

Chapter 126 It Turned Out That She Was Overconfident

Rena maintained a prolonged silence, her thoughts echoing in the stillness.

Waylen displayed remarkable patience, his words flowing gently as he said, "I shall come to fetch you tonight."

After an extended interval, Rena caught the sound of her own voice as it escaped her lips, softly murmuring, "Alright."

She understood the extent of Waylen's determination and his willingness to exert himself for what he desired.

His desires, predominantly of a sexual nature, were accompanied by flattery. She pondered over his astute understanding of women, perplexed by his ability to discern their intricacies. Yet, when he made a decisive advance, she felt powerless to decline.

That particular night surpassed all others in its blend of romance and wildness.

His tender words permeated every nook and cranny of the apartment, filling the air with their sweetness.

Embracing her within his strong arms, he engaged in

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passionate intimacy that endured for the greater part of the
night...

Rena couldn't help but acknowledge that Waylen provided her with the utmost pleasure and a truly exhilarating sensory experience.

The break of dawn arrived.

As Rena awakened, she discovered Waylen standing by the bed, impeccably attired in a tie.

Upon witnessing her consciousness, he leaned down and bestowed a tender kiss upon her.

"Will you indeed be attending the opening party?" Rena inquired softly, her eyes rekindling with the memories of the previous night.

Waylen responded, "Yes, there is a trial I must attend though. I may arrive a tad late but it is acceptable to arrive at nine in the evening. Miss Gordon, how will you introduce me then?"

Rena ensconced her arms around his neck and whispered a single word.

A subtle shift occurred in Waylen's eyes, indicating that if time permitted, he would have engaged in further intimacy right then and there.

With the morning trial looming, he bid his hasty farewell and departed.

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Rena experienced a slight soreness in her body but her presence was required in the music studio alongside Paisley. With no reason to leave Paisley alone to deal with everything, she decided to rest for five more minutes before going to the studio.

Throughout the entire day, Rena had been attending to her parents' needs.

It wasn't until six o'clock in the evening that she finally had a moment to return to her apartment and change into an appropriate attire for the upcoming party.

She adorned herself in a delicate, light pink dress that accentuated her slender waist.

She elegantly pulled up her long, brown hair and embellished her appearance with a pair of pearl earrings.

In the reflection of the mirror, Rena beheld her own beauty and couldn't help but blush.

Perhaps it was because her thoughts were consumed by Waylen. It seemed as though she was selecting her attire with his preferences in mind. She knew exactly what he liked and which outfits made him yearn to embrace her...

Rena dared not delve further into those thoughts.

Descending the stairs, she readied herself to depart.

This day held great significance for her. Her father and Eloise would be present at the event, and Waylen expressed his

18:20

18,9%

📧 🔋 100%

desire to see them.

Despite her attempts to remain composed, deep down she couldn't help but eagerly anticipate the encounter.

Perhaps, she was really special to Waylen.

Perhaps, this time he was truly serious...

Seated in the car, Rena reached out to him.

"I'm heading to the hotel. Let me know when you arrive," she messaged.

Approximately ten minutes later, Waylen responded, "Alright." Rena understood that he was preoccupied with his busy schedule, so she refrained from bothering him any further.

Alone in her car, Rena embarked on a journey towards the hotel hosting the grand party.

Upon her arrival, she was greeted by the familiar faces of her parents and friends and she exchanged warm greetings with each of them.

After waiting for an extended period, Eloise grew anxious as Waylen remained absent. She pulled Rena aside, her voice hushed with concern, "Where is Mr. Fowler? Didn't you mention he would be here?"

Rena's smile radiated reassurance as she replied, "He is attending a trial and might join us later."

Eloise breathed a sigh of relief, her worry dissipating.

"I see. I was afraid you two had another argument."

Rena remained silent, yet her demeanor exuded the unmistakable aura of being cherished by a man. Eloise, having experienced such affection herself, studied Rena intently before deciding not to delve any further into the matter.

Just then, Paisley made her entrance.

Clutching a list of gifts, she approached Rena.

"I have to inform you that there are two cash gifts. It doesn't seem quite appropriate, so I felt the need to inform you," Paisley explained.

Without overthinking, Rena accepted the list and inquired, "What seems to be the issue?"

However, Rena fell silent after perusing its contents.

One donation came from Harold, totaling five million dollars.

The other was a generous contribution of the same amount from Tyrone.

Paisley cleared her throat lightly, pondering the situation.

"What are they trying to do here?"

After contemplating for a moment, Rena replied, "It truly isn't suitable to accept these. We shall return them later."

Paisley gave Rena a thumbs up and praised her for her beauty. "You look splendid in light-colored clothes. Whenever

you wear them, you stand out from the crowd. It must be your complexion, Rena. Your skin possesses a delicate radiance."

Rena smiled, appreciating the compliment.

She glanced at her watch and noted that it was already half past eight, realizing the advancing hour.

The anticipation grew as Rena hoped for Waylen's imminent arrival...

She refrained from interrupting his work, opting not to call him.

Nine o'clock came and went...

Followed by half past nine...

Yet, Waylen was still absent. Eloise's patience waned, prompting her to pull Rena aside and whisper, "Why hasn't he arrived yet? Your father has been inquiring."


Rena stepped out onto the terrace and dialed Waylen's number.

To her dismay, his phone was powered off...

A slow pallor overcame Rena's face.

She mustered a smile for Eloise and reassured her, "Perhaps he's on his way."

Though Eloise clung to a glimmer of hope, she could discern Rena's embarrassment. She comforted Rena with tenderness,

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saying, "I'll come up with something to tell your dad, Rena...

Please don't take it to heart."

Rena nodded, acknowledging Eloise's support.

With Eloise's departure, Rena remained on the terrace, her thoughts wavering. After hesitating for a brief moment, she decided to dial Jazlyn's number.

Jazlyn was taken aback by the unexpected call.

"Mr. Fowler left at 8:30," Jazlyn informed Rena.

Expressing her gratitude, Rena pondered that Waylen might be caught in a traffic jam...

Hope still lingered in her heart. She yearned for him to make a grand entrance at this pivotal moment in her life and utter those cherished words, "Congratulations, my little morning dew."

But he failed to appear...

The dinner party pressed on, lasting until 10:30. Guests gradually departed, one after another. Even Darren and Eloise departed in their car, yet Waylen remained absent.



His phone continued to remain powered off.

Rena understood Waylen's work and his cautious nature. He rarely switched off his phone.

A disconcerting feeling took root in her heart, yet she resisted believing it.

18:20

62,3%

  100%

They had shared such harmonious days together. She refused to entertain the notion of him disrupting their equilibrium due to that person...

She longed to see him and speak with him at that moment.

Rena and Paisley remained as the last remnants of the departing crowd.

As Rena settled into the car, a sudden flash of lightning streaked across the sky.

The night sky erupted in a blaze, as if torn asunder, a sight that struck awe and astonishment.

And then, the rain began to pour...

Rena made another attempt to call Waylen.

His phone remained stubbornly powered off.

Lowering her gaze, Rena started the engine, her heart weighed down by a tumultuous storm within.

It was treacherous to drive in such inclement weather.

She pressed on for a while but as the rain grew heavier and the windshield wipers swayed, visibility diminished.

Rena's heart grew increasingly chaotic, realizing the danger of continuing to drive under such torrential rainfall. She finally made the decision to pull over to the side of the road.

A nearby hotel beckoned to her, though she hesitated about spending the night there. Nevertheless, her thoughts

returned to Waylen once more.

His phone remained powered off.

Could something have happened to him?

Rena retrieved her phone, contemplating another attempt to call him and see if he had switched it on.

However, as she brought the phone closer to her ear, her eyes froze in disbelief.

Across the road, a golden Bentley Continental GT came to a stop. Rena caught a glimpse of Waylen through the window.

He sat in silence, wearing an expression of confusion and pain that she had never witnessed before.

In that moment, the car door swung open...

A tall, slender figure emerged from the passenger seat, swiftly identified by Rena as Elvira.

Elvira sprinted recklessly through the rain-drenched night.

Within a mere ten seconds, Waylen stepped out of the car and hurriedly chased after her. He extended his hand, drawing Elvira into his embrace.

Rena's hand, clutching the phone, remained frozen in a tense grip.

...

So, this was the reason behind his phone being powered off.

This was the reason why he had broken his promise.

The windshield continued to sway, adding to the disorienting blur that enveloped Rena's vision.

She observed Elvira holding onto Waylen's waist, and to Rena's dismay, Waylen made no effort to push her away...

Elvira appeared to be in tears.

With a gentle touch, Waylen placed his hand on Elvira's head, his expression torn between hesitation and despair.

Witnessing the poignant scene of two individuals who once shared a profound love, Rena couldn't help but let out a bitter laugh. She laughed at her own folly... for allowing herself to be overly confident.