

## Chapter 188 Are You Satisfied Now

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After a considerable duration, Waylen's agitation finally subsided.

Inside the vehicle, an uneasy ambiance prevailed.

Rena found herself compelled to rest her head on Waylen's shoulder, her eyes brimming with tears. Even though he didn't really touch her, his actions were undeniably reprehensible.

Feeling embarrassed, she inquired, "Waylen, could you release me, please?"

Waylen tenderly caressed her long, chestnut tresses with his slender fingers before eventually letting his hand rest on her shoulder, as if to provide solace.

Rena remained motionless, fearing that any movement would intensify her embarrassment.

Once Waylen had regained his composure, he turned his head, attempting to initiate a kiss...

Rena evaded his advance. "I wish to get out."

Waylen delicately lifted her cascading locks, his gaze fixated upon her rosy countenance. "Your gown is soiled.

Allow me to clean it for you."

Rena contemplated protesting, insisting on handling the task herself but, upon closer inspection, she relinquished the idea.

Waylen diligently wiped her dress clean.

Then he whispered, "Rena, let's go back to how we used to be."

Rena slowly relocated to the passenger seat, her face devoid of expression. She stared ahead and uttered coldly, "A love triangle feels excessively crowded."

Softly, Waylen responded, "I don't love her."

Rena scoffed at herself.

She said deliberately, "Waylen, as long as the Fowler family and the Coleman family maintain a harmonious relationship, you cannot sever ties with Elvira completely. For instance, her ongoing divorce proceedings. Can you let them go?"

Waylen remained silent.

Rena grew disenchanted and calmly stated, "I want to get out of the car."

This time, Waylen no longer restrained her. He opened the car door for her.

The fresh air rushed in, causing a piercing ache in his lungs.

Rena departed without casting a backward glance.

Once she entered her apartment, Snowball bounded over with a wagging tail. She filled its bowl with dog food and tenderly advised, "Take your time while eating."

Making her way to the bathroom, she prepared for a shower.

With a determined gesture, she discarded the dress tainted by the lingering scent of Waylen as well as his seeds into the wastebasket.

Following her shower, Rena sat on the sofa for an extended period. It was only when her extremities grew numb that she realized it was already ten o'clock in the evening.

The television remained on and Snowball crouched nearby, gnawing on a bone.

Rena dialed a number.

"Mr. Fowler, I wish to meet with you."

At the Fowler residence, Korbyn received the phone call with a sense of self-satisfaction. It appeared that the young woman had finally come to a resolution.

Juliette's eyes welled up with tears.

She clutched her husband's hand and implored, "Please behave impeccably tomorrow and strive to make Rena develop a positive impression of Waylen. Alternatively, you can bring Cecilia along. Rena seems to hold a great

fondness for Cecilia, like a big sister."

Korbyn replied, "Cecilia is actually a year older than Rena!"

Korbyn harbored high hopes, assuming Rena would accept the substantial fortune of the Fowler family, amounting to billions of dollars in property. However, he had never anticipated that Rena only wanted to expose Waylen's misdeeds to him.

Korbyn politely escorted Rena out after their meeting.

Once she had distanced herself...

Korbyn's countenance darkened. "Summon Waylen immediately."

The secretary promptly attended to the task. In less than thirty minutes, Waylen arrived.

Within the CEO's office at the Fowler Group, the sound of shattering porcelain reverberated, accompanied by Korbyn's thunderous roar, "I instructed you to fight for what your desire, not to manipulate the Larson family! I have a certain level of rapport with Hyatt. You nearly obliterated his son's company in your relentless pursuit of the woman you desire. Who the hell taught you such a reckless approach?"

Waylen stood amidst the wreckage...

His forehead bore a gash from which blood was trickling down.

He tenderly wiped it away and uttered slowly, "Didn't you teach me that yourself?"

Korbyn seethed with anger.

Damn it! When did he impart such a lesson?

He intended to convey the importance of preserving others' dignity even when striving for personal gain.

After their previous conversation, Korbyn had assumed Waylen was capable of rationality, unaware of the depths of his son's madness.

Korbyn cursed at Waylen once more.

Suddenly, Waylen inquired, "Did Rena come to see you?"

Korbyn scoffed in response.

Waylen indifferently stated, "Don't concern yourself with us. I will handle it appropriately."

Korbyn glared at Waylen.

"Handle it? And how exactly do you plan to handle it? Let me make something clear, Waylen. Cease your devious tactics and cease frightening that girl away. Rena paid me a visit just now and I could tell she has shed tears over this."

In the end, they were father and son and Korbyn undoubtedly desired for his son to win Rena back.

Korbyn affectionately patted Waylen on the shoulder and advised, "Resilient women are repelled by clingy men. Exercise patience."

Waylen nodded, turned on his heel and departed.

In the evening, Waylen drove to Rena's apartment.

He pressed the doorbell.

Rena glimpsed him through the peephole but hesitated to open the door. Waylen's voice turned frigid as he declared, "You'll want to see the document I hold in my hand. If you refuse to open the door, I guarantee its immediate public disclosure."

Reluctantly, Rena gave in.

The door swung open and the two stood there, locked in silence for an extended moment.

Waylen's gaze bore deep into her soul.

He asked in a gentle tone, "You went to see my father? To protect Tyrone and rid yourself of me?"

Once again, Rena was enveloped by a familiar sensation of powerlessness.

She was utterly exhausted.

She pleaded with him, her voice filled with desperation, "There's absolutely nothing going on between Tyrone and me. Waylen, can't I have normal social interactions and genuine friendships?"

"I'll be consumed by jealousy."

Waylen stood by the door, his voice softening, "Of course, I understand that it's impossible for you to be with Tyrone

because deep down, you're still thinking about me. But Rena, whenever I see him drive you home and assist you into the car, it stirs strong emotions within me."

Waylen handed Rena a document held in his hand.

"Take a look at this. I believe it will guide you in making a choice."

Rena knew that he was capable of anything now, so she hastily opened it.

As she perused the contents, her complexion turned pallid. There were pieces of evidence exposing Hyatt's legal transgressions. If leaked, Hyatt, being a famous lawyer, would be doomed, and even worse, his reputation would be irreparably tarnished.

Rena clenched her slender fingers, overcome by turmoil.

She suddenly looked up at Waylen. "Waylen, are you out of your mind?"

Waylen gently touched her cold cheek, a faint smile playing on his lips. "I know you hold deep respect for Hyatt and have a great fondness for Danna. You must desire a life of happiness for them, right?"

Rena stood there, silently reading the document.

Tears streamed down her face.

She felt that something was quietly slipping away— her freedom, for one.

The tears blurred the ink on the page.


It was only when her vision became blurry that she raised her gaze and forced a smile. "Waylen, you win. I promise you now that I won't see or have any contact with Tyrone anymore... Are you satisfied now? If you are, please leave immediately!"

She didn't want to see him.

She didn't want to lay eyes on him ever again.

Waylen didn't move. She repeated, "Mr. Fowler... Don't worry. I won't interact with anyone you disapprove of in the future. You know what, I will seek your permission before meeting anyone. Are you satisfied now?"



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