

Chapter 168 Late At Night, Waylen Didn't...

After leaving the study, Waylen pulled Rena aside. He embraced her in his arms without saying a word. Rena felt wronged, but she suppressed her emotions as it was the new year, and she didn't want to make a scene while at his home.

Leaning against his shoulder, she caught the scent of his aftershave and asked softly, "When will you be back?"

Waylen explained that he had to go to the law office for negotiations related to the cross-border divorce lawsuit.

The lawyer hired by Elvira's husband was waiting for them.

He assured Rena that he would return before dinner, and they could then go back to the apartment together. He added that the matter wouldn't affect their lives.

Rena forced a smile, though her heart felt heavy. In the afternoon, Waylen left with Korbyn. Juliette had originally planned to go out together with Rena

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and Cecilia.

However, she was no longer in the mood after Lyndon's visit.

The atmosphere at the house was a bit somber.

Rena waited for Waylen all day and evening, but he didn't come back.

He had called to ask her to have dinner first and then his driver would send her back to the apartment. He promised to return later.

Rena didn't press him about the specific time.

Her pride prevented her from being too intrusive when it came to Elvira.

By 8 o'clock in the evening, Rena left with Snowball, leaving Juliette feeling sorry for her predicament.

Rena put on a brave face, assuring Juliette that she would be fine.

However, deep down, she couldn't deny the bitterness that consumed her throughout the day.

As Rena got into the car, ready to head back to the apartment, The door on the back seat suddenly opened before the driver was able to start the car.

Harold unexpectedly appeared.

The driver, sensing the tension, refrained from starting the car, allowing Harold and Rena a moment of privacy.

15:37

6,1%

📧 🔋 100%

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With one hand resting on the car roof, Harold locked eyes with Rena and said with a mix of concern and frustration, "I need to talk to you."

Rena, already weighed down by her emotions, had no desire to engage with Harold.

Yet, he grabbed her arm, forcefully pulling her out of the car.

The cold night wind bit at their skin as they faced each other.

Harold, cigarette in hand, took a drag before speaking, his voice laced with bitterness. "After everything, you still want to be with him? Do you want to witness Waylen maintaining contact with his ex-lover throughout this two-year cross-border divorce lawsuit? If Elvira were to harm herself, Waylen would rush to the hospital because the Fowler family owes Lyndon a favor. Rena, is this the kind of relationship you want? Are you willing to be wronged like this?"

Harold's words were harsh, and Rena held her composure.

What he said was right though.

"Harold, my well-being is none of your concern."

Harold's frustration boiled over, and he slammed his hand against the car roof.

The driver instantly jumped from his seat and

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looked at him with startled eyes.

In the moonlit darkness, Harold's face twisted with intensity as he questioned Rena, "Do you really think I have no humanity? Do you believe I don't want you to be happy? Rena, have you ever considered that maybe I just want you to be happy?" The cigarette quivered between his fingers as he exclaimed, "Damn it! Are you out of your mind? Being with Tyrone would be a hundred times better for you than being with him."

Rena's face paled, her gaze fixed on Harold.

However, his intensity didn't waver as he spoke up again in a gentler tone. "Rena, you can still give me a chance. I won't let you down again."

Without another word, Rena got back into the car, taking her place in the backseat.

Her voice flat and resolute, she addressed Harold, "Harold, it's too late."

She instructed the driver to proceed, and with a heavy sigh, he stepped on the gas.

Rena remained silent throughout the journey, lost in her thoughts.

The young driver couldn't help but offer some reassurance, "Don't worry, Miss Gordon. I won't gossip about what happened tonight."

Rena didn't respond, her mind preoccupied with her

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Now she was... She didn't seem to care so much.

She returned to Waylen's apartment and created a comfortable space for Snowball.

Then, she waited—waited for Waylen to come back.

Rena waited until 12 o'clock at night, but Waylen hadn't come back yet.

The hours stretched on, the stillness of the night broken only by Snowball's restless circling at Rena's feet.

Sitting in front of the window, Rena played melancholic melodies on the piano.

Snowball seemed to have found the music relaxing since it fell asleep at her feet not long after.

She continued sitting there, the enchanting night view of Duefron before her.

But despite the serene scene, an overwhelming sense of despair weighed upon her.

She looked at this relationship and found that she had no way back...

Waylen didn't return throughout the night.

In the early morning hours, Rena, accompanied by Snowball, left Waylen's apartment and returned to her own place.

Later, Waylen called her, but holding the phone, Rena found herself at a loss for words.

15:38

29,6%

📧 🔋 100%

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Their conversation was brief, interrupted by another call on Waylen's end, forcing him to hang up.

Days passed without them seeing each other.

Meanwhile, another issue emerged at the music studio.

One day, Paisley invited Rena to her office for a private conversation over coffee. Rena couldn't help but notice that Paisley appeared unwell, and her concern grew.

"Rena, I have stomach cancer," Paisley whispered, her voice filled with vulnerability.

Stunned, Rena blinked, tears welling up and cascading down her cheeks.

She made no effort to wipe them away, instead leaning in closer.

"Have you sought a second opinion?"

Paisley confirmed that she had consulted the best hospitals both domestically and internationally. She shared her desire to seek treatment in another country—Rouenn that was. Not wanting to relinquish her shares in the music studio, and if possible, she hoped Rena would take over the shares, with no other demands except to recover the invested capital.

Paisley held Rena's hand, her grip both firm and

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frail.

Rena placed her coffee cup down, her fingers trembling.

After a prolonged silence, she made a heartfelt declaration, "I will go to Rouemn with you."

Paisley shook her head, a flicker of strength returning to her eyes.

She didn't want Rena to give up on the music studio. Despite her illness, she held onto the hope that Rena would persevere.

The music studio was their joint effort, and it represented their dreams.

Paisley shared her thoughts, and Rena found herself overwhelmed by the weight of the situation.

Taking over Paisley's shares would require a substantial investment of around ten million dollars.

However, she was adamant about not seeking financial assistance from Waylen.

In the evening, she visited Darren for dinner and confided in Eloise about Paisley's illness and the music studio dilemma.

Darren, seeing Rena's distress, turned to Eloise and made a decision.

"Let's support her. Give Rena the funds."

Eloise retreated to her room to assess their

15:38

44,7%

📧 🔋 100%



Chapter 168 Late At Night, Waylen Didn't Come.. 🎁 +120 Points at most financial situation.

They had several million dollars, but it fell short of the required amount.

Eloise had an idea, which she shared with Darren. "Paisley is going through a difficult time, and both Rena and she have put in so much effort for the music studio. How about this? You and I can sell our apartment for approximately 20 million dollars. It's only the two of us, and we don't need such a large place. We can move into a smaller apartment. It will be sufficient for us."

Initially resistant, Rena eventually relented.

The decision was finalized by Darren, and Rena couldn't shake off the guilt she felt.

Eloise spoke softly, trying to ease her stepdaughter's burden. "You are our only child, Rena. If we don't support you, then whom shall we give these resources to?"

Located in a prime area, their house garnered considerable interest from potential buyers.

Within three days, a deal was struck, and preparations for the transfer of ownership were set in motion.

As the Gordon family settled into their smaller house, Eloise handed Rena a bundle of ten million dollars and said, "Give this to Paisley. And do me

one more favor, dear. She has taken such good care of us all these years, so see what else we can help her with."

Rena nodded, her heart filled with gratitude for Paisley's unwavering support.

Unable to contain her excitement, Rena blurted out, "Once I earn enough money, I'll buy you a magnificent house."

Eloise's eyes twinkled with joy as she replied, "Your father and I will eagerly await the day you find us a grander abode."

With some money still in her possession, Rena arranged to meet Paisley at a cozy cafe.

It had been only a few days, yet Paisley's figure had noticeably diminished, her battle with illness taking its toll.

Seeing Paisley reach for more coffee, Rena gently halted her, concern etched on her face.

"Please refrain from drinking this, considering your delicate health," she implored.

Paisley offered a tender smile, appreciating Rena's care.

Rena handed Paisley a check, totaling twelve million dollars, with an additional half a million dollars as a gesture of goodwill.

However, Paisley refused to accept it, her pride

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and independence shining through.

Rena clasped Paisley's frail hand, her voice filled with unwavering devotion. "I'll be here, waiting for your return," she whispered.

Deciding to hold onto the shares temporarily, Rena vowed to transfer them all back to Paisley upon her homecoming.

As Rena reflected on Paisley's situation, she realized that Paisley had neither a substantial family nor a spouse and children.

She had no one and nothing to worry about even if she were to die.

After Rena said that however, Paisley's nose twitched and she scolded with a smile, "Bad girl, I was thinking that I would find a handsome man abroad and wouldn't come back. But you're holding me back with the music studio now."

Despite their lighthearted banter and laughter, an undercurrent of sadness flowed between them.

Paisley's advanced stomach cancer cast a shadow of uncertainty over their future encounters.

The two friends could not foresee the twists and turns destiny had in store for them.

Filled with sorrow, Rena shared a farewell meal with Paisley, unaware of the unexpected encounter waiting for her.

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Waylen, absent for nearly a week and barely exchanging more than brief conversations over the phone, stood before her.

They hadn't seen each other for almost a week.

Even when they called, they said very little.

Their eyes met, and they couldn't help but be overwhelmed by a mix of emotions and unspoken words.

Accompanying Waylen were Jazlyn and two men Rena didn't recognize, a clear indication of their ongoing business affairs.

Rena acknowledged the situation with a slight nod, recognizing that Waylen was engaged in important matters.

She had intended to see Paisley safely home, but Paisley shook her head, a knowing smile playing on her lips.

"I'll simply take a cab," Paisley declared, understanding the tension between Rena and Waylen. Reluctantly, Rena hailed a taxi for Paisley.

Her eyes were fixed on her friend's diminishing silhouette as it disappeared into the starlit night.

Overwhelmed with a profound sense of loss, Rena found herself standing alone in the darkness, grappling with her emotions.

"Rena," a voice called out, pulling her attention away from her melancholic thoughts.

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She turned around, her gaze meeting Waylen's as he stood beneath the neon lights.

The radiance only accentuated his delicate features, captivating her once again.

After what seemed like an eternity, Rena spoke in a slow, measured tone. "Have you concluded your business discussions?"

Waylen nodded, understanding the weight of the question.

Taking the car keys from Rena's hand, he spoke up softly, his concern evident. "You're not in the best state. Let me drive."

Rena agreed, her weariness evident as she leaned against the seat.

When they got on the car, he asked her, "To my place?"

"Snowball is at my place. Let's drop you off and I'll head back to my apartment," she murmured, her voice filled with fatigue.

Observing Rena's detached demeanor, Waylen furrowed his brow, though he concealed any disappointment. Instead, he offered considerately, "Then we'll spend the night at your place. Rest for now, and I'll handle the walk later."

Rena did not object.

She was aware that opposing his suggestion might

15:39

83,8%

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convey a sense of stinginess or excessive concern
on her part.

While driving, Waylen asked casually, "Did you have dinner with Paisley? She seemed unwell."

Nodding, Rena recounted the recent events to Waylen. As she finished speaking, Waylen brought the car to a halt at an intersection, the red light illuminating the space ahead.

With his gaze fixed on the road, he uttered a soft question, "Why didn't you tell me that you needed financial assistance?"

Waylen, being a man, could not help but care about the Gordon family's circumstances, even going so far as to downsize their residence.

Rena's eyes lowered, her voice barely a whisper as she replied, "I don't feel comfortable spending your money right now."

Silence enveloped the car, the weight of their unspoken thoughts palpable.

After a considerable pause, Waylen spoke again, his voice filled with compassion. "Is it because you feel uncertain?"

Rena remained silent, her mind awash with conflicting emotions.

Though she carried remnants of regret, tempted by the romantic night and the intimacy they had shared,

she had boldly embraced their relationship.

Yet, her present state held a tinge of timidity, a fear of reliving past mistakes.



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