

A Second Chance With My Billionaire Love Chapter 3 Mr. Fowler Is A Hypocrite!

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Rena visibly stiffened.

She awkwardly held up a paper bag and explained, "I came to return your coat."

Waylen nodded and took the paper bag.

"Thank you." Then without saying anything more, he walked straight towards the elevator.

Rena snapped out of her trance and hurried to catch up with him. "Mr. Fowler, there's something I..."

The elevator doors slid open as soon as Waylen pressed the button. Without hesitation, Rena followed him in.

Seeing this, he narrowed his eyes at her inquisitively.

Then he smoothed his shirt and said indifferently, "I'm not taking your case."

Rena fell silent.

It seemed that Waylen already knew about the matter regarding her father!

She lowered her head and asked softly, "Did Harold ask you not to take my case?"

Waylen looked at her in the mirror-like wall and smiled. "No. I just don't like mixing my private affairs with work."

Rena understood what he meant. If she wanted to sleep with him, he was more than willing. But if she came to him for anything related to work, she could just forget about it.

Her ears turned red from embarrassment.

But once again, Waylen didn't force her to do anything.

Although she was beautiful, it wasn't enough for him to sacrifice his principles. Besides, he wasn't interested in sleeping around in the daytime.

Soon, the elevator stopped at the twenty-eighth floor.

Waylen's secretary was waiting at the elevator door. She was surprised to see Rena with him, but because of her years of working for this man, she knew better than to say anything. "Mr. Fowler, your client has arrived," she said politely.

Waylen tossed the paper bag to his secretary and said, "Send it to the dry cleaners."

The secretary nodded and left.

Waylen lowered his head and started tinkering with his phone. Without looking up, he said to Rena, "Find another lawyer. And you shouldn't sell your body for favors. It's distasteful."

Then he walked out of the elevator just before the doors slid to a close.

Rena gritted her teeth.

What a hypocrite!

At home, Eloise was getting more and more anxious. Rena was under great pressure, so she decided to meet up with her college classmate, Vera Byrd.

Vera had gotten married to a rich man from Duefron right after graduation. Her husband had a wide range of contacts.

Left with nowhere to turn, Rena asked Vera for help.

They met up in a cafe, and Rena wasted no time to tell her friend everything that transpired.

Vera cursed Harold vehemently. After she vented her anger, she thought for a while and asked, "Did you really get a hotel room with Waylen?"

Rena blushed and stirred her coffee stiffly.

Vera lowered her voice and teased, "Rena, you're really something! Even those celebrities can hardly get Waylen's attention. There's rarely any gossip about him because he's so 'chaste'."

Rena smiled bitterly and changed the subject. "Anyway, I had no choice but to turn to you, Vera."

Waylen held great power and prestige in the upper echelons of society. Vera could easily offend him if she dared to help Rena.

But Vera was Rena's loyal friend. Using her connections, she quickly found out Waylen's schedule.

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On Saturday, Waylen had a golf appointment with someone at the country club at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Rena went to the country club with Vera and her husband at the appointed time. To her great surprise though, Harold was also there.

She was quite stunned at the sudden turn of events.

Vera pinched her husband's arm hard and whined, "Why didn't you tell us that Harold would also be here? How can Rena ask Waylen for help now?"

Vera's husband apologized profusely. "I'm sorry, Rena! I didn't know, I swear!"

Before Rena could back out, Waylen had already seen them.

He was dressed in white golf attire, looking rich and handsome. He was so tall that he stood out among the crowd.

Just like at the law firm, Waylen pretended not to know Rena and only greeted Vera's husband.

Vera's husband was flattered, so he smiled back.

Then Waylen glanced at Rena.

Rena had smooth, supple skin, and she had deliberately worn clothes that highlighted her good figure.

The tight-fitting white T-shirt made her look energetic, while her light grey shorts showcased her perfect long legs.

And her long, wavy brown hair was tied in a neat bun, which added to her charm.

Waylen glanced at her long and slender legs and asked casually, "And you are...?"