

## Chapter 113 She Relies On My Power!

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Upon hearing Joseph's utterances, a hush fell over the crowd, their eager voices dissipated.

Amidst the silence, a concerned individual interjected, firmly addressing him, "Joseph, cease this! Just go and retrieve your beloved spouse!"

The air was tainted with the unmistakable scent of Joseph's inebriation.

With a slurred speech, he declared, "Yes, I've cheated on my wife; but even Vera herself dares not utter a word. How audacious of Rena to scold me! Whose power does she rely on to act so arrogantly?"

An eerie stillness encompassed the surroundings.

Waylen, unable to contain his amusement, released a hearty chuckle.

Gently dabbing his lips with a napkin, he arose from his seat, stating, "I shall take my leave now!"

However, before Waylen could depart, another concerned individual halted his departure and beseeched, "Mr. Fowler, I

implore you, please stay. Joseph has indulged in excessive libations and has offended you. How about we impose a punishment upon him, three glasses of wine as retribution?"

A serene smile adorned Waylen's countenance.

Directing his gaze towards the now slightly sober Joseph, he retorted, "Allow me to enlighten you, Rena relies on my power! She is mine and I have never raised my voice in her presence. How dare you insist I chastise her?"

Joseph found himself entranced, lost in a daze.

With a sneer, Waylen added, "Initially, I had no intention of attending this soiree. However, considering the amiable bond between Rena and Vera, I could not bear to cause you embarrassment and thus, I graced the occasion! Since you refuse to collect Vera, allow me to assist in escorting her home."

Having uttered those words, Waylen promptly took his leave.

In the aftermath of his departure, the room fell into a profound silence, lingering for an extended duration. A compassionate soul patted Joseph's shoulder, advising, "It would be wise to apologize to Mr. Fowler. This time, you erred gravely. No matter how captivating Aline may seem, you must not take her seriously! Her reputation is tarnished. Forsaking Vera for Aline would render you a laughingstock."

Joseph regained his composure, his mind cleared from the

fog of intoxication.

With a hesitant tone, he inquired, "And what of Waylen and Rena?"

Doubt plagued his thoughts, as he believed Waylen did not hold Rena in high regard.

Given the widespread knowledge of Waylen's unwavering dedication to work and aversion to marriage, Joseph remained skeptical of Rena's ability to capture Waylen's heart.

Seated beside Joseph, an individual burst into laughter and remarked, "I cannot determine if Mr. Fowler and Rena will indeed wed, but it is evident that he holds a deep affection for her!

Have you ever witnessed him publicly shaming anyone? For a woman?"

Joseph's ears absorbed these words, igniting a sudden urgency within him to chase after Waylen without delay.

Eventually, he found Rena and Vera within a tavern Rena mentioned earlier on the phone.

However, Waylen was nowhere to be seen.

Joseph's anger flared, his heart consumed by a sense of betrayal.

He had been deceived!

But since he was already there, he couldn't abandon his wife. Approaching Vera, Joseph gently placed a hand on her shoulder and expressed, "Our discussions should occur within the confines of our home. By divulging matters to Rena, you have caused me considerable embarrassment."

Vera paused her handwashing upon hearing Joseph's voice. Joseph, feeling awkward, continued, "I have already informed you that I did not take Aline seriously! Your position in my heart remains unchanged no matter what."

With reddened eyes, Vera proceeded to slowly rinse her hands.

In a composed tone, she responded, "Let us address this matter once we return. I have no desire to lose face in front of Rena."

Rena harbored concerns for Vera's well-being.

Vera forced a bitter smile and added, "Rena, please do not underestimate me. If you find the time, join me for meals."

Rena's heart brimmed with sorrow upon hearing Vera's words. She yearned to implore Joseph to treat Vera with kindness, yet the words remained unspoken.

After all, he had repeatedly betrayed Vera. How could one expect him to treat her with care?

Rena commenced her journey back, a heavy weight of worry resting upon her shoulders.



Her spirits were dampened, evident by her prolonged stay within the car before finally ascending the stairs.

Waylen had already returned.

He was seated on the sofa, engrossed in the television, seemingly awaiting her arrival.

Rena's gaze fixated upon him.

Waylen patted the seat beside him and inquired, "What troubles you?"

Leaning against him, Rena appeared serene and gentle.

Unbeknownst to Rena, Waylen had overheard her conversation with Joseph. He discovered the multifaceted nature of Rena's persona. In his presence, she blushed effortlessly, yet when satirizing Joseph, her wit sharpened remarkably.

He found it intriguing.

Originally, Waylen had planned for an intimate encounter with Rena on Saturday.

However, his desire for her now surged exponentially.

Pressing Rena onto the sofa, he indulged in a passionate kiss. Initially, Rena hesitated regarding engaging in sexual activities but Waylen possessed an innate ability to charm her, quickly drawing her into the moment.

Their garments became scattered, adorning the floor in a

disheveled fashion.

Rena gazed at him with deep affection.

Witnessing her in such a state, Waylen deepened their kiss further.

Yet, amidst their fervent exchange, Waylen's phone erupted in a persistent ring. The incessant ringing persisted, as Waylen continued to kiss Rena, seemingly oblivious to his phone's clamor. However, Rena's concentration wavered due to the persistent interruptions. She gently nudged him and uttered, "Your phone..."

"Pay it no mind!" Waylen responded, intensifying their kiss with heightened fervor.

The phone stopped ringing but after a while, it rang again.

Rena kissed his lips and said, "Answer the phone. Let's continue later!"

Waylen stared at her for a long time before letting go of her and answered the phone.

"Hello? Oh, Mr. Coleman."

Rena gracefully slipped into Waylen's shirt, intending to retreat back to the bedroom to give him privacy.

However, her movement was halted as Waylen firmly grasped her, his hand gently caressing her slender waist, exploring the contours of her body. Succumbing to his touch, she found solace within his embrace.

Waylen lowered his gaze, his countenance now exuding an irresistible charm. Handsome as ever, Rena couldn't resist planting a tender kiss upon his chin, though the slight prickling sensation of his stubble made her slightly uneasy. Locked in his gaze, Waylen engaged in a conversation with Lyndon over the phone.

Lyndon's voice brimmed with excitement as he exclaimed, "Waylen, I've located the intermediary for the jewelry! With this breakthrough, finding my daughter won't be a daunting task anymore."

Waylen grazed his fingertips across Rena's lips, a soft smile adorning his face as he responded, "Congratulations."

A tinge of melancholy then tinged Lyndon's voice.

He sighed heavily and added, "However, that intermediary was involved in a car accident two days ago and remains in a coma. I fear the possibility of him being left in a vegetative state. If that were to occur, I might never reunite with Reina and my daughter."

Waylen took a deep breath, his focus momentarily shifting.

In response, Rena gently nibbled on his finger, her gaze fixed upon him.

Lyndon furrowed his brow, concern etched in his voice as he inquired, "What's troubling you, Waylen?"

With a smile, Waylen explained, "I was bitten by a cat! But

worry not, I will enlist the aid of experts to ensure his swift recovery, enabling you to find Reina."

Upon hearing this, Lyndon let out another sigh, his voice laden with years of longing. "It has been so many years. I know not if she is married or not! I simply yearn to see her once, to ascertain if she leads a good life. And my daughter... Waylen, are you still listening to me?"

Entranced by Rena's playful advances, Waylen struggled to maintain composure, a soft groan escaping his lips.

"Yes, I am listening!" he assured Lyndon.

In a murmur, Lyndon continued, "My daughter should be 24 years old now. She must have a nice boyfriend now."

Amused by the idea of teasing Rena within his embrace, Waylen sought to comfort Lyndon. "Considering Reina's beauty, it is highly likely that her daughter is equally stunning. She may already be married and have children..."

Lyndon found solace in Waylen's words, a slight sigh of relief escaping him. "I have always feared my daughter falling into the hands of a nefarious man. Hearing this reassures me.

Waylen... Are you still listening to me?

Waylen?"