

## Chapter 184 Rena, I'd Rather You Hate Me

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In the early hours of the morning, Rena embarked on a leisurely stroll alongside Snowball, her faithful canine companion.

The sun-drenched season of summer enveloped her, as she adorned herself in a pristine ensemble of white sportswear, showcasing her slender legs, a sight that captivated onlookers.

At that moment, Waylen caught sight of Rena and an involuntary movement of his Adam's apple betrayed the intrigue that stirred within him.

Stepping out of his vehicle, he fixed his gaze upon Rena and inquired, "Shall we walk the dog together?"

Rena gracefully brushed past him, taking hold of Snowball's leash and proceeding towards the shimmering lake.

In a surprising turn, Snowball pivoted around and let out a sharp bark aimed at Waylen.

Lowering his head, Waylen ignited a cigarette and wordlessly trailed behind Rena, conceding to her silence.

Rena, unfazed by his presence, continued her stride, devoting an entire hour to the dog's exercise before indulging in a nourishing breakfast. Upon her return, she procured some bread and milk.

As she ascended the stairs to her apartment, Waylen abruptly seized her wrist and inquired, "Are you really with him now?"

Rena stood frozen, a moment of bewilderment washing over her.

In that instant, realization dawned upon her. Waylen must have witnessed her encounter with Tyrone the previous night, doggedly trailing her to this very place.

Meeting his gaze with an icy stare, Rena uttered, "Mr. Fowler, our relationship is no more. It is not your concern whom I associate with. I have no obligation to divulge such information."

She swiftly extricated her wrist from his grasp and hastened her entrance into the apartment.

With her back pressed against the door panel, Rena sealed off the outside world.

Time and again, whenever Waylen crossed her path, her heart couldn't help but ache. She found it impossible to remain indifferent, yet... she yearned to sever all ties.

What compelled him to persistently harass her in this manner?

The notion of relocating had crossed Rena's mind, yet she pondered her innocence. Why should she be compelled to hide from him?

That fateful night, Rena actually declined Tyrone's advances, but he refused to relent.

He possessed a keen intellect and pursued her with a silent determination.

Tyrone would only appear sporadically, four or five times a month, whether it was for a shared meal at Rena's abode or to bestow Eloise with some health products. Over time, people of Duefron became aware of Tyrone's affection for Rena and his ardent pursuit of her.

Under the cover of night, Tyrone once again crossed paths with Rena.

Boldly, he secured an invitation and dined within the confines of Rena's apartment.

However, as the clock struck nine, he made the decision to depart, carefully playing the gentleman that he was.

Rena accompanied him downstairs.

As Tyrone entered his car, Rena felt an urge to speak but hesitated. In the end, she chose silence, leaving her words unspoken.

A smile graced Tyrone's face.

His countenance illuminated with youth and

handsomeness, qualities that would undoubtedly captivate the hearts of many, even Rena found herself momentarily stunned.

Tyrone appeared to comprehend this as well.

Leaning in seductively, he whispered into Rena's ear, "You cannot elude me."

With those words hanging in the air, he started the car nonchalantly and drove away.

For an extended period, Rena stood amidst the darkness...

The night wind caressed her.

Taking a seat upon a bench sheltered by a sprawling plane tree, she closed her eyes, allowing the breeze to envelop her being.

A slender figure materialized before her. Waylen's gaze betrayed a tangle of emotions.

Moments ago, he had witnessed Tyrone's smile directed at Rena, witnessing a softening of her expression. Unable to resist, he approached Rena, gently pinched her chin, pressed his lips against hers and explored her mouth fervently with his tongue...

Caught off guard, Rena found herself defenseless.

When her eyes fluttered open, she discovered herself ensconced within Waylen's embrace. His grip was tight, causing her ribs to ache and his breath engulfed her

senses.

"Waylen, have you lost your mind? Release me!" Rena vehemently pleaded, struggling to free herself.

Yet, Waylen clung to her tenaciously, rendering her immobile. Not only that, he yearned for more. He pressed Rena against the tree, their bodies intimately colliding and intertwining.

He possessed an intimate knowledge of her physique, aware of precisely how to ignite her desires.

His aim was to awaken Rena's memories, desperate to ascertain if she still harbored feelings for him...

He yearned for her thoughts to be consumed by him, not Tyrone.

Waylen's desire for her burned urgently, consuming his every thought.

Rena's eyes welled up with tears, her anguish evident as she delivered a resounding slap across his face. Her body quivered with a mix of emotions.

Seizing her chin, Waylen once again pressed his lips against hers with an urgent fervor.

Rena ceased her resistance.

She allowed him to kiss her, her face tenderly turning away as tears streamed down her cheeks. "Waylen, do not push me further into hatred. Even if it's not Tyrone,

someone else will inevitably enter my life. I will fall in love and eventually marry another. Will you continue to pester me endlessly?"

Waylen came to a sudden halt.

Resting his forehead against her neck, he exhaled softly, his voice hoarse with emotion. "Rena, I'd rather you hate me. If you hate me, at least I still hold a place within your heart. But you treat me as if I were air. You knew I was waiting downstairs, yet you prepared a meal for him. You even walked him to his car, smiling... You gave him an opportunity."

He looked into her eyes and continued, "Rena, even if your heart were made of stone, it is time for it to soften. Is it so arduous to grant me a chance? I know that feelings for me still linger within you. When I kissed you and touched you, your response was undeniable..."

The corners of Rena's eyes glistened with even more tears. Gently closing her eyes, she uttered, "Yes, Waylen, I was indeed aroused. But is that not a natural reaction for a woman? Even if I were to engage with a skilled male companion, I could still experience the same sensation. What does it truly signify?"

Waylen's countenance grew pale.

Rena stood tall, her gaze steady in the midst of the nocturnal breeze.

"Waylen, you abandoned me. What purpose does it serve to voice these sentiments now?"

Having spoken her piece, Rena proceeded towards her apartment.

After taking a few strides, she halted abruptly and declared, "Do not come to me again!"

Waylen silently observed her retreating figure, knowing deep down that she would never turn back, regardless of his actions.

"Rena..."

He murmured her name, feeling a dizzying whirl of emotions.

In the subsequent weeks, Waylen descended into a state of decadence. Aside from fulfilling his work obligations, he frequented clubs and bars, drowning his sorrows in copious amounts of alcohol.

Korbyn endured this for half a month but, eventually, he personally intervened and brought his son back home.

He took a bucket brimming with icy water and emptied its contents over Waylen's head.

Suddenly jolted back to reality, Waylen hastily wiped his drenched face and exclaimed, "Dad!"

Pointing accusingly at Waylen, Korbyn unleashed a torrent of curses, "What a pathetic loser! Does drowning yourself

in alcohol serve any purpose? Will Rena return to you when she sees you inebriated? I suspect witnessing you in such a state will only amplify Rena's disdain for you. Waylen, have I not taught you anything? As a man, you must fight for what you desire. Do you possess any fewer capabilities than others?"

Waylen's visage remained stoic and impassive.

He maintained a prolonged silence...

Eventually, he tenderly adjusted the collar of his shirt and replied with a calm demeanor, "Dad, I know it now."