

## Chapter 178 I Only Want Rena

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Waylen emerged from the confines of the enclosure, stepping out into the open.

His pristine white shirt bore crimson stains, remnants of the altercation, most of which belonged to Harold.

In the corridor, he ignited a cigarette, allowing the smoke to waft languidly through the air as he indulged in a leisurely puff.

Regardless of his disdain towards Harold, he reluctantly acknowledged the truth in some of Harold's words.

From the outside, Waylen's relationship with Rena appeared balanced, yet concealed beneath the surface, it was she who constantly yielded.

To make things worse, he had taken her sacrifices for granted.

Harold had spoken the truth; Waylen had callously disregarded Rena's emotions as a woman.

He continued to smoke at a leisurely pace.

He possessed an attractive countenance, exuding an air of nobility that held an irresistible allure for women.

Within the Mellowny Club, Harold maintained an affair with an escort named Lillian, whose resemblance to Rena was uncanny.

Lillian had encountered Waylen once before at the police station.

During that encounter, she sensed a distinct change in the way Waylen regarded her, thus, upon their current meeting, thoughts of him consumed her. Even if this man desired nothing more than a fleeting liaison, she would find contentment in a single night spent together.

Waylen captivated Lillian's attention.

Boldly, she approached him, gently caressing his handsome visage. "Mr. Fowler, would you care to share a drink with me?"

Waylen possessed discerning tastes.

He harbored an intense aversion towards any unfamiliar woman making physical contact too.

Having consumed alcohol, he forcefully pushed Lillian away, causing her slender frame to collide with the opposite wall, eliciting a cry of pain.

Hearing the commotion, the club manager hurriedly made his way over.

Initially, it seemed like a trivial matter.

Yet, as Waylen beheld Lillian's face with clarity, he was

struck by an overwhelming shock.

With a forceful kick, he barged open the door to a private room and forcibly ushered Lillian inside.

The club manager rushed in, full of apologies. "Mr. Fowler, Lillian didn't know better. You are the bigger person here. Please find it in your heart to forgive her."

Waylen settled himself onto the sofa.

Gazing downward, he ignited a cigarette, savoring its slow burn. His intense gaze remained fixed upon Lillian.

Radiating undeniable handsomeness, Waylen's presence stirred a fiery desire within Lillian.

"Come closer," Waylen suddenly commanded.

Lillian blushed, her heart racing...

Summoning her courage, she cautiously inched closer to Waylen. The urge to touch him swelled within her but as his brows furrowed, she dared not make a move. Instead, she tilted her head upwards, offering herself for his admiration.

Waylen lightly grasped her chin, scrutinizing her from head to toe.

Indeed, there was a resemblance between her and Rena.

Convinced that Waylen had taken an interest in Lillian, the manager interjected, "Lillian is exceptionally skilled at attending to people's needs. Mr. Fowler, you should give

her a try."

Lillian teasingly nibbled on her crimson lips, a seductive invitation to any man.

Suddenly, Waylen released his grip on her.

He swiftly wiped his hands with a tissue while speaking in an indifferent tone. "Here are two options for you. First, don't debase yourself with that face. Leave this place and conduct yourself with dignity. Second, if you truly wish to engage in such pursuits, consider undergoing plastic surgery... However, if I ever catch sight of you in such establishments, wearing that face, no matter where you may be, I will annihilate the very place you stand."

Lillian's legs trembled in fear, losing their strength beneath her.

The manager was on the verge of tears...

How had Lillian's appearance offended Waylen?

With a cold demeanor, Waylen placed a check on the table and declared, "Duerfron may be vast but I possess the power to make someone vanish without a trace."

Overwhelmed, the manager collapsed onto the floor.

He possessed keen intellect. The moment he inquired around, he understood the reason behind Waylen's fury towards Lillian.

Her countenance bore a resemblance to his former

girlfriend's.

The manager couldn't help but think that Waylen was being ridiculous!

Although Lillian bore a passing resemblance to Waylen's ex, she was not his woman. Who was he to dictate how she should earn a living?

Nevertheless, the manager promptly arranged for Lillian's return to her hometown, pleading with her to never set foot in Duefron again. Offending Waylen was a risk he could ill afford.

Waylen was in a state of turmoil.

The club dispatched a driver to escort him home. However, when they reached the entrance of his apartment building, he faltered.

He couldn't bring himself to go inside.

Rena was no longer there.

Waylen had always exercised self-restraint and rarely succumbed to inebriation. Yet tonight, he found himself lying on the roadside, expelling the contents of his stomach into the darkness. As he gradually regained sobriety, he stood alone beneath the glow of a street lamp...

This was the very spot where Rena had fed that stray dog they later adopted.

She had departed, taking everything with her, including the

dog.

She had left him with nothing to remind him of her.

Waylen's eyes reddened and he couldn't resist calling out her name, "Rena. Rena... Rena..."

In the distance, a slender figure observed him intently.

It was Elvira.

She watched him for an extended moment, witnessing his intoxicated state and his longing gaze directed towards the upper floors.

Elvira understood that he yearned for Rena... She pondered whether Waylen genuinely fell for Rena.

He hadn't answered Elvira's calls in recent days.

He no longer visited her at the hospital, even when she caused a commotion.

It seemed as though he had cast aside any concern for Elvira, as if she held no significance in his life.

Elvira wondered if Waylen regretted his choices.

Elvira approached him, attempting to lend a hand. "Waylen, you're drunk."

Abruptly, Waylen forcefully pushed her away. Stepping back two paces, his eyes bloodshot, he muttered, "Get lost! I don't want to see you... Rena will be unhappy if she finds out I've met you. She will cry. I only want her..."

Elvira stood in shock. "Waylen, I would shed tears too."

Continuing to retreat, Waylen hastily departed.

It seemed as though... if he were to gaze upon Elvira for another moment, Rena would never return, even though deep down he knew that Rena would never come back.

Just as Harold had suggested, Rena merely needed to heal her wounds, fall in love with someone else, and marry...

In the darkness of the night, Elvira trembled uncontrollably. She had lost.

In her desperation to hold onto Waylen, she had repeatedly slashed her wrists, resulting in a loss of vitality.

Though her appearance had diminished after losing copious amounts of blood... she had still lost.

Waylen's thoughts were consumed by Rena.

Elvira sneered bitterly.

"Rena, how much more do you wish to take from me?"

In the early hours of the morning, Rena received joyous tidings.

She had been recognized as one of the top ten exceptional young individuals in Duefron this year.

The teachers from her music studio all congratulated her with great enthusiasm and, even Paisley, who currently resided in Rouern, called to offer her congratulations.

"Rena, this is truly cause for celebration. I am tempted to open a bottle of champagne in your honor."

Wearing a faint smile, Rena replied, "I can join you in Rouemn to toast with the champagne."

Paisley initially intended to politely decline Rena's offer, as she did not wish for Rena to exert herself excessively.

However, the yearning for Rena's company grew strong within her, compelling her to say, "Alright, I will await your arrival in Rouemn."

Rena exuded a pleasant disposition. She distributed extra bonus to all the staff members in the music studio, eliciting great joy.

In the midst of this cheerful moment, Rena's secretary approached and relayed, "Miss Gordon, a Miss Coleman wishes to see you."

Miss Coleman...

Rena's smile faded.

Addressing her secretary, she instructed, "Make sure the surveillance camera in the reception room is on, and then kindly ask Miss Coleman to wait there for me."

The secretary surmised that there must be some underlying matter between the two individuals, prompting her to promptly carry out the task.

Coincidentally, Vera happened to be present as well. She inquired of Rena, "Are you really going to meet her?"

Rena smiled.



She replied, "Does she appear as though she'll give me any respite? If I don't present her with a substantial offering, I fear I'll be entangled with her in the future... I'm not like Lyndon. I won't indulge her."

Vera remained concerned for Rena's well-being.

Being privy to all the details through Tyrone, Vera felt a surge of anger and desired to confront Waylen.

However, Rena forbade it, stating that there was no need to seek out Waylen.

Worried for Rena's sake, Vera accompanied her to meet Elvira.

As soon as Vera stepped into the reception room, fury overcame her.

She could hardly believe her eyes when she beheld Elvira emerging in her hospital gown early in the morning.

Rena indeed possessed a gentle temperament. Had Vera been in Rena's shoes, she would have forcibly ejected Elvira.

Seated across from Elvira, Rena maintained a smile and inquired, "Miss Coleman, how may I be of assistance to you?"