

## Chapter 49 Harold Follows Waylen

After playfully teasing his sister, Waylen readily agreed, his charming smile lighting up the room.

"I know you are the best," Cecilia praised, her voice filled with genuine admiration.

Cecilia, with her gentle nature, sought to mend the strained relationship between Harold and Waylen. She had always sensed an underlying tension between the two, yet the cause remained a mystery to her. 8

Harold was on the verge of becoming the son-in-law of the prestigious Fowler family, whose influence far surpassed that of the Moore family. The Fowlers were a towering presence in terms of connections and power, leaving the Moores far behind in comparison.

He couldn't afford to jeopardize his bond with Waylen over Rena, no matter the circumstances.

With graciousness, Harold expressed, "Thank you,

Waylen," his words dripping with politeness.

Waylen responded with a faint, enigmatic smile, hinting at a myriad of thoughts beneath the surface.

Picking up the magazine again, he leafed through it nonchalantly, his demeanor exuding an icy detachment.

As the clock struck half past four in the afternoon, Waylen rose from his seat, his purpose evident.

"I have some pressing matters to attend to. I shall take my leave," he informed the company, his voice laced with a touch of regret.

Understanding the rarity of this encounter, Korbyn and Juliette, eager to spend more time with Waylen, implored him to stay for dinner.

"Next time, I promise to join you for dinner! However, today I'm afraid I must attend to some urgent matters," Waylen assured, his hand tenderly brushing Cecilia's head.

As he departed, Harold, feeling obliged to follow suit, disclosed that he too couldn't stay for dinner.

Sensing his potential discomfort, Cecilia proactively sought to protect him by speaking

affectionately, "Please don't dwell on it too much. My brother has always been like this; reserved and unenthusiastic toward almost everyone."

Harold's reaction was one of scorn, his expression tainted with cynicism.

But what about Rena?

The question lingered unspoken as he swiftly made his way to his car, determined to catch up with Waylen's vehicle. <sup>3</sup>

Gently gripping the steering wheel, Waylen cast a quick glance at the rearview mirror, his eyes locking onto Harold's car trailing behind him.

A mischievous chuckle escaped his lips, for he had no intention of shaking off Harold. Instead, he purposefully drove at a leisurely pace, ensuring that Harold could easily keep up with him. <sup>3</sup>

After half an hour had passed, Waylen halted to collect Rena, who seemed to have encountered Darren prior to their meeting. Her eyes betrayed a hint of redness as she settled into the car.

Waylen, not typically known for his consideration, especially when it came to women, couldn't help but inquire with gentle concern, "You've already



seen your father. He's fine, right? So why the tears?"

"I didn't cry," Rena hurriedly interjected, attempting to conceal her emotional turmoil.

Waylen chuckled softly, his voice a mere whisper, "Or could it be that you shed tears in anticipation of the hardship I will subject you to? Fear not, for I have yet to make any moves. Why, then, have you wept?" 11

Rena averted her gaze, unable to provide a response.

A knowing smile danced across Waylen's lips as he ignited the engine, stealing another glance at the rearview mirror.


Lo and behold, Harold persisted in his pursuit!

Amidst the bustling rush hour traffic, the road became plagued with a gridlock.

Seizing the opportune moment when they came to a halt at a red light, Waylen casually inquired about Darren's circumstances and Rena eagerly divulged every detail.

"Your suitcase is very small. Have you brought everything you need?" Waylen suddenly inquired.

Rena pondered for a moment before replying,


"There aren't any indoor slippers for women at your residence. I intend to purchase a pair." 

Waylen offered a subtle nod, his agreement conveyed in the slight movement of his head.

With a sense of purpose, he rolled down the car window, allowing a swirl of smoke to escape as he lit a cigarette.

Leaning his elbow against the open window, he purposefully positioned himself so that Harold could catch sight of him.

Amidst the sluggish crawl of the surrounding vehicles, it took Waylen and Rena a painstaking half hour to finally arrive at their destination—his apartment.

Coming to a stop, Waylen unfastened his seat belt and turned to face Rena, his voice laced with consideration, "Across the street, there's a grocery store where you can purchase anything you may need. I'll head to the pharmacy opposite to pick up something." 

As his words hung in the air, he retrieved a card from his wallet and disclosed the PIN to Rena.

"From this point forward, all household expenses

should be taken care of with this card."

After contemplating for a brief moment, Rena hesitated but ultimately didn't refuse his offer. She stepped out of the car, making her way into the said grocery store, oblivious to the fact that Waylen's neighbors frequented the establishment. If she were to visit a few more times, she would inevitably cross paths with them.

Having finished his cigarette, Waylen leisurely opened the car door, stepping out onto the pavement. 1

His destination was the pharmacy. Approaching the counter, he casually selected two boxes of condoms, opting for the larger size. 3

With an air of nonchalance, he retrieved a hundred-dollar bill from his wallet, extending it towards the cashier.

The cashier, a woman in her early forties, raised her head, her eyes widening in astonishment as they settled upon Waylen's strikingly handsome features. 2