

Chapter 115 Elvira Came Back

Waylen's voice was hoarse as he gently caressed Rena's long hair. "Sorry, I have some work to attend to," he said, standing up abruptly and making his way towards the study.

Rena couldn't help but let her thoughts wander, fueled by his sudden departure.

She never intended for him to fall in love with her, but she sensed that something was off.

The woman he couldn't forget must have returned.

Elvira, Lyndon's daughter, was mentioned earlier.

Rena froze in that instant.

Elvira was the one Waylen couldn't forget.

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Nobody had told her.

She was the only one left in the dark.

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Thoughts of her growing affection for Waylen flooded her mind.

The roses by her pillow in the morning, the piano, and their intimate moments.

She realized now that those meant nothing compared to Elvira's importance in Waylen's heart. That woman was definitely more important to him compared to her.

Rena had no intention of confronting him because she was crystal clear that she meant nothing to him.

Judging by Waylen's recent attitude, she knew he still couldn't forget Elvira. She wouldn't humiliate herself by bringing the other woman up in front of him.

If he wanted to be alone, she would respect his space.

Quietly, she prepared a midnight snack for him, placing it in an insulated container on the table. When he was ready to leave the study, he would see it waiting for him.

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Sitting in the living room, she checked the financial statements of the music studio. Then she took a shower, tending to her skincare routine.

Late at night, Waylen sat in the study.

He was surrounded by smoke-filled air and cigarette butts in the ashtray. As he finished his last cigarette, he crushed the box and discarded it.

With his eyes feeling weary, he realized it was getting very late.

Standing up, he made his way out.

The living room was dim, illuminated only by a small wall lamp. The insulated container on the table caught his attention.

Opening it, he discovered a bowl of steamed pear with rock sugar.

It was a soothing remedy for his throat.

He sat down, took a few bites, and then walked into the bedroom.

There, Rena lay in peaceful slumber.

Her form wrapped in the modest embrace of a white pajama set. It was evident that she had chosen to abstain from the usual intimacy they shared.

Waylen guessed that she had uncovered something, a secret he had kept hidden.

Resolute in his desire to bridge the growing chasm between them, he gently enfolded her in his arms, their bodies seeking solace in proximity.

"Wake up, Rena," he whispered softly, his voice laced with vulnerability.

"Waylen."

She sighed, her voice laced with a little hint of annoyance. "I'm not in the mood tonight."

However, Waylen didn't intend to make love to her either.

"I need to tell you the truth. I was with Elvira for several years... She is Lyndon Coleman's daughter."

Rena's eyes fluttered open, disbelief etched across her face. She hadn't expected Waylen to be the one to initiate this revelation.

Pressing her cheek against his chest, she murmured in a hushed tone, "Are you planning to get back together with her now that she's back?"

Waylen's voice turned cold, devoid of any longing. "No," he replied firmly.

"She's engaged."

Rena refrained from delving further.

She understood that Waylen didn't really answer her question. Maybe he was just attempting to banish his feelings for Elvira by reminding himself of her impending engagement.

The whole matter had nothing to do with Rena.

Of course, she was acutely aware of her position.

With her arms encircling his neck, she playfully remarked, "That's a relief. I wouldn't want to unknowingly become a third party."

A surge of anger coursed through Waylen.

Sometimes Rena just knew where to poke to piss him off.

Seeking solace in the softness of Rena's long brown locks, he murmured, "Tomorrow, dress beautifully for Cecilia's birthday party..."

Rena's smile was tinged with resignation.

She intuited that Elvira's return was tied to Cecilia's celebration—an inevitable encounter that Waylen couldn't avoid. More bluntly, Elvira came back for Waylen. He might be able to avoid Elvira in an ordinary day, but they were bound to meet at Cecilia's birthday party.

As she sympathized with her own plight, Rena couldn't help but wonder if she would ever truly hold the same significance in Waylen's heart.

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The next day arrived, and it marked Cecilia's birthday, potentially her last before getting married.

Her parents, Korbyn and Juliette, expressed their deep love for her by choosing to host the grand celebration at the Fowler family's house.

The couple spared no expense, ensuring a lavish affair for their beloved daughter.

Inside the Fowler family's house, the air buzzed with excitement.

The venue was adorned with a live band playing melodious tunes, mouthwatering delicacies spread across tables, and elegantly dressed celebrities mingling in every corner.

Rena stood out among the crowd, dressed in a stunning white silk dress.

The off-shoulder design revealed her delicate collarbones, and the back cutout, held together by mere thin straps adorned with small pearls, exuded a touch of sensuality.

She looked captivating.

Originally, Waylen had expressed reservations about the dress due to its revealing nature, but Rena cleverly let her long hair cascade down, partially concealing her back, adding to her allure.

With Waylen by her side, Rena gracefully greeted the esteemed elders and guests, proudly displaying their

affectionate bond.

He had never hidden their relationship from anyone but always acknowledged it openly.

Juliette beamed with joy, finally witnessing her son with a partner by his side.

Waylen finally had a girlfriend!

When curious guests inquired about marriage plans, Juliette tactfully replied, "Rena is still young. I'm not in a hurry to pressure them into marriage."

Her words were considerate, but a hint of concern flickered in her gaze as she glanced at her son.

Thoughts swirled in her mind. The young couple spent their nights together, so why hadn't Rena become pregnant?

As they strolled through the festivities, Rena's feet began to ache, prompting her to find respite in the garden.

Seizing the opportunity to rest, she settled onto a garden bench.

Soon, someone approached her.

When Rena looked up, she found Harold standing before her.

The man appeared considerably better than before, leading her to surmise that the crisis at the Moore Group had been resolved, explaining his presence at Cecilia's birthday celebration.

Harold detected Rena's distance and offered a smile.

"Are you happy that Waylen brought you to such a grand occasion? Do you believe you can marry into the Fowler family, Rena? By the way, he didn't introduce you to Korbyn, did he?"

Meeting his gaze head-on, Rena inquired, "What are you trying to say?"

Harold leaned closer, his eyes fixed on her.

Sneering, he said, "You know that Waylen doesn't want to get married, right? Do you know why he's avoiding it?"

Before Harold could finish his sentence, Rena's gaze shifted to someone nearby.

Her voice turned soft as she responded, "I know."

Harold's surprise was evident as he followed Rena's line of sight.

At the garden entrance, stood a graceful figure draped in a captivating red dress.

Her long, wavy hair cascaded down her waist, enhancing her breathtaking beauty.

Waylen, dressed in a black suit, stood nearby, his eyes fixed upon her.

It was Elvira.

Rena lowered her gaze and offered a gentle smile.

Waylen had once referred to her as his morning dew.

However, deep down, she knew she wasn't the one who held his true significance.

Elvira was the woman who truly captured his heart.

