

Chapter 177 How Are You Doing

Jazlyn had made a thorough investigation before she came to report things to Waylen.

In a gentle tone, she whispered, "It is currently in Ypsila. A passionate collector of antiques purchased the piano."

Ypsila...

Waylen, maintaining a composed demeanor, expressed, "Please make arrangements for the earliest available flight to Ypsila on my behalf. Additionally, provide me with all the pertinent information regarding the collector, including details about his family, friends and business affiliations."

Jazlyn acknowledged with a nod. "Certainly, Mr. Fowler. I will send the required information to your email prior to your departure."

Later that day, Waylen embarked on his journey to Ypsila...

He remained in Ypsila for an entire week before making his return to Duefron.

Upon his arrival, it was already the month of March.

The airplane touched down at two o'clock in the afternoon. Despite still battling the effects of jet lag, Waylen's

eagerness to see Rena overshadowed any fatigue.

According to Jazlyn, Rena had dedicated herself to volunteering at a local nursing home that day.

Waylen drove to the designated location.

Due to the nursing home's remote setting, it took over an hour for him to drive there.

After parking his car, he entered the establishment and was greeted by the melodic notes of a piano.

In the very next moment, Waylen's eyes fell upon Rena.

She was dressed in an elegant white gown, engrossed in playing an aged piano.

Her radiance mirrored the beauty he had witnessed the first time she graced him with a performance.

With a gentle clench of his fist, Waylen felt a fleeting sense of unease.

It wasn't because the piano produced a subpar sound; rather, he sensed that Rena was struggling. Her playing did not possess the same level of proficiency as before.

Perhaps she had not fully recovered, he speculated.

As Rena concluded her performance, he softly called out to her, "Rena!"

At the sound of his voice, Rena's body froze momentarily.

However, she composed herself and turned her head, maintaining an air of calmness.

"Mr. Fowler?" Her tone was courteous, as if she were addressing an ordinary acquaintance.

Waylen surveyed his surroundings.

He found himself surrounded by mostly elderly people, their hair now turned white, all casting curious gazes in his direction.

Waylen, speaking with a gentle tone, expressed, "May I have a moment alone with you?"

Finally, Rena obliged and led him to the tea room.

Inside a quaint wooden cottage, a grand French window adorned with an abundance of blooming flowers and lush plants caught their attention.

With a dignified presence, Waylen settled into his seat.

Rena gracefully poured a cup of tea for him and casually remarked, "We don't have fine coffee or wine here. Black tea is our finest offering. Please make do with it."

Waylen's purpose for being here extended beyond the realms of tea; such matters did not concern him.

Seated across from each other, the warmth of the black tea enveloped their surroundings.

Waylen initiated the conversation, inquiring, "How are you doing?"

Rena lowered her gaze, delicately sipping the black tea. After a prolonged moment, she responded softly, "Not bad.

Quite well, actually."

From his pocket, Waylen retrieved a letter.

Rena recognized it as the invitation she had discarded, inviting her to attend the prestigious music school in Flirean. How could it now be in Waylen's possession?

Waylen gently tapped the envelope with his fingers.

His gaze fixed upon Rena, he asked, "Are you still planning to go to Flirean? I heard you play the piano earlier. Is your foot still not fully healed?"

Rena tenderly touched her leg.

It... would never fully recover.

All that remained of their relationship was the injury inflicted upon her foot.

She would never ascend to the heights of a distinguished pianist. There was no longer a need to pursue Flirean and she would be unable to drive in the future... This was the price she had paid.

Yet Waylen remained unscathed.

Rena harbored no complaints. Her smile remained intact. "Thank you for your concern. I believe I won't be going there."

She spoke with a lightness in her tone.

However, Waylen felt an acute pang in his heart.

Rena had once declared that unless he offered his heart to

her, she would not accept him.

Now, he yearned to give his everything to her... she no longer desired him.

Waylen refrained from further inquiries. Another question would cross the threshold, breaching the delicate balance. Slowly savoring the last sip of his black tea, he gazed at the setting sun. Then, with utmost tenderness, he suggested, "Allow me to drive you home."

Waylen added, his voice laced with determination, "Your car is still in the garage and in a pitiful state. I will purchase a brand new car for you."

Rena tightly clutched the cup, fighting to suppress her swirling emotions.

She locked her gaze onto Waylen and offered a smile. "Mr. Fowler, we have ended our relationship. I have received the compensation for the break-up and have already moved my belongings. Jazlyn should have inventoried your possessions. We are now even."

"I don't desire that BMW," she continued.

"And as for the new car you plan to buy, I have no need for it either."

Rena rose from her seat and swung open the wooden door. Remaining composed, she spoke in a calm and polite manner. "I have a class to teach shortly, Mr. Fowler. Please leave. From this moment onward... there is no necessity

for us to cross paths again."

She was ushering him away.

Waylen's gaze delved into profound depths.

He observed Rena, yet failed to discern any trace of affection on her countenance.

Was this the same Rena who fearlessly nestled in his arms, eagerly kissed him, and implored for more?

Was she the Rena who blushed at his presence and became enraptured with the mere touch of his hand?

She had wholly retracted all her sentiments.

Waylen suddenly came to realize that he was the one who had been indulged.

Rena had moved on, while he remained unable to overcome his longing for her.

At that moment, Waylen suddenly thought of Harold. When Harold realized what he had missed, did he too experience the same feelings that now plagued Waylen?

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Two days later, Waylen's path crossed with Harold's.

A fortuitous social gathering unfolded within the opulent confines of a private suite at the Mellowny Club.

Harold leisurely blew a smoke ring into the air, casting a sidelong glance at Waylen.

It was evident that Harold had been repressed for quite

some time. Seeing Waylen in such low spirits was a rare occurrence and Harold couldn't resist the urge to provoke him further.

Extending hospitality, Harold poured a glass of wine for Waylen.

"Are you feeling down?" he inquired.

Brandishing a glass of brandy, Waylen swiftly downed its contents in one gulp. "I'm fine," he curtly replied.

Harold smiled, inching closer to Waylen. He then retrieved his phone and scrolled through his album until he found a particular photograph.

It depicted Rena at the age of 22, peacefully asleep at a dining table. She appeared more youthful in the image and the background revealed that it wasn't taken at the Gordons' residence.

Waylen squinted, his gaze fixated on the picture.

With a cigarette between his fingers, Harold eagerly revealed, "She used to cook for me and wait for me at night as well. It was not special. Soon enough, she will forget about you and fall in love with Tyrone. She'll cook for him, tie his tie and, perhaps... even marry him."

Harold chuckled softly. "You're aware of Tyrone's close relationship with her, aren't you?"

Waylen wasted no time and engaged in a direct confrontation with Harold.

The occupants of the private suite consisted of respectable individuals who bore witness to the escalating conflict. When Waylen unleashed his wrath, his icy and noble demeanor truly revealed its ruthless nature.

Being a womanizer, Harold stood no chance against Waylen's superior physical strength and suffered a miserable defeat.

Roscoe happened to be present as well.

He derived amusement from the spectacle but feigned an attempt to intervene, remarking, "Why are you doing this? You know he's already unhappy. I can't believe you're rubbing salt to his wounds."

Harold's intoxication had clearly impaired his judgment.

He sneered, his words dripping with contempt, "Waylen, this is your comeuppance. I may be a despicable person who failed Rena but I genuinely care for her. If she were to choose me now, I would leave everything behind. I would stand by her side even if you tried to kill me. But what about you? You hurt her so deeply for a wretch."

Roscoe couldn't bear to listen any longer. He earnestly advised, "You're drunk, Harold. Don't speak recklessly."

Harold refused to remain silent, his dissatisfaction mounting.

Wiping the blood from the corner of his mouth, he hissed vehemently, "Every time you visit Elvira, have you ever

considered Rena's feelings? Given her nature, I truly don't understand why she agreed to go to Flirean. But now, she has finally come to her senses and left you... You blockhead. I take pleasure in seeing you suffer."

Harold lunged forward, ready to strike Waylen.

No one dared to intervene, for it was clear that nothing could stop Harold. Observing Waylen's readiness to retaliate, the others present decided to allow them to settle their differences through physical confrontation.