

Chapter 191 Waylen, I'm Here To Steal Your Wom...

Jazlyn couldn't help but remain silent after Waylen's statement.

She had a feeling that Waylen had even purposely made that comment.

Leaving the office, Jazlyn went about her own tasks while Waylen took out his phone and opened his photo album. Among the pictures was a captivating photo of Rena playing the piano—a moment frozen in time that exuded beauty. He stared at the photo for a long while, reminiscing about their intimate moments together. It then dawned on him that they didn't even have a single photo together, despite the closeness they once shared.

Waylen gently caressed the photo on his phone, lost in bittersweet memories.

In recent days, Rena had been ignoring Waylen, still harboring resentment towards him.

She resented his words from that fateful night.

She felt abandoned when she needed him the most but he was nowhere to be found.

She blamed him for his harsh actions against the Larson family.

Unbeknownst to her, even if she hadn't made the promise, Waylen would never have gone through with anything against Hyatt. Her lack of trust in him made her acquiesce too easily.

A bitter smile formed on Waylen's face as he contemplated his deserved fate.

After finishing work, he drove to Rena's music studio.

Rena had just finished her work and was sitting in her newly purchased champagne-colored BMW. Since she couldn't drive, there was a driver in the front seat.

Waylen couldn't see the driver's face through the half-open tinted window, but he could sense that the person was young and good-looking, standing tall.

A slight unease crept over Waylen, but he knew he had to digest this discomfort himself.

It was indirectly his fault that Rena couldn't drive, and the matter concerning Tyrone made him hesitant to inquire about Rena's personal affairs.

As the BMW slowly passed by, Waylen caught a glimpse of Rena's face through the open back window. He could even hear her speaking to the person in the front seat in a tender voice.

Waylen remained still, his heart sinking.

After a while, he mustered the courage to send Rena a message—"Why do you need such a young driver?"

But Rena didn't reply to Waylen for a long time.

He couldn't help but ask again, only to discover that Rena had blocked him.

Unbeknownst to Waylen, the person behind the wheel was Zack.

He had spotted Waylen, the goody-two-shoes, and felt a sense of satisfaction just from seeing him in that state.

Zack deliberately brought up the topic, "Was the old man driving the golden Bentley earlier your ex-boyfriend?"

"We broke up," Rena replied.

Curious, she asked, "How did you know?"

Zack licked his lips, excitement glimmering in his eyes. "I have a grudge against him."

Normally, Rena would have rebuked Zack for such comments on her private life, but this time she remained silent. Zack deduced, "It seems like you had strong feelings for him. Huh... He looks decent enough now, but lawyers like him always engage in unethical practices. I bet he'll be bald before he turns 35."

Rena ignored Zack's words, refusing to entertain his comments.

Zack, touching his handsome chin, mumbled to himself,

"Compared to him, I'm overflowing with charm."

The following day, Rena decided to use Zack's charm to her advantage.

Her music studio was upscale, complete with a cafe where parents could relax and indulge in coffee and desserts.

However, business hadn't been flourishing lately.

Rena assigned Zack to the cafe, instructing him, "You can sit there and take a break when I don't need the car."

Zack returned after sitting there for half a day.

He wasn't foolish. Damn it! The moment he sat down, the cafe suddenly filled with customers.

"I told you before I'm not some male prostitute," he grumbled.

Taking a sip of her tea while reading the newspaper, Rena responded, "Don't you enjoy the adoring gazes of women? Now, not only can you satisfy your vanity, but you can also increase the revenue of the cafe. It's a win-win situation."


Zack, annoyed, voiced his demands.

"I want a raise then.

And I want new clothes... I want to accompany you to the wedding, so buy me a suit."

He anticipated Rena's refusal, but to his surprise, she agreed.

Rena nodded, "Fine, I'll give you a commission of five

Chapter 191 Waylen, I'm Here To Steal Your Wo.  +120 Points at most percent of the revenue. I'll buy you the clothes first and deduct the amount from your commission later."

Displeased, the young man scoffed, "You're so stingy... Making me sit there like some showpiece... Are you running a music studio or a nightclub?"

Rena continued reading the newspaper, unfazed. "If you don't want to do it, forget it."

"I'll do it. Damn it!" Zack grumbled. "Just make sure to buy me expensive quality clothes. I don't wear cheap stuff."

Rena thought she should spend some money on him.

She took him to a shopping mall and bought a suit of dark coffee color, which cost her 12,000 dollars.

Zack was unhappy. "Can such cheap clothes be worn?"

Though he complained, he looked great in the suit, especially with his long legs.

Rena didn't indulge his complaints.

She swiped her card without hesitation, stating coldly, "Your monthly salary is only \$8,000."

Calculating the amount, Zack realized that \$8,000 wasn't enough to fund his womanizing pursuits. Thus, he continued to flatter Rena, hoping to stay on her good side. His words were honeyed as he said, "Miss Gordon, you look stunning when you swipe that card."

Rena tossed the receipt to him, retorting, "I've told you

before, you have the potential to be a top male escort."

Zack showed no signs of embarrassment.

He followed Rena, ingratiatingly saying, "I only wish to serve you though, Miss Gordon."

The shopping assistant blushed, catching their conversation.

Rena turned around with a smile.

"I've bought you new clothes. Now, make sure to serve the customers well."

Her words were dripped with sarcasm, stinging Zack's pride. Angered, he retorted, "Hey, I told you, I'm not a male prostitute."

On Robert's wedding day, Rena stared at the invitation, lost in thought.

Time seemed to fly by, and more than half a year had passed. Robert was about to get married, and Roscoe and Vera seemed to be hitting it off. Rena couldn't help but notice that everyone around her was finding partners one after another. It made her contemplate her own romantic situation.

Zack entered Rena's office dressed in a suit, only to find her lost in thought.

Leaning against the desk, he took the invitation card from her fingers and exclaimed, "Are you still thinking about

your old flame?"

Rena maintained her composure and reminded him of his role. "Know your place."

Aware of her reminder, Zack nodded and continued, "I know. I am your driver, alright? But hey, aren't you afraid to see Waylen tonight? Is that why you dragged me along? I didn't expect you to be willing to spend money on buying me a suit. Now I understand the reason."

He expressed his dissatisfaction with a hint of sarcasm.

Rena put away the invitation and replied seriously, "It's fine if you don't want to go. Wait for me in the car."

Zack couldn't agree more.

He had left Heron for Duefron and worked as a driver in Rena's small company just to taunt Waylen. And today seemed like a perfect opportunity for him.

The car stopped at the hotel's gate, and Rena and Zack made their way inside.

In the elevator, Zack casually leaned against the wall.

He glanced at Rena, taking in her appearance.

She was wearing a long, silver gray dress tonight, adorned only with a pair of pearl earrings.

Despite her modest attire, Zack couldn't help but find her inexplicably beautiful.

She surpassed all his previous girlfriends in looks.

His eyes wandered for a moment before he remarked, "This tie is too tight. Can you adjust it for me?"

Letting out a sigh, she had no choice but to stand on tiptoe and fix it.

As she leaned closer, Zack was able to catch a whiff of the pleasant fragrance from her body.

The young man snorted. "Have you fixed Waylen's tie before?"

Rena was taken aback.

Memories that she had deliberately pushed aside resurfaced.

That night, she and Waylen had been intimate for the first time, and the next day, she had knelt on the bed, tying his tie. The memories of their countless intimate moments flooded her mind, causing her heart to ache.

She didn't want to dwell on those thoughts anymore.

Observing her expression, Zack realized what she was thinking and snorted dismissively.

Just as the elevator doors opened, Waylen and Roscoe were waiting outside, unexpectedly witnessing the scene.

Rena lifted her head as she adjusted Zack's tie. The sight was captivating, but in Waylen's eyes, it was an intrusive eyesore.

Zack Carson.

It was Zack Carson.

The guy who had run away from home to become Rena's driver?!

Waylen felt a pang of jealousy, but as a man of high status, he couldn't let himself stoop so low as to be jealous of a young man.

Moreover, he couldn't afford to embarrass himself in such a public setting.

After Rena finished adjusting Zack's tie, she turned around and was startled by the presence of the newcomers.

No one said a word for a moment.

Roscoe, trying to lighten the mood, finally smiled and asked, "Rena, is this your new boyfriend?"

Rena remained silent, but Zack beamed with joy and replied, "I'm with Miss Gordon every day. I pick her up for work, drop her off, and I even live in Mrs. Gordon's house. And she bought me this lovely suit! Does that make me her boyfriend?"

Zack intentionally said this to stun Roscoe.

Roscoe, perceiving Zack as a gigolo, chuckled and said, "Well, Rena, I didn't know you were like this. This one is... Not bad." After his comment, Roscoe looked at Waylen sympathetically.

Waylen skillfully took out a cigarette and raised his chin,

calmly saying, "You go ahead."

Roscoe left the elevator feeling embarrassed, while Waylen's gaze lingered on Rena.

He couldn't help but ask, "Do you know who he really is?"

Rena had no interest in engaging with Waylen. In truth, it didn't matter to her who Zack really was. He was just a driver in her company, someone who worked and got paid.

Coincidentally, Vera called Rena at that moment, providing her with an opportunity to escape.

Zack, however, chose to stay behind.

Leaning against the aisle, he looked at Waylen lazily and remarked, "What a coincidence, Mr. Fowler. We meet again. You convinced my father to cut me off, so now I've come to steal your woman. By the way, don't even think about dealing with me the way you dealt with Tyrone. I'm broke now, earning a meager salary. If you try to drive me away, I'll pack up immediately and crawl into Miss Gordon's bed, letting her take care of me."

A faint smile appeared on Waylen's face as he puffed out a smoke ring.

He responded, "Rena won't be interested in men who haven't even matured."

Unfazed, Zack stared back at Waylen and inquired, "Is that so? We'll see. Waylen, you may be handsome, but I am exceptional in bed."

Waylen's eyes grew deeper.

He couldn't deny feeling jealous, but as a mature man, he knew it wouldn't be fitting to engage in a serious confrontation with a 23-year-old.