira, why did he choose to  
dance with her now in front of his new girlfriend?

He seemed utterly indifferent towards his girlfriend. What on  
earth could he have to discuss with Elvira, who had been  
engaged?

Juliette couldn't simply leave, nor could she subject others to  
witness the unfolding drama.

Secretly, she approached Cecilia and asked her to  
accompany Rena to the awaiting car.

Cecilia, too, was filled with anger.

It was meant to be her birthday celebration, yet Elvira had  
swooped in and stole the spotlight. It was undeniably vexing!

During their journey, Cecilia scolded Elvira, unintentionally revealing that Elvira had betrayed Waylen. Her delicate face twisted with indignation as she assured Rena, "Rest assured, Elvira will never marry into our Fowler family! My mother dislikes her immensely!"

Rena cast her gaze upon Cecilia.

Cecilia, with her pure and uncomplicated nature, was the very reason Waylen showered her with affection, shielding her from the knowledge of Harold's misdeeds.

Rena couldn't bring herself to harbor any animosity towards Cecilia; in fact, she even held a fondness for her.

A melancholic sigh escaped Rena's lips.

In truth, she, too, could never marry into the esteemed Fowler family!

Although she refrained from verbalizing her thoughts, she retrieved a dainty little box from her bag and placed it gently into Cecilia's hand.

Sincere words spilled from Rena's lips as she smiled. "Cecilia, happy birthday."

Cecilia, perpetually cheerful, now felt a twinge of sadness. Worriedly, she inquired, "Are you going to break up with my brother?"

Break up?

Rena smiled softly and assured her that such a thing wouldn't occur.

After all, they were merely companions driven by sexual desire.

Cecilia watched as Rena entered the car and eagerly returned home clutching the gift.

Upon stepping inside the house, she came face to face with Waylen.

"Where is Rena?" Waylen asked as soon as he saw her.

Cecilia pursed her lips and replied, "You upset her and she left."

Raising the box in her hand, she announced, "It's a gift from Rena!"

Eager to unveil its contents, she settled onto the sofa and opened the box. Waylen contemplated leaving, but an inexplicable curiosity compelled him to witness Rena's offering to Cecilia.

Rena had not told him about this gift she had prepared for Cecilia.

As Cecilia opened the box, she discovered that it didn't contain a valuable piece of jewelry as she expected.

Instead, a brilliant yellow amulet, exquisitely crafted, lay before her. Underneath it was a handwritten scripture.

The effort Rena must have put into acquiring such a precious gift was evident.

Cecilia's trembling lips betrayed her emotions.

She murmured softly, "This is the most exquisite gift I have ever received!"

Waylen tenderly caressed her head and uttered, "May you live a life filled with everlasting safety and happiness."

With that, he grabbed the car keys and made his way towards the parking lot.

By the time Rena returned to the apartment, it was nearing ten o'clock.

She removed her makeup, indulged in a relaxing bath, and stood before the French window donning a black silk robe. It was a rare occasion for her to willingly partake in alcohol but tonight she desired a sip.

In the midst of her gentle intoxication, she intended to sever her ties with Waylen.

However, whether their relationship met its demise or not, she had no choice but to heed his wishes. After all, her father's legal predicament had yet to be resolved, and she couldn't afford to offend Waylen.

Rena ruminated extensively and devised numerous plans.

Yet, a wave of despondency engulfed her, prompting her to seek solace in the melodies of the piano.



As Waylen swung open the door, he caught sight of Rena gracefully playing the piano.

She didn't shed a single tear; instead, a faint sadness painted her visage.

Rena was an entirely different entity compared to Elvira.

The piano's melody abruptly ceased.

Rena turned her gaze towards Waylen, mustering a smile.

"You've back," she whispered.