

Chapter 199 What I Want Is To Spend The Rest Of My Li...

Rena had never encountered someone as shameless as Waylen.

His audacity infuriated her to the point where she left abruptly.

Waylen didn't chase after her, but he had clearly arranged something. As she stepped outside, a gleaming black limousine stood waiting at the door. The driver approached respectfully, saying, "Where would you like to go, Miss Gordon? Mr. Fowler instructed me to take you there."

Rena refused to accept his offer.

She couldn't shake the feeling that Waylen had set a trap for her.

She wanted no part in it.

It was late at night as she wandered the streets alone. Despite the vibrant neon lights surrounding her, she couldn't find solace in their glow.

Nearby, she came across a city park, where a Ferris wheel illuminated the night sky with its colorful lights. The joyful laughter of children echoed through the air, filling the atmosphere with innocence and delight.

Rena paused and gazed at the scene before her.

In her thoughts, she envisioned a future where Roscoe and Vera's child would come to enjoy the park. Vera, too afraid to join in the fun, would watch as Roscoe accompanied their child on the Ferris wheel.

They would become a happy family of three.

Yearning to see Vera, Rena purchased some nourishing supplements and hailed a cab to her apartment.

Coincidentally, Roscoe was not present at the time.

She entered and set down the items she had bought.

Observing Vera's pale complexion, Rena surmised that she had been in low spirits and neglecting her meals.

Taking a seat on the sofa, Rena picked up a parenting manual that lay nearby. When Vera returned with drinks, she noticed Rena holding the book, creating a slightly awkward atmosphere.

Vera placed the coffee down and whispered in a trembling voice, "Rena, do you look down on me?"

Rena reached out and gently patted the back of Vera's hand, feigning a relaxed demeanor. "What are you thinking? Pregnancy is a wonderful thing. Many people struggle with infertility and long for a baby. Now that you're expecting, take good care of yourself. I'm certain the baby will be beautiful upon birth, as both you and Roscoe are incredibly good-looking."

Tears welled up in Vera's eyes as she embraced Rena, overcome with emotion.

"Rena, I'm scared. I fear that I won't be able to bring happiness to this child. It arrived at such an inopportune time. Roscoe... He's been at odds with his family because of this. I'm afraid he won't be able to endure it and eventually gave up on us."

Rena held Vera in a comforting embrace for a while.

"It's evident that Roscoe deeply loves you. He will continue to love this baby in the future as well. Vera, give birth to the child. Regardless of Joseph's or Roscoe's reactions, bring this baby into the world. At the very least... You still have me. I will assist you in raising the child."

Vera leaned against Rena's shoulder, her tears flowing freely.

Normally not one to display vulnerability, the trials of the past year had made her sensitive and fragile.

Rena chose to remain silent, refraining from mentioning her plea to Waylen.

Before departing, Rena left a check for two million dollars, stating that it was a bonus from the music studio. However, Vera knew that she wouldn't earn that much in a year, given the meager amount of investment she had contributed. Hesitant, Vera contemplated accepting the generous gesture.

Rena patted Vera's hand and said, "Just take it. It's for the baby."

Vera smiled weakly. "Then perhaps I should let the baby call you daddy in the future."

In a rare moment, Rena replied with a touch of impudence, "Damn you!"

As Rena made her way out, she encountered Joseph waiting downstairs.

He sat in his car, smoking, with no intention of going upstairs. When he saw Rena, he hastily stepped out of the vehicle.

"Rena."

After witnessing Vera's struggles, Rena harbored resentment towards him. Yet, she restrained herself from uttering hurtful words. Speaking softly, she said, "Set Vera free. Deep down, you know that..."

Joseph appeared despondent. He took a deep drag on his cigarette before extinguishing it and discarding it.

Locking eyes with Rena, he seemed unusually polite despite their long-standing feud.

"Rena, Vera may be somewhat careless, but she's not as assertive as you are. She values your opinion greatly... I am aware of the many ways I have wronged you in the past, but for the sake of my relationship with Vera over the years, please put in a good word for me. If she is willing to come back, I will pretend as though nothing has happened. I will never mention a word of it."

Rena could sense his anguish.

Calmly, she responded, "Joseph, the truth is, you never truly loved Vera. When you pursued her, you were still involved with Aline. True love encompasses loyalty, but you showed no loyalty whatsoever."

Joseph was taken aback.

With reddened eyes, he admitted, "Rena, it's all my fault. Could you please relay a message to her for me?"

Rena subtly shook her head. It was too late.

Even without this child with Roscoe, Vera could never return to Joseph...

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After returning home, Rena received a message from Roscoe expressing his gratitude, but he refrained from asking about the outcome of her meeting with Waylen.

Rena knew, however, that Roscoe was eager to learn the result. Seeking information, she asked around and discovered that Roscoe had engaged in a fierce confrontation with his family. The Figueroa family insisted that if Roscoe and Vera wished to be together, Vera would need to undergo an abortion and cut all ties with Joseph before being allowed to marry into their family.

They proposed that she could conceive a child at a later time. The point was they wouldn't allow Roscoe to get involved with a woman while she was still married to another man!

Leaning against the terrace, Rena gazed at the crescent moon suspended in the night sky. While both Roscoe and Vera were young and had the potential to have children in the future, none of those hypothetical offspring could compare to the precious life growing within Vera at this very moment.

Moreover, if they were to lose this baby, would they still have a chance at happiness together?

Rena's heart, though not one considered sacred, ached at the thought of Vera's tear-stained face.

Late into the night, Rena called Waylen, but his phone was switched off. It wasn't until one o'clock in the morning that he returned her call, his voice hoarse. "What's the matter, Rena? I'm currently on a business trip in Czanch. I'll be back tomorrow morning."

Waylen's words carried a sense of careful reporting, as if the heated argument from the other day had never occurred.

After a prolonged silence, Rena said softly, "I wanted to discuss with you once again about Vera's case."

Waylen chuckled. "Are you agreeing?"

"No!" Rena attempted to maintain a calm tone. "But I believe there's room for negotiation."

Waylen smiled gently.

Having just concluded an official dinner party, he stood in the hotel lobby, radiating a positive aura.

"Then let's have dinner tomorrow night."

"In your office," Rena proposed.

"Rena, do you believe it's appropriate to discuss our future in the office?"

Waylen's response irked her slightly.

Gritting her teeth, Rena retorted, "Waylen, I want to talk about Vera."

Waylen remained silent, holding the phone quietly, waiting for her to make a compromise.

Rena knew she couldn't surpass him in terms of patience.

After a considerable pause, she uttered in a low voice, "Waylen, even if it involves... us, I still want to discuss it in your office. Otherwise, we won't discuss it at all."

Waylen eventually made a concession.

"Okay. I have half an hour window at ten tomorrow morning." With that, he hung up the phone.

Rena sat there, holding the phone, lost in thought for a moment.

The following day, she arrived punctually at the law office.

Everyone recognized her, for she had nearly become Mrs. Fowler. Jazlyn was absent, and Waylen's second secretary guided Rena into the office.

"Miss Gordon, please follow me. Mr. Fowler is waiting for you."

As the door opened, Rena entered to find Waylen seated behind his desk, speaking on the phone. Today, he donned a three-piece formal suit, exuding an air of nobility tinged with allure.

The second secretary blinked, observing how Waylen had recently paid particular attention to his appearance.

While he had always been attractive, his current allure and radiance surpassed his previous self.

The secretary admired his appearance momentarily before heading off

to prepare coffee.

Waylen's gaze fixed on Rena as he concluded his call. "That's settled then. I've got to go. I have a client here."

With that, he hung up the phone and gestured for Rena to take a seat.

Rena settled herself on the single leather sofa in front of the French window. A small coffee table adorned with several photo frames stood before her. Most of the frames displayed pictures of Waylen in the courtroom, capturing moments of his successful legal endeavors.

Rena's eyes suddenly narrowed.

One frame, positioned in the center, held a photograph of her playing the piano in Waylen's apartment.

Memories flooded Rena's mind as she recalled that significant day—the day she and Waylen had shared their first intimate encounter. It was after that encounter that he gifted her a piano worth tens of millions of dollars, an expression of his love. In those moments, she had accepted his affection with a shy demeanor.

But in the end, that love had proven to be empty and meaningless.

Turning her face away, Rena averted her gaze from the photograph.

Waylen emerged from behind his desk and gracefully took a seat on the sofa opposite her. Following her line of sight, he picked up the photo frame and whispered softly, "You don't have many photos left. After careful consideration, I still believe this one is the best. We can capture more moments in the future. Once we take wedding photos, we'll display them alongside this one."

He chuckled, adding, "That way, every female client will know I have a wife, saving me a lot of trouble."

Rena responded lightly, "There won't be any wedding photos."

Waylen smiled, unruffled by her words. At that moment, his secondary secretary arrived with the coffee, dissipating the tension in the room.

Waylen conveyed something to his secretary.

She left with a smile, discreetly closing the door behind her.

Waylen picked up his coffee, taking a sip before placing it back on the table. He gazed at Rena intently and then said softly, "Rena, you know what I want. I possess fame and power—why should I assist others, unless it's for you to come back to me?"

As he uttered those words, his eyes remained fixed on her, full of desire.

They had shared numerous intimate moments before, and simply sitting in front of her now reignited his desires.

Rena understood the intent behind his gaze.

He merely wanted to engage in physical intimacy with her.

With a faint smile on her lips, Rena lowered her eyes, her voice trembling. "Waylen, don't you just want to sleep with me? I can fulfill that desire. How much do you want?"

Waylen remained motionless, his gaze still fixed upon her.

After a lengthy silence, he spoke up in a hoarse voice. "Rena, is that truly how you perceive me? Do you believe that all I want is to sleep with you?"

A pallor washed over Rena's face.

Waylen smiled gently, and his voice tender as he said, "What I want is to spend the rest of my life with you."