

Chapter 119 It's Your Freedom To Contact And...

After concluding the call, Rena found herself in a trance for an extended period of time.

How could she possibly truly remain apathetic?

After all, she had genuine affection for Waylen and he once treated her with such kindness!

Having composed herself, Rena was on the verge of igniting the car's engine when Waylen contacted her.

She picked up the phone, maintaining her customary gentle tone, and uttered, "Waylen..."

Upon hearing her tender voice resonate through the receiver, Waylen hesitated momentarily.

It was only then that he realized he hadn't laid eyes on her nor had they talked properly in nearly a week. When he returned in the evening, she had already succumbed to slumber. She had remained asleep when he had departed.

In a hoarse voice, Waylen inquired, "Where are you?"

"I'm heading home."

Waylen glanced at his watch and intoned deeply, "I shall

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return for dinner. Prepare something."

A few seconds of silence passed before Rena consented.

After terminating the call, she caressed the phone delicately, her emotions intertwined.

In truth, considering the current state of their relationship, it was customary for him to request her presence in bed, yet it seemed excessive to burden her with cooking.

The once blissful existence had immersed Rena in happiness. Yet now, his thoughts were consumed by Elvira.

Nevertheless, Rena's sentiments for him persisted!

Rena ventured to the supermarket and procured various groceries.

As she settled the bill, she emerged from the supermarket, whereupon several young men offered her a handful of newspapers with a grin.

"Behold, the most recent edition of Duefron's evening newspaper. Take a gander."

"There's scintillating gossip regarding the influential and affluent clan. The contents are truly astounding."


The young men said all of this warmly.


Rena paid no heed. She placed the newspapers inside the shopping bag and stowed it away in the trunk.

Upon reaching home and unveiling the contents of the

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Chapter 119 It's Your Freedom To Contact And ...  +120 Points at most shopping bag, she discovered that the newspaper front pages were entirely devoted to Waylen.

To be precise, they contained scandalous tales about Waylen and Elvira.

The two had unexpectedly crossed paths at a lavish banquet overseas.

On the hotel porch, Elvira donned a sleek black evening gown. With her slender fingers, she clutched at the edge of Waylen's garment. The corners of her eyes were reddened, a clear indication that tears had been shed. Nevertheless, her gaze remained fixed obstinately upon Waylen!

Waylen turned around.

Only his profile was captured by the photograph, yet Rena could discern the mix of animosity and sympathy in his eyes!

Rena stared at the image intently for an extended duration.

When she finally snapped out of her trance, she sensed an overall stiffness and soreness in her muscles.

She blinked.

Thankfully, it was not too late for her to nip her feelings for Waylen in the bud.

She cast the newspaper aside and proceeded to cook with composure.

Waylen had a penchant for slightly tangy dishes, although his

stomach was delicate.

Rena prepared grilled fish with chili and lime, a light soup, and two additional entrees.

It was nearly 7 o'clock by the time she completed the task.

He had yet to return.

As Rena contemplated whether she should reach out to him or not, her phone rang.

His voice on the other end was soothing to the ear.

"Rena... I won't make it back for dinner! I have prior arrangements. But I'll return home later."

Rena did not give in to anger. She responded calmly, "If you plan on drinking, ensure you have a designated driver to bring you back."

Waylen lapsed into silence for a brief moment.

He then responded, "Alright!"

After concluding the call, Rena gazed at the prepared dishes for an extended period.

Eventually, she settled down slowly and commenced a solitary meal.

A significant amount of food remained untouched. She carefully packed the leftovers into a container, intending to go downstairs to feed the stray dogs once she completed her household chores.

Waylen's return was not excessively late.

It was around 10:30 in the evening.

He spotted Rena crouching beneath a tree, tending to a white dog in the garden below.

Waylen was aware of her habit of venturing downstairs to care for the canines, but this was the first time he had personally witnessed it.

The early autumn night carried a hint of chill, prompting her to don a jacket.

The jacket happened to belong to him, slightly oversized for her, accentuating her delicate frame.

Waylen refrained from approaching.

Instead, he stood by the car, lit a cigarette and silently observed her.

He witnessed Rena gently caressing the dog, admiring the blossoms and foliage. There was no trace of sorrow upon her countenance.

After a while, Rena tenderly touched the white dog again and went back inside the apartment building.

Curiosity propelled Waylen to venture beneath the tree for a closer look.

Tonight, she had prepared grilled fish.

The meal he should have partaken in had now been

consumed by the stray dog!

The white dog barked at Waylen, trying to guard its food.

Upon returning to the apartment, Rena received a message.

Vera had sent her a video.

Rena clicked on it, curious to discover its contents.

Within the confines of an exclusive chamber in a high-end club, a group of seven or eight individuals engaged in a lively game, several familiar faces catching Rena's attention.

Among them were Waylen and Elvira!

Waylen reclined against the sofa, indulging in a cigarette.

Rena found solace in the way he smoked. Meanwhile, Elvira occupied a seat beside him, engrossed in a card game with the others. At intervals, she would turn towards Waylen, exchanging words with him.

Waylen's smile was evident.

The video came to an end.


Understanding Vera's good intentions, Rena mustered a helpless smile.

She intended to delete the video when the door swung open.

Waylen materialized at the entrance.

He sported a white shirt, grey suit trousers and a black trench coat.

His attire mirrored that seen in the recently viewed video,

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signifying his encounter with Elvira tonight.

Rena regarded him calmly.

After exchanging his shoes and shedding his coat, Waylen instinctively cast a glance toward the dining area.

Rena offered a serene smile. "I've already had dinner!"

Waylen nodded in acknowledgment.

Seated in the dining room, he perused the newspaper while casually remarking, "Can you cook a bowl of noodles for me?"

As the words left his lips, a sense of bewilderment washed over him.

The newspaper he held was teeming with gossip surrounding him and Elvira, some of the captured photographs even originating from the hotel, depicting them in intimate poses.

His gaze shifted to Rena, his brows furrowing.

With nonchalance, Rena remarked, "I went to the supermarket to buy groceries earlier. A few young men carelessly slipped them into my shopping bag."

Waylen set the newspaper aside.

Recollections of Rena's demeanor downstairs lingered in his mind. She genuinely appeared unaffected by the scandalous reports. During the week he had remained out of contact, she had managed to find contentment.

Amidst the circulating rumors concerning his past love affair,

Waylen harbored a desire to test Rena's resilience.

A contemptuous smirk adorned his face.

"Don't you want to inquire about it?" he sneered.

His probing words unsettled Rena greatly.

She cast her gaze downward, offering a faint smile. "Rest assured, Mr. Fowler. I shall not intrude upon your personal life. It's your freedom to contact and meet whoever you please."

Waylen lit a cigarette, his gaze fixed upon her with a subtle smile.

Rena remained unperturbed.

She enunciated each word deliberately. "As for whether I care or not, that is also my prerogative!"

Waylen couldn't help but admire Rena's prowess.

Her eloquence rendered her impervious to any harm!

He swallowed hard and requested her to commence cooking.

Rena still donned his jacket. Prior to embarking on her culinary endeavors, she retreated to the bedroom to change attire. While she busied herself in the kitchen, Waylen couldn't avert his gaze from her silhouette.

Rena possessed an enchanting figure, maintaining impeccable posture even amidst her culinary pursuits.

Her lengthy brown hair was elegantly coiled into a bun, exposing her delicate neck. Her legs boasted slender

contours.

It had been a considerable duration since Waylen had engaged in intimacy with her, igniting a primal desire within his eyes.

Just as he intended to make his way towards the kitchen, Rena's phone, resting upon the table, illuminated with an incoming message.


It was a message from Vera.

The clamor of the kitchen's range hood drowned out the sound of the message alert.

Inexplicably, Waylen seized the opportunity to lay his hands on her phone, setting his sights upon the video Vera had forwarded to Rena.

Within the video, he found himself entwined with Elvira.



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