

Chapter 203 Rena, How Did We Come To This

After some time had passed, the courtyard resonated with the sound of a car engine starting, prompting Waylen to step outside.

Rena intuited a tinge of anger in him, though she didn't let it weigh heavily on her mind.

Since Waylen wasn't present at home, Rena made the decision to depart in the company of Snowball.

Throughout the entire day, they refrained from reaching out to each other, maintaining a disconnected silence.

On that Saturday night, Rena graced the wedding reception of Vera and Roscoe with her presence.

The extravagant affair took place in a luxurious five-star hotel, with only four tables adorning the venue. In contrast to Robert's recent wedding, it bore an unmistakable air of tranquility. Moreover, the state of Roscoe and Vera seemed rather somber.

Rena extended her warmest wishes to the newlyweds, offering her heartfelt support.

Vera's voice quivered ever so slightly as she enveloped Rena in a tender embrace.

Roscoe's gaze fixated on Rena, his eyes reflecting a myriad of complex emotions.



Being a man, he understood the sacrifices Rena had made for Vera and him. Gratitude and guilt intertwined within him, as he acknowledged that he could never fully repay her.

Rena responded with a gentle smile directed at Roscoe, transcending the cynicism he had always exhibited.

He couldn't help but feel indebted to Rena for the rest of his life, though he had long been characterized by his skeptical nature. The weight of his debt burdened him deeply, unable to be absolved...

After exchanging a few more polite words, Rena took her designated seat, discreetly scanning the room and discovering that Waylen was absent.

She breathed a sigh of relief, grateful for his absence in the midst of such a complicated atmosphere. Even the bride and groom seemed somewhat detached, lacking genuine happiness as they toasted to their union. However, Roscoe remained by Vera's side, clasping her hand in a show of unwavering support while wearing a strained smile.

Following the conclusion of the wedding reception, Rena made her way to the restroom.

As she washed her hands, thoughts of Roscoe and Vera intertwined, envisioning a future of happiness for the newlyweds. Just as Rena was about to turn and depart, a voice interrupted her thoughts from behind, "Rena."

Curiosity piqued, Rena turned her head to face the sight of Roscoe leaning nonchalantly against the corridor wall, donned in an immaculate suit and indulging in a cigarette. Witnessing Rena's attention, he promptly extinguished the tobacco, expressing his sincere gratitude towards her.

With genuine concern etched in her voice, Rena expressed,

"The path you two have chosen isn't an easy one. Take good care of Vera, Roscoe."

Roscoe responded affirmatively, nodding in acknowledgment.

Unable to suppress his curiosity and worry, he couldn't help but inquire further, "How are things between you and him?"

Both of them knew precisely to whom the pronoun "him" referred.

Rena found herself momentarily taken aback, her surprise evident. After a brief pause, she mustered a faint smile and replied, "Oh, don't concern yourself with that, Roscoe. Focus on enjoying your honeymoon."

Roscoe's emotions were a whirlwind of conflicting sentiments.

He yearned to convey more but, before he could utter another word, Vera unexpectedly appeared on the other side of the corridor, her expression dazed. She questioned Roscoe, her voice trembling, "What were you just discussing, Roscoe?"

Roscoe was taken aback, his mind racing as he reassured her, "Just a casual conversation with Rena."


Vera gently pushed him away, a gesture reflecting her inner turmoil.

She had overheard Roscoe's inquiry about Waylen...

Was Rena with Waylen?

Vera was not oblivious. Her previous marriage to Joseph had abruptly ended and she had swiftly found herself engaged to Roscoe...

There had to be someone far more influential than the Curtis family pulling the strings behind the scenes. Vera never

Chapter 203 Rena, How Did We Come To This  +120 Points at most
imagined that the person in question would be Waylen.

Her eyes brimmed with redness, her lips quivering as she gazed at Rena.

Rena let out a soft sigh, her voice filled with understanding as she addressed Roscoe, "Could you please give us a moment alone? I need to have a few words with her privately."

Roscoe believed that women had a unique way of communicating, so he acquiesced. Before departing, he gently placed his hand on Vera's shoulder and offered comforting words, "No matter what happens, try to remain composed."

In the past, Vera had been quick-tempered.

But now, she lacked the confidence to lose her composure or put on a facade, for the child growing within her was likely the product of Rena's sacrifice. Vera struggled to grasp the depths of her own emotions.

In that very moment, all Vera desired was to let her tears flow freely.

Approaching Vera, Rena reached out and adjusted the wedding gown, ensuring it retained its pristine elegance. "You look stunning, my dear. A bride should radiate her beauty. There's no need for tears. Vera, I'm okay... I won't enter into any future marriages where I won't do right by anyone."



Tears continued to cascade down Vera's cheeks.

The revelation that Rena had never desired marriage struck her with profound disbelief. How could it be that they had shared everything with each other, yet this crucial aspect had never been disclosed?

Vera's voice trembled as she choked out her disbelief, "I can't believe it."

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Responding to Vera's distress, Rena tenderly embraced her, whispering softly, "I once loved two individuals but each time it led to a wretched outcome. So, being alone is preferable."

Unbeknownst to Vera, Rena had contemplated the possibility of venturing abroad once her career found stability in a year's time.

She envisioned accompanying Paisley or embarking on a globetrotting journey with Eloise.

She was certain that a fulfilling life could still be forged without the presence of romantic love.

While Rena had come to terms with this realization, Vera couldn't help but feel overwhelmed by sadness.

Just as Vera mustered the courage to speak, she was rendered speechless.

Standing behind Rena, Waylen maintained an indifferent expression. The duration of his eavesdropping remained unknown to all.

Vera's eyes widened and, in a hushed tone, she informed Rena, "Waylen is here."

Rena was taken aback, her astonishment evident.

She slowly turned around, her gaze meeting Waylen's elegant figure illuminated beneath the sparkling crystal chandelier.

The atmosphere grew tinged with a sense of unease...

Finally, Waylen broke the silence, his voice gentle as he stated, "Rena cannot drive. I will take her home." He sought to protect both Rena and his own dignity.

Vera's emotions stirred.

Aware of Vera's fiery temperament, Roscoe lowered his voice and advised, "Let them resolve it on their own."

Vera's body remained tense for an extended period until gradually, she nodded.

Rena offered them a warm smile. "Wishing you a blissful marriage."

She then departed in Waylen's company.

Within the confines of the elevator, silence engulfed them, extending even throughout the drive back to Rena's apartment.

Half an hour later, the car came to a halt outside Rena's residential building.

Sensing a slight stiffness in her neck, Rena subtly twisted her body and uttered, "Alright, this is me."

With a resounding click, Waylen locked the vehicle's doors.

Rena relinquished her grip on the door handle, leaning back into the seat as she murmured in a raspy voice, "Waylen..."

Waylen turned his gaze towards her.

Rena's beauty remained undeniable and she embodied his ideal type.

Her complexion was flawless, adorned with delicate features. The cascade of her long, chestnut-brown hair exuded an enticing softness.

He yearned for this woman, not just for a fleeting encounter but to have her by his side for the entirety of their lives, both physically and emotionally.

However, Rena had made it clear that she had no desire to

marry anyone.

Waylen had never experienced such anguish before. His heart ached intensely, but he refrained from voicing his pain. Speaking another word would only leave him feeling embarrassed.

He locked his gaze onto her, his Adam's apple bobbing with emotion.

Finally, he retrieved an unopened box of cigarettes from the storage compartment. Skillfully opening it, he lit one.

As the smoke filled his lungs, the anguish in his heart momentarily subsided.

Waylen found solace in the act of smoking, almost addicted to the ritual.

Ignoring ventilation, he allowed the car to become shrouded in a haze of smoke.

Rena couldn't help but interject, "Waylen!"

In response, he kissed her.

Their lips had met countless times before but never had their kisses possessed such intensity. Waylen's desperation to possess her was palpable.

Swallowing became arduous for Rena, as breathing also became a challenge.

His essence enveloped her completely.

In that moment, she feared suffocation, as if the air was being sucked out of her lungs...

Waylen ceased the fervent embrace, enfolding her in his arms.

Their foreheads pressed together as he closed his eyes and uttered in agony, "Rena, how did we come to this?"

Rena found herself at a loss for words, uncertain of how to respond.

Waylen did not press her further. He merely held her close, his breath slightly labored.

Rena recognized his troubled state. She whispered softly, "Waylen, I don't harbor any hatred towards you. On the contrary, there are things for which I am deeply grateful. But gratitude remains separate from love... I simply cannot continue to force myself anymore."

Waylen listened in silence, the weight of her understanding words seeping into his soul, evoking a profound sadness.

As the atmosphere hung heavy with tension, Waylen's phone abruptly rang. It was Korbyn on the line.

In a voice fraught with urgency, Korbyn relayed, "Waylen, please come immediately. Your grandmother's condition has worsened. We fear we might lose her tonight."