

Chapter 224 How Have You Been These Three Years

Three years had elapsed and the fateful moment had finally arrived.

Rena and Danna gracefully emerged from the airport, stepping onto the bustling exit with a sense of anticipation.

At that very moment, Zack, with his lanky frame, shook off his cool demeanor and swiftly removed his sunglasses. Passionately, he embraced Danna, their lips intertwining in a fervent kiss.

A rosy blush instantly painted Danna's cheeks, while Rena, a mere spectator, found herself rendered utterly helpless by the scene unfolding before her.

Danna was merely nineteen years old! Rena couldn't help but despise Zack, labeling him as an insufferable jerk.

Over the past three years, Zack had assumed leadership at the music studio, channeling his inherent talent, which he had inherited from Brandon, his own father. Under Zack's guidance, the business had flourished and extended its influence to even Heron, attaining resounding success.

Driven by an unrelenting pursuit, Zack relentlessly pursued Danna until he eventually won her over.

However, when Tyrone discovered this development, he unleashed a savage beating upon Zack.

Astonishingly, after embarking on a relationship with Danna, Zack renounced his indulgence in alcohol and ceased his frequent visits to bars and clubs, transforming into a model

boyfriend.

While Danna resided in Rouemn, Zack faithfully made the journey to be by her side every month.

Rena, on the other hand, returned to Duefron primarily due to Eloise's recurring leg injury, necessitating her treatment in the city.

As Rena invested in some French restaurants, her occasional piano performances added a touch of enchantment to her life.

As a mature, stunningly beautiful, and financially independent woman, she inevitably attracted numerous suitors.

Nevertheless, her heart remained untouched by these men...

Within the illustrious Exceed Group, on the top floor of the soaring 68-story building, the CEO's office exuded an air of authority.

Seated behind his polished wooden desk, Waylen engrossed himself in reviewing documents, his captivating features further enhanced by the gentle illumination streaming in through the French window.

Intrigued, Jazlyn quietly pushed open the office door and entered.

Her gaze fixated upon her boss, admiring his rugged attractiveness.

At the age of 33, Waylen had blossomed into a distinguished figure, the object of countless women's desires.

Delicately placing a kraft paper bag on the surface, Jazlyn caught Waylen's attention, causing him to pause his writing and retrieve the bag with intrigue.

A subtle cough escaped Jazlyn's lips as she broke the news. "Rena has returned."

Waylen, visibly taken aback, raised his eyes to meet Jazlyn's and inquired in a detached tone, "She's back?"

Feeling the weight of the situation, Jazlyn expressed her unease, "Yes, Rena might stay in Duefron for a while to assist seeking treatment for Eloise's injured leg."

Waylen ceased his inquiries, his focus now shifting to the contents of the kraft paper bag.

Unveiling a stack of photographs capturing moments shared by Zack and Rena, he couldn't help but feel the pangs of jealousy stirring within him. While the pair appeared just like friends in the pictures, it was still enough to kindle the flames of envy within Waylen's heart.

Waylen knew that Zack went to Rouemn every month.

Throughout the past three years, Waylen had remained unable to visit Rouemn, immobilized by his commitment to Alexis, and fearful of disturbing Rena's delicate equilibrium.

In his moments of lovesickness, he found solace in gazing at Rena's photographs. However, with Zack omnipresent in every frame, alongside Tyrone's sister, Waylen yearned to see only Rena.

Sensing her boss' undeniable jealousy, Jazlyn discreetly placed an invitation card on the desk and whispered, "It's an invitation to Mr. and Mrs. Figueroa's grand fourth wedding anniversary celebration. Rumor has it that the event will be a lavish affair."

A warm smile played upon Waylen's lips at the thought of Roscoe and Vera as he remarked, "Ah, this couple."

Returning the smile, Jazlyn added, "Rena will be attending the event as well."

Suddenly, the invitation in Waylen's hand took on an extraordinary value. He examined it nonchalantly before saying, "You've been working diligently under my employ for many

years. It's high time we give you a raise. Oh, by the way, your birthday is next month, isn't it? Treat yourself to a nice gift and be sure to take the recipe to the finance department later."

Grateful, Jazlyn beamed and replied, "Thank you, Mr. Fowler."

With the desire to reward herself, Jazlyn later selected a necklace worth a staggering 160,000 dollars. She believed she deserved such indulgence.

Having bid her farewell, Jazlyn departed, leaving Waylen to wander to the French window in solitude. Gazing out below, he contemplated his thoughts.

Approximately ten minutes later, his trembling fingers extracted a cigarette from his pocket, igniting it with care.

Taking a long, deliberate drag, he closed his eyes, surrendering to a gentle moment of respite.

She had finally returned...

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On a Saturday night, amidst the grand celebration of Roscoe and Vera's wedding anniversary, Rena made her long-awaited appearance.

It had been quite some time since she had last seen Vera, prompting an instant embrace upon their reunion.

Clasping Rena's hand, Vera scrutinized her from head to toe, her eyes brimming with tears.

"You wicked girl. Why did you venture so far away?"

Rena responded with a gentle smile. "For now, I won't be leaving again anytime soon."

Their exchange evoked a burst of laughter from Vera. "If you ever dare to leave again, I'll break your legs!"

As they conversed, Roscoe approached, his hand tenderly holding that of his four-year-old son, James. The young boy, a kindergarten student with a sturdy and amiable disposition, was instructed by his father to greet Rena.

James displayed exemplary manners, and Rena took an instant liking to him, having prepared a special gift just for him.

Observing Rena's fondness for James, Vera leaned in and whispered, "You adore children so much. Now countless individuals pursue your affection, yet why do none of them capture your heart?"

Rena's smile remained enigmatic as she replied, "The timing simply isn't right."

Before Vera could delve deeper into the matter, a commotion erupted near the entrance...

Naturally, Rena turned her gaze in that direction, only to find herself momentarily stunned.

It was Waylen.

Clearly, Waylen had also spotted her and, in that fleeting moment, their eyes locked, the world around them fading into insignificance.

For most divorced couples, three years would be sufficient to dilute any lingering emotions.

However, their shared history of parenthood was a profound and sorrowful bond that couldn't easily be forgotten.

Gradually, Rena regained her composure and graced Waylen with a faint smile before turning away and entering the bustling banquet hall.

Waylen's eyes bore an intensity, fixated upon her...

Rena was undeniably different from before.

Desperately desiring to engage in casual conversation with Rena, Waylen found himself disheartened by the fact that they were not seated at the same table. Surrounding him were a group of distinguished business magnates, all of whom Roscoe had painstakingly invited. Waylen's mind wandered aimlessly as he attempted to socialize and discuss matters of business with his companions.

However, his gaze remained fixed on Rena.

Regret washed over Rena as she found herself in this setting.

She had never anticipated encountering Waylen so soon after her return. Every time she laid eyes on him, a flood of unpleasant memories would resurface, causing her distress.

Throughout the night, Rena maintained a solemn silence.

Though aware of Waylen's gaze upon her, she deliberately chose to ignore it.

Later, Zack approached Rena for business matters. The clamor within the banquet hall made it difficult to converse. In a hushed tone, Zack whispered into her ear.

After a brief moment of contemplation, Rena nodded in agreement.

Zack smiled and departed.

The sight of Zack in such close proximity to Rena stoked Waylen's jealousy but he found himself powerless to intervene.

Someone exerted pressure on Waylen, goading him to indulge in alcohol. "Waylen, what's the matter with you tonight? You haven't had a single drink yet... What's this? Are you afraid that consuming too much wine will result in a disastrous outcome?"

Waylen offered a wistful smile. "I drove here on my own. My apologies, Mr. Williams."

Dudley Williams, the proprietor of the esteemed six-star hotel, had noticed Rena's presence earlier and surmised what Waylen was feeling.

In a lowered voice, Dudley inquired, "Rena has returned?"

Waylen simply nodded.

Empathizing with Waylen's torment, Dudley downed a few glasses of wine, endeavoring to uplift his spirits. "Waylen, I believe Rena must be moved by your discreet private life. You're so... Why did Rena leave, though?"

Without further delay, Waylen hurriedly left in pursuit of Rena.

Rena had already departed ahead of time.

Vera had mentioned a private after-party scheduled for later but Rena declined, for she had no desire to attend.

Taking the elevator to the hotel's ground floor, Rena discovered a black limousine awaiting her in the parking lot.

As she stepped out, the driver courteously opened the car door for her.

Just as Rena was about to enter the vehicle, she felt a gentle pressure against the door. Raising her gaze, she met Waylen's handsome countenance. He whispered softly, his voice barely audible, "Rena, let's find a place to talk, shall we?"

Rena hesitated.

She had no intention of engaging in conversation with him, yet she knew him well enough to understand that if she refused, he could instruct the driver to stand witness to their encounter.

Weighing her options, she gestured towards the coffee shop across the street and uttered, "Let's go there."

Leading the way, she walked on.

Waylen acknowledged her desire to maintain distance and withhold any opportunities for him. He respected her wishes and followed leisurely, lighting a cigarette as he strolled along.

Before Waylen entered the coffee shop across the bustling street, he extinguished his cigarette.

Within the well-lit confines of the coffee shop, Rena gracefully placed an order for a cup of Mandheling. Gently stirring her drink, she asked with politeness, "How have you been these three years? I heard that you established the Exceed Group, and it seems you have excelled in your endeavors."

It had taken Waylen three arduous years to found the Exceed Group and transform it into one of Asia's top ten enterprises, its market value surpassing a staggering 100 billion dollars.

Savoring her cup of coffee, Rena remarked, "Waylen, you possess an innate ability to excel in whatever you undertake."

Waylen's gaze held an unwavering intensity, far more direct than Rena's.

Seated before her, he couldn't tear his eyes away from her face. A gentle smile graced his lips as he responded, "Is that so? Am I truly adept at everything?"

Rena found herself momentarily taken aback at his teasing words.

A faint blush colored her ears, prompting her to adopt a cooler demeanor. "I must take my leave."

Waylen experienced a tinge of regret.

He urged her to stay, his voice gentle and persuasive. "I'm sorry. Let us converse a while longer, Rena... Why don't you inquire about my romantic endeavors in these past few years?"

Rena had no desire to delve into such matters.

Silently, she paid for the coffee and proceeded to walk away.

For a divorced couple, a simple coffee chat sufficed.

Yet, Waylen pursued her, suggesting, "Allow me to drive you home."

Rena halted in her tracks.

Under the radiant glow of neon lights, she gazed up at him.

He remained undeniably handsome, possessing an allure that even surpassed his former self. However, after three years, they were nothing more than strangers.

He yearned for her, while she had gradually erased him from her heart over the course of those three years.

Softly, Rena uttered, "I can sense your eagerness for marriage now, Waylen... Find a deserving woman to wed. Let the past remain in the past. I... I cannot dwell on it indefinitely."

As she spoke these words, the ache of their history resurfaced within her.

With a swift turn, Rena departed, leaving Waylen standing in the shadows, observing her silently.

Her driver awaited her, a selection made by Mark. As the daughter of the Evans family, Rena enjoyed a life of opulence and privilege. She no longer needed to entertain clients to secure a business contract or fulfill any obligations. She lived according to her own desires, surrounded by comfort and luxury.

Indeed, there was no need for her to go back to him or anything that reminded her of their past...