

## Chapter 195 Rena, I Miss You So Much

---

As Rena and Zack departed, a solitary figure emerged from the men's room.

It was none other than Waylen.

His gaze was fixed on the water in the sink, consumed by worry for Rena.

How could she invest so much in a project destined for failure? In the past, she had never pushed herself to such lengths. Was it because she no longer wanted to rely on anyone after leaving him?

Pulling out his phone, Waylen dialed Joe's number.

"Mr. Lockhart, it's Waylen speaking.

Yes, I saw you just now... Can we meet?"

Half an hour later, Joe was escorted to a private room where Waylen awaited him.

Aware of Waylen and Rena's history, Joe had been respectful towards Rena even though he had no intention of cooperating with her.

As they settled down, Waylen wasted no time getting to the point.

"I need a favor regarding Rena's project. Can you help me, Mr.

Lockhart?"

Joe, holding a wine glass, found the situation amusing.

Chuckling, he responded, "Waylen, you've never been one to act impulsively, have you? Let me guess... You're still not over your old flame, and now you want me to assist her?"

Pausing for a moment, Joe continued, "Now that you've brought it up, I'll be honest with you. I have a high opinion of Miss Gordon. She's talented and possesses a good character. However, I have reservations about Zack. He's overly reckless, always throwing parties with a wild crowd. It lacks decency."

Joe motioned for Waylen to drink, his words lingering in the air. Waylen obliged, downing a strong alcoholic beverage in a single gulp.

With a smile, he responded, "Zack may be young and enjoy a wild lifestyle, but he's also a successful race car driver. He's won the Formula 4 championship two years in a row. Although he might not excel in other ventures, he knows how to thrive in this field. Furthermore, I'm familiar with the customer base of the music studio. It consists of high-end individuals, making it an ideal opportunity to target the mid-range and luxury car market."

Despite his initial hesitation, Joe's concerns were assuaged by Waylen's confidence.

Waylen smiled and said, "How about this, Mr. Lockhart, just do it boldly. If you have any loss, I will bear it alone. In addition, I will help you with the legal affairs of your company without

charge."

Joe finally felt relieved.

Pouring another glass of wine for Waylen, he teasingly remarked, "Well, it seems I can't deny you this favor. But I must say, your deep affection for Miss Gordon is quite unexpected. I never imagined you as the lovesick type. This contradicts the arrogant image you portrayed before."

Waylen smiled wryly, acknowledging Joe's observation.

Downing the wine in one gulp, he demonstrated his respect for Joe.

Glancing at the now-empty glass, Waylen murmured in a daze, "I caused her so much sadness. Guess it serves me right... By the way, Mr. Lockhart... Please don't tell her about our conversation."

Joe smiled, encouraging Waylen to drink more.

It had been a long time since Waylen had consumed so much alcohol. Unsteadily, he walked out of the club and leaned against the back seat of his car.

The driver's voice, soft and comforting, broke the silence.

"Where should we go, Mr. Fowler?"

Waylen closed his eyes slightly, his handsome face tinged with a blush. After contemplating for a moment, he responded, "Take me to the apartment."

Half an hour later, the car came to a stop at the entrance of the apartment building.

Waylen stepped out of the vehicle, his gaze fixated on the top

floor.

Over the past six months, he had resided in another villa, unable to muster the courage to return here. Being in this place prevented him from finding solace in sleep, as Rena's sorrowful face haunted his dreams.

He took the elevator upstairs and opened the familiar door.

The apartment remained unchanged, but Rena was no longer present.

The room exuded silence, and the piano, a mere relic, had lost its original owner.

Removing his coat, Waylen approached the instrument.

Lifting the lid and gently, he started playing the melody Rena had loved. Memories flooded his mind, taking him back to that snowy night when Rena nestled in his arms, listening to the enchanting melody he produced.

They had been so close, yet he had failed to recognize the depths of his love for her.

Losing her made him realize just how much he needed her.

Seeing Rena with Zack now ignited feelings of jealousy within him. However, he also sensed that Rena simply viewed Zack as a younger brother. Perhaps she craved familial connection after having so few relatives around her.

In this intoxicated state, his yearning for her grew stronger.

As the final notes of the song resonated, he couldn't resist the urge to call her.

After his numerous attempts, Rena finally answered.



Waylen said in a hoarse voice, "Rena, I miss you so much."

Before she could respond or reject him, Waylen hung up, fearing her rejection. He was afraid to hear her utter words like, "Waylen, we have nothing to do with each other."

"Waylen, it's over." "Waylen, stop. It's meaningless..."

Overwhelmed by his emotions, Waylen leaned against the piano, his heart aching for Rena.