

## Chapter 134 How Well Do You Think Your Beloved Sister W...

Harold remained resolute, unaffected by the unfolding situation.

With an unwavering gaze, he uttered each word deliberately, "I am not crazy! I know exactly what I'm doing! Rena, let us commence anew. I promise to treat you right this time!"

Regarding the affair between Rena and Waylen, Harold deeply cared, yet he resolved to consign it to oblivion.

Rena was left speechless, astonished by the turn of events.

As she regained her composure, Harold had already cupped her face, longing for a kiss.

However, she turned her head aside, denying him that privilege.

Despite her resistance, his lips brushed against her tender visage.

Rena pushed him away forcefully, her eyes fixated on him, conveying her clear rejection of any financial or emotional reparation.

She wanted nothing to do with him!

Yet, as she prepared to voice her feelings, she found herself frozen in place.

Not far off, Waylen stood, cigarette in hand, casting a cold, penetrating glare upon them.

Rena's legs suddenly weakened, compelling her to lean against the wall for support, lest she collapse.

Harold, too, noticed Waylen's presence.

In a raspy voice, he whispered, "Rena, if you say the word, I will dissolve the engagement this instant. I will marry you and together we will have a family."

Though tempting, his proposal did not align with Rena's desires.

The man who held her true affections now regarded her with a chilling gaze.

Helplessly, she looked towards Waylen for solace.

Harold's heart sank.


Perhaps, until this very day, he clung to a glimmer of hope. But now he understood that Rena would forever be lost to him.

Rena and Waylen harbored deep affection for one another.

He was merely an outsider.

Rena's heart now belonged to Waylen and he had lost her forever.

Harold made his exit, walking past Waylen, who was born into

Chapter 134 How Well Do You Think Your Beloved  +120 Points at most  
wealth and overheard his cold remark, "Harold, I dislike others  
meddling with what is mine!"

Harold stood frozen in his tracks.

Having known Waylen for a significant period, it was the first  
time he witnessed such possessiveness from him. In the  
past, Waylen showed little interest in anything, especially  
women!

Perhaps he had misjudged him!

Maybe one day, Waylen would be open to the idea of  
marriage!

After all, Rena desired such a matrimonial union.

Rena followed Waylen into his car.

The scent of alcohol clung to him, leading her to speculate  
that tonight might be a celebration for him. Unexpectedly, he  
witnessed the scene of her being with Harold.

Rena didn't want to engage in conflict with him.

In a hushed voice, she shared, "The music studio is trying to  
raise funds. Harold arranged for someone to sign a contract  
with us. I was unaware that he was the one who pulled the  
strings until he showed up at the dinner tonight."

Waylen paid no heed to her words.

He lit a cigarette, resting his hand on the window frame and  
leisurely savored the smoke.

Only when he finished smoking did he divert his gaze towards her.

"Why did you bother explaining? Aren't we just fuck buddies?"

Rena's eyes welled up with tears and she lowered her head, choosing silence over response.

She had long been aware of Waylen's volatile temper. It was definitely unwise to engage in an argument with him at this moment.

Waylen stared at her intently for a prolonged period.

Suddenly, he stated, "I want to go to your place!"

Rena was taken aback.

She knew exactly what he meant. He desired to seek solace in the act of physical intimacy within the confines of her apartment, using it as a means to release his pent-up anger.

Rena turned her head, gazing out of the window.

After a while, she nodded in reluctant agreement.

Waylen accelerated, consumed by anger, causing the car to speed recklessly until they reached Rena's apartment building.

Rena led him inside, her heart burdened with humiliation.

"What would you like to drink?" she timidly inquired.

But before she could finish her sentence, he forcefully pressed her against the sofa.

Her long, brown locks cascaded over the light-colored upholstery, creating a visually striking contrast that captivated Waylen's attention. Moreover, the fact that this was her solitary abode added an element of excitement for him.

He showed no tenderness.

After engaging in intimate acts once, Rena yearned for respite, but his desires remained unsatisfied.

"One more time!" he demanded.

Rena's eyes glistened with tears, yet she found herself unable to refuse.

Time passed and her phone persistently rang.

With Waylen's weight pressing down on her hands, she couldn't answer, but the calls continued incessantly. Waylen snatched the phone and glanced at it.

It was a call from Harold.

He put the phone on speaker, all the while continuing his intimate encounter with Rena.

"Rena! Rena..."

Waylen fixed his gaze upon Rena, his eyes filled with intensity. She bit her lip, her nose reddened.

Provocatively, he increased the intensity of his movements!

Upon hearing the sounds emanating from the other end of

the call, Harold was left dumbfounded.

In a fit of anger, he shattered his phone into pieces!

In the late hours of the night, Rena sat rigidly, wrapped in a blanket.

Waylen, now neatly attired, sat across from her, a cigarette held delicately between his fingers.

"I will arrange for you to study further in Braseovell. I will fly there to accompany you twice a month. I will also invest in your music studio here and enlist professionals to assist in its management."

Rena slowly lifted her gaze.

In the soft illumination, her complexion appeared pallid, with a hint of redness at the corners of her eyes.

Exhaustion consumed her, her weary body aching as sadness enveloped her being.

Did he truly regard her as a mere plaything, promising to accompany her only twice a month?

Softly, she questioned, "Waylen, do you consider me a plaything? You treat me as you please, and whenever you're unhappy, you send me away."

Her probing words held no power to sway Waylen's determination.

He would not permit her to meet Harold as she had tonight.

He extinguished his cigarette, displaying a dismissive attitude.

"It's inconsequential! What matters most is that you must leave Duefron."

A wry smile tugged at Rena's lips.

She had severed ties with Harold long ago. Their encounter tonight was a mere coincidence.

She had rejected Harold.

She had never given him any hope. Not only because her love for him had waned, but also because she wanted Cecilia to find happiness.

Yet, Waylen didn't even refuse Elvira's advances.

Rena had acquiesced to his desires, engaging in intimacy with him here and, yet, after their encounters, he wanted to send her away as if her whole existence was a shameful secret of his!

She no longer wished to be with him!

Rena slowly uncovered herself from the blanket, beginning to dress herself calmly.

As she donned her clothes, she spoke with composure. "I won't go abroad!"

Of course, Waylen had orchestrated everything meticulously.

He sneered, "Have you forgotten that your father's lawsuit is

He produced a document, tossing it towards Rena.

Rena's complexion paled as she gazed upon it.

It was a receipt bearing her father's own signature. This was a damning piece of evidence that spelled doom for him.

Expressionless, Waylen said, "I invested a significant amount of time and effort to obtain this! Rena, once the judicial system obtains it, what do you think will happen? Can your father continue to live a peaceful life?"

Rena trembled with fury.

Never had she imagined that Waylen would resort to such a despicable threat.

She chuckled bitterly.

Meeting his gaze head-on, she gritted her teeth and uttered, "Waylen, I've slept with you for so long. Surely, you must have some feelings for me. If my father ends up in jail, I will immediately go and have sex with Harold. At that time, how well do you think your beloved sister will fare? You better contemplate that carefully!"

Her words were tinged with the ache in her heart.