

Chapter 366 Harold, You Can't Even Admit Your...

Waylen wasn't content with just posting the photo. He added a teasing line that said, "Do you find it appealing?"

Rena's face flushed, a mix of irritation and embarrassment igniting within her.

How utterly shameless he could be.

And how on earth did he manage to locate her WhatsApp account? This person was beyond audacious, but... Despite her anger, Rena found herself gazing at the image once more.

There was no denying that even in his rogueishness, Waylen possessed a distinct charm, one that was undeniably captivating.

With a determined click, Rena deleted the photo from her screen.

She knew she had to address this with Waylen.

Just because there was no foreseeable future with Harold didn't mean she was willing to tolerate Waylen's advances. What was more, her father's unexpected announcement about joining the Fowler Group had left Rena feeling unsettled. She couldn't shake the sensation that she was somehow becoming Waylen's target.

In the stillness of the midnight hour, Rena's restlessness intensified.

Unable to quell the heat that seemed to surge within her, she threw back her covers and hurried to the bathroom.

Peeling off her pajamas, she stood there in nothing but pale pink lingerie, her gaze fixed on her reflection in the mirror... Her

figure was lithe and graceful.

Her long, chestnut hair cascaded over her shoulders like a rich waterfall, enhancing her natural allure.

Yet, deep down, Rena couldn't help but question whether her appearance was truly enough to captivate someone like Waylen.

He had once mentioned the piano...

Could it be that he was drawn to her musical talents?

At the tender age of 20, Rena still clung to her dream of becoming a pianist, and the thought brought a flicker of delight to her heart.

But she couldn't allow herself to be swayed by mere flattery. Determined, Rena whispered to herself, "I need to set things straight with Waylen."

The following day, within the halls of the music school, an air of anticipation swirled around Rena, despite her efforts to remain inconspicuous.

Wherever she trod, curious eyes followed her every move. Among the onlookers was Aline, a girl who never missed an opportunity to belittle Rena.

"Rena, aren't you on the brink of marrying into wealth? Why bother showing up at school? I thought you were head over heels for Harold. Turns out you're just a snob."

Refusing to back down, Rena retorted, "And how is that any of your concern?"

Aline stood momentarily stunned by Rena's defiance.

Just then, Vera and Joseph approached, their timely arrival catching the tail end of the exchange.

Vera, always a staunch supporter of Rena, couldn't resist a sharp

retort. "Aline, doesn't this scenario play out just how you like it? Aren't you infatuated with Harold? Hurry up and pursue him."

Aline's expression soured at Vera's comment.

Harold never had any interest in Aline. She had pursued him persistently, only to be met with rejection.

Vera was ready to continue, but Joseph intervened, attempting to play the peacemaker.

"We're all classmates here. Vera, let it go."

Vera, a striking 20-year-old, resembled a blooming rose, her beauty matched only by her fierce resolve.

She huffed, "Why are you defending her, Joseph? Are you drawn to her flirtatious ways?"

Joseph felt caught in the crossfire.

Though Vera's words stung, Aline merely smirked and winked at Joseph before sauntering away.

Later, in the girls' dormitory...

The room that had once been empty now bore witness to an intense and passionate encounter between Joseph and Aline.

Amid the tangled embrace, Aline's scantily-clad form moved in rhythm with Joseph's ardor, their passion unrestrained.

In the daylight hours, their affections were equally fiery, reaching a crescendo as Joseph, lost in the moment, took Aline fiercely. Their fervor left them breathless, sweat mingling with the blue and white sheets beneath them.

Though Aline lacked Vera's conventional beauty, her uninhibited nature held a unique allure.

A willingness to explore realms that Vera would never tread.

As their fervor waned, Aline's fingers traced Joseph's chest, a sly smile gracing her lips. "Vera could return at any moment. Aren't you worried about her catching us?"

Joseph captured Aline's lips with his own, his voice thick with desire.

"With Rena around, Vera hardly spares a thought for me. And even if she does find out, it won't matter. Your charms outshine hers any day."

His words seemed to intensify the ardor between them.

Aline was left breathless, well aware that Joseph's heart still belonged to Vera.

If the day came when Vera discovered their secret, it would mark the end of her liaison with Joseph, and with it, the financial support she relied on for her education would come to an end. Consequently, Aline vowed to keep her relationship with Joseph well-hidden, no matter how cutting Vera's words might be.

As their intimate encounter drew to a close, Joseph slipped into his pants and departed, leaving behind a card containing Aline's monthly living expenses.

On the other side, Vera lent her comforting presence to Rena.

Despite Rena's tough exterior, Vera knew how to reach past her defenses. Rena patted Vera's hand and said with a chuckle, "Your bark is worse than your bite. Even though you berate Aline, you secretly transfer a thousand dollars to her meal card every month."

Vera squirmed a bit, caught off guard by Rena's insight.

She chuckled softly. "If she decides to be mean again, I'll handle her, don't you worry."

The two friends shared a few more lighthearted moments before

Vera turned her attention elsewhere, wondering about Joseph's whereabouts.

Rena, a mix of annoyance and amusement, teased, "Focus on your own life, Vera. Don't just keep an eye on me. I promise, I'm perfectly fine."

Rena carried on with her routine, studying and living as she always had.

She held onto a dream of pursuing further education in Braseovell, where the renowned pianist Lyndon Coleman resided.

The mere thought of the pianist brought to mind the captivating melody of the piano once played by Louis XII. Rena couldn't help but wonder if that very piano was housed within Waylen's domain. Would he actually allow her to play it?

Meanwhile, Waylen's journey took him to Ypsila.

His purpose was clear. It was to acquire the Morning Dew piano.

Though the price was steep, Waylen knew Rena's heart's desire, and that was worth any cost.

Friday marked Waylen's return.

As he reentered the law office, Jazlyn promptly approached him, relaying, "Mr. Fowler, Mr. Moore wishes to see you."

Mr. Moore?

Harold Moore, perhaps?

Waylen took a moment to refresh himself with a glass of water. Sipping thoughtfully, he said, "Send him in."

He added, "And contact Miss Gordon. Let her know I've invited her to see the piano. Find out if she's interested."

Jazlyn, always perceptive, recognized the significance of Waylen's actions and offered a knowing smile.

Soon after, Harold entered the office.

While Harold was well-bred and striking in appearance, he paled in comparison to the presence exuded by Waylen.

As Harold stepped in, Waylen remained near the window, his gaze fixed on the outside world.

Harold, who was 22 years old, was not as mature as Waylen. He said in a hoarse voice, "I haven't signed the investment document of one billion dollars yet."

Waylen still didn't turn around.

Unhurriedly, he inquired. "Harold, do you have genuine feelings for Rena?"

Harold hesitated, his internal struggle apparent.

The silence stretched between them until Waylen finally turned to face him.

Waylen's voice remained measured as he continued, "You can't even admit your own feelings. How then can you discuss this with me? If we're both vying for Rena's affections, then at least we're on an equal playing field. We both desire her."

Harold was moved, realizing that Waylen's concern for Rena ran deeper than he had assumed.

Waylen had a genuine affection for her.

Waylen, perceptive as ever, recognized Harold's emotions.

He smiled ruefully, grateful for Harold's unspoken contributions.

Before Harold passed away, he entrusted Harrison with Rena's protection. In this dream, Waylen bore no resentment towards Harold.

Taking a seat, Waylen motioned for Harold to do the same.

Sunlight streamed through the blinds, casting a gentle glow on Waylen's profile.

After a contemplative pause, Waylen began speaking, his voice steady.

"Harold, wouldn't it be wiser to let go of Rena after signing the billion-dollar contract? It would secure the Moore Group's future, sparing you from disappointing a woman who genuinely loves you. Your relationship with Darren would remain intact."

Harold's complexion paled.

Never had he imagined that his carefully laid plan would be unraveled by the man before him.

For the first time, Harold found himself unnerved. "What are you implying, Mr. Fowler?"

Waylen calmly retrieved a cigarette, igniting it with practiced ease. After a deliberate inhale, he exhaled a plume of smoke, his smile enigmatic. "You understand me well enough, Harold. Don't ask how I've come to know. I bear no ill will."

In essence, they were romantic rivals.

Waylen's contemplations led him to believe that 22-year-old Harold would prioritize power over a romantic relationship with Rena.

"Could you spare me a cigarette?" Harold's request broke the silence.

"Of course," Waylen responded, extending the gesture with graceful ease.

Harold accepted the offered cigarette, ignited it, and took a deep drag. Waylen's words held undeniable truth. Men should know what path to choose. It was clear that beyond securing the billion-dollar investment, Harold could forge connections with the influential Fowler family, achieving multiple goals in one stroke.

Harold smoked in contemplative silence, acknowledging the wisdom in Waylen's assessment.

Standing up, he said calmly, "Thank you, Mr. Fowler. Here's to a fruitful collaboration."

Waylen remained seated, his gaze fixed on Harold.

Despite being the same age as the man in front of him, Waylen harbored a somber understanding that, in reality, Harold had passed away.

Harold assumed Waylen was putting on airs, yet Waylen rose and extended his hand, a gesture of respect that puzzled Harold. Waylen's voice, laden with a quiet sincerity, reached Harold. "Harold, thank you."

Harold's confusion deepened.

He didn't understand what Waylen meant.

Waylen's smile held an affectionate warmth as he said, "You have a nephew named Harrison, right? He is really a lovable boy."

Harrison...

Harold found himself further perplexed.

Waylen's smile remained genuine as he shared. "Harrison is merely thirteen years old. When Rena and I marry, I intend to take him as my godson."

Harold couldn't figure out what Waylen meant.

Mumbling his gratitude, Harold made his exit.

As the door swung open, a strikingly beautiful girl entered the room.

Harold recognized her immediately.

It was Cecilia Fowler, the daughter of the Fowler family.

Cecilia's gaze lingered on Harold for a moment before she nodded at him and then turned her attention to Waylen.

"Waylen, who was that?"

With a sisterly gesture, Cecilia embraced Waylen, her voice carrying a hint of playfulness.

Waylen turned to look at her, a knowing glint in his eyes. "Caught your interest, did he? Do you find him appealing?"

Cecilia's cheeks flushed a delicate shade of pink.

After a brief pause, Waylen said, "He's not the right fit for you, Cecilia. If you dare to pursue him privately, be prepared for the consequences."

Cecilia's irritation flared, evident in her expression.

Aware that her brother had been involved with a girl recently, she couldn't help but protest his double standard.

Waylen's arms encircled his sister in an affectionate gesture.

His eyes shifted to the computer, where he pulled up a news article from Czanch. The subject of the article was none other than Mark Evans of Czanch.

Back then, Mark had been quite young, his elegance and charm captivating the hearts of many, including Cecilia.

Waylen pointed to the screen, a teasing smile playing on his lips. "How about this one? Doesn't he meet your standards?"

Cecilia's eyes fixed on the news footage of Mark, a mix of fascination and skepticism in her gaze. "Waylen, this is Mr. Evans from Czanch. How could he possibly be interested in me?"

Despite his playful demeanor, Waylen's intentions were sincere.

He gently ruffled Cecilia's hair, his voice soft and reassuring. "Cecilia, in my eyes, you're incomparable. No one can hold a candle to you."

Cecilia offered a bashful smile, a mixture of disbelief and flattery coloring her features.

Curious, she couldn't resist the urge to ask, "Am I better than Rena?"

Waylen's response was measured, his tone tender as he replied, "Such a comparison isn't fair. One is my future wife, and the other is my cherished sister."

Cecilia's heart swelled with affection for her brother.

Dependent on him since childhood, she couldn't help but seek his embrace, her arms reaching out in an unspoken plea for reassurance. Her voice carried a soft plea. "Waylen, as long as Rena makes you happy, I promise to treat her well."

Waylen affectionately tousled Cecilia's hair.

Their lighthearted moment was interrupted as Jazlyn entered the room, her lips curving into a gentle smile.

"Mr. Fowler, Miss Gordon... She declined the invitation to your apartment."

Waylen's calm demeanor remained unshaken.

He understood Rena's character better than anyone. Turning to his sister, he handed her his phone, a request embedded within his action. "Cecilia, could you help me contact her?"