

## Chapter 149 He Felt Empty After Rena Left

Waylen couldn't bear the mere thought of it and the weight of the emotion was overwhelming him.

Yet, he had outgrown his impulsive youthfulness. He couldn't succumb to irrational actions solely because Rena was with Robert.

He resisted the urge to rush forward, impulsively confess his love to Rena and declare his desire to marry her.

He was the one who ended things and told her that he couldn't provide what she desired!

He perceived their breakup as something commonplace. Even when he had seen her a few days ago, he didn't really experience a sense of unbearable longing for her.

However, upon discovering the possibility of her belonging to someone else, it had struck him profoundly!

If his longing was purely for her physical presence, there were numerous women who surpassed her in beauty and figure.

If what he sought was companionship, he was never short of company.

Given his family background and appearance, there were countless individuals who sought to curry favor with him.

Yet, only Rena had directly abandoned him upon learning that he couldn't marry her.

The sky was illuminated by an array of fireworks. Waylen lifted his eyes, brimming with sorrow.

However, when he looked over again, Rena and Robert had vanished!

Where could they have disappeared to?

On such a splendid evening, could they have swiftly retreated to a hotel for intimacy?

Waylen's heart throbbed with pain.

Following the art exhibition, Robert chivalrously escorted Rena home.

He sensed a hint of distraction in Rena's demeanor. While she did hold a favorable opinion of him, it primarily stemmed from his reputation as a good-hearted man.

Rena didn't hold romantic feelings for him. Not yet, at least.

Nonetheless, Robert remained undeterred. He accompanied her home and made arrangements with her for their second date.

The darkness enveloped them.

In the lower level of the apartment building, Rena bid farewell to Robert.

Under the soft glow of the streetlamp, their elongated shadows danced. Perhaps it was Robert's profound fondness for her that spurred an outpouring of words. Eventually, he grinned and said, "Head upstairs! Otherwise, I'll talk until the break of dawn."

Rena nodded in acknowledgment.

She untied the scarf and extended it towards him. However, Robert declined, gazing at her intently before speaking earnestly. "In the near future, I hope you'll invite me into your abode."

It was a request from a mature man.

Rena was no longer a young, innocent girl.

She neither accepted nor declined his proposition.

With a faint smile, she replied, "Let's see how things unfold!"

Returning her smile, Robert stepped back, waving at her. "Miss Gordon, goodnight."

He opened the car door and slid inside.

Rena reciprocated the wave.

She found this evening's outing delightful, believing that Robert was a suitable match for her.

Rena's spirits were uplifted.

After taking a refreshing bath, she wrapped herself in a towel. As she emerged from the bathroom, her phone buzzed with a message from Robert.

He had sent her a photograph.

Presumably taken at the entrance of his grand villa, the image exuded a vibrant Christmas ambiance.

Rena's lips curved into a gentle smile.

Just as she was about to respond to the message, her phone began to ring.

It was Waylen calling.

Rena hesitated for a brief moment before answering, only to be met with silence on the other end that lingered for an extended period.

Finally, Rena couldn't contain her curiosity any longer.

"Mr. Fowler?"

Waylen's voice sounded hoarse. "Rena, how have you been lately?"

Waylen wasn't typically one to display sentimentality, leaving Rena puzzled as to why he suddenly cared about her well-being. Yet, considering his assistance in her father's lawsuit, she replied, "I'm doing well."

"Where did you spend Christmas Eve? Did you have a delightful time?" inquired Waylen, his tone laced with curiosity.

Rena wasn't stupid.

She immediately realized Waylen must have been privy to something.

She remained silent for a moment, and then replied, "Yes, I had a wonderful time!"

"Are you currently in a relationship?"

After a brief hesitation, Rena confessed, "Yes!"

"What sort of person is he? Is he handsome? What does he do?"

Rena reached her limit.

She deliberately lowered her voice and retorted, "Waylen, we've broken up!"

"And so what?"

"Thus, you have no right to inquire about my personal matters! But if you must know, let me enlighten you. I intend to build a harmonious connection with him. He's a genuinely kind-hearted individual and possesses a striking appearance."

Having uttered those words, she instantly regretted them.

Why was she trying to provoke Waylen on purpose?

A prolonged silence emanated from the other end of the phone. Then, in a soft voice, Waylen asked, "Is Robert more handsome than me?"

Without another word, he abruptly terminated the call.

Rena blinked her eyes, unable to fathom what she had just heard.

Indeed, Waylen had known the situation but simply feigned ignorance moments ago.

Due to his call, Rena found herself in a sour mood, devoid of the inclination to engage in conversation with Robert.

\*

Waylen's mood deteriorated further.

He stood before the expansive floor-to-ceiling windows, granting him a panoramic view of Duefron's most splendid nocturnal vista.

His damp hair clung to his forehead after his recent shower.

Dressed in a loosely worn black bathrobe, its collar slightly ajar, he leaned against the countertop, lost in contemplation.

After parting ways with Rena, he had hoped to erase all traces of her from his apartment. Yet, every corner seemed to bear the lingering remnants of her presence.

Within the walk-in closet, his bathrobe hung alongside hers, displaying the intimate connection they once shared.

Unopened, matching pairs of slippers she had purchased for them as a couple still awaited their

intended use.

Each time he opened a drawer, his eyes beheld the jewelry he had lovingly bestowed upon her.

She hadn't taken any of these possessions with her!

These mementos incessantly served as poignant reminders of her presence in his life.

Lately, Waylen battled with insomnia.

Despite his weariness from work, slumber eluded him.

In the early hours of the morning, fleeting thoughts would fleetingly suggest that Rena was still by his side. He yearned to bestow upon her a tender morning kiss or partake in passionate intimacy.

Yet, all he could embrace was her pillow.

Waylen concluded his glass of red wine and made his way to the bedroom.

He lay on the bed for a while, only to rise once more and journey towards the bathroom.

Moments later, water cascaded over his body.

Within the sound of the flowing water, suppressed moans intermittently echoed.

Eventually, Waylen returned to bed.

He extinguished the lights, yet the darkness intensified his sense of desolation.

He longed for Rena, yearning to be entwined with her in a passionate embrace.

It had been almost a month since their last intimate encounter.

\*

Early in the morning, Claribel resumed her duties, returning to clean the apartment and prepare breakfast.

Waylen emerged from the bedroom.

Unaware of Rena's departure, Claribel inquired naturally, "Has Miss Gordon woken up?"

Waylen adjusted his tie.

Taking a seat at the dining table, he sipped his coffee before calmly stating, "We've broken up! She has moved out."

Claribel realized her inadvertent blunder and quickly apologized.

Waylen opened the newspaper, remarking, "It's of no consequence."

Pausing, he glanced at Claribel and instructed, "Today, focus on tidying up the bedroom. Organize the walk-in closet and pack Rena's clothing. And the jewelry... Jazlyn knows what to do."

As Claribel absorbed this information, she realized that Waylen and Rena's relationship had truly come to an end.

A tinge of sadness washed over her.

Having witnessed Waylen's affectionate treatment



towards Rena, including their intimate encounters in the mornings, she couldn't help but wonder why they had abruptly separated.

After a brief pause, Claribel inquired, her voice laced with uncertainty, "What should I do with the packed clothes? Should I simply discard them?"