

## Chapter 151 You Abandoned Me!

---

The following day, Rena concluded her work duties ahead of schedule.

A splendid soiree hosted by the cultural circle was scheduled for the evening. Both Rena and Robert had been graciously extended invitations, arranging to rendezvous at the hotel.

As Rena left the studio, she was greeted by the amiable receptionist, whose smile radiated warmth.

"Miss Gordon, you look absolutely stunning today!"

Brimming with contentment, Rena's spirits soared.

She confidently pressed the elevator button, only to be taken aback the moment she stepped inside.

To her astonishment, Waylen was already within.

Leaning against the elevator wall, his countenance bore an icy demeanor, indicating his prolonged presence.

Instinctively, Rena contemplated leaving, but Waylen acted swiftly.

In an instant, she was forcefully pinned against the elevator wall with a resounding thud.

Constrained by fear, Rena dared not make a move, for Waylen's arm rested upon her chest.

Raising her head defiantly, she glared at him. "Mr. Fowler, what do you think you're doing?"

Waylen fixed his gaze upon her and uttered, "You're all dolled up tonight. Are you attending the banquet? With Robert?"

Summoning all her composure, Rena replied, "Mr. Fowler, we have ended our relationship. It is my prerogative to attend any banquet with anyone I choose."

Waylen released his grip and stepped back.

"Is he the one you've come to fancy? Does he bring you the same happiness as I once did? Rena, I refuse to believe you can erase me from your memory!"

Rena's eyes welled up with tears.

There had been a time when she lived a blissful existence with Waylen. During that period, she had been captivated by his irresistible allure.

Fame, wealth and longing had ignited a fervor within her.

Rena had thought that no woman could resist a man like Waylen.

His incessant pursuit stemmed solely from his desire to engage in physical intimacy with her.

When she had inquired about his love for her, he

had replied, "I'm sorry, Rena. I can't give you what you want."

In truth, he had possessed the ability to grant her wish.

His reluctance to do so was simply a manifestation of his unwillingness to really be with her!

Feeling a sense of embarrassment, Rena responded, "Waylen, you abandoned me, remember? So what's the point saying that now?"

The elevator continued its descent.

Each passing second felt like an agonizing torment for Rena.

After what seemed like an eternity, Waylen's voice emerged, strained and raspy.

"Rena, I desire you!"

Rena lifted her gaze and locked eyes with him.

Waylen repeated himself.

"I desire you!"

A pallor overcame Rena's complexion.

Her emotions were not of happiness but rather sorrow.

"Waylen... The only reason you desire me now is because I'm with Robert! If I were still single, you would only desire to play games of truth or dare with me at some random parties or seek my companionship for purely physical pleasure whenever

it suited you!"

Rena's nose grew slightly red.

She whispered in a melancholic tone, "You don't genuinely care for me. You have engaged in all these actions solely to satisfy your ego."

By chance, the elevator doors opened.

Rena stepped out without hesitation.

She quickened her pace, as if attempting to escape from something.

Although she had ended her relationship with Waylen some time ago, he still held the status of being her first love and they had once shared a profoundly tender bond for a month.

They had engaged in numerous intimate encounters. How could she easily erase those memories from her mind?

Rena entered her car and tightly gripped the steering wheel, her hands trembling.

In this moment, she harbored an even greater disdain for Waylen!

He had forsaken her, only to now persistently pursue her once more!

How did he perceive her worth?

Yet, she was painfully aware that she still harbored feelings for Waylen!

Rena slumped against her seat.

The car door swung open.

Standing outside the vehicle, Waylen's voice resonated, hoarse with remorse. "I'm sorry, Rena!" His desire to touch her was palpable.

However, as if driven by an instinctive reflex, Rena swiftly delivered a resounding slap across his face.

Both of them stood there, momentarily stunned.

Rena covered her stinging palm and softly apologized, "I'm sorry, Mr. Fowler."

Waylen paid no mind to the sting on his cheek.

Gripping onto the car door, he deliberately lowered his voice. "You're not in a suitable state to drive. Allow me to drive you there."

How could Rena possibly agree?

After a brief standoff, Waylen firmly grasped Rena's arm, guiding her out of the car and retrieving her coat from the passenger seat.

She wore an enchanting lilac dress that accentuated her slender waist.

She looked exquisitely beautiful.

Waylen gazed at her for a few fleeting moments, draping the coat over her shoulders and meticulously fastening the buttons.

"If you're opposed to me driving you, then take a taxi instead! Please don't drive yourself."

Rena was in a state of distress. Waylen sympathized with her. Being a mature man, he was acutely aware that she still held feelings for him.

At the very least, he ranked higher in her heart than Robert for the time being.

That was precisely why Robert couldn't spend the previous night in her apartment.

Waylen hailed a taxi.

He escorted Rena into the vehicle. Just before closing the door, he said with tender sincerity, "Wishing you a delightful evening."

In truth, he had initially planned to attend the same banquet.

He had intended to openly compete with Robert for Rena's affection.

However, such a course of action would only cause Rena undue embarrassment.

Therefore, Waylen made the decision to bide his time.

\*

Rena sat in the backseat of the taxi.

Tears cascaded down her cheeks.

She genuinely did not wish to shed tears for Waylen, as he was not deserving of such emotional investment. However, she just could no longer restrain the flood of tears.

The taxi driver proved to be quite the conversationalist.

"Did you have a disagreement with your boyfriend? The man who hailed the taxi for you earlier is incredibly handsome. He also appears to be affluent. Don't cry, young lady! Let me enlighten you, if you act distant towards him, he won't exhibit a sense of superiority and will immediately strive to please you! Trust me, I have plenty of experience..."

Rena found herself torn between laughter and tears. She wiped away her teardrops and gazed out the window, choosing to remain silent.

It took her a good half an hour to regain her composure. She yearned for a night of perfection. Finally, Rena arrived at the grand banquet hall.

Robert had yet to make his entrance but Rena spotted Roscoe and Vera amidst the crowd.

They appeared as a radiant couple, embracing each other in synchronized dance.

As Joseph's wife, Vera naturally garnered considerable attention being with another man at the party. Numerous individuals engaged in discussions about her. Furthermore, Roscoe was also renowned as a notorious womanizer in Duefron.

Rena felt a sense of worry, fearing that Vera might

encounter trouble.

She lingered in a corner for a while, when suddenly her phone began to ring.

It was a call from Robert.

He expressed his apologies over the phone, explaining that he might not be able to attend the banquet that evening due to a pressing matter at home.

Rena's emotional state, still influenced by Waylen's presence, led her to believe that it was perhaps for the best that she wouldn't see Robert tonight.

After concluding the call, Rena intended to inform Vera of her departure. However, as soon as she lifted her gaze, she witnessed a tumultuous scene unfolding on the dance floor: Roscoe and Joseph were engaged in a heated altercation.

Joseph had arrived in his pajamas, seemingly impulsive in his decision to join the festivities. Consumed by jealousy, he resorted to a physical confrontation with Roscoe!

Roscoe possessed remarkable strength. It was clear that Joseph stood no chance against him.

Soon Joseph bore visible injuries, his face marred by bruises.

Within the banquet hall, a wave of screams rippled



through the women in attendance.

Vera, on the other hand, stood stoically, observing the scene with a cold detachment, as if Joseph was not her husband at all!

This extravagant banquet had been organized by a prominent figure within Duefron's literary circle, a celebrity of considerable influence.

The hotel's security personnel swiftly descended upon the chaotic scene.

News of the altercation rapidly spread like wildfire throughout the city.

The headlines of Duefron's newspapers were dominated by this scandalous incident.

Regrettably, Vera's once pristine reputation now lay in ruins.