

Chapter 198 Rena, Come Back To Me

After Rena finished speaking, a long silence hung in the air.

They could hear each other's subtle breathing, and gradually, Waylen's breath became heavier.

Despite this, he responded with a simple "Okay."

Waylen suggested meeting at a French restaurant that night, but Rena declined, requesting to talk in his office instead.

He didn't say anything in response, clearly refusing her request.

Rena had something to ask him for, so she compromised and agreed to the restaurant.

After ending the call, Rena remained in a daze for a long time.

She knew that Waylen wouldn't help her without expecting something in return. He might have already set a trap for her.

He was a man she could never escape from.

Throughout the day, she was absent-minded, her mind consumed by thoughts of him.

When Zack brought in a report, he noticed her demeanor. He tossed the report on the desk and remarked, "Your new hire is indeed excellent. He works efficiently, and his salary isn't high. I never knew you had the potential to be a cruel capitalist."

Rena barely paid attention to the report.

Zack sat on the desk, studying her closely. "Why aren't you happy when you're making so much money? Why are you so difficult to please? Are you not getting any action? How about I satisfy you? I promise you'll have a lasting aftertaste and forget all about Waylen."

Rena closed the report and said, "I'm deducting \$5, 000 from your wages."

Zack widened his eyes and shouted, "Why?"

"You're harassing your boss."

"Damn it! A lot of girls want me to harass them and I don't even want to talk to them."

Rena ignored him. She asked him for a cigarette, lit it and watched it burn on the desk.

Seeing her unusual behavior, Zack knew that something was bothering her.

"Don't expose yourself to second-hand smoke.

Is something bothering you? How about you sleep with me? I promise you that you will forget all the troubles."

Rena asked him to leave and Zack grew angry and aggrieved.

"I'm just worried about you. Don't be ungrateful."

Rena gazed at him calmly and replied, "I heard you went to a party last night and played until three in the morning. You were an hour late this morning. Zack, if this happens again, you don't need to come back to work."

Zack felt a little guilty.

He had indeed gone to have fun last night, but it wasn't his fault. He hadn't had any intimacy since arriving in Duefron, and facing Rena's cold demeanor every day, he felt bored.

Last night, he had a fling with other women and felt invigorated.

He mumbled, "I don't have to play... It's... Just so-so. Nothing new."

Rena didn't want to interfere in his private life as long as it didn't affect his work.

In the evening, she didn't ask him to drive her to meet Waylen.

Taking a taxi, Rena arrived at the French restaurant, where Waylen was waiting for her at the entrance.

The place exuded a romantic atmosphere.

Waylen was dressed formally.

He was sporting a black shirt, dark gray tie, and a black handmade three-piece suit.

His presence commanded attention, and anyone passing by couldn't help but give him a few more glances.

Rena couldn't help but take a deep look at him before composing herself.

Waylen approached her and asked, "Why didn't you let Zack drive you here? Maybe I'll pick you up next time."

Rena wanted to say there wouldn't be a next time, but with what she was about to ask for, she swallowed her words and forced a smile, "I can take a cab. It's no trouble."

Waylen didn't press further and led her inside.

He had booked the entire French restaurant, likely wanting a private space to talk. Rena felt the pressure weighing on her as she sat down and placed their orders. In a soft voice, she said, "You don't need to spend so much money."

The man seemed unconcerned about the menu, leaving the choices up to Rena.

He took a sip of wine before dinner and smiled, "Rena, we've been together for a long time, but it feels like we haven't had many intimate dates like this. This place is nice. Maybe we should come here more often in the future."

Rena ordered two set menus and thanked the waiter.

She then looked at Waylen, who was leaning back in his chair, studying her.

There was no denying his attractiveness, especially under the glow of the luxurious crystal lighting.

Taking a sip of water, Rena found it difficult to speak, but she mustered the courage. "Regarding Roscoe and Vera, I want to ask for your..."

Waylen interrupted, setting his glass down and gently rubbing it with his slender fingers, as if he were caressing a woman. His demeanor remained elegant and noble.

He let out a small laugh. "Let's discuss business after dinner."

Rena had lost her appetite, but she forced herself to eat a little. She didn't want to appear too concerned about their past. Now that she was asking for Waylen's help, she needed to play it nice.

Waylen, on the other hand, seemed much more relaxed. He occasionally asked about work and even mentioned Zack.

But he made no mention of Vera and Joseph's divorce.

Half an hour later, Rena couldn't contain herself any longer. She set her knife and fork down and spoke up. "Mr. Fowler, we didn't come here tonight to reminisce about the past."

"I know," he replied, his gaze gentle as he looked at her.

"How would you like to discuss it?"

Rena found herself at a loss for words. How did she want to discuss it?

How?

Waylen raised his glass and said in a nonchalant tone, "Do you want to plead for Vera and Roscoe? But Rena, you may not be aware that Joseph has already approached me with a generous offer to assist him in the case. He's willing to give up nearly one-third of the Curtis family's wealth. I declined... For Vera's sake."

After saying that, Waylen began to taste the wine and looked at Rena carefully.

Waylen's words rang true to Rena.

He had remained neutral, refusing to aid either Joseph or Vera, waiting for Rena to come and beg him for help. Waylen was such a cunning man!

Rena remained silent for a long while, and suddenly, Waylen smiled.

"It's strange, isn't it? Roscoe wasn't with Vera for long before she got pregnant. We were intimate numerous times, but why aren't you pregnant?"

His words sounded brazen, especially so given the fact they were in a high-end restaurant.

Rena felt a twinge of annoyance.

She lowered her voice and responded, "Mr. Fowler, I came here to talk to you sincerely."

Waylen raised his glass and smiled again. "Miss Gordon, to tell you the truth, I came here tonight with the intention of seducing you. Aren't you tempted at all?"

Rena looked at him.

He was indeed attractive.

He could instantly sweep off any woman's feet.

He wiped his lips with a napkin, his expression turning serious. He then said in a gentle voice, "Rena, I didn't want to bring it up in this setting, but if you're seeking my answer, then I'll tell you... Come back to me, and I will help Vera with this case."

Rena's heart raced.

Despite mentally preparing herself, she couldn't help but lose her composure. Her eyes grew red, and her face turned pale.

She pushed her chair back and rejected expressionlessly, "Never."

"Really?"

"It's a shame," he remarked lightly.

His mood remained unaffected as he said gently, "Have some more. It seems you have lost a lot of weight lately."

Rena narrowed her eyes slightly and retorted, "Waylen, you bastard!"

Waylen calmly dabbed his lips with the napkin and replied in a gentle tone, "Then this bastard will be waiting for you, Rena. I told you, I only came here tonight to seduce you."