

Chapter 130 Waylen, I Have Made Room For You Two

Rena's anger surged, leading her to deliver a swift kick towards Waylen in her frustration.

Waylen, writhing in pain, presented Rena with an opportunity to seize her suitcase and leave the bedroom.

However, Waylen possessed long, agile legs that allowed him to intercept Rena just as she was about to reach the entrance door, firmly grasping her hand.

Peering into Waylen's profound eyes, Rena encountered a glimmer of uncertainty as he inquired, "Are you truly planning to depart?"

Rena cast her gaze downward, her voice gentle yet resolute as she replied, "Please, let me go!"

Slightly tilting his head and drawing closer, Waylen's tone carried a trace of remorse as he murmured, "My mother has sent us some food. Shall we share a meal together?"

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Rena recognized his ploy all too well.

Whenever Waylen sought to win over a woman, he would employ his utmost charm and his efforts were invariably fruitful.

Time and again, Rena surrendered to his purported tenderness and love, ensnared in a cycle from which she couldn't break free. Ultimately, she realized it was merely a game for him, and she alone had taken it to heart.

A self-mocking laugh escaped Rena's lips.

"No! It's unnecessary," she declared firmly.

A faint furrow formed on Waylen's brow but he refused to release her hand.

Caught in a deadlock, their stalemate was abruptly interrupted by the sound of the doorbell.

Rena's intuition correctly surmised the identity of the visitor. It was probably none other than Elvira.

Rena's lips curled into a contemptuous sneer as she remarked, "Waylen, there's an endless queue of people eager to dine with you, stretching from one end of the city to the other. You need not cling to me."

A shadow of darkness clouded Waylen's countenance.

Reluctantly, he released her hand.

Drawing a deep breath, Rena summoned her resolve and

swung the door open.

As anticipated, Elvira stood outside, clutching a gift in her hands.

At the sight of the suitcase held by Rena, Elvira's innocent smile wavered slightly, her expression betraying surprise.

"Miss Gordon, I've come to offer my apologies," she said with genuine remorse.

"The argument between you and Waylen was my doing. I'm truly sorry!

Do... Did my presence affect your relationship?"

Elvira's words pierced Rena's heart, leaving her feeling queasy.

Determinedly, Rena grabbed her suitcase and headed towards the elevator, leaving behind the echoes of Waylen's unhappy voice calling out, "Rena!"

They had indeed had a heated argument the previous night. However, today he had forsaken his visit to the law office, deliberately waiting for her at home.

He had offered explanations and even compromised. Why, then, was she so unyielding?

Rena halted abruptly, her eyes welling up with tears.

In these recent days, her affection for Waylen had bloomed intensely, yet he regarded her merely as a passing fancy. If

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she continued to reside with him, cooking for him and
anticipating his return home like a dutiful wife...

Then she would be demeaning herself.

Turning on her heels, Rena faced the situation head-on.

Avoiding eye contact with Waylen, she addressed Elvira with
a bitter tone, "Congratulations, Miss Coleman. Now, whether
it's the Morning Dew piano, the white dress or this man...
they are all yours. Are you content now?"

As the elevator doors slid open, Rena stepped inside and
uttered her final words, "I have made room for you two. Enjoy
each other's company."

Waylen's face darkened as he stared at the closed elevator
doors.


Elvira took a step forward, her voice gentle and alluring as
she inquired, "Did the two of you have a quarrel?"

With a touch of hostility, Waylen retorted, "What are you doing
here again?"

Elvira raised the gift box in her hand and replied, "I've come
to apologize to Miss Gordon."

"No need!"

Waylen muttered, lowering his head to light a cigarette. He
took a leisurely drag, his tone laced with a hint of
indifference as he addressed Elvira, "I told you last night not
to bother me anymore. If you're taking it so hard, perhaps it's

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time for you to seek professional help."

A pallor washed over Elvira's face, a testament to the impact of his callous words.

The sight of her evoked a profound sense of pity, stirring a protective instinct within men.

"Waylen, are you truly willing to let an irrelevant woman come between us, altering the course of our feelings from childhood to adulthood?

I find it hard to believe that you genuinely care for her."

Waylen's countenance grew even colder.

He retorted, "Elvira, women can indeed add a touch of excitement through their acting, but it becomes trite when they overdo it!"

Thoughts of Rena flooded Waylen's mind.

Rena had never feigned her emotions with him.

When she adored him, her eyes shimmered with his presence, and when she no longer held affection, she made no effort to conceal it.

She would plainly declare that it was over, refusing to waste any more time.

Since a young age, Waylen had been surrounded by women who admired and pursued him. None dared to throw a tantrum or display excessive anger in his presence, not even

Elvira.

Yet Rena was different from them all.

Waylen's heart throbbed with anger and pain.

Returning to his apartment, he resolved to shut himself off from the world but Elvira impeded his path.

He denied her entry, stating firmly, "Elvira, our relationship ended long ago!"

Elvira refused to release her grip.

After a prolonged silence, she spoke softly.

"If I were to call off my engagement with him, Waylen, would there be a chance for us to be together again?"

Waylen fixated his gaze upon her.

After an extended moment, he sneered and posed a rhetorical question, "What do you think?"

With that, he shook off her hand and closed the apartment door.

A profound stillness enveloped the dwelling.

Waylen could faintly discern Elvira's cries from outside, yet he chose not to concern himself...

He proceeded to make his way to the kitchen.

A delectable assortment of dishes, ones that Rena relished. Waylen had made a special request to the chef to prepare them, hoping to appease Rena's anger. He was willing to

humble himself for her sake.

Yet, she departed without casting a backward glance...

Within the apartment, an oppressive silence settled.

Waylen found it unbearable.

Expressionless, he retrieved the dishes and unceremoniously dumped them into a trash bag. After changing his attire, he descended the stairs and carelessly discarded the bag into a nearby bin.

He believed it was merely a woman.

Whether she stayed or left, it would have no impact on him...

He had no intention of exerting such effort for women.

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With her suitcase in tow, Rena drove to her newly rented apartment.

The cozy abode was fully furnished.

She briefly tidied up and restocked essential supplies.

In the ensuing days, no news arrived from Waylen. He neither called nor messaged her, and she reciprocated the silence.

Gradually, Rena acclimated to the solace of living alone.

Every day, she immersed herself in the music studio, her time consumed by rehearsals. Early departures and late returns filled her with a sense of fulfillment.

A week later, Paisley made headway with the financing.

A real estate magnate named Alan Scott expressed his willingness to invest twenty million dollars. Paisley had engaged in persuasive discussions with Alan but the investor insisted on meeting their other partner.

Paisley paid a visit to Rena's office and briefly discussed the matter.

Paisley harbored concerns. "Do you think he has ulterior motives?"

Nevertheless, Rena had no choice but to meet Alan, given his request.

To their astonishment, Alan conducted himself with utmost decorum, exuding a gentle demeanor and even extending an invitation for them to share a meal.

With utmost courtesy, Alan addressed the group.

"I have heard of Miss Gordon's remarkable talent as a piano teacher. My wife and I have a daughter. I plan on bringing her to you someday, so you can assess her potential for learning the piano. If you don't mind, I would like her to receive lessons from you."

With those words, the matter was nearly settled.

Paisley discreetly winked at Rena.

Rena responded with a warm smile and extended her hand to Alan. "Mr. Scott, I am truly honored. Paisley and I would be delighted to treat you to a meal."

Alan's generosity knew no bounds, evident as he promptly signed the letter of intent.

As Rena glanced at the designated payment account, she noticed it belonged to a recently established company.

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Sensing Rena's curiosity, Alan flashed a meaningful smile.

Once again, he shook Rena's hand. "My wife and I would like to invite you and Miss Rayne for a meal this Saturday."

With that, Alan took his leave.

He entered his car and sent a message.

"Harold, it's done!"

A swift reply arrived from Harold.

"Thank you, Mr. Scott. Allow me to treat you to dinner tonight."

The two women returned to the office after the meal.

Clutching the letter of intent, Paisley showered it with kisses.

She exclaimed, "It seems Mr. Scott's visit was motivated by his daughter. Rena, your contributions to our music studio have been extraordinary."

Rena brewed some coffee, selecting the finest beans and prepared two cups.

As she handed a cup to Paisley, a slight furrow formed on her brow.

She couldn't quite pinpoint why, but she had an unsettling

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feeling that everything was progressing too smoothly, almost
unnaturally...

Lost in thought, she received a call from Tyrone.

"Rena, how about treating me to a meal?"



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