

Chapter 124 Waylen, I Plead Guilty

Elvira's unexpected presence at their doorstep left Waylen slightly taken aback. "Elvira?" he exclaimed, his eyes fixed on Rena for confirmation.

Rena nodded, her expression composed despite the turmoil within her.

She could sense Waylen's intense scrutiny, as if he were searching for something in her features.

Yet, she remained poised, not letting her emotions betray her.

Lowering his gaze, Waylen resumed reading the documents in front of him. His voice, devoid of any emotion, broke the silence. "Let her come to the study."

As Rena turned to leave, she felt Waylen's eyes boring into her back.

She hurriedly made her way to the living room, finding Elvira exploring the luxurious apartment on her own.

Elvira's eyes fell upon the Morning Dew piano, and a surge of jealousy twisted her features.

The Morning Dew.



She remembered how Louis II would serenade his beloved wife on this very piano.

Was Waylen's gift of the piano to Rena a symbol of his love for her?

Unthinkable!

Elvira refused to believe it.

She knew Waylen too well. He preferred simplicity in his surroundings and would never allow Rena to transform their home into a place of comfort and warmth..

Everywhere.

As Rena returned to the living room, her eyes locked with Elvira's. With a calm demeanor, Rena said, "He's waiting for you in the study."

A meaningful smile played on Elvira's lips.

Then, she held up her file bag.

"I have an economic case I need Waylen's help with. Do you mind?"

Rena responded gracefully, her relief evident that she was not Waylen's wife.

If that were the case, she might have truly been annoyed by this woman.

Rena was quite calm.

"I'm making coffee. Would you like a cup?"

Elvira's beautiful eyes sparkled with a smile as she accepted the offer. "Thank you." Then she walked into the study.

Voices then filled the air as Elvira and Waylen engaged in what seemed like a business discussion.

Rena, uninterested in their conversation, headed straight to the kitchen to prepare the coffee.

Considering their guest, she brewed an extra cup.

Just as Rena finished brewing and was about to pour the coffee into a cup, Elvira approached her, leaning against the kitchen door. Casually, Elvira remarked, "I saw the Morning Dew. It's the birthday gift I wanted when I was 22 years old."

Rena caught the underlying message in Elvira's words. She was insinuating that Rena possessed something she didn't want anymore.

Unperturbed, Rena smiled and asked, "The piano is in the living room. Would you like to play it?"

Elvira's face contorted with surprise.

She hadn't expected Rena to be so composed.

Lowering her gaze, Elvira chuckled. "Morning Dew, and the white dress you wore on Cecilia's birthday party. Miss Gordon, do you know what it means?"

In response, Rena looked at Elvira innocently, her eyes betraying nothing.

Sensing an opportunity, Elvira took out her phone and displayed an old photograph.

It depicted a young Waylen, 24 years old, and Elvira herself at 22, dressed in white, cuddling up to him. They appeared like a perfect couple, resembling a prince and princess.

In the background stood the Morning Dew piano, publicly displayed at the time.

Rena's gaze lingered on Waylen in the photo.

He looked slightly younger, his features softer, exuding the charm that would attract more young girls.

When Elvira observed Rena's silence, she wore a triumphant smile.

"Miss Gordon, you are merely my substitute. Even if you resemble me, you're still a fake. Now that I'm back, there's no need for you to be around Waylen any longer."

Taking a sip of her coffee, Rena maintained her composure.

Hmm... It was a pity the coffee was still too hot for her.

Setting the cup down, Rena looked up at Elvira and said calmly, "Whether it's the piano or Waylen, if you can take at least one of the two away... I will really appreciate it."

Because Rena didn't want anything to do with Waylen anymore...

She wanted to start a new life.

Elvira was stunned.

She didn't believe it at all. She thought it was a provocation from Rena.

Elvira picked up a cup of coffee and smiled happily.

"Miss Gordon... Sometimes it takes a little sleight of hand to snatch a man away.

Don't blame me!

I really hate you!"

As Elvira spoke, she poured coffee on her arm and screamed.

"Miss Gordon, why did you throw coffee on me?"

It's so hot...

Waylen, Waylen..."

Elvira looked at Rena with a triumphant smile.

Rena looked down at the coffee in her hand.

What a pity!

Rena looked at Elvira and smiled. "Miss Coleman, I must say I admire your father, but I never expected an honorable man like him to have such a spiteful daughter like you. Pursue Waylen all you want, but framing me with such dirty little tricks is simply unacceptable. By the way, I forgot to mention that I added ice to your cup of coffee. It simply cannot scald you, and it won't make your Waylen worry about you."

Rena gracefully flipped her long hair and added with a faint

smile, "Allow me to assist you!"

She slowly poured the coffee from her cup, still at around 85 degrees, onto Elvira's delicate arm.

Elvira's smooth skin turned red instantly.

The woman screamed in pain.

Waylen stood at the door, coldly watching Rena's actions.

Rena lifted her head, meeting his gaze.

With a serene smile, she uttered, "Waylen, I plead guilty."

Waylen brushed past Rena, his voice barely audible to her.

"So, you want to leave me that badly? You think scalding Elvira will make me angry?"

He wondered if Rena wanted to leave him and be with Tyrone instead.

Rena chose not to respond, realizing that explaining herself wouldn't make a difference.

Waylen's disappointment was evident, and she regretted that he had witnessed the entire confrontation.

Elvira remained oblivious to the true nature of their relationship. She clung to Waylen like a wounded bird, her voice laced with coquettishness.

"Waylen, Miss Gordon doesn't like me!

It hurts. Stay with me.

Come to my place and keep me company. I have two bottles

of wine there. We can enjoy the wine, and have a really nice chat..."

Elvira's seduction played out in front of Rena.

Elvira was acting like an angelic bitch...

Rena had to admit that she was genuinely "impressed" by her audacity.

She lamented that the coffee hadn't been hotter, as she would have relished revealing the depths of Elvira's character.

Waylen continued to fix his gaze on Rena.

After a prolonged silence, she seemed to have no intention of defending herself. It appeared as though Rena really wanted him to believe she hurt Elvira on purpose.

Finally, Waylen broke his stare, directing his attention to Elvira.

"I'll take you to the hospital," he stated.

Elvira refused.

"Waylen, you don't care about me. I need wine and your comfort!"

Gently pushing Elvira aside, Waylen walked over to Rena and spoke in a flat tone.

"Why don't you attend to her, Rena? You're good at bandaging wounds."

Elvira stomped her feet.

Her fear of Rena was evident.

She couldn't fathom why Rena, just a woman kept by Waylen, wouldn't grovel before her.

How dare Rena pour coffee on her?

Waylen waited outside for a while, but Rena didn't emerge.

He returned and asked, "Aren't you coming?"

Rena had finished tidying up and was busy filling the coffee machine with fresh beans. She responded calmly, "You go ahead. You guys can also catch up."

Waylen sensed Rena's underlying anger in her words.

They had been getting along well in the past two days, and he recalled the comfort he had found with her in the hotel room the other night.

It was understandable for Rena to lose her temper in the face of Elvira's repulsive behavior.

Placing his arms around Rena from behind, Waylen asked, "Are you angry?"

I didn't get angry with you when you poured coffee on her.

I'll come back later to keep you company, alright? Shall we have wine or coffee? We can also have a really nice chat."