

## Chapter 176 Rena Had Moved On While He Had...

The following day, Rena made her way to Waylen's apartment, embarking on a mission to restore its former state. She had arranged for a team of workers to remove the newly added curtains and reinstall the old ones, as well as discard all the vases and ornaments she had purchased.

Additionally, she meticulously packed up both her worn and unworn clothes, along with her jewelry, and dispatched them to the auction house.

Rena was determined to clear out every trace of her belongings from the place she once called home.

Among the possessions she bid farewell to was the beloved piano named Morning Dew.

In the span of just one day, Rena successfully erased any evidence of her existence within the apartment, leaving behind a void as if she had never resided there at all.

Finally, Rena cast her gaze upon Snowball, her faithful companion who had previously been a stray dog.

During the past few days, Snowball had been struggling to

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eat properly due to Rena's absence from the apartment.

Feeling a sense of responsibility, Rena decided to take Snowball with her as she departed.

While she had spent over half a year with Waylen, she chose to only take the dog along, opting to sell the jewelry, clothes and even the piano that Waylen had given her.

The proceeds from the sale, combined with the fifty million dollars she had received from Waylen, were generously donated to a charitable foundation.

With everything accomplished, Rena couldn't help but feel a faint ache in her foot, serving as a reminder of the absurdity of their relationship.

Two days passed, during which Waylen immersed himself in his work at the law office, celebrating a triumphant victory in an international case.

He was at the peak of his professional career.

Jazlyn knocked on his office door and entered.

She approached him and discreetly handed him an envelope, explaining, "Miss Gordon visited yesterday and requested that I give this to you."

Waylen accepted the envelope and extracted a key from its contents.

It was the key to his own apartment.

As he silently examined the key, he inquired, "Did you

happen to visit there? Were Rena's belongings, the clothes and jewelry, taken by her? If not, kindly arrange for their return to her. I have no use for those things anyway."

Jazlyn's expression turned stiff, catching Waylen's attention. He raised his gaze to meet hers and asked, "What's the matter?"

Jazlyn responded enigmatically, "You'll discover it when you return home tonight. Nonetheless, Miss Gordon has indeed moved out."

Although an uneasy feeling gnawed at Waylen, he dismissed it without giving it much thought.

He continued working until ten o'clock in the evening before finally heading home.

However, upon contemplating the dimness and emptiness of his apartment, he felt an unwelcome hesitation before ascending the stairs. No longer would anyone eagerly await his arrival or prepare a meal for him in the place he once called his sanctuary.

As he sat in his car, he lit a cigarette, momentarily delaying his ascent.

Eventually, Waylen summoned the courage to enter his apartment and switched on the lights. As he surveyed his surroundings, an indescribable sensation coursed through him, causing his scalp to tingle and his pores to inexplicably dilate.

He had grown accustomed to the apartment's adornments, which were meticulously arranged by Rena.

However, now everything had returned to its previous state.

The apartment resembled a showroom, impeccably cold and perfectly aligned with Waylen's aesthetic preferences but devoid of any human touch.

Waylen tossed his coat aside and embarked on a quest to find traces of Rena's presence.

He scoured the bedroom, the kitchen, the living room and even the bathroom.

Yet, no item belonged to Rena, and none that had been touched by her was left behind. She had taken everything that was once here with her.

Standing before the French window, Waylen confronted the absence of the piano, Morning Dew.

It suddenly dawned on him what Rena had intended. Not only did she strive to erase him from her memory but she also yearned for him to do the same.

Recollections flooded his mind of the day she departed, declaring that they would never cross paths again.

In an instant, the world seemed to spin around him and his heart was gripped by an agonizing ache.

Desperate for answers, Waylen retrieved his phone and



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dialed Rena's number, hoping to inquire. Yet, a mechanical  
voice echoed through the phone, informing him, "Sorry,  
the number you have dialed cannot be reached."

Surveying his surroundings, Waylen felt suffocated by the  
emptiness that engulfed him.

Without warning, he hurled the phone against the wall,  
shattering it into countless pieces.

Then, driven by an inexplicable compulsion, he vented his  
frustration by demolishing everything within the  
apartment.

In the depths of the night, Waylen found himself amidst a  
heap of ruins, standing tall and resolute.

From the depths of his pocket, he produced a sparkling  
diamond ring, a token once bestowed upon Rena.

Perhaps this relic was all that remained, a lingering trace  
of Rena's presence.

As his gaze fixated upon the ring, memories flooded  
Waylen's mind uncontrollably—a vivid recollection of the  
day when Rena radiated sheer joy, swiftly followed by the  
sorrowful visage she wore upon discovering the truth.

Her words echoed in his ears, rejecting the very symbol he  
held in his hand.

His eyes, tinged with a hint of red, betrayed the emotions  
that swelled within him.

A peculiar sensation washed over Waylen, overwhelming his being with its intensity.

In his conviction, Waylen had believed he could banish Rena from his thoughts.

He had endeavored to move on, attempting to erase her from his consciousness.

After that fateful day, when reason eluded him, he implored Jazlyn to arrange for the apartment to be cleansed. Subsequently, he threw himself into his work with unwavering determination. Socializing with clients and spending time with Roscoe and his comrades became a regular affair. Yet, he never reached out to Rena again, nor did he deliberately seek information about her.

Not a single soul dared utter Rena's name in his presence.

It seemed that Rena had become a forbidden topic, a secret locked away within his heart.

He chuckled wryly, finding little concern in the fact that his friends refrained from mentioning her as well...

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The passage of time—two weeks to be exact.

Jazlyn entered Waylen's office, bearing news of utmost importance.

"Mr. Fowler," she began, her voice hushed, "at last week's auction held by the esteemed Christy's Auction House in

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Hondrau... there was something of significance related to you."

Waylen ceased his signature on the document, his attention piqued.

"What is it?" he inquired, his curiosity piqued.

Jazlyn continued in a subdued tone, "They put up for auction a collection of jewelry and couture dresses... all items once bestowed upon Miss Gordon by your hand. Moreover, the piano fetched a staggering sum of 60 million dollars."

Engrossed in his reading, Waylen posed a seemingly indifferent question, "Why would Rena require such a substantial amount of money?"


Jazlyn responded, "Miss Gordon has actually donated every penny to a charitable foundation."

In a fit of restrained anger, Waylen snapped the pen in his hand, fracturing it in two.

His voice, now cold and detached, seeped out, "She spent six months with me, only to take away a mere dog?"

A soft sigh escaped Jazlyn's lips, bearing witness to the complexity of emotions in the air.

She placed another sizable envelope upon Waylen's desk and continued, "I retrieved this from the mailbox of your apartment the other day. It contains Miss Gordon's expenditure records and receipts from the sellers. Mr.

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Fowler, perhaps clarity will find you once you peruse its contents."

Waylen's fists clenched with barely contained fury.

After an eternity of hesitation, he finally succumbed to his curiosity and opened the envelope.

Indeed, it contained a bill—an account of Valentine's Day arrangements, accompanied by several meticulously crafted design sketches.

They exuded excellence, exquisitely tailored to reflect Waylen's affinity for the enigmatic allure of the color black.

As he continued reading, he found that Rena had paid with her own money.

Waylen looked at the bill quietly. His heart suddenly skipped a beat, and the familiar pain swept towards him again...

In a hushed voice, Jazlyn whispered, "Miss Gordon's love for you knows no bounds, Mr. Fowler... You may not be aware but she made a promise to your father to study in Flirean for two years, solely to alleviate your burden in dealing with Miss Coleman's affairs. You two once shared an unbreakable bond. I must ask, if you hadn't gone to the hospital, would Miss Coleman truly have perished? Or do you still find yourself entangled in thoughts of your first love?"

Jazlyn's words gave way to sorrowful sobs. "I'm sorry, sir.



I shouldn't have uttered those words."

Waylen remained fixated on the photos and sketches, the contents portraying a poignant reflection of what the apartment once was.

His gaze lingered for an eternity, until a sudden realization struck him like a bolt of lightning—he had lost something profound.

Rena's love had slipped through his fingers, irretrievable. Recollections surged forth, reminding him of the occasions when Rena had inquired, not once, but twice, about his love for her.

He had never provided a direct answer, for his affection had been laced with fondness rather than fervor.

He relished her physical presence, her nurturing care, her culinary prowess...

He cherished her companionship.

And all along, he had been acutely aware of her unwavering love for him.

Now, Rena had retracted that love, severing all ties with him. She had vanished from his life, moving forward while he... remained ensnared by the ghosts of the past.

Throughout the night, he sat in solitude within the confines of his office.

The ashtray overflowed with cigarette butts, testament to

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the countless moments spent lost in contemplation.

At the break of dawn, Waylen dialed Jazlyn's number. His voice, raspy and worn, pleaded, "Help me locate the whereabouts of that piano."