

Chapter 133 The One You Should Thank Is Someone El...

Observing the somber expression on Harold's countenance, Waylen found himself less infuriated.

The maid Brenda graciously delivered a slice of cake she had freshly baked.

Having witnessed Waylen's maturation and treating him with utmost kindness, she naturally inquired, "Why didn't you bring Miss Gordon along?"

Waylen hesitated for a moment.

He savored the cake and responded, "It's too late. She's already fast asleep."

Brenda nodded in understanding, exchanged a knowing glance with Juliette and departed.

Juliette subtly probed Waylen on multiple occasions, yet he artfully evaded her queries about his personal life.

Harold comprehended the situation.

He wore a faint smile and inquired, "Waylen, did you have a disagreement with Miss Gordon?"

Waylen set the dessert down.

Waylen hesitated for a moment.

He savored the cake and responded, "It's too late. She's already fast asleep."

Brenda nodded in understanding, exchanged a knowing glance with Juliette and departed.

Juliette subtly probed Waylen on multiple occasions, yet he artfully evaded her queries about his personal life.

Harold comprehended the situation.

He wore a faint smile and inquired, "Waylen, did you have a disagreement with Miss Gordon?"

Waylen set the dessert down.

He conveyed a meaningful message, saying, "Harold, it appears that the events surrounding the Moore Group haven't kept you particularly occupied."

Harold's visage grew darker.

Waylen, too, lost his appetite, rising from his seat and ascending the stairs.

"Waylen!"

Cecilia couldn't resist calling out to him.

"I don't understand... It seems you harbor a bias against Harold."

Waylen swung around.

He cast a cold gaze upon Harold.

"Indeed? Perhaps he himself knows the reason."

Harold appeared even more discontented, narrowing his eyes at Waylen, who seemed to have it all.

Clearly, he and Rena did not get along well.

However, it was to be expected, for Waylen had always captivated numerous women's attention and, encountering someone like Rena, who was not easily swayed, would undoubtedly leave him dissatisfied.

Harold reminisced about the day at the club when Waylen feigned indifference towards Rena.

Perhaps even Waylen himself didn't anticipate that he would really fall in love with her!

Harold chose not to engage in an argument with Waylen, who was experiencing love's frustrations.

As he departed from the Fowler family's residence and settled into the car, he couldn't help but steal another glance at the calendar.

Only two days remained until he could reunite with Rena.

He envisioned the look of surprise and astonishment on her face when she found out the truth.

Harold couldn't resist the urge to tenderly caress the steering wheel as if it were Rena's supple cheek.

Rena returned to her apartment after leaving the hotel.

When she stepped out of the cab, she was caught in a sudden downpour.

Once back in the comfort of her apartment, she indulged in a hot bath, took vitamin C to boost her well-being and, finally, began to feel revitalized.

Night had fallen and yet she still had work to attend to. Weary, she sank onto the sofa and switched on her laptop to tackle the day's financial report.

The act of working helped her momentarily forget her worries.

But as she lay in bed later, she couldn't help but let her thoughts drift towards Waylen again.

She reminisced about how kind he had been to her in the past and the events that transpired that evening.

In an attempt to suppress her thoughts, she buried her face beneath a pillow, determined not to dwell on him anymore.

Over the next two days, they maintained no contact. However, she chanced upon news articles about him in the newspaper.

He had emerged victorious in an international lawsuit and radiated an air of vigor.

Countless cameras were trained upon him and even several female reporters regarded him with admiration.

Yet, his handsome face betrayed no trace of expression.

The headline was sensational.

"Waylen Fowler, the Unvanquished Champion!"

Rena held a glass of water, freezing in the moment.

She tenderly grazed her finger over his photograph in the newspaper. Never had she seen Waylen so serious. While she had witnessed him in moments of discontent before, those had always seemed commonplace and he displayed a thick skin in everyday life.

But now, seeing Waylen standing resolutely in court, adorned in formal attire, she couldn't help but find him incredibly captivating!

She recalled Waylen's previous words, "I believe it's more accurate to say that you're taking advantage of me, rather than the other way around."

As Rena gazed at the photograph, she found herself in agreement with Waylen's sentiments.

She despised her own lack of resilience, berating herself inwardly!

"What has captured your attention?"

Paisley approached, stealing a glimpse before flashing a meaningful smile. "He is absolutely incredible, Rena... Is he equally remarkable in bed?"

Paisley had no intentions of settling down in marriage. She engaged in occasional encounters with different men, showcasing her open-mindedness.

Rena remained silent.

Paisley understood that Rena's current relationship with Waylen wasn't in a good place, thus refraining from saying much.

"We will be dining with Mr. Scott tonight. Prepare yourself. Mrs. Scott will be joining us as well. If we manage to win her favor, Mr. Scott will undoubtedly invest in our studio."

Rena possessed a keen sense of propriety.

Given Alan's age in his thirties, she assumed his wife naturally wouldn't appreciate him associating with overly glamorous women. Rena donned a professional ensemble and styled her long brown hair into a bun, exuding an air of a successful businesswoman.

She and Paisley embarked on the journey together.

Anticipating potential alcohol consumption later, one of them would partake while the other assumed the role of designated driver.

Upon arriving at the club, they coincidentally encountered Alan and his family.

Alan exuded an easygoing demeanor, while his wife emanated gentleness and kindness. Even their daughter

possessed a likable disposition.

Rena felt her tension ease.

Throughout the dinner, Paisley and Alan delved into discussions about future plans of the music studio.

Rena took care of Mrs. Scott and the child.

Joselyn Scott held a fondness for Rena and decided to entrust her with teaching their child to play the piano. Once the contract was signed, Paisley brimmed with joy.

She rose from her seat and proposed a toast to Alan and Joselyn, stating, "It is our first time venturing into the world of music studios, and we consider ourselves incredibly fortunate to have encountered Mr. Scott, who is willing to support us. Thank you so much for your trust!"

Paisley swiftly gulped down her drink, finishing it in one swift motion.

Alan affectionately patted Paisley's shoulder and beamed.

"The one you should thank is actually someone else!" he exclaimed.

Paisley and Rena exchanged puzzled glances.

In a hushed whisper, Joselyn divulged, "Alan just did his friend a favor! This person has long yearned to collaborate with Miss Gordon but was hesitant due to fear of rejection."

Rena had a hunch about who it could be.

Her expression shifted slightly, yet she couldn't afford to lose her composure on such an occasion.

In that very moment, the door to the private room swung open.

Harold entered, donning an impeccably tailored suit, radiating undeniable handsomeness.

Harold's gaze fixed upon her.

"Rena!"

Rena, still on her feet, held a wine glass in her hand and mustered a forced smile. "Mr. Moore."

Paisley, fearing any potential missteps, lightly grasped Rena's hand.

Rena flashed her a smile, reassuring her not to worry.

She then addressed Alan and Joselyn, stating, "Mr. Scott, Mrs. Scott, I need to discuss some private matters with Mr. Moore. Paisley will keep you entertained in the meantime."

Alan couldn't help but feel a twinge of embarrassment.

The weight of his recent transgressions left him feeling uneasy.

Rena led the way out of the room.

Harold wore a gentle smile as he followed suit.

"Rena! I merely wish to make amends! Please don't dismiss my goodwill, alright?"

His tone carried a softness.

Ever since realizing he had lost Rena, he treated her differently from before.

He yearned to provide her with everything, yet remained unsure if she desired it.

Rena came to a halt.

She gazed at him.

She comprehended that he might genuinely have feelings for her now and desired to please her, but it was far too late.

This attempt to appease her shattered heart held no value in her eyes.

Her demeanor remained composed.

"Harold, we ended our relationship a long time ago. Cecilia is beautiful and genuine. You should cherish her. Do not engage in actions that would bring embarrassment upon both of us."

Harold delicately slid his hand into his pocket.


A chuckle escaped his lips.

"Do you still believe Waylen will marry you?"

Rena's heart throbbed with pain.

She pressed her lips together. "Waylen has nothing to do with this!"

"Is that so?"

Chapter 133 The One You Should Thank Is Some  +120 Points at most

Harold took a step closer, drawing near.

He pinned her against the wall, as if enfolding her within his grasp.

Rena tried her best to push him away.

"Harold, have you lost your mind?"