

Chapter 193 I Couldn't Be More Sure That I Love You

Vera stood tall and uttered slowly, "I just have consumed something unpleasant."

Rena wasn't entirely comforted by her words. Doubt lingered persistently.

In that very moment, footsteps resonated from the outside, accompanied by a familiar voice that called out, "Vera!"

It was Joseph.

Vera's body tensed, her gaze gradually turning towards her former spouse. She mustered a forced smile and asked, "I've heard you have a son. Congratulations! When can we finalize our divorce?"

Joseph remained silent.

His dark eyes fixated on Vera. In that instant, she appeared fragile and captivating, evoking all the beautiful memories they had shared.

Their union had blossomed during their college years and they had basked in profound happiness.

Joseph extracted a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, his trembling hands deftly removing one and placing it

between his lips. After lighting it, he lifted his gaze and burst forth, "Vera, let us... commence anew."

Vera's voice quivered.

She scoffed, "Joseph, are you jesting? How can we start afresh when we have reached this juncture?"

Having spoken those words, she felt a slight pang in her lower abdomen.

Instinctively, she shielded it.

Joseph smoked his cigarette and fixed his gaze upon her hand...

He had a notion of what it might entail, yet he chose to feign ignorance. Speaking it aloud wouldn't be beneficial to either of them.

He swallowed his anger.

Joseph choked on his words. "I merely wish to reconcile with you. Pack your belongings and I'll collect you in a day."

As a man, taking this step proved arduous for him.

However... they had both made mistakes. He could forgive Vera and he believed she could forgive him as well.

Just as they conversed, Roscoe approached their vicinity.

Roscoe beseeched Rena to hold Vera securely and then he removed his coat, a sneer curling on his lips. "Joseph, didn't you recently become a father? You despicable scoundrel. What brings you here? Do you wish to be

pummeled?"

Joseph's ire flared upon seeing Roscoe.

He regarded Roscoe as a contemptible wretch. How dare Roscoe lay claim to Vera... and make her pregnant...

Both men were consumed by irrationality, on the verge of erupting into a brawl.

A voice then interjected, "Today is about Robert's wedding. You two must partake in the celebration, even if you harbor intentions of competing for a woman's affection."

It was Waylen who approached the scene.


Waylen possessed astute perception. Observing Vera, who shielded her belly, and Joseph, who seethed with impulsiveness, Waylen surmised the situation. However, he chose to preserve Joseph's dignity and refrain from speaking the truth outright.

Hearing Waylen's words, Roscoe relaxed his grip, although his countenance darkened.

Joseph took a step back, his gaze fixed upon Vera. He whispered in a gentle tone, "The child Aline carries does not belong to me."

The news struck like a lightning bolt.

In the past, individuals within their social circle would have jested, claiming that Joseph deserved such circumstances. But now... no laughter escaped anyone's

Chapter 193 | Couldn't Be More Sure That I Love  +120 Points at most lips, particularly Vera, whose face had drained of color.

She understood that Joseph didn't desire a divorce anymore.

Joseph approached Vera, his handsome face flushed. He sobbed, "Vera, I may have been a wretched fool but I yearn to reconcile with you. I understand you don't harbor affection for me... Yet, even if I squander my fortune, I refuse to let go of our bond."

Vera's palm connected with a resounding slap against Joseph's cheek.

Joseph's eyes reddened. "We shared such a magnificent past, Vera. I cannot relinquish it."

Having uttered those words, he departed, his mind in a state of unprecedented bewilderment.

Vera wept inconsolably.

Rena tenderly cradled Vera in her embrace.

Roscoe gently took Vera from Rena's arms and said courteously, "Rena, you may go back to the banquet. I'll drive Vera back. We have matters to discuss."

With a firm grip on Vera's arm, Roscoe led her away.

Rena's thoughts were in disarray. She sensed that something had eluded her grasp. When she regained her senses, she realized that only she and Waylen remained at the scene. He leaned against the aisle, quietly smoking, his

eyes profound.

Rena didn't wish to remain alone with him. She turned around, intending to depart.

An arm intercepted her path.

Waylen asked in a hoarse voice, "Are you truly planning to keep that Zack by your side? If you require financial backing, I can invest as much money as you need."

Rena replied calmly, "Mr. Fowler, we have no connection to one another. I have no reason to accept your money. Now please get out of my way. I am going home."

He didn't withdraw his hand.

Not only did he fail to withdraw his hand but he also gazed at her with lustful eyes.

Waylen didn't consider himself a man driven by insatiable sexual appetite. Prior to meeting Rena, he had never engaged in intimate relations with any woman, yet he could find solace in self-gratification. However, after being intimate with Rena...

If he couldn't have her, he felt a loss of control.

Beneath the radiant glow of the hotel's crystal light, her delicate countenance appeared exquisitely fair.

Her waist boasted a slender elegance.

He reminisced about the sensation of holding her in his arms...

Waylen's throat tightened, his desire suppressed. He said gently, "You've asked me twice... You inquired if I loved you. Rena, I can answer you now. I love you... I am quite certain of it."

In the past, he had been reluctant to utter such sentimental words to her. He had scorned such expressions and rarely entertained the notion of voicing them to her.

Yet he understood that her lingering concern stemmed from her belief that he didn't love her...

He also knew that even if he confessed his love now, it wouldn't sway her, but he simply desired for her to be aware.

Although he didn't regard Zack with much significance, a sense of panic overcame him. He had intended to gradually reclaim her affections.

Once Waylen concluded his heartfelt admission, Rena's eyes welled up with tears.

What purpose did it serve for him to articulate what she used to long to hear now? Everything was already over now!

Rena subtly shook her head and, without hesitation, declared, "I do not wish to be with you."

She yearned to depart...

Waylen seized her hand and expressed, "Rena, I apologize. I have caused you sorrow."

"Release me!"

Rena's voice trembled slightly. She forcefully freed her hand and hurriedly made her exit...

She had once cherished him so deeply. They had shared an intimate bond but he had wounded her to the core.

She could never remain indifferent in Waylen's presence.

Rena settled in the car, her eyes still red.

Zack had been seated in the vehicle for some time. Upon witnessing Rena's distressed state through the rearview mirror, he abruptly jumped up and exclaimed, "Damn! Did you encounter Waylen? Do you still have feelings for him?"

"No!"


Zack's usually charming face abruptly turned cold. "You denied it so swiftly. Are you concealing something from me? Hey! I—"

In a soft tone, Rena interjected, "Zack, you always engage in banter with me. In truth, your true target is Waylen, isn't it?"

Zack's displeasure was immediate.

"Damn it! Don't make it sound so crude. I have no interest in men."

However, Zack proceeded to disclose the truth. "He crossed me in Heron, which infuriated me. I presented him with a substantial gift at the time but, to my surprise, he didn't

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show any interest in a captivating woman. I truly suspect
there's an issue with his sexual prowess."

Leaning against the back seat, Rena listened in a daze,
memories flooding her mind.

Waylen had once embarked on a business trip to Heron to
handle Brandon's case. Zack must have been referring to
the events of that night.

It dawned on Rena that Waylen had sent her a voice
message on that very night.

So, it was that night...

Zack continued to ramble to himself but Rena no longer
had any intention of paying him heed...