

## Chapter 187 Waylen Behind It All

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Rena quivered with an intense surge of anger, her emotions swirling within her like a tempest.

Overwhelmed by a sense of fury and helplessness, she voiced her grievances to Waylen, her voice laced with frustration. "Must you insist on depriving me of my family and friends? Is your happiness contingent upon my isolation?"

Waylen sneered, his lips curling with contemptuous disdain.

"What kind of 'friend' is this Tyrone character of yours? It's evident to everyone that he holds feelings for you."

Rena discerned the sincerity in Waylen's words, recognizing that he wasn't jesting. He was prepared to expend his time and energy to achieve his objectives. His declaration to confront Tyrone held an air of undeniable truth.

Fearful of the consequences, Rena dared not take any risks. Tyrone was her cherished friend, someone who had offered her support on countless occasions. Rather than

embroil him in this dangerous affair, she would prefer to distance herself from him to keep him safe.

Yet, an intense loathing welled up inside her.

She had committed no wrongdoing; she had merely fallen in love with this man. Little did she realize that her affection for him had been transformed into a sinful transgression. If this was the cost of her love for Waylen, she would sooner renounce such love entirely.

Rena cast her eyes downward, concealing her true sentiments behind a smile that belied her inner turmoil.

Speaking softly, her voice filled with gentleness, she uttered, "Your affection for me is nonexistent. Your rage stems solely from the prospect of losing your prized possession, Waylen... Love is not about ownership but about mutual fulfillment."

With an impassive countenance, Waylen inquired, "Like what Tyrone did before? ... If a man doesn't desire you, it means he doesn't care for you."

At least not in Waylen's world.

Waylen was determined to attain his desires, no matter the cost.

Rena remained silent, her lips sealed shut.

Waylen approached her, his hand reaching out to touch her face but Rena recoiled, distancing herself from his touch.

"And now you deny me even the simple act of physical contact?"

Waylen withdrew his hand, straightening his shirt in front of the mirror-like wall. Gazing at Rena's reflection, he remained emotionless.

The elevator doors slid open.

Standing outside, Tyrone regarded Rena with tender eyes and softly offered, "Allow me to drive you home."

Rena's body tensed ever so slightly.

Waylen's warning echoed in her mind.

Tyrone enveloped Rena in a comforting embrace, his voice filled with concern as he whispered, "Your eyes betray a sorrow on the verge of tears. Let's return."

Lost in a daze, Rena's mind was clouded with confusion.

She cast a fleeting glance at Tyrone and obediently followed him into the awaiting car.

Under the faint glow of the dim street lamps, Waylen stood, observing Rena as she climbed into Tyrone's vehicle. A faint smile danced upon his lips.

Inwardly, he contemplated, "Rena, if you won't allow me to approach you... then I shall patiently await the day you return to me."

Rena had something important to discuss with Tyrone and he could sense it.

As they idled at a red light, Tyrone lit a cigarette, taking a deep drag. Breaking the silence, he inquired, "What is it that you wish to say?"

Rena turned her head to gaze at him and said softly, "Tyrone, let's not see each other again."

"Is it because of Waylen?"

Rena did not deny it.

Her connection with Tyrone had never been deeply rooted. She did not wish to drag him into her troubles. He deserved a life of happiness, for she believed herself unworthy of his sacrifice.

Tyrone exhaled a slow stream of smoke.

The traffic light shifted to green. He pressed on the accelerator, driving Rena back to her apartment.

Leaning against the backrest, he murmured tenderly, "Rena, I harbored feelings for you long ago. I once relinquished hope. When I witnessed Waylen's affection for you during that altercation with Harold at the club, I surrendered, knowing I could not triumph over him. The Larsons could never overcome the Fowlers. However, this time... I refuse to surrender."

Turning his gaze towards her, Tyrone declared, "Even if it means losing everything."

Rena found herself at a loss for words, unable to articulate a response.



She never made any promises to Tyrone, but he was still willing to take such a daring leap for her. If she were in her early twenties, she would undoubtedly join him in the uncertainties of life. However, at the age of 25, she had surpassed the impulsive stage.

"Tyrone."

Rena closed her eyes gently, grappling with the weight of her emotions. She longed to apologize, but she then recalled the feelings she had harbored for someone else in the past.

There was no fault in having feelings for someone.

Observing Rena's solemn demeanor, Tyrone let out a chuckle.

He reassured her, "Rena, it's a burden I willingly bear as a man. You needn't carry this psychological weight."

How could Rena possibly be devoid of any burden?

Returning to her apartment, she settled quietly on the sofa.

Snowball, her faithful companion, nestled beside her.

Her phone lay within reach. After a night filled with hesitation, eventually she refrained from dialing Waylen's number.

For the next two weeks, Rena did not cross paths with Tyrone.

However, she frequently encountered news in the

financial realm, often catching glimpses of Typhoon Technology, the company Tyrone owned, making headlines. Unfavorable economic reports, including disruptions in its funding chain, marred the company's reputation.

Rena reached out to Vera, inviting her for a coffee outing.

At half past two in the afternoon, Vera arrived, radiating a sense of well-being. Seated across from Rena, she remarked, "You've been so busy lately and I hardly see you anymore. So are you asking me out because of Tyrone?"

Rena smiled softly. "Is it that apparent?"

"Crystal clear."

Vera ordered a cup of coffee and took a sip before leaning in, her voice lowered. "I heard from Roscoe that Tyrone's company is in dire straits. Apart from asset-related issues, they're entangled in legal disputes as well. Currently, Tyrone works nearly 18 hours a day."

Rena sat in stunned silence, her mind reeling from the revelation.

The overwhelming sense of powerlessness surged through Rena once again, enveloping her in its suffocating grip.

With a bitter smile tugging at her lips, Rena inquired, "Was it Waylen's doing?"

Vera evaded a direct response, instead tenderly clasping Rena's hand and said, "Waylen is a master of manipulation. Although Tyrone lacks the same strength and connections

as Waylen, he is incredibly tenacious. Rena, you must try to persuade him."

Rena had attempted to dissuade Tyrone.

But Tyrone, resolute in his determination, had declared that he would not back down even if it meant losing everything.

Stirring her coffee pensively, Rena smiled after a prolonged moment and declared, "I will."

Vera tightly gripped Rena's hand, providing solace and support.

In truth, they all knew that persuading Tyrone would prove futile, for his intent was not solely to be with Rena. He merely wished to avenge her.

The only person capable of putting an end to this predicament was none other than Waylen.

Having finished their coffee, Rena chose not to hail a taxi but instead walked leisurely back to her apartment.

Waylen's resplendent Bentley Continental GT was parked outside the building.

Seated in the car, he smoked thoughtfully, with the door on the opposite side left ajar, as if awaiting someone's arrival.

As Rena approached, Waylen's gaze locked onto her intently.

Slipping into the car, Rena directed her gaze forward and posed a direct question, "Waylen, what is your ultimate goal?"

Waylen extinguished his cigarette and emitted a faint chuckle.

"Are you concerned about Tyrone? How can you be unaware of my intentions? I simply require your promise that you will not meet or communicate with Tyrone. Is that too much to ask?"

Rena was taken aback by Waylen's audacity.

Waylen had set a snare, nearly bringing Tyrone's company to the brink of collapse. And all of this was solely to prevent Rena from being in Tyrone's company?

"Waylen, you're crossing the line!"

After fixating his gaze on Rena for an extended duration, Waylen sneered. "Is this already asking for too much? I haven't asked you to return to me and live together."

"Live together?"

Waylen kindly clarified, "Means we'll dine and sleep under the same roof."

Rena suddenly fell silent, sitting beside him in contemplation.

Waylen observed her profile intently...

It had been days since he last laid eyes on her. If it weren't



for Tyrone, she wouldn't have entered his car and engaged in conversation with him.

Unfathomable jealousy consumed Waylen.

Finally, Rena stirred. She reached for the small refrigerator in the car and retrieved a chilled can of coke. With determination, she opened it...

Waylen merely watched her actions, offering no objections. Then, in a swift motion, the icy contents of the coke cascaded down his pants.

The frigid temperature jolted Waylen, nearly propelling him off his seat.

He gazed up at her with profound eyes.

Through gritted teeth, Rena uttered, "In your dreams!"

She proceeded to open the door, ready to exit the car. However, Waylen thwarted her, locking the car door and asserting his presence.

His voice carried a husky tone. "Are you planning to flee after drenching my pants? Are you not responsible for drying them?"

Rena strained to free her hand from his grip but her efforts proved futile.

Reluctantly, she succumbed and began to wipe the pants... As she wiped, Waylen's Adam's apple subtly bobbed. "Rena, did you do this intentionally?"

Rena forcefully shook him off.

Waylen continued to scrutinize her, his handsome face concealing a whirlwind of emotions.

The two locked gazes, a meaningful exchange passing between them.

Waylen's voice grew softer. "Rena, it's been far too long since I last saw you. I miss you dearly!"

Rena's eyes welled up with tears.

The stark contrast in their desires became painfully apparent to Rena. How could Waylen still express his desire to be intimate with her after causing her so much pain?

Once again, she confronted the glaring inequality between them.

She mustered the strength to lift her head slightly, determined to maintain her composure.

Summoning every ounce of resolve, she uttered calmly, "I'm sorry but I have no interest in engaging in that."

She anticipated his anger...

However, to her surprise, Waylen did not become furious. Instead, he gently caressed her delicate face with his hand, as if such actions were a customary occurrence.

His tenderness pierced her heart.

Waylen then said tenderly, "The interior of the car remains

concealed from prying eyes. Rena, I yearn for you deeply."

Rena was taken aback.

Then, he enveloped her in his embrace, applying a firm pressure.

Gritting her teeth, she inquired, "Waylen, what the hell are you doing?"

He held her slender waist firmly and cajoled her in a hoarse voice, "Stay still, or I cannot guarantee my actions. Be obedient... Well, you shouldn't have poured coke on me. I merely wished to come and see you initially. Hmm... Rena... I miss you so much..."

Rena found herself trapped.

She could only avert her gaze and tried to ignored his moans.