

## Chapter 128 Waylen, Let's Put An End To This

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The atmosphere was filled with an eerie stillness.

Rena murmured with a mix of concern and anguish, "Tell me, Waylen, which woman you choose to simply share your bed with will be responsible for cooking dinner every day and eagerly awaiting your return? You can't subject me to this, Waylen!"

A subtle movement of Waylen's Adam's apple betrayed his inner turmoil.

Little did he realize the immense pain his actions inflicted upon Rena.

He gazed at her intently, his eyes delving into the depths of her being.

After what seemed like an eternity, he spoke up softly, his words barely audible. "I had no idea you cared about these things so deeply."

Rena chuckled at her own vulnerability, a touch of self-deprecation coloring her laughter.

Fixing her gaze upon him, she uttered with directness, "I

genuinely care, Waylen. It means a lot to me. I take it seriously! I can't afford to engage in such games. What's wrong with that?"

Suddenly, a wave of exhaustion washed over her, and she spoke wearily.

"Waylen, let's put an end to this!"

Waylen's eyes remained fixed on her, his stare unwavering.

After a moment, he whispered tenderly, "Are you really going to end our relationship over what happened today? Rena, do you think you have the power to break up with me if I don't want to?"

Rena's eyes welled up with tears, her vision blurred.

How could she be unaware?

She knew Waylen inside out. He had no desire for marriage. He relished the thrill of pursuing different women. And Rena, she was undoubtedly the most captivating person he had ever encountered, the source of his ongoing amusement.

He was truly something else.

Damn it!

Shit!

Rena clenched her fingers tightly, struggling to contain her emotions. She forced herself to speak calmly.

"We can still keep in touch, Mr. Fowler. If you ever require my



assistance in the future, simply give me a call. I'll be at your service."

As Waylen stared at her face, his voice softened. "So, if I need you, you're suggesting you'll come to my apartment and spend the night with me? Is that what you're implying, Rena? Are you moving out of our home?"

Having spoken those words, he took a step forward and pressed Rena against the TV cabinet.

Their silhouettes were displayed on the television screen, intertwined in an intimate embrace.

Waylen's patience had reached its limit.

Never had he showered a woman with such patience or shown such accommodation before.

In a burst of anger, he grasped Rena's exquisite chin firmly and planted a forceful kiss upon her...

Yet, Rena had no desire for this encounter at the moment.

Despite her lack of enthusiasm, she didn't push him away. Instead, she encircled her arms around his neck and engaged in a passionate kiss. Soon enough, Waylen's arousal grew.

Caressing Rena's face, he uttered in a husky voice, "I want it."

Rena reciprocated, her touch mirroring his own on his handsome face.

Arching her body, she whispered into his ear, her voice a



mere breath, "Not in the apartment, Waylen... Our kind of relationship is only suited for encounters in hotels. And please refrain from mentioning the phrase 'our home,' as it would taint what we have."

Waylen halted his actions.

He straightened up and peered down at her.

Her visage boasted a fair complexion and captivating features.

However, it appeared that she harbored no genuine emotions for him. Their recent intimacy was merely a game to her...

With slender fingers, he gently caressed her eyebrows, his favorite spot to touch.

A shiver coursed through Rena's body.

Waylen, too, was filled with anger. Despite his current desire, his self-esteem forbade him from proceeding further.

Bending down, he nibbled gently on her earlobe.

"Miss Gordon, you're absolutely right! I ended things with Elvira but our fathers are friends. The connection I had with her could never compare to what I share with you... If you wish to leave, so be it, but my dear, don't come to regret it!"

He continued, his tone filled with bitterness, "I suppose you've grown accustomed to unrestrained pleasure with me. I fear that if you were to leave me abruptly, you'd be left craving for it."



When it came to behaving like a rogue, women were never a match for men.

Rena's face flushed with anger, her indignation evident.

Waylen let out a soft chuckle, a hint of amusement dancing in his eyes.

Rising from the edge of the bed, he nonchalantly adjusted his pants' belt in front of her, deliberately prolonging the act to convey a sense of mockery...

Rena knew this was quintessential Waylen.

He was highly accomplished, a renowned figure in the realm of law and financial prodigy. Moreover, he belonged to that particular circle, where men excelled at toying with and exerting control over women.

Enraged, Rena couldn't resist delivering a swift kick at him.

However, Waylen effortlessly caught her leg and advanced toward her, assuming a dominant posture.

"Don't move, Rena!

Usually, I genuinely care about how you feel.

You wouldn't like those what we haven't tried."

Tears shimmered in Rena's eyes, reflecting a mixture of emotions.

Waylen yearned to touch her once more but he clenched his jaw and departed instead.

As he left, the door slammed shut, resonating with finality.

Rena couldn't help but feel that she had brought unhappiness upon this noble man. Yet, whether he was happy or not was of no consequence to her.

Unwilling to move, she pulled the quilt up and drifted into slumber.

Upon awakening, she found herself clutching a pillow tightly.

Almost instinctively, she whispered, "Waylen..."

Suddenly, her eyes widened in realization.

Not Waylen!

How could it be him? They had broken up the previous night...

Rena rubbed her eyes, which were sore and weary. Just as she was about to freshen up, a call from Paisley interrupted her thoughts.

"Rena, there's something important I need to discuss with you," Paisley began.

Resting against the pillow, Rena responded, "Go ahead."

There was a hint of excitement in Paisley's voice, tinged with a touch of embarrassment. "Well, you see, here's the situation. The owner of the music studio where we used to work is planning to emigrate. He's looking to sell the music studio, and I've inquired about the price. It's approximately 30 million dollars."

Rena paused, taking in the magnitude of the information.

"Are you considering buying it?"

A smile graced Paisley's lips. "How could I possibly afford it on my own? That's why I'm discussing it with you, Rena. This is truly a remarkable opportunity. If we acquire it, we could dominate at least thirty percent of the Duefron market."

Paisley hesitated for a moment before posing the question, "So, what are your thoughts on this?"

Rena also recognized the immense potential in the proposition.

The music studio operated with great efficiency, boasting a faculty of exceptional talent within the music industry. It was a venture with guaranteed profitability but...

Rena divulged the truth to Paisley.

In a soft voice, she confessed, "The thing is, Waylen and I had a falling out! The most I could contribute is around three million dollars."

Paisley displayed no surprise.

After all, Waylen had left Rena hanging the previous night. It would be peculiar if they hadn't experienced a rift.

Besides, Paisley had heard rumors of Elvira's return.

Paisley, being broad-minded, responded, "All I need is your agreement. We'll find a way to raise the funds, even if we

have to sacrifice our dignity. Money can always be obtained."

Rena was deeply moved.

In her moments of disappointment, she felt fortunate to have someone who intervened just in time, pulling her from the precipice of despair.

Softly, she assured Paisley, "Don't worry, Paisley. I will also work on it."

Paisley offered Rena comforting words and, in turn, Rena's heart felt somewhat alleviated...

She rose from her place, phoned the hotel's customer service and requested them to purchase a suit for her from the mall within the premises. After freshening up, she prepared to venture outside.

Reluctant to entrust others with the task, Rena resolved to personally return Harold's five million and Tyrone's five million checks to them.

She deemed it necessary to deliver them in person.

Rena drove to Tyrone's company and handed his check to the receptionist.

Unfortunately, Tyrone was engrossed in a meeting at the time.

By the time he received the check, Rena had already departed.



He called her, voicing his complaint, "Rena, why didn't you give me a chance to share a meal with you?"

Rena had always treated him with kindness.

Speaking in a gentle tone, she replied, "Perhaps next time. You can choose the restaurant."

Standing before the French window in his 36th-floor office, Tyrone idly toyed with the blinds using his slender fingers. In a husky voice, he implored, "Rena, if you ever decide to end things with him, please consider me, okay? I won't allow you to suffer any injustices."

Rena remained silent.

She surmised that nearly everyone within Tyrone's circle was aware of the events from the previous night.

In her moments of distress...

Tyrone whispered softly, "Don't feel upset or anything. I simply want you to know that I'll always be here for you."