

Chapter 127 How Could She Think That He Really Had...

Up until this point, Rena came to a realization that she stood alone, bereft of the respect and regard that others received.

Yes, it was just her, Rena.

How foolish of her!

Such was her unwavering self-assurance that she believed, deep within Waylen's heart, she held greater significance than Elvira. The notion itself seemed preposterous.

How could she think that he really had feelings for her?

How could she have entertained the thought that he genuinely wished to meet her parents?

It amounted to nothing more than her own silly wishful thinking.

Rena's quivering lips betrayed her inner turmoil...

The sight of the former lovers embracing was unbearable to her. The image of their embrace seemed to inflict cruelty upon her.

She could not endure witnessing such a scene.

Embarrassment consumed her completely.

Rena clutched the steering wheel tightly, undeterred by the harsh weather and the perilousness of driving. All she yearned for was to escape this place.

Yet Waylen caught sight of her...

Through the downpour, their gazes met.

Rena remained seated in the car, while he stood outside in the rain, tenderly entwined with Elvira.

Time stood still, as if frozen.

Rena's eyes stung with bitterness. She averted her gaze, no longer able to look at him. Her eyes lowered and a faint chuckle escaped her lips.

Oh, the sheer embarrassment of it all.

She longed to drive away but Waylen had already pushed aside Elvira and approached purposefully. He reached out to open the car door.

However, Rena had locked it, resolute in her decision.

Waylen tapped on the driver's side window and called out her name.

"Rena!"

"Rena, open the door!"

Rena slowly turned her head, stiffness evident in her movements. In that moment, her eyes were brimming with tears.

She was aware of her disheveled state, the lack of composure...

But she had no strength left to conceal it.

Gazing into her eyes, Waylen was taken aback. He gently tapped her car door once again, pleading, "Rena, open the door!"

The rain seeped into his mouth, muffling his voice.

Lost in a daze, Rena found herself laughing at her own expense. She realized the difficulty for a man of noble stature like him to explain and apologize to her.

But deep down, she didn't want it. She wanted nothing from him anymore!

With a light touch on the accelerator, Rena set off.

The white BMW gradually disappeared into the rainy distance.

As the car drove past, water splashed and cascaded onto the ground, creating a ripple effect.

Waylen was forced to retreat a few steps.

He remained motionless in the rain.

His mind was consumed by the image of Rena, her eyes swollen with tears...

How long had she been watching and weeping?

Elvira hurried over.

Casting her gaze towards the path taken by the departing

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white car, Elvira spoke softly. "I'm sorry, Waylen. I've upset
your girlfriend. It wasn't my intention... I'm just saddened. I
simply wanted to drown my sorrows. I let things get to me."

Waylen remained silent.

He yearned for a cigarette but as he reached into his pocket,
he discovered the dampness had already ruined it.

In frustration, he threw the cigarette box away and uttered
a curse.

Elvira stood beside him, cautiously saying, "Waylen, if I hadn't
thrown your phone into the water, Rena wouldn't be so
furious."

With an impassive expression, Waylen made his way towards
the Bentley Continental GT.

His attire was soaked and the car interior was in disarray, yet
he paid little heed.

Elvira climbed into the car.

She wanted to say more...

But Waylen's voice, cold and cutting, interrupted her. "Elvira,
this is the final time! If you find it difficult to cope again, dial
911."

Elvira burst into tears.

Tears streamed down her face as she cried in broken
sentences, "Waylen, don't you even care about me? Waylen,

you're my only family in Duefron!"

Waylen glanced sideways at her.

Earlier tonight, Lyndon had called him, beseeching him to visit her. His intention had been to settle Elvira and then seek out Rena but Elvira had succumbed to drugs and alcohol. She had even thrown his phone into the fish tank...

With an impassive expression, Waylen uttered, "I'll take you home."

Rena didn't return to their apartment.

The rain poured too relentlessly for her to drive back and she also couldn't bear the thought of going back to that place...

She parked her car in front of a hotel.

As she stepped out of the vehicle, her entire body was drenched. Her complexion appeared pallid and her teeth chattered.

The receptionist swiftly checked her in, presenting her with the room card and a tissue.

"Miss, room 1804."

Rena wiped away the water stains from her body and murmured a word of gratitude to the receptionist.

Within the confines of the room...

Rena started to run a bath.

Her once-beautiful dress found its way into the trash can.

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Soaked garments clung together, mirroring her disheveled state.

Rena immersed herself in the bathtub.

Her spirits were low and an uncontrollable desire to drink washed over her.

With half a glass consumed, she leaned against the bathtub's edge, mustering a hallow smile...

She yearned to avoid thinking about it, yet whenever she closed her eyes, her mind replayed the heart-wrenching scene of Waylen embracing Elvira.

Rena recalled his words—"I won't see her again."

He then presented her with such a magnificent gift to win her over. The gesture moved Rena deeply, leading to a night of passionate intimacy that brought him immense comfort...

How many days had passed?

He went on to embrace Elvira tenderly.

Rena laughed until tears streamed down her cheeks.

She deserved it.

Because she believed in him, unable to resist her fondness for him.

She had naively believed that a man like Waylen could truly develop genuine feelings for her.

After indulging in a half-hour bath, Rena felt utterly drained.

The sound of the doorbell echoed through the room.

Assuming it was room service, Rena rose from the tub and wrapped herself in a bathrobe.

However, when she opened the door, Waylen stood before her, drenched from head to toe.

He was in no better state than she was.

Rena positioned herself to block the doorway.

Waylen's eyes bore a profound intensity, his voice strained. "Rena, let me in."

Rena reluctantly stepped aside, allowing him entry.

They needed to have a conversation. Given the current circumstances, it was crucial to clarify certain matters.

Waylen wiped his face with a towel.

Then, he reached out his hand toward Rena.

The gesture was meant to be tender but Rena remained indifferent. She stood there and spoke with a casual tone. "If you have something to say, just say it! It's... It's unnecessary."

Waylen sensed her anger.

Having spent time living with her, he knew she possessed a fiery temperament. Typically, things would smooth over after she vented her frustration. However, today, a significant incident had occurred. If he didn't explain and provide reassurance, she would likely remain angry for quite some

time.

He approached her and spoke in a hushed tone. "I don't want to see her. Mr. Coleman called and asked me to check on her. He informed me that Elvira's condition is deteriorating."

Rena listened with a vacant expression.

Waylen tenderly caressed her face and said, "It's natural for you to be angry. Elvira threw my phone into the water, so I couldn't call you."

Rena lowered her gaze and let out a soft chuckle.

Raising her eyes to meet his, she questioned, "Waylen, are you explaining or deceiving me?"

Waylen's brow furrowed slightly.

A man of his stature wouldn't easily offer explanations to soothe a woman, let alone stoop down to justify himself.

Rena chuckled once again.

"So, you're telling me you couldn't make a phone call because she threw your phone into the water?"

You could find a way to call me if you wanted, but you didn't. It's just that you don't care enough.

Waylen... Elvira may have severed ties with you but your families have been friends and you've grown up together. Whereas I have nothing! I suppose I am merely the woman who shares your bed."

As Rena uttered these words, her eyes welled up with tears, yet she stubbornly refused to let them fall.

For someone like him, it wasn't worth it.

"You're not just that!"

Waylen's frown deepened, longing to reach out and touch her.

But Rena didn't allow him to approach. She took a step back and observed him intently.

With a gentle yet resolute voice, she declared, "You're right. I'm not just that! Waylen, have you ever seen a woman who sleeps with you also cook for you, tie your tie, take care of your dry cleaning, clean up after you and even run a bath for you?"